CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

(Drawn by HAYNES WILLIAMS.)

"TWO PURE GIRL-VOICES."

THE CAROL-SINGERS, p. 50.

CASSELL'S

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

ILLUSTRATED.

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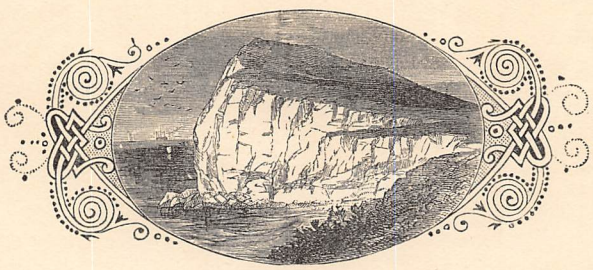

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Cassell's Family Magazine.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"And what to me, my love? And what to me?"
* * * * * *
"The thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

A SHORT November day was drawing to its close beneath a threatening sky; the sun was sinking in the sea, the wide western sea, whose league-long rollers lash the shores of Devon and of Cornwall; and huge swelling waves, slowly gathering beneath the coming storm, rushed against the cliffs in sounding fury—not hurriedly, nor in confused heaps, but rank after rank, in measured order and majestic strength. So soft, so insidious was the roll of these mighty waves, that until they fell upon the beach in thunder the eye was deceived by the breadth and vastness of the swell, and deemed the ocean scarcely ruffled. But when the wave broke and the roar of its fall filled the startled ear, then the eye saw dimly the resistless might of the threatening sea.

Inland the storm hovered on the hills in driving mists, which flitted on from peak to peak, till all the country-side was covered with a white veil. Sometimes this was lifted suddenly as by some magic force; then a rugged hill loomed out visible, showing all its strength, its great moor-stones lying in shining stillness, its steep paths winding upwards, its waving seas of heath and gorse, its torrents rushing downwards, and its bare and dangerous declivities, abrupt as water-falls and as glittering. All this would shine out for a brief moment in the face of the setting sun, then the insidious folds of mist enveloped it again, and a great curtain hanging from the sky shut out the view.

A little way from the cliff's edge a foot-path wound, taking all the turns and ruggedness of the harsh coast, ascending and descending abruptly with the sharp rise and fall of the land.

On this path, with the mist around them, two people, each unconscious of the other's presence, stood on this November evening, looking seaward and westward towards the setting sun. The sky was barred with a dusky red, and flying clouds of the same hue spread upwards, as an aurora-borealis spreads, forming a fiery arch tending landwards. It was beneath this arch, and lit by its glow, that the two watchers stood.

When both had gazed their fill, one with eyes shaded by a slender hand, the other with folded arms and a sombre look half defiant, they went on their several ways in opposite directions, yet each nearing the other. The path was but a narrow track upon the bleak moorland, and as each pedestrian rounded a huge granite rock, shining bare upon the heath, they came face to face. With a sudden start both halted, the man in silence, the woman with a short sharp cry of surprise.

"You here!" she cried. "Who would have thought to meet you in this wild, lonely place?"

"I may say the same thing," answered the man.

"True," she said. "And it is strange we should both be here. But you know my restlessness. For a change, I come from the solitude of a city to the solitude of the wilderness."

"Again I may say the same words," returned the gentleman.

The lady laughed. "What a wonderful sympathy!" she said, with a slight sneer. "May I ask if you find the change as agreeable as I do?"

"I find quiet," he answered, "and that is all I seek."

"Well, I have no wish to disturb your tranquillity." And again her lip curled slightly, while her eyes sought his face with an inquiring look.

"Nor I yours," he replied, with imperturbable calm.

"It is only carrying out an old compact to let each other alone," she observed carelessly.

"Quite so. Nevertheless, I may be permitted to say I am glad to see you looking well."

Her eyes glistened at this, and a faint colour tinged the clear olive of her face.

"No; compliments are not permitted: they put one too much in mind of old times."

Her speech was a failure: a dead silence followed it. She held her lips tightly together for an instant and then spoke again.

"I wish I could return your compliment, but you are not looking at all well."

"Hard work is not conducive to good looks," he said shortly.

"So you are still at the old trade, wearing out your brain—and heart, I was going to say," she added, "only I am aware you do not possess that piece of the human anatomy."

Her light laugh passed away on the wind; it seemed to annoy the listener. He replied in a graver tone than ever—

"Yes, I still work, and time to me is still valuable. I cannot afford to waste it. I am afraid I must ask you to allow me to pass on. The path is narrow, but wide enough, I hope, for us both."

"Quite," she said, proudly this time; and she made room for him to go by; but now he hesitated, and scanned her hard, handsome face with an earnest look.

"May I ask if you are staying in this neighbourhood?" he said, putting a careless tone into his voice.

"No; I have been visiting a cousin of Lord Martock's, whose place is on the other coast, but I leave it to-morrow on my way to Paris. A good change," she added. "I confess I have been bored."

"Then what brought you to this solitary spot?" he asked; and this time he could not keep a shade of anxiety from his voice.

"Suppose I ask the same question," retorted the lady.

"You are quite welcome to do so. I am lodging in a little fishing-village near by, and this is my usual evening walk. I come to see the sunsets, which are peculiarly beautiful on this coast."

"How odd! It is exactly the same reason that brought me. I was told I must on no account leave Cornwall without visiting its northern shore to see the sun set in the Atlantic. I am come, and, as usual, I am disappointed."

"It is too late in the year for a really fine sunset," he answered. "In the autumn the sight is glorious as the sun sinks in the sea."

"You appear to have made yourself acquainted with the fact. You know this country, I suppose?"

"Yes, I know it."

"And it is solitary enough even for a hermit like you?"

"Yes, it suits me."

"It would drive me mad," she said, with a sudden change of tone. "But you have some neighbours, I presume; you can't live exactly like Alexander Selkirk on his island."

"Not exactly; but my neighbours are very poor people: the rich ones I do not visit. Then I do not stay here more than a few weeks at a time. I find it a relief to run down here from my dusty chambers in Gray's Inn."

She listened earnestly to every word of this, and the expression of her face altered. It was as if some cloud of distrust or care had been cleared away.

"You were always eccentric," she said, half smiling; "but the pure air, perhaps, compensates you for rough fare and rough company. My carriage awaits me at the cross on the high road, and a native savage told me this was my nearest way to it. Is that true? Am I going right?"

"Yes; when you have passed this rock you must follow the path, which takes a sudden turn to the right, and you will find yourself in the road in five minutes."

He lifted his hat, and stood aside for her to pass, but she did not move.

"Good-bye, Mr. Haslam," she said, after a moment's pause.

"Good-bye, Lady Martock."

"You might have said 'Letitia,'" she returned, passing him now with a somewhat nervous hurry.

"I might not have said it; your name belongs to Lord Martock," he said, in a stiff, hard tone.

She stopped, with head turned over her shoulder, and face flushing into colour.

"To Lord Martock! Is it possible? Have you not heard? Do you not know he is dead?"

There was a moment's breathless silence, broken by the recurrent thunder of the sea and the shriek of the coming tempest.

"I had not heard of it," he answered at length, speaking calmly, though his face had gathered paleness as hers had gathered colour, and he was now strangely white and haggard.

"It happened three months ago, in Switzerland. It was an accident. You ought to have seen it in the papers."

"But I did not."

"But you must have observed my mourning."

He looked at her now from head to foot, curiously, pitifully, yet with a contempt ill-hidden.

"I perceive it now you mention it. I hope you have reaped your reward, and everything is left as you wish."

"You were always cynical. Yes, I am very rich, if that is what your question means."

"I am glad to hear it, for your own sake. Let me advise you to hurry to your carriage. There will be a downpour of rain shortly, and a storm on this coast is no trifle."

"Is this all you have to say to me, or are you forgetting I am free now?" she said, with passion.

His whole manner changed at her words, and grew harder, colder, more bitter. He drew near to her, leaning his hand upon the shining rock beside whose shelter they stood.

"I forget nothing. Let me entreat you, Lady Martock, not to deem it necessary to refresh my memory; there is no need. Your freedom is a matter of happiness or of sorrow for yourself, not for me. It cannot alter my life in the least."

"It can—it must!" she said vehemently. "Nothing can undo the past."

"And that past parted us for ever. You must accept the consequences of your own act, as I accepted them."

"But all is changed now," she returned eagerly.

"Not for me."

"Then I have come here in vain?" she cried.

"If you really came hither to seek me, it is indeed in vain. The storm is fast approaching. Will you let me lead you to your carriage?"

"No," she said gloomily; "I prefer to go alone. I shall see you in London in the spring?"

"We may meet, perhaps. And what then?"

"Oh, then I may have something to tell you; or I will write from Paris."

He made no reply to this, and after a moment's

pause, in which her glance fell on him with something of anger and of menace in it, she turned abruptly away.

"I shall only just escape the storm," she said, lightly. "Once more, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Lady Martock."

They parted thus, without a grasp of the hand, and yet he stood still and watched her retreating figure till the mists hid it from his sight; while she, on her part, after a hurried step or two, looked back and gave him a cold, strange smile.

"A man's first love!" he murmured to himself, as he walked onwards musingly. "I wonder if it is ever worth more than mine was. So Lord Martock is dead! With what strange feelings I should have heard that once! Now I only fear that his death may bring me more trouble than ever his life did."

Plunged in gloomy thought, his steps grew slower and slower, till at length, turning his face seawards, he stood still, fascinated by the wild grandeur of the scene before him.

All down the shore, far as the eye could reach, the waves leaped and dashed madly upon the rocks, springing upwards to the topmost cliffs as with white arms of foam, and falling back with a sound like the mingled roar of many thunders. A lurid light, caught from the reddened sky, shone upon the sea, tinging the waves with a crest of fire, which they tossed onwards from wave to wave till the flame was lost in the boiling surf. At the horizon a large ship was dimly visible labouring up-channel. Every instant she grew bigger to the sight, looming out from the western sky with sails all aglow and fiery shadows on her path. The sun had sunk beneath cloud and ocean, but left his track on sea and sky in that crimson arch, which made a double bow from cloud to wave. The glory of this was waning now, and silently, from darkened cliff and sky, there stretched out long shadows, in which the purple glories sank and died. Gradually a grey shiver crept upon the sea, and it glittered dimly beneath the eye—a vast water-wilderness, a heaving darkness, on which white crests rode and vanished, like sails of ghostly ships lost and forgotten.

Night fell suddenly; and swallowed up in that darkness the real ship seemed likewise a phantom, and the mind could scarcely grasp the fact that she was a reality—a little world carrying a freight of human life, of hope, and fear, and courage, all battling now with the storm.

"She must fight it out, as we all must," said Mr. Haslam, turning inland from the fierce gusts of wind and the showers of spray which beat upon his face. "A year or two ago I counted myself a human wreck, and I drifted into Boscombe as into a haven where I could rest and be forgotten. And now the tempest will drive me forth again. Yes, it is better so. I will leave to-morrow, and return no more."

This was his resolve, but—

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

And Mr. Haslam was not fated to quit so soon the sea-girt village, where at happy intervals during the last two years he had found a refuge and a rest.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

> "Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
> Thy grave-stone daily."

THE rectory lights gleamed out upon the darkly shadowed road; the long rays, shooting from the warm windows, like electric cords, drew the solitary wayfarer to pause upon his homeward walk. He even halted at the entrance-gate, and with sorrowful yet eager gaze looked up the long avenue, where sere leaves were drifting to and fro in the wind with a wistful rustle, and the faint light of stars struggled vainly with the deep shadows of tall yellow-leaved elms.

All round the house, standing above the belt of darkness made by the great trees, there shone a radiance which lighted up the bright evergreens and the lingering flowers, and filled the air with the glow and warmth of *home*.

Perhaps these household rays vexed the heart of the stranger, upon whom such warmth could never fall, for he turned suddenly away with a sigh and a hurried step. Or maybe his quick ear had caught the sound of voices floating towards him through the darkness of the avenue, and he wished to avoid a greeting from people whose kindness he had hitherto civilly but persistently repelled. But if this was his reason, he was not quick enough. Scarcely had he gone a yard or two ere the gate was swung back, and the rector and his daughter stepped into the road.

"Who is there?" asked Mr. Gwynne, in that sort of voice people are apt to use in country places where they know every one.

"Hush, papa! it is Mr. Haslam," said his daughter softly.

"Yes, it is I," said Mr. Haslam, coming forward out of the gloom. "I have been on the cliff. I fear we shall have a wild night: the wind is rising into a tempest."

"Did you see a big ship disabled and striving to keep off shore?" asked the rector.

"I saw a ship in the offing; she seemed labouring heavily, but I did not know she was in any danger."

"She is in danger of going to pieces," said the rector; "in fact, nothing can save her if she drives in upon this coast; and I fear she will, for her engines have evidently broken down, and she has only her sailing powers to depend on. We are going to the village to see what can be done in case of need."

"I will go with you," said Mr. Haslam. Having raised his hat to Miss Gwynne, he did not further address her, but walked by her father's side, and listened to his tales of bygone wrecks and hair-breadth escapes of drowning men.

No man in England could tell such histories of wrecks as this Cornish rector. He had aided in the rescue of hundreds of perishing creatures, who, drawn from the waves, had found loving care and food and shelter beneath his generous roof.

Very rarely had his brave and charitable deeds found a recorder; but they lived in many a heart in unthought-of foreign villages and far-away homes, made desolate but for him. At the rectory Mrs. Gwynne treasured a portfolio, filled with uncouth letters written by wives and mothers of shipwrecked men, striving roughly, with a pathos past words, to give thanks for lives saved to them.

The rector's daughter had grown up in a wild and daring atmosphere, where love was as common as light, and bravery never asked for glory or heard of praise. She had done more lovely, loving, and holy deeds than fall to the lot of ordinary women, and was happy in having had this privilege in her simple life; but it had come to her naturally as a duty, and never seemed to her strange or romantic. There was no romance in the shipwrecks of which the rector told; no love-story had grown out of them; no pale and beautiful prince had ever been cast ashore to awake to new life beneath the light of Cordelia's eyes. All the lives saved had been common lives of rough men, doing the hard, rough work of those who "go down to the sea in ships."

"'YOU WERE ALWAYS ECCENTRIC,' SHE SAID," (p. 2).

On entering the village they found groups of men standing together, discussing the ship's chance of escape, but preparing all the while with rope and rocket, as if that chance were too shadowy to be counted on.

And it was so. The storm increased and rose to fury. No rain fell; but the wind gathered strength with the darkness, and its roar, mingling with the hoarse rush of the sea, filled the air with terror.

"Cordelia, you must go home," said the rector hurriedly, "and get ready what rooms and means you can. By God's help we shall save some poor creatures from the sea."

Cordelia dropped her hand from her father's arm, and drawing her hood well over her head, she made her way slowly through the storm and darkness, only saying a low good night to Mr. Haslam as she passed him. He hesitated an instant, and then spoke.

"Is no one going with you?" he said.

"There is no need," she answered. "The men are all wanted, and there is nothing to fear for me."

"In this storm I think it is scarcely safe for you to go alone," persisted Mr. Haslam.

"You had better accept Mr. Haslam's escort, Cordelia," interposed the rector. "The lightning is growing rather startling."

Cordelia made no further objection, and walking side by side, yet keeping strangely silent, she and Mr. Haslam went up the village street, then onwards past solitary cottages, till the hilly path was reached which led by a shorter route to the rectory.

"I would advise your going round by the longer road to-night," Mr. Haslam said. "It is far more sheltered."

Cordelia hesitated an instant before she acquiesced. She felt a strange impatience to be at home; it was only the thought that the longer route would be the quicker, because the more easily traversed, that made her assent.

"I think it will be better," she said quietly.

Again they went on in silence, but it was a silence full of agitation on his side and of embarrassment on hers. For nearly two years the fair calm face and sweet low voice of Cordelia Gwynne had haunted this man's dreams. It is rarely this can happen without some inkling of the truth touching the woman's heart, and hence it was that Cordelia was silent and embarrassed.

They spoke a little of the storm and of the doomed ship, but words soon died away between them, both excusing their silence by the howl of the tempest, which almost drowned speech.

At the entrance-gate Mr. Haslam stopped, with his hand upon it.

"Miss Gwynne," he said, "will you let me say good-bye here?"

"If you like," she answered; "but mamma will be very pleased if you come in, Mr. Haslam."

"I will see you to the door, but I cannot come in," he returned.

"Then, in that case, why say good night here?" asked Cordelia, stretching out her hand to the latch.

He caught her hand in his, and held it fast.

"I will say as many good nights as you please at the house if you will let me say my farewell here."

"Your farewell!" repeated Cordelia; and she let her hand lie now in his without resistance.

"Yes; I leave Boscombe to-morrow."

"But you will return to it at Christmas, as you did last year?" Cordelia said, her eyes seeking his face through the gloom and dimness of the overshadowing elms.

"No, Miss Gwynne, I cannot return this winter."

"In the spring, then?" said Cordelia, a little anxiously.

"Nor in the spring. This is my last, my final visit to Boscombe. I must leave it to-morrow, never to return to it."

Cordelia withdrew her hand suddenly from his—he had been holding it with a strange nervous strength—and then she held it towards him again, and spoke with a very slight change of voice.

"Then good-bye, Mr. Haslam. I am sorry to hear of your resolve. Boscombe will miss you very much."

"It is not my resolve," he said oddly, "or my wish. It will be a sad day for me to-morrow."

"Not your wish!" repeated Cordelia. "Then why do you go?"

"There are necessities in life which trample on inclination," he said gloomily.

"Yes, I understand that; but even you get a holiday at times, and then I am sure you will not forget Boscombe."

"Forget it? No! But I must not come again. I have been too happy here. Miss Gwynne, I heard to-day of the death of a man who greatly influenced my life, and who, being dead, influences it still more. I must go, and my grief is that I leave you."

The words were said, and the moment they were spoken he would have given years of his life to recall them. But their sound seemed to linger in the air; in spite of the fierce raging of the tempest they were as audible as if uttered in the darkness of a still night.

A swift blush passed over Cordelia's face, but she remained silent: words would not come to her just then. She seemed to wait for him to speak again. When he did so, voice and manner were both changed.

"You are very happy, Miss Gwynne, in your useful and tranquil life; I trust no sorrow may ever disturb your peace. You will marry one day, doubtless. When that day comes, will you let me hear of it? I should like then to send you some remembrance."

This speech annoyed Cordelia. Marriage was not one of the probabilities of her life; he must know that, she felt. He had seen for himself how quiet, how undisturbed, were the currents of her existence in this solitude. But it was not a matter to argue about, or even to discuss with him.

"Thank you," she said, a little stiffly; "you will need a remembrance more than I. London is a forgetful place." Then, fearing she had said too much, she added hurriedly, "Do not come with me any further. Once within this gate I am at home. Good-bye, Mr. Haslam."

Her hand was again in his. He held it an instant

in a tight grasp, which relaxed suddenly. Then he opened the gate for her; she passed within the shadows of the swaying elms, the gate swung back, and he was shut out in darkness.

The howl of the tempest had risen to a din like the noise of a confused host in battle; the mingled roar of artillery and the flash of fire broke from the contending clouds. At times the heavens were ablaze, and then, in the blue glare, the ship was seen lying like a log on the heaving waters, tossed upwards on the whitened crest of a huge wave, and thence plunged downwards into an abyss of darkness. It was an awful sight to watch her drifting on thus helplessly to destruction, and know that no human power could intervene to save her, no arm could be stretched out to pluck her crew from death.

The lightning ran hither and thither in thin blue streams; at times it parted a cloud asunder, like a keen quivering sword; or it flashed to and fro, like a crooked scimitar waved by an invisible hand. Thus lighted up, the wreck was made visible again and again, rushing onwards swiftly to the rocks, where the surf whitened, eddied, and broke in a roar which outvied the thunder.

Suddenly the black sky opened, and there darted out a skeleton shape of fire, which flung a threatening lance into the sea, then vanished within the darkness, while a crackling peal of thunder shook the shore.

It was the last effort of the storm; when the next faded quiver of lightning flashed out, strained eyes searched for the ship, and saw only the heaving darkness of the sea. The next instant a cry arose that she was on the rocks, parted in twain; and clinging to that half of the wreck which the waves had not swallowed were a few dark specks, which were human lives.

The sight gave every man upon the shore a new soul. Faith and love wrought wonders that night. Death was braved a hundred times and conquered on his own battle-field, the relentless sea. From out his icy clutch were plucked thirty lives—thirty drenched, shivering, exhausted men, who had passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and who had come out alive to give God thanks.

Among the brave band to whom these owed life was Mr. Haslam. No one had toiled more than he; the first to enter the boiling surf, the last to be dragged ashore, he had seemed to court death, and to laugh at danger. Vainly Mr. Gwynne had striven to hold him back by the argument that he was not fit for this strange work, that the men of Boscombe were to the manner born, and had a greater right than he to give their lives away.

"There is no one has a greater right than I," he answered, "for my life belongs to none but myself."

So, seeing words were vain, Mr. Gwynne held him back no more. And the storm died down, and the moon rose and shone with silvery light upon the frothy sea. The wreck looked high and black and silent, as she lay jambed between the rocks rising out of the lowered tide, while the weakened waves dashed over her with a low moaning, like sobs for the dead that lay in their bosom. From this black helpless ark of death there lay a little path of silver, like a road of life leading to the shore. And into this there floated suddenly, all besprinkled by the gleam, a great spar, to which there clung a slender figure, with white drenched face, mutely crying for help.

Two men rushed into the surf, but a third was quicker than these, and seizing the figure with stout arms, he bore it swiftly to the shore. But even as he touched the sands, bearing his burden safely, the spar followed him, was whirled swiftly round by the receding wave, and as it turned, struck him a cruel blow which laid him senseless in shallow water, where the wave fell and rolled back, leaving him as one dead.

Three days after this, a sad solemn procession wound its way up the steep road leading to the wind-beaten church upon the cliff. The men in this procession walked with uncovered heads, and it went with sweet mournful music, mellow Cornish voices singing—as is still the wont and usage in Cornish land—hymns of sorrow and of hope as they carried the dead.

At the ancient lych-gate the rector met them; the hymn was hushed, and amid the solemn silence, while the great hills standing around seemed to listen, his voice uttered the words which throb through the heart of the Christian world—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

In one long grave on which the sea-foam beats daily they laid the prey of the waves—forty-two men and women drowned at the wreck of the *Bosphorus*.

Mr. Haslam was not at the funeral; he lay ill at the rectory, sorely battered and wounded, with spirits sinking; but the waif he had saved was here, a looker-on at this strange burial, with eyes that shone too brightly, lacking the sympathy of tears, and lips too ready to smile in the midst of grief.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"———We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body."

FOR two days the guest at the rectory had lain weak and exhausted—scarcely conscious, and too ill to ask questions. But on the third day the sound of the burial chant floating in through the open window awoke him as from a deep sleep, and with a vague curiosity his gaze wandered round the room, and he perceived he was in a strange place. For a

moment the truth did not strike him, but by the fire there sat a familiar figure—old Joanna White, once and always nurse at the rectory; and, with a flush passing over his somewhat haggard face, Mr. Haslam recognised the fact that he was beneath the same roof with Cordelia Gwynne. "Better they had let me lie and die upon the beach than have brought me here," he said to himself in weary thought. "It will be harder for me now than ever.—So I am at the rectory," he said aloud, addressing Joanna.

"Yes, sir; and you are better, I am sure. But you must keep quiet: rest is the grand thing now."

"Rest, rest," repeated the invalid feverishly. "Ah! Joanna, who has it? or having it, who can keep it?"

"Those poor creatures whom they are burying have found it, I hope, Mr. Haslam. Forty-two of them, sir. A sad sight it was to see. And all the family gone to the funeral except Miss Cordelia, who is writing letters for the men who are saved."

"I must go home. When can I take the journey? Has the doctor named the time?" said Mr. Haslam, with a sudden change of manner and of voice.

"Not for many days, sir, I am certain," Joanna answered. "The doctor has said nothing."

"Many days! Then why was I not carried to my own lodgings?" he asked, almost angrily.

"You have had far better care here, Mr. Haslam, than could have been given you at your lodgings," returned old Joanna, with offended dignity.

"Oh, I dare say! but perhaps I would rather have been left like a wolf to die in my own den."

"That would not be much like master to let either friend or stranger die untended," said Joanna, taking off her spectacles to look at him in dimly awakening wonder. "And the night of the wreck, when you were brought home here, bruised and battered and senseless, we all thought you would die. Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Cordelia sat up with you that night."

A silence for a second or two followed this, and Mr. Haslam shaded his eyes from the light with a gaunt hand. "They are very kind," he said, "but I wish they had not done it. I detest being fussed over by ladies. I only like people around me whom I can pay for their trouble."

"Now, that's a hard word to believe," retorted Joanna, "because you don't act up to it, sir. Those that pay expect also to be paid; and you don't do that."

"No man likes to be paid for his work better than I do," said Mr. Haslam; and for the first time a smile touched his lips.

"For work, yes; but if we never did any kindness but what we were paid for, this would be a poor world. Would you like that young lady, whom you nearly died to save, to pay you for plucking her out of the sea at the risk of your life?"

"Young lady! I have saved no young lady! I helped, I believe, to save a man or two: that is all I credit myself with, Joanna."

"There now, what a poor memory you have! Why, you rushed into the sea the foremost, so they tell me, and outran all the others in your eagerness to save the lady. The men dragged you senseless out of the surf after you had seized her."

"Did they? You had better tell me the story, for I remember nothing of it."

"No, no; I promised Miss Cordelia I would tell you nothing till you were strong enough to hear it all."

"I believe I am quite strong enough to listen to any romance you may choose to tell," returned Mr. Haslam, in his old dry tone; "but I own I would rather hear I had saved a man, or a boy, or a dog, or a cat, or even a monkey, than a young lady."

The door was opened quickly at this moment, and the last words were caught by the new-comer, a young man, with the happy joyous face of twenty summers.

"You can't help it, Haslam," he said, laughing. "Henceforth you are a hero of romance. And the young lady is as lovely as a mermaid. And who do you think she turns out to be?"

"I have not the least idea. A veritable mermaid, perhaps, a siren of the sea, who will be too ready to bewitch you."

"I wear armour," returned Harry Gwynne, walking to the window; "but I think it is a good thing Maberly is not here. The whole story would catch his inflammable imagination, and he would be quite ready to fall in love with this beautiful piece of salvage from the wreck."

"You have not said who she is," remarked Mr. Haslam, with a shade of weariness in his voice.

"She is the niece of our nearest neighbour, Mr. Musgrave, of Warewood. She was on her way thither. The *Bosphorus* was to have landed her at Falmouth."

"And I am sure I wish it had fulfilled its bargain," said Mr. Haslam, "and then I should be in London, instead of troubling your hospitality and kindness here."

"Pray don't speak of that!" cried Harry Gwynne. "I am only sorry for your own sake that you are here. But you are amazingly better. You will be all right in a day or two."

"Not if you come here too often, Mr. Harry, with your loud ways; you had better go now, please," interposed Joanna.

"And the lady's name? You did not tell me that, Gwynne."

"Oh! I thought you knew it! She is a Miss Martock. Her father is a younger brother of Lord Martock, who was killed about three months ago in the ascent of some mountain in Switzerland."

Mr. Haslam had grown pale; he looked worn and weary, unfit for further speech; yet after a moment's pause he said quietly—

"And what constitutes the relationship between the Musgraves and this young lady?"

"Her mother was Mrs. Musgrave's sister. I believe the poor lady was not too happy, Mr. Martock not being the best of husbands; but she is dead now, and so her daughter was invited to Warewood—partly from pity, so I hear, for I fancy she has not a very blissful home."

"The Martocks are all gamblers or misers," said Mr. Haslam in a hard tone.

"Please, Mr. Harry, to go away. You are making my patient very feverish, and all the scolding from the doctor will fall on me," interposed Joanna; and she opened the door invitingly for Mr. Gwynne's retreat, and held it open with one hand while she politely waved him out with the other.

"Do you know the Martocks?" he asked eagerly, turning his head back.

"Yes; I have a slight knowledge of them: they are a wild, strange, eccentric family, so report says."

Harry waited an instant to hear this, and then Joanna with a firm hand closed the door, and shut him out.

"It is a pity Mr. Harry should ever come into a sick-room; he always leaves fever and wakefulness behind him," she said to her patient, whose aspect seemed to justify this remark. "Now Miss Cordelia, on the contrary, is just as quiet and soothing as a flower. I wonder she does not come to ask for you. She is a little shy sometimes, but I am sure she would be a pleasanter visitor than Mr. Harry."

"No doubt," returned Mr. Haslam; "but I am very thankful she does not trouble herself on my account. If she did, I would get up instantly and walk down to Boscombe."

A very gentle tap at the door came opportunely to hinder the rather indignant reply that had risen to Joanna's lips.

"I have brought the London papers for Mr. Haslam," said Cordelia's voice. "I thought he might like to look at them, if he is well enough."

"Oh! he is well enough," replied Joanna in a tone of disparagement. "He is talking of getting up and walking home to Mrs. Burt's lodgings. She can do a deal better for him, you see, than we can here, Miss Cordelia."

"Hush!" whispered Cordelia. "You must not be cross, Joanna, because he wishes to be at home. Mrs. Burt, perhaps, understands his ways better than you do."

"Very cranky ways they seem to be," grumbled Joanna in a low tone.

"But he is very much better, is he not?" Cordelia whispered back anxiously.

"Don't you trouble about him, miss; he is doing well enough."

"I am glad of that, Joanna. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"No, miss. And don't you ask to do anything for him, for there's nothing he hates more than ladies fussing over him, so he says. And as for you in particular, miss, he said if you was so much as to come to the door to ask for him, he'd get up, if he died for it, and go straight home to Lizzie Burt's—a woman that can't make a cup of gruel nor a dish of broth."

"Did he really say that?" asked Cordelia; and she grew red, then white, in speaking. "Do not tell him, then, Joanna, that I came with the papers, or that I asked for him. I will not come to the door again."

She went away as swiftly and as softly as a shadow, and the door was shut, and that sweet glimmer of her presence which had touched his eyes vanished.

Having punished him well for the sin of not understanding him, old Joanna sat down complacently by the fire, and began to stir the many compounds brewing above and around it.

"Give me the papers," said Mr. Haslam. "Who brought them, Joanna?"

"The post, to be sure, sir. The mail coach drops 'em every day at the gate. Master pays the guard a good fee for that little extra trouble."

"Oh, Joanna! you can fence with a question like a true woman. But I won't cross-examine you. I heard it all. And I think you were awfully hard on me. If I do not want the ladies, is it not because I know you are a nurse worth ten of them? And do I not know, too, that under Mrs. Burt's care I should be ill for a fortnight, whereas with you to help me I shall be on my feet again in three days? So now, Joanna, don't malign me again so cruelly, or think me a man of so little brains as to prefer Mrs. Burt to you."

Mr. Haslam proceeded to scan hurriedly the contents of the papers.

He soon came upon a short account of the wreck, but was startled at the close to read this paragraph:—

"Among those who perished in their strenuous and hazardous efforts to save life was a gentleman named Haslam. He was warned by the fishermen of Boscombe of the overwhelming force of the backward flow of the waves on this coast, but regardless of this, he dashed into the surf to the rescue of a lady, whom he succeeded in saving, but as he was nearing the shore with his burden, he was himself struck heavily by a piece of the wreck, and he was dragged from the surf by a bystander, quite dead."

All the other papers had the same history, a little varied, some adding that he was a stranger, and supposed to be a barrister spending his vacation in Cornwall.

"Joanna, I want to see Mr. Gwynne," said Mr. Haslam, laying the paper down open on his bed.

"Then I'll fetch him, sir. I think he is come back from the buryin'," said Joanna, with the cheerful apathy of a person well used to wrecks.

With his hand upon the paragraph, Mr. Haslam waited for his host, who soon appeared, while the old nurse judiciously retired.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked Mr. Gwynne, shaking hands heartily with his guest. "You received a stunning blow; it is a miracle you were dragged ashore with life in you."

"They have killed me in the papers," returned Mr. Haslam, pointing to the column in which his supposed death was described. "What do you advise me to do? Had I not better contradict it?"

"Yes, instantly, and by telegraph, or your people will be greatly alarmed and distressed."

"There is no fear of that. I have not a relation, except an uncle and cousins in Australia, who certainly will never see these English papers."

"Then in that case there is no necessity for a telegram. You can write to the *Times* to-morrow, and tell your friends and clients you are alive."

Mr. Haslam smiled. "I think it will not hurt them to wait till I appear in London in the flesh," he said. "I shall be a passing jest for a day or two, and there will be an end of it."

"Well, well! I have no doubt it will get contradicted

without your help," said Mr. Gwynne. "I am pleased to see you so strong. The young lady you saved is better also: she attended the funeral to-day."

"You mean Miss Martock?"

"Yes. I am longing to introduce you to each other. By all the rules of romance, it ought to be a momentous meeting for you both. She will, of course, be overwhelmed with gratitude, and ready to fall at your feet."

"I hope not. She is the last person whom I want to see. I wish she did not know who saved her."

"She does not know yet," laughed Mr. Gwynne. "We are keeping that piece of news for the introduction. We shall tell her then with proper dramatic effect."

"Is she not really aware that I rescued her?" Mr. Haslam asked eagerly.

"No, she is not, indeed," Mr. Gwynne returned. "The truth is, she has been too exhausted and excited to hear or to say a word about the wreck."

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Haslam, with the same eagerness. "Will you do me a kindness—a real and great kindness?"

"If it be anything within my power, I will, certainly."

"Then do not mention my name to Miss Martock. It would only distress her. I knew both her uncle and her father, and knew no good of them. She cannot help that, poor girl; but there are reasons—earnest reasons, I assure you—why it would be desirable not to name me to her."

He was so urgent and serious that Mr. Gwynne could not but yield to his wish.

"It will spoil all the romance," he said, "to keep your secret, and sadly disappoint my young people; but I suppose you know best, so it shall be done. I will warn all my folks to be silent."

"HE BORE IT SWIFTLY TO THE SHORE" (*p.* 6).

"Thank you very much," Mr. Haslam answered, grasping his hand warmly. "I shall be up and away before this paragon of beauty makes her appearance, so there need be no talk of my existence before her."

Then the rector went straightway to his wife's sitting-room, and told her their guest was not over-thankful for his life.

Cordelia looked up quickly from her work with a flush, and listened.

"Not thankful he is alive!" cried Mrs. Gwynne. "Does he know you have buried forty-two poor creatures this day, as good men as he, and perhaps worth more to those who loved them?"

"Perhaps he will value his life more when he has seen Miss Martock," said Cordelia, with a half-sigh.

"But he will not see her," said the rector; and then he told of the promise he had made; and Cordelia blushed to feel that she was glad that Mr. Haslam and Miss Martock were not to meet.

"So there is an end to all our romance," said Mrs. Gwynne.

But in this she erred; it was only the beginning, and, like most first chapters, it was a little dull and disappointing. So, even as many readers do, she closed the book, and declared there was nothing in it.

This was in the winter; it was spring before the pages were opened again.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"How green you are, and fresh, in this old world!"

A GREEN earth and a blue sky, flowers everywhere, and buds bursting into leaf on hill-side and hedge, and a sweet fragrance, which was the breath of spring, through all the air, and a twittering of multitudinous birds singing of love: this was how the morning broke at Warewood.

Warewood was an old manor-house—not a mansion, with new-fangled gardens and wide-spread park, standing neighbourless in pride, but a cosy, old-fashioned place, surrounded by a quaint old-time garden, and not at all ashamed of the friendly village peeping out between the umbrage of many trees near by. Indeed, without this village—or church-town, as the Cornish call it—Warewood might have been a dull place; but with it there were never-ending sources of interest and new surprises springing up every day.

Yet Warewood itself was the centre of interest, the very top and pinnacle of the neighbourhood, the pattern by which other households were judged, and favoured or condemned in accordance with their likeness or unlikeness to this model.

And it was but a simple model: a mere quiet home, not over-wealthy, breathing of rest and thankfulness, daily duties of an unambitious kind, a little round of toil working amid love and gentleness, and leavened by a sweet and holy faith in God's goodness and care.

And upon this peaceful household the morning broke as fresh and clear as though the world were but a day old, and were just beginning to rejoice in the wonders of its own creation.

"Now then, girls!" cried a cheery voice; "what sluggards you are! I am the first down again to-day. Pretty housekeepers you make—don't you?"

"Really, papa, this is not fair! It is only six o'clock. You can't expect us girls to be up at that hour—now, can you?"

The voice that uttered this expostulation was a very coaxing, sweet voice, and the blooming rosy face peeping through a half-opened door was so fresh and fair, that the cheery gentleman standing on the staircase laughed at sight of it, and his eyes, having such a pretty image shining in them, brightened considerably.

"No, certainly not," he said. "You have not the hoeing of wheat and turnips on your minds as I have; and it would be perfectly unreasonable to expect young sleepy eyes to be tempted from their slumbers by mere sunshine."

At this the girl laughed, and opening the door wide, showed herself, in a pretty morning costume of blue and white, with a little straw hat hanging on her arm.

"Now, what would you say if I told you that Rachel and I are positively going out walking at this hour in the morning?"

"I should say it was not the sunshine tempting you," returned the master of Warewood, "but some little bit of mischief or spice of feminine curiosity."

A flitting blush flew over the girl's face as swiftly as a bird's shadow over a rose, and her voice changed to a less sprightly key.

"Rachel," she said, looking within the room, "come and tell papa what our errand is this morning. He is growing cynical, so the conference between him and me is closed."

Then there came forward and stood by her side a girl, taller, fairer, and quieter than herself, with dark blue eyes, and a calm face less rosy than hers, but having more power and a more tranquil beauty.

"Good morning, my love," her father said to this new-comer, and his manner grew a shade graver. "Why are you and Dorothea going out with the lark to-day?"

"We have promised Cordelia to go to the end of our avenue to meet the mail this morning. She expects Harry will be in the coach; he came down by the mail-train last night."

"And we are to let her know if he is come," interposed Dora, a little breathlessly.

"By carrier-pigeon?" asked Mr. Musgrave.

"Of course not, papa. We are to wave a signal from the terrace if Harry is come. We agreed on that last night."

"So you are to make a telegraph of yourself, visible across the valley? You must be quick, or you will miss seeing the coach pass."

It needed but these words to make Dora hurry away, followed by her sister with a more tranquil step. Down through the glory of Warewood—the long beech-tree avenue, where pale green leaves and sunshine made a golden gloom—the girls ran, with flushing cheeks and eyes full of the morning gladness.

"I hear the coach coming," cried Dora, pushing the gate back, and running into the road to catch the first glimpse of its approach. More dignified, and secretly more anxious, Rachel held back within the shadows of the gold-green trees. A minute more, and four steaming horses are reined in suddenly upon their haunches, and here is the coach stopping at their gate with infinite clatter of harness and dust of wheels.

"Hurrah!" cries Harry, who is on the box-seat. "Is not this glorious? We have had such a drive through the prime of the morning. I downright ached with glory. I wanted to roll in the ferns and dive in the sea."

"I have had trouble to hold him, Miss Musgrave," said another voice; and then Rachel looked up, and a wonderfully vivid blush passed over her face.

"I did not expect to see you, Mr. Maberly," she said, keeping her voice quite calm.

"Oh, no! I understand that. It is only Harry to whom welcome is due. He is a native; Mr. Haslam and I are strangers."

"Is Mr. Haslam come?" Dora cried, in a surprised voice.

"Are you astonished to see me?" asked that gentleman, bending forward. "I hope I am not looked on as a ghost here, although I was taken for one last winter in London."

"Can't stay any longer, gentlemen," observed the coachman, gathering up the reins. "Time is up."

A little packet at this moment dropped to the ground.

"That is for you, Dora," said Harry. "I hope you will approve of the way in which I have executed your commission."

Dora had given no commission. She was full of delicious confusion, and eyes and cheeks were bright with a lovely warmth as she stooped for the packet lying at her feet. A flourish from the guard's horn, a crack of the whip, a sudden waving of hands, and the coach was off, its quaint shadow flying on the hedge, and a lark high above it carolling for joy.

The sisters looked after it with a long gaze, Rachel gravely, Dora with a conscious smile; and it was not till they turned to enter the gate that they saw Mr. Maberly standing by it.

"You did not observe my descent," he said, slightly embarrassed. "I felt a walk would do me good. After travelling all night it is a relief."

"But they will wonder at the rectory what is become of you; and you will miss breakfast," said Rachel.

The bright colour that had flashed over her face on seeing Mr. Maberly had faded now into extreme paleness. She seemed to him white and cold as snow.

"Breakfast is of very little consequence," he said lamely.

"Good-bye," cried Dora, crimson with haste and happiness. "I really cannot stop with you. I have to wave a signal to Cordelia from the terrace. I shall flourish my flag in the air three times—once for Harry, twice for you, three times for Mr. Haslam. What a state of bewilderment she will be in?"

Dora was off like a deer. All up the avenue her pretty shadow flitted from tree to tree, and the gleaming lights shone golden on her hair.

Rachel's gaze followed her lovingly. In all the world she thought no one so fair as her sister.

"She will be in time," she said. "The coach takes quite half an hour to get over the hill to Boscombe, so they will know at the rectory that Harry is come full twenty minutes before he arrives."

"What a capital idea that is of yours to signal to Miss Gwynne! And what a happy fellow Harry is to have sister and friends all interested in his comings and goings! There is no one to trouble themselves on my account."

"Is there not?" said Rachel.

"No; and you were careful to tell me just now you did not expect to see me. Had you known I was on the coach, perhaps you would not have come to meet it?"

"I came simply because my sister came; and then, we have known Harry all our lives."

"And me only for three years. Does that make me unworthy of a thought?"

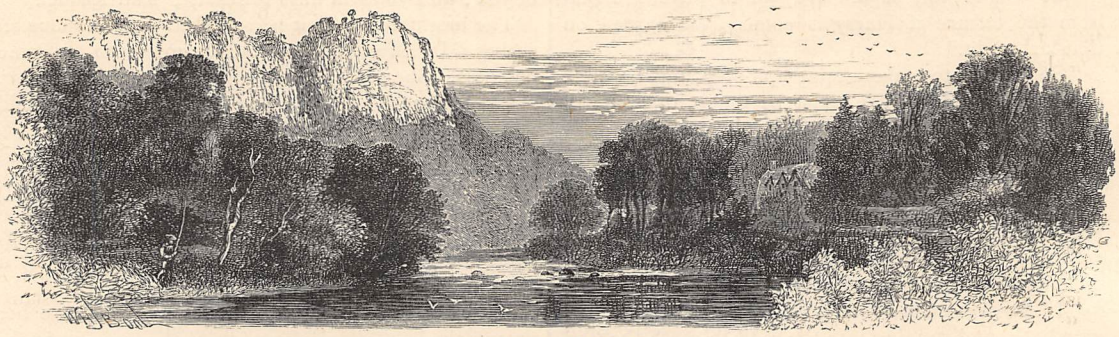
"Oh, no!" said Rachel softly.

Her face was turned away, but he saw the curve of a crimsoned cheek, and one rosy ear peeping out from waves of chestnut hair. He knew not why, but the bright, warm colour on that cheek gave him a thousand hopes.

"Rachel," he said, and his voice shook in spite of all his courage, "I have loved you these three years, and have not dared to speak. I had no position or home to offer you; but now I am in orders, and in a year's time I can ask you to share my home. What do you say? What answer will you give me?"

She raised her eyes shyly to his, while a rush of lovely colour flooded face and neck, and, without a word being spoken, he knew that Rachel Musgrave had given herself to him for life. The desire of his eyes, the desire of his heart, the dream of his youth were his, all blended in this breathing, beautiful reality, which had seemed to him so long an unattainable vision, but which now was a true and loving woman. He put his arm around her and gathered her very close, and beneath the canopy of the young spring leaves he laid upon her sweet lips his first kiss.

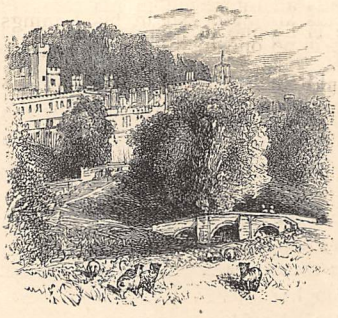
END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



HIGH TOR, MATLOCK.

A DASH THROUGH DERBYSHIRE ON AN EXPRESS ENGINE.

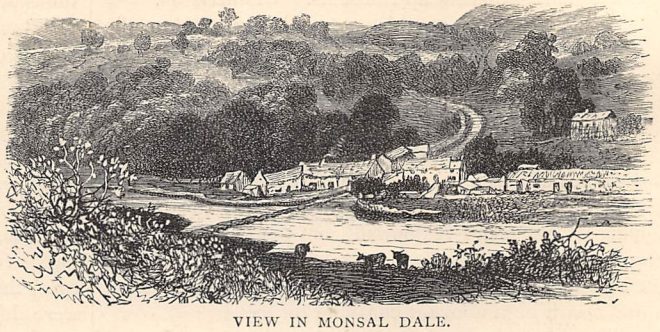
THERE is a vast and indispensable difference between the driver of the mail of to-day and the driver of the mail of yesterday—that is, of half a century ago. Tony Weller and Toodles are diametrically distinct types of character. A short, stout, purple-pimple-faced, twin-chinned, red-nosed, many-caped, dram-drinking, jovial Jehu was the driver of "The Commodore," or "The High-flyer:" greasy, grimy, gritty, preternaturally steady, serious, and saturnine is the modern coachman, the man who drives the Midland "Scotchman," the London and North-western "Wild Irishman," or the Great Western "Flying Dutchman." The route traversed by the Iron Horse has none of the characteristics of the old road about it. Instead of pleasant, oldfashioned hostelries, with wide courtyards and rambling galleries, we have now uncompromisingly utilitarian stations, and severely uninteresting junctions. Signal-boxes and level-crossings apologise for the absence of the odd, old-world toll-gates. For stables we have circular steam-sheds, as black as Erebus; and the steed is groomed by a sooty band of Plutonic attendants, more sable than chimney-sweeps, who bear bunches of subtle-smelling oil-waste in lieu of the clean and sweet straw of lang syne. The duties, too, of the driver of yore were easy of execution. His life was a happy holiday existence. He—"good easy man!"—was perplexed with no elaborate code of rigorous regulations. He was guided by only one rule—the Rule of the Road—which has been put into four lines :—



HADDON HALL.

> "The Rule of the Road is as plain as one's hand—
> T' explain it I need not be long:
> If you keep to the left you are sure to be right;
> If you keep to the right you are wrong."

But the charioteer of the modern mail is a man signally oppressed. He has to distinguish between conflicting signals of red, white, and green; between disc signals and semaphore signals; between home signals and distant signals; between fog signals and plate-layers' signals. He must possess an amazing memory as to the number of whistles he has to give in passing this junction, and the number required for that. He has to serve a hard apprenticeship to his work. A youth, he enters the engine-shed as a cleaner. He is promoted by-and-by to the duties of a stoker, and passes, in course of a tedious training, to occasional responsibility as a shunting driver. Then he proceeds to regularly drive a goods train, progresses to passenger-engine work, and reaches the highest grade of his calling when he takes charge of an important express train. The Don Phaethon of the past had hardly the cares of the modern cabman: the



VIEW IN MONSAL DALE.

Don Phaethon of the present has responsibility writ large on his anxious face. He is the daily custodian of several hundred lives. He must always be on the alert. A momentary suspension of vigilance on his part might spell the direst disaster. The passing of a signal at danger might result in a loss of life, and a wreckage of property, too appalling to be over-

estimated. The law does not recognise his human fallibility. A verdict of "manslaughter" awaits the indiscretion of his eye, or the weakness of his overwrought frame.

I have been betrayed, reader of mine, into this rather digressive dissertation on engine-drivers and engine-driving, by observing the movements of the driver of the Midland express, as he guides his train along its gleaming path of steel Manchesterwards. The courteous kindness of the chief of the Locomotive Department has provided me with a place on the engine, but the driver is too engrossed in his duties to appear sensible of my presence. His hand never leaves the regulator, save to sound the whistle, and he keeps a lynx-eyed look-out through the glass before him, that never wanders. The fireman, who necessarily wears a very dirty face, and a butcher's blouse, blue-black, and who like Toodles is "besmeared with coal-dust and oil, and has cinders in his whiskers, and a smell of half-slaked ashes all over him," is kept continuously active by the demands of the furnace. The locomotive, like the fat boy in the "Pickwick Papers," is always demanding refreshment. The coal-laden shovel is scarcely ever absent from its hungry mouth, while its consumption of water shows a thirsty weakness for the "crystal spring," which ought to induce the Good Templars to make the Iron Horse their patron saint. But do not let us malign the active animal. A steam-pressure which runs up to 250 pounds to the square inch needs some support, you know.

A quarter of an hour ago I was standing on the busy platforms of Derby Station, admiring this splendid machine which is now throbbing with restless life, as it paused for a few minutes in its journey from London. Its leading "bogie" wheels were pointed out to me with pride, and my attention was also attracted to its coupled driving-wheels, each 6 feet 8 inches in diameter —but now the telegraph posts are flying after each other in an endless chase, and the foot-board on which I stand quivers with motion. Just as a "land-lubber" has to find his "sea-legs" on ship-board, so a landsman riding on a locomotive engine has difficulty in keeping his feet. To move without support is an impossible operation. Before we started the dazzling dog-day heat was overpowering. A burning pulsation of the air was the only suspicion of a breeze. But now a very whirlwind is rushing past, and if it were not for the gridiron, which is frying my feet to a turn, the sensation of riding on the engine would be one of cucumbrian coolness. Nottingham Road, Saint Mary's, Breadsall, Little Eaton, and Duffield have flown past with startling fleetness. Now Milford Tunnel receives us into its gloom, and presently we are flitting through the fields again, with views before and behind, to the right hand and to the left. The cud-chewing cattle contemplate us with philosophic calmness. Sir Francis Head, in his "Stokers and Pokers," tells us that when railway trains first ran, the startled cows, and sheep, and horses used to scamper away from the sound of the approaching train for their very lives, but now it is a matter of difficulty to keep them off the lines. They heed not the board of "Caution to

'FLITTING THROUGH THE FIELDS AGAIN."

Trespassers," and cow-catchers, after the American principle, may yet have to be adopted upon English railways. Only the other day the "Scotchman" lowered the price of beef at Settle by running into a herd of bullocks. But this by the way.

We have torn past Belper. There is something singularly inspiring in this rush at a mile a minute through charming scenic surroundings. One enjoys what De Quincey calls "the glory of motion." Stay! This sudden shutting off of the steam, and the prompt application of the brakes, is alarming; but the precaution, it appears, is only taken for the safe rounding of the severe curve at Ambergate Junction. Behind is our train, winding round the curve like a gliding serpent, a train of long twelve-wheeled "bogie" carriages, and Pullman cars. Before us opens out the Vale of Matlock. A sylvan spot, this valley at Ambergate, with its radiant river rippling under the tinted trees; its wonderful wealth of foliage, rising tier above tier in banks of leafy loveliness; and its background of Derbyshire hills swelling in the sunlit perspective. Onward we urge at sensational speed, shooting numberless bridges, whisking over the river here, booming through a tunnel there; now darting through a deep cutting, whose scarped and rugged sides are diversified with feathery ferns and golden gorse; then dashing through the forest growth which skirts the park of Alderwasley, with tall trees casting soothing shadows on either side, and forming an archway of luminous leaves overhead. To our right is the tall, tower-crowned hill, locally known as Crich Stand. Yonder, nestling among the trees on the wooded height, is Lea Hurst, the home of Florence Nightingale. Whatstandwell, in all its wooded beauty, is left behind. Cromford, with its grey church communing with the whispering river—with its Willersley Castle, the residence of the Arkwrights, on the hillside—and with its naked rocks, like my Lady Godiva, "clothed on with chastity," in the shape of waving flounces of graceful green—is reached, and now we are hissing through the long tunnel which gives access to Matlock Bath. A "hurrygraph" of the Swiss beauties of Matlock Bath, a flying *coup-d'œil* of the Heights of Abraham, of the Derwent tumbling in cascades of foam-flecked water over its boulder-bestrewn bed, and of the white houses perched upon the hill-sides, and then we are burrowing under the High Tor. Soon Matlock Bridge bursts past. Then Darley Dale opens out fresh vistas of Peak scenery. That isolated eminence to the left is Oker Hill. It wears a coronet of two sycamore-trees. There is a tender tradition attached to these sycamores which Wordsworth has recorded in a sweet sonnet:—

"'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen tree; then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide plain;
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity."

Past Darley Dale Church, which by common consent is allowed to have the oldest yew-tree in the country. The guide-book historiographers say that the tree is 2,300 years old, and that its girth exceeds ten yards, facts which will not send the world into convulsions of doubt. A fugitive glimpse of that Darley Valley whose beauties evoked from the poetic pen of Lord John Manners some stanzas less notorious than the lines—

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

Rowsley Station slips past in a cloud of steam, and now we pant into a long tunnel which burrows under the time-hallowed towers of Haddon Hall. Out into the genial light of day again. In the hay-scented meadows the winding Wye, shining like a band of burnished steel, wanders about the country with serpentine bendings. Bakewell, a pleasant old town tucked in by the hills, hurries past. Hassop and Longstone succeed each other with startling rapidity. Now Monsal Dale—the Paradise of the Peak—reveals all its bewitching, bewildering beauty. The line runs along the hill-side, and the valley is a great distance below. Soon we are introduced to Cressbrook Dale, where the Wye winds through waving woodland heights; and then, after a tantalising tunnel has cheated us of views of poetic beauty, Miller's Dale is reached. The picturesque aspect of many of the towering tors in this district is being impaired by the sacrilegious workings of the limestone companies. Utilitarianism would run a siding connection into Arcadia itself, were the project practicable; but we are not yet so depraved as our 'cute cousins "across the ferry." The romantic rocks of this neighbourhood are not yet "coigns of 'vantage" on which to paint or paste advertisements relating to Drake's plantation bitters, or Horatio P. Smith's curling fluid, or Cato R. Browne's two-dollar prize pantaloons. Mr. Ruskin waxed very wroth when the railway was carried through this enchanted valley of the Wye. "That valley," he wrote in "Fors Clavigera," "where you might expect to catch sight of Pan, Apollo, and the Muses, is now desecrated in order that a Buxton fool may be able to find himself in Bakewell at the end of twelve minutes, and *vice versâ*." When the Kendal and Windermere Line was projected, Wordsworth was similarly agitated, and selfishly called on the "mountains, vales, and floods" to "share the passion of a just disdain." Both railways, despite the protests of the ruling poet and the rampant reformer, are, however, accomplished facts of substantial proportions; and the one line has opened out all the loveliness of Lakeland to the time-tied tourist, while the other has introduced to town-toilers a district which was one of Nature's sealed and inaccessible books. The Midland engineers have certainly not marred the picturesque passages of these fair valleys, for the work of man fighting with Nature for the mastery adds to, instead of detracting from, the grandeur of the prospect. It

is a line of stupendous works, which compel admiration; of sharp curves and severe gradients, of lofty viaducts and graceful bridges of great strength spanning gaping chasms, of cuttings hewn out of the limestone rock, and embankments rising out of the valley.

We pause at Miller's Dale Station to detach the Buxton passengers. Now the guard blows the whistle to proceed again, and the engine answers with a scream. A stout gentleman, who carries a red nose and a fishing-rod, pants pathetically up the platform in a perspiration and a hurry. But he is just one puff too late, and in waiting for the next train he will have time to moralise on the evils of unpunctuality. We are now running by the side of the Wye, on a terrace on the hill-side. The tunnels rob us of many charming vignettes, but the ride is remarkable for sweet surprises in scenery. The ravine along which we now pass is Blackwell Mill Junction. To the left is the loop line to Buxton. Presently the "chay-chay" of the engine tells that we are climbing up the stiff gradient along Great Rocks Dale. The blocks of limestone, peering here and there through the grass, are liable to suggest petrified sheep to a mind addicted to comparisons. Soon Dove Holes is reached, and the line drops down towards Manchester through a tunnel two miles in length. The black obscurity is now before us—a detonating signal explodes with a loud report under the wheels, and the iron monster gives an unnatural scream, as though it had received a death-wound, and with palpitating heart and quivering sides plunges into the Stygian vault. A caution signal sends us on at slackened speed, then a white light waved in the darkness puts the steam on again. That scream has sent strange echoes flying. Ten thousand and one noises seem to compete in a clattering chorus of deafening, deadening din. The darkness may be felt. Sulphur fumes are added to the damp earthy smell. The circle of white light, thrown out by the furnace-fire, gives Rembrandt-like portraits of the enginemen at their post, peering through the gloom. A reverberating rumble is heard quite near. Two ogre-eyes are burning their way through the darkness. In another second an avalanche of thunder and lightning is hurled past on the "up line" with awful velocity. With a shriek, and a rattle, and a roar, on and still on. Fantastic flakes of fire flutter from the engine-chimney, and fly fitfully overhead. Now and again an air-shaft in the tunnel-roof sends down a delusive glimmer of day. Right in front is the tunnel-mouth, in size looking like a threepenny bit: it gets larger: now it assumes the dimensions of a sixpence: it grows into a shilling: soon it appears like a florin, and presently resembles a five-shilling piece. Another minute's imprisonment in this vile vault, and then we burst into the summer sunshine again. Viaducts carry us over Chapel-en-le-Frith, and give us Asmodeus-like privileges with regard to peeping down cottage chimneys and into bed-room windows.

New Mills is the next station, and after passing that we pull up at Marple, where the Liverpool portion of the train is uncoupled. We have passed through the Peak now, and the poetry of the railway gives place to common-place prose. So I find a seat in the train for the ten miles which separate Marple from Manchester.

STREPHON.

ANGELS OF TWILIGHT.

HOLLOWS of purple with golden hem
Have folded themselves in the clouded west;
There are dews on every daisy-stem,
And the rustling grasses sigh of rest.

The lilies that droop by the misty lawn
Are snowy-hooded and sweet of breath;
The young moon slings her silver horn
Where the star of twilight wakeneth.

The toil and the heat are over now,
My soul shakes off its torpor dumb,
I lave the earth-damps from my brow,
And lift mine eyes: behold! they come—

They come! sweet dreams that had slipped away,
Voices of peace that were drowned anon,
Visions unseen in the glare of day,
And saintly shapes from the times agone;

And holy thoughts of holiest things,
Like spirit-songs from the breadths above,
And gleams of light from the shining wings
That circle the throne of the Lord of Love.

Angels of twilight, soft and calm,
They raise no voice, they lift no cry,
But their pinions drip with light and balm,
In the halls of the soul, as they flutter by.

Yonder is home! the whisper comes,
And the stars repeat it through the night;
Here upon earth are tents and tombs,
But there is home, and love, and light.

Angels of twilight! come to us,
Here in the dusk, when the day is dead;
Bring to us higher thoughts, for thus
Our worn, world-weary hearts are fed.

M. M. P.

"ANGELS OF TWILIGHT" (*p.* 15).

POPULAR PAPERS ON ENGLISH LAW.

BY A SOLICITOR.

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH."

IN every civilised community there must be laws, and, as we all know, laws have to be obeyed. Montesquieu put the same general proposition in a more definite form:—"The liberty of man in a social state, different from that in a state of nature, consists not in a power of acting in all things according to his own judgment, but in acting according thereto in subservience to the will of the public—in being free to do all things the law does not prohibit, and to omit all things the law does not enjoin."

Our English system of jurisprudence has been gradually built up by a process which want of space forbids me to describe—an enormous accumulation of statute upon statute, and precedent upon precedent. It would be a Herculean, almost Augean, task; but this so-called system of ours sadly needs simplifying into a code, so as to reduce chaos into order, pruning away the useless, and defining the doubtful. "Our laws," said Hallam, "like those of Rome, must be cast into the crucible. It would be a disgrace to the nineteenth century if England could not find her Tribonian."

It does seem hard that all should be obliged to obey laws with which only a very few have any real acquaintance, and which fewer still are capable of knowing perfectly. Beyond this, there is a well-recognised principle of our courts of justice that ignorance of (at least) statute law cannot be pleaded. As each nation advances in civilisation its laws increase in number and intricacy—it is one of the penalties of that civilisation. The progress, also, of the arts on the one hand, and of commerce on the other, demands frequent changes in the law. But, even in the face of these difficulties, I think it is the duty of every Englishman to strive to acquire such a clear and intelligent view of the laws which most nearly concern him, as shall enable him to act with independence in simple matters, or to rely with confidence on the practitioner who may advise him in difficulties.

To afford this view is the aim of the following papers.

In attempting a simple sketch of English testamentary law, I must not be understood to encourage the making of their own wills by "laymen," as solicitors call unprofessional people. It is no easy task for any but a lawyer to prepare even the commonest form of will, and the formalities with which its "execution," or making, has been hedged round, are quite serious, and demand the strictest care. *Verbum sapientibus satis.*

Our fathers under William IV. had many difficulties to contend with when they made their wills; of the law at that period it was truly said, "its general characteristics were complication, diversity, uncertainty." But one of the very first things our gracious Queen did was to pass an Act (7 Will. IV. & 1 Vict., c. 26) "for the amendment of the laws with respect to wills," which became law in the session of 1837, and affects all wills made on and after the 1st of January, 1838. This enactment cleared away a mass of old statute law, and provided a fresh starting-point upon which our testamentary law now wholly depends. One or two technicalities may here be explained.

The key to the word "will" is found in its synonym "testament," from the Latin *testatio mentis*—the witness of a man's mind; and to give by testament is to speak by a man's will what his mind is to have done after his death. He who makes the testament is called the testator, and when a man dies without a will he is said to die intestate. The term "real property" includes such as passes to the *heir* on the owner's intestacy—that is, land, with the houses and fixtures upon it, and some other property (such as tithes), which is called "incorporeal" and "savours of the realty." All other property is called "personal," because it is supposed to accompany its owner's movements, and in old times did so. The next-of-kin take this on his dying intestate. It comprises goods and chattels (the *boni et catalli* of legal dog-Latin); money, and its securities, such as stocks and shares; and, by a curious legal fiction, leasehold interests in land of even 1,000 years or more. To the disposal of real *estate* (another word for property), the term "devise" seems to have been appropriated; while "bequeath" is the technical expression in the case of personalty.

Now we have to consider:—1. Who may make wills; 2. What may be "willed;" 3. How it is to be done; 4. What is necessary to alter, and—5. What revokes a will; 6. What is necessary to prove it.

1. The Statute of Wills of 1837 requires that every testator shall be of the age of twenty-one years at least; but the disqualifications are practically few, and are either imposed by physical causes or justified by moral reasons. Among those incapable of making a will are:—minors, without any exception; married women, unless enabled by a *power* (which some previous settlement or will not unfrequently confers), or possessed of property settled to their "separate use;" persons of unsound mind, or born deaf-mutes; traitors and felons. Aliens, or foreigners, until the passing of the Naturalisation Act, 1870, were also disqualified.

2. Every kind of property may now be disposed of by will, and the formalities of execution are the same with both real and personal estate. It is most important to remember that a will "*speaks from the death of the testator*," and will embrace all that at that period may justly be called his own, whether acquired before or after the date of signing it. So that in framing a

will it is necessary to foresee and provide for all contingencies which may happen subsequently to its date and before the death of its testator.

3. A will must be *in writing*, but it may be written upon any substance and with any material. For instance, a carpenter's will written in pencil upon a piece of board will be valid, if properly signed and witnessed. The testator must place his usual signature immediately below the last line of the will; but, if he is unable to write, the statute allows some other person, by his direction and in his presence, to sign his name for him. And this is much preferable to the barbarous alternative of "making his mark."

There must be *two or more* witnesses, and they must all be present when the testator makes his signing; and then, while he is still present, they must "attest" the will by writing under the attestation clause their full names, descriptions, and addresses, in order that they may be more easily identified thereafter. No particular form of attestation is required, but for the purpose of "proving" the will without any question being raised as to its due execution, it is decidedly better to have a formal memorandum in this (the usual) shape:—"Signed and declared by the said testator, A B, as and to be his last will, in the joint presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses." Especial care must be taken not to choose for a witness any person who, or whose wife or husband, is intended to derive any benefit whatever under the will, otherwise the gift to such witness will be void; the will itself, however, excepting only that particular clause, will be valid, and the witness in question is even allowed to prove its execution. A creditor of the testator can act as a witness, and so may any person whom he has appointed executor.

An exception, as regards the formalities required by the Statute of Wills, is made in favour of soldiers in actual military service—that is, on an expedition—and of mariners and seamen at sea, who may dispose of their *personal* estate as they might have done before the passing of the Act—*i.e.*, by an unattested writing, or by a mere "nuncupative" testament by word of mouth, before witnesses.

4. The original will, when once made, must not be altered. The best means of altering its effect, without wholly revoking it, is by making a *codicil* to it. This has to be considered as part of the original will, and it must refer to it distinctly, thus: "This is a codicil to the will of me, A B, of, &c., which will bears date the 1st day of January, 1877." It requires exactly the same formalities, when being signed by the testator, as the will required. Of course the dispositions already made by the will are not disturbed further than is absolutely necessary to give effect to the codicil. If any obliterations, interlineations, or other alterations in the original will should be made through ignorance—I do not suppose any educated person would adopt so troublesome and clumsy a process of alteration—the defect can only be cured by the testator signing the will again, the witnesses attesting his execution of it as before. The most ready means of "altering" a will, I need scarcely say, is for the testator to sell, give away, or in some other way part with, any of the property comprised in his will after he has signed it. As the document speaks from his death, he is at perfect liberty to do this, and the will immediately loses its control over the property which has passed out of the testator's possession.

5. There are several means of *revoking* a will—that is, of making it wholly void:—(i.) A very common means is matrimony. It is not universally known that a man or woman who marries after making a will, by the very act of matrimony revokes that document, and a new one must be made, unless such newly-married person wishes to die intestate. It may be well to bear in mind that, under the Wills Act, marriage is now the only *extrinsic* circumstance capable of revoking a will; for the statute expressly declares that "no will shall be revoked"—as formerly it might have been—"by any presumption of an intention on the ground of alteration in circumstances." (ii.) A will may be revoked either by another will of subsequent date, or by some writing declaring an intention to revoke it, and executed with the same formalities as are required for a will. The second will stands in the place of, and in fact becomes, the original will, unless it is expressly stated to be intended as part and parcel of the first, and read with it. In the latter case, the two documents may be "admitted to probate," or proved, as one will. But a will complete in itself, and having no reference to any preceding testament, impliedly revokes all former testamentary dispositions. (iii.) Burning a will, tearing it, or in any other way destroying the substance of it, will be sufficient to revoke it, if such acts are done *animo revocandi*—with the intention of revoking; but, of course, they must be done either by the testator himself, or by some person in his presence and by his direction.

A curious case in point, *Cheese* v. *Lovejoy*, has just been decided. The question arose whether a testator had revoked a will which he had executed, under the following circumstances:—The will was dated in 1849 (*i.e.*, since the Wills Act). The testator died in 1876. Some years before his death he had struck through parts of the will with a pen, but the writing remained legible. After this he had thrown the will into a waste-paper basket, and had often kicked it about the house. It was found sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and was rescued by a servant from destruction, and placed on the top of a wardrobe. After this, until the testator's death, it was never in his own custody, but was moved about from one place to another by his servants. It was decided that, as a matter of law, there had been no revocation, and the Court of Appeal held that this ruling was right. There must be an act of revocation as well as an intention to revoke. All the destroying in the world without intention will not revoke a will, nor all the intention without destruction. The two things must concur.

6. Previously to the year 1857, wills were under ecclesiastical jurisdiction—that is to say, they were

"proved" in, and executors obtained their authority from, the several archbishops or bishops, who held what were called "Consistory Courts" (the Archbishop of Canterbury had his "Prerogative Court") for the purpose. This dominion of the Church over testamentary matters sprang from very early times, when the monks were, generally speaking, the only *literates* in the rural districts, and would-be testators naturally resorted to "the religious" to get their last wishes committed to writing in an intelligible form; and the ecclesiastical courts also undertook to grant probates. Hence the Church dignitaries by degrees obtained almost exclusive jurisdiction over testamentary affairs, and so things went on until the Probate Act of 1857 (20 & 21 Vict., c. 77) was passed. By this statute a new court was created, to which was given the sole jurisdiction over the proving of wills, and the title of "Her Majesty's Court of Probate." The authority of the Church was thus entirely removed. The new court was invested with full authority to grant or revoke probates of wills and "letters of administration," and to hear and determine all questions relating to matters and causes testamentary. District registries of the Court of Probate were established all over the country, and to many of these registries were assigned limits roughly corresponding with the several dioceses over which the old Consistory Courts had authority.

By the recent Judicature Act the style of the Court of Probate was changed; it has now been, in a measure, merged with other courts into one great authority, and is called "The Probate Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice."

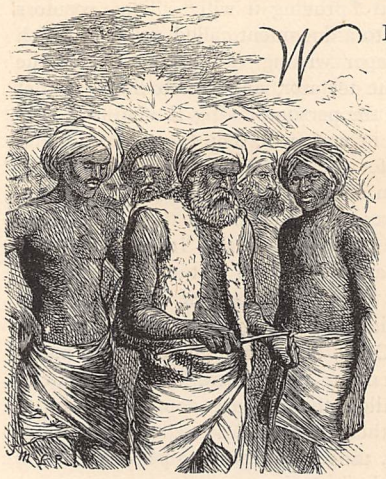
Now the first step to be taken in "proving" is to ascertain who is the executor. There may be two or even more executors; they will probably be expressly named by the document itself, but not necessarily so, for there is sometimes an "executor according to the tenor" of the will. Let us suppose that two executors *have* been so appointed, and that both are willing to undertake the duties. The title of the executors is founded upon their testator's written will, and the latter also contains the specific rules and limits of their conduct in administering the estate; so that some act obviously requires to be done to give the will a legal stamp and currency, and to afford evidence of the authority of the executors. This act is called "proving a will." The executors have to be sworn to a document called an *oath*, which identifies the "paper writing" annexed to it as the original will of the testator, and which declares that the deponents (or the persons taking the oath) are the executors named in such will, that they will well and faithfully administer the estate, that the testator died at such a place on such a day, and that the personal estate does not exceed so much. They also make an affidavit for the purposes of the Inland Revenue Office as to the amount of the testator's gross personal estate, so that the proper *ad valorem* stamp duty may be paid. The original will is then deposited in the Court of Probate, and a compared copy of it written on parchment, with the official seal attached, called the probate copy, is given to the executors as their title-deed, so to speak. Before probate, however, the executors may perform all the ordinary acts of administering a will, such as receiving and giving receipts for debts due to the testator, paying his debts, and selling and assigning any part of his personal estate.

There is a very striking difference between a will disposing only of real estate and one dealing with any personal estate whatever. The first will does not require to be proved at all; it operates as a conveyance without any sanction from the Court of Probate or any one else. But a will of personal estate has always required to be proved.

Should the testator have omitted to appoint any executor, the Court of Probate will grant what are called "letters of administration" *cum testamento annexo* (with the will annexed) to some person, usually one of the next-of-kin, who is then called the "administrator." When any person dies intestate, the court will grant (simply) letters of administration in a similar manner.

We have placed our two executors in their legally constituted authority, and as their chief duties are generally performed by their solicitor, or under his guidance, there seems no need to accompany them further.

THE BURIED BUNGALOW.



"WHAT can this mean?" asked I, reining up my horse close to the dense milkthorn hedge that shut in Mr. Warren's pretty house, and its garden gay with flowers, from the tea-plantations, the green valley, the upland pastures, and the dazzling peaks of the Himalayas soaring overhead. There, on a fragment of rock, stood the well-known tall form of the planter himself, angrily confronting a motley mob of natives, some tawny, others yellow-skinned, and a few nearly black. These, although they had flung aside hoe and spade, I knew to be the coolies employed at the prosperous hill-station, where such a scene of confusion had been hitherto unknown.

"The scoundrels are going to leave me, that's all!" said Mr. Warren curtly; and at that instant there stepped forward in advance of the rest a gaunt Tibetan, clad in sheepskins, who ceremoniously and with perfect gravity placed on the ground a fragment of wheaten cake, a handful of salt, and a *lota* or brass drinking-cup nearly filled with coins, from silver rupees to copper pice. Then pointing with a peeled willow wand that he held in his hand to the food and the money thrice, he snapped in twain the slender stick, and with bent head and downcast mien stood motionless, as though waiting to be questioned.

"What mummery is this?" asked I in an undertone. My intended father-in-law, who knew the people and the country better than I did, shook his head.

"It means mischief," he whispered. "Something has terrified the superstitious curs, and see! they renounce my bread and salt, return the advance of wages, and break the wand, in token that they are my men no more.—You mean," he added harshly, in the Bengali dialect, "to desert me, then, Han Gorain?"

"The Sahib Warren is a good master," replied the Tibetan in the same language. "If we go, it is because the evil eye has looked upon his threshold, and the voice that never lies has laid a curse on Yirmi Sou and all that dwell there."

The man spoke slowly and with some difficulty, such as besets those who use a foreign tongue imperfectly mastered; but he had uttered his brief speech with emphasis, and with a certain dignity of bearing. Behind him stood the Tibetans and hill-men, sturdy fellows, on whom devolved the rough work of trenching and dyke-building, while a little way off clustered the dusky coolies from India proper, their lips tightened over their shining teeth, and in attitudes expressive of the most abject servility. Clearly there was no stimulus short of physical fear which would have nerved these crouching creatures to disobey the Burra Sahib, or owner of the plantation, whose lightest word had been law to his meek subordinates.

"If the Sahib will hearken to the counsel of the poor," said the spokesman after a pause, "he and his will hasten away, before——"

But here Mr. Warren lost patience, and interrupted the orator, roundly rebuking the whole gang as a pack of craven hounds, frightened at their own shadows, and without a spark of manliness to redeem them. Were it worth while, he said, he could gallop over to the nearest magistrate and enforce the performance of the contract under pain of flogging and imprisonment; but he wanted no half-hearts in his service, so they might go. "You hear me?" he thundered, silencing Han Gorain's fresh effort to speak; and the men slunk away, cowed, as Orientals usually are, by this undoubting assertion of authority.

The planter recovered his temper as soon as the recusants had departed, and laid his broad hand on my shoulder, saying, with a jolly laugh, "A lesson, George, my boy, as to the thorns that will lie in your path when you and Edith live here in my stead, as I hope you'll do, after the gathering in of the next tea crop, and set-to to feather your nest, as her mother and I have done. I thought better things, too, of the overseer—that Han Gorain, who, before some heathen bogie scared him, was a shrewd and reliable servant. But never mind! Come in, Musgrave, come in! The parson from Nynee Tal is here already, and you must help the bride expectant to entertain him until dinner-time."

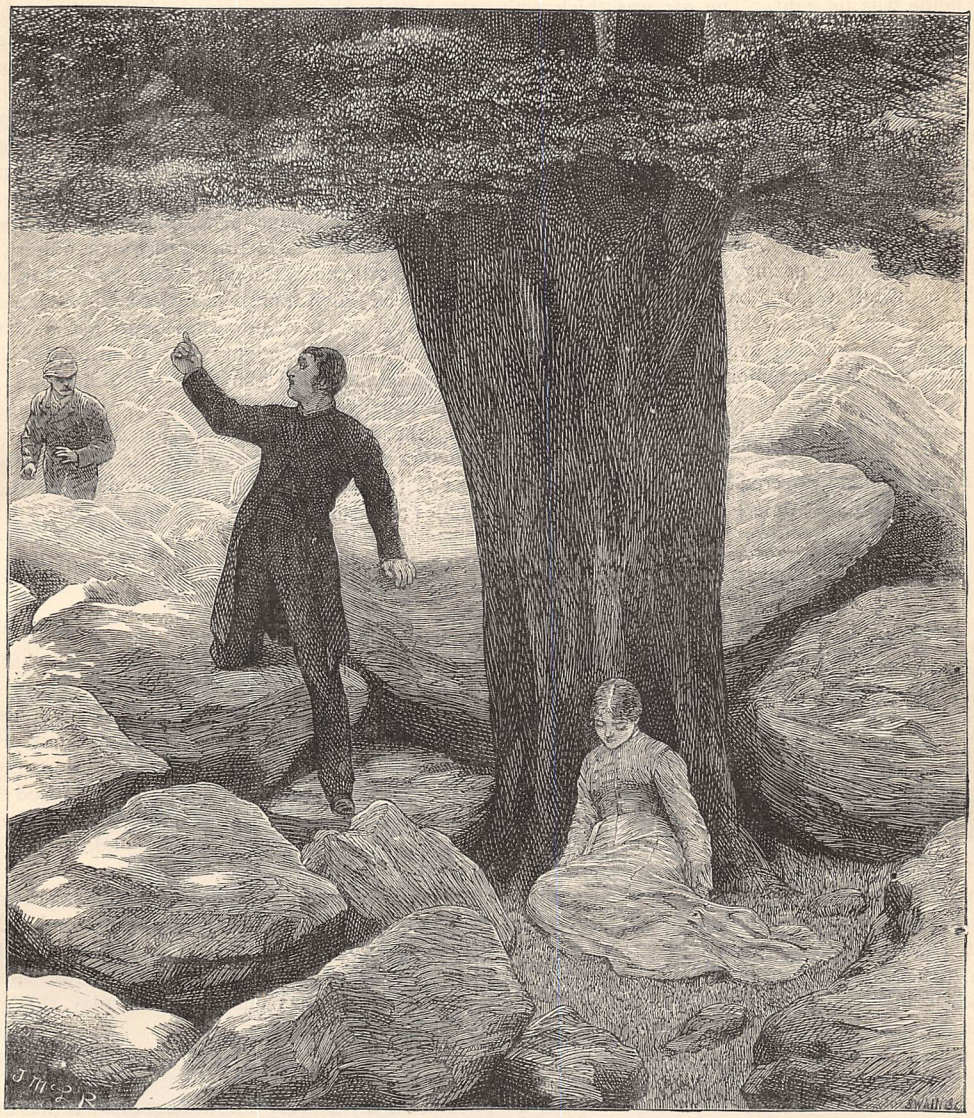
Pretty Edith, who was on the morrow to become my wife, smiled away any uncomfortable feelings which the conduct of Han Gorain and his companions had left behind; and neither she nor her parents, nor Mr. Edwards the clergyman, who had come over expressly to perform the marriage ceremony, seemed to attach any importance to the panic among the coolies.

"It was something," explained Mr. Warren, "about Alp Dagh, the Big Mountain, at the foot of which we live, but I have been a planter here too long to care for the tattle of coolies. They are like children who talk of the nursery ghost until they see it in every dark corner. A delightful life I should have led here, had I been credulous."

And with that he dismissed the subject, and the evening passed genially enough. Later on, however, after the whispered farewell to my sweet Edith in the porch, draped with the glistening leaves and big white blossoms of the Indian creeper, after the ride home to my own dwelling among the hills, and when my head

rested on its pillow, a vague sense of insecurity beset me afresh; and even when I fell asleep my dreams were troubled and sad, not such as should visit the slumbers of one on whom the world smiled as it did on me, George Musgrave. The dawning of the new day—my wedding-day—however, chased away the clouds from my mind, and when I mounted my horse to ride to Yirmi Sou, attired as a bridegroom should be, my heart was light and full of happy hope. Edith loved me better than I deserved, I knew that; and it was her father's intention to establish the young couple on his own fine plantation, while he and Mrs. Warren returned to England to enjoy their well-earned competency.

The day was fine—no rarity in the East—but a sort of silvery haze hung over the peaks northwards, and there were frequent gusts of ice-cold wind rushing down from gap and pass in the rocky range that forms the boundary of India. I rode on, and presently, from an angle in the mountain road, I caught a glimpse of the "Twenty Springs," as Mr. Warren's thriving station was called, with its gardens and meadows, and the now deserted plantation, and the empty huts of the coolies. Then I turned the corner and saw it no more, but even as it vanished from my eyes I heard a strange, deep sound like that of distant thunder, the nature of which I could not divine. My horse suddenly snorted and reared, and then stood trembling, and could scarcely be urged forward. While I was in the act of stooping forward to pat the Arab's glossy neck, speaking soothingly to him the while, there broke upon my ear a sullen roar, louder, nearer,



"I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A MAN BAREHEADED" (*p.* 22).

at each instant, and culminating in a crash so dreadful that the simultaneous discharge of a thousand cannon would have seemed puny when compared with it.

Deafened, dizzy, and confused, I dismounted from my frightened horse, now wholly unmanageable, and hurried on foot to a spot whence, as I remembered, Edith's home was in sight. The air was thick with dust and withered leaves, but as the prospect grew clearer I could see no trace of the bungalow, of its homestead and gardens, or of the thriving tea plantations and verdant meadows around it. Vainly did I strain my eyes to catch one well-known feature of the familiar scene. Nothing was visible save a dreary waste of stones, mud, and rocks filling up half the valley, and above which hung a cloud of tawny dust that was slowly subsiding.

As I stood stupidly gazing on the scene of ruin, I caught sight of a man, bareheaded, and with a scared white face. I knew him. It was the young clergyman who had come over from Nynee Tal to perform the marriage ceremony between Edith and me.

"Mr. Edwards?" I said inquiringly as I neared him.

He caught my hand, covered his face, and burst into tears. Then for the first time I realised what fear was.

"For pity's sake, tell me all!" cried I hoarsely. "Is Miss Warren—is Edith safe? What has——"

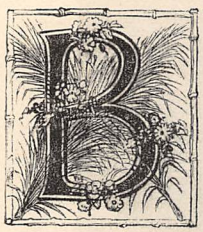
"Of all beneath that roof—the roof of Mr. Warren's hospitable house—I alone am spared," answered the clergyman in broken accents; "Death, the grim mower, has garnered in his harvest there."

The cause of the disaster was but too evident. A stone avalanche, or *moraine* as it is called in Switzerland, had rushed down from the unscaled heights of the huge mountain towering above Yirmi Sou, and had overwhelmed all beneath it.

"I caught a glimpse of Miss Warren in the garden, as the stony flood burst on us with its deafening roar," said the clergyman as he grew calmer; "it may be that God's mercy has spared her life too."

And indeed I have much to be thankful for, since my dear Edith was found, fainting but unhurt, at the foot of a tall cedar, the only tree left standing, wedged in between fallen rocks. But the other inmates of the house had perished, nor were even their bodies ever extricated from the mighty mausoleum which Nature's own hand had piled above them. Edith and I have been married these five years, but our home is in England, not in India; and sometimes, when I see a shadow come across my wife's fair face, I know that she is thinking of those who sleep below the cruel stones at Yirmi Sou.

HOW TO ACT A CHARADE.



UT we must do something to amuse them!"

"Well, play forfeits."

"Round games."

"Have some music."

These are imaginary proposals, made during the discussion of preparations for some pleasant home party — and yet not imaginary, for they have been said thousands of times, when that most momentous of declarations that heads this article has been made.

Then all at once some one exclaims, "Why not act a charade?"

A dead silence falls upon the group, as visions of long studies of difficult parts, careful dressing, costly robes, elaborate scenery, and possible failures, float before them.

And so it has been hundreds of times. To act a charade sounds so formidable a matter, that it is too often condemned as an impossible feat, when equal parts of courage and knowledge would have enabled those who undertook the task to give half an hour's genial and innocent pleasure to their friends, and turned a possibly dull and stereotyped kind of party into a pleasant entertainment, that would have dwelt in the remembrance of those who enjoyed it, and been marked, so to speak, with a white stone in their mental calendar.

I say equal parts of courage and knowledge, for I have no hesitation whatever in saying that what I may call an extempore charade is the best of all.

Why? Because it makes no call upon the performers for preparation in the way of study or dress. It is hit off on the spot; and in addition, any little blunders that may be made are unnoticed by the audience, or if they are, instead of covering the blunderer with confusion they only add to the general hilarity of the meeting.

To act a charade extempore certainly requires a little courage, but to quote the old French proverb, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and as soon as the first plunge or step is made, and the actor launched in the part he or she has undertaken to play, the greatest difficulty is passed.

The reader may say, "Yes, this is all very well, but suppose one breaks down."

Let me say to every one, at once dismiss that thought, nay, kill it, for it is one that ought to be destroyed, whether in relation to acting a charade, or in any of the more serious concerns of life. Forget the possibility, and you will succeed. For proof of this, watch any group of children, cultivated or uncultivated, and notice their sports, and you will see for yourself that they are all naturally actors, and love nothing better than playing at make-believe—acting, in short; and their little brains never fail them in supplying language with which to illustrate their sport.

Why is this? Simply because the idea of breaking down never enters their minds.

But you may reply, "Exactly; but if they find anybody is watching them, words fail, they look shamefaced, and break down."

I grant it, this is so, and therefore I say to you who attempt charades, make use of your more mature strength of mind, and crush that idea of failing. This applies to you, young lady, who sit down to the piano and dash off that brilliant arrangement of Schubert or Osborne or Czerny. You get on magnificently till you blur one chord with that wrong accidental; are terribly conscious, grow nervous, hesitate, get those pretty little fingers into knots amongst the black keys, and finally break down; when, if you had only boldly played on, the chances are that not one of your listeners detected the false chord, and if one did happen to hear it, he was too indulgent and pleased with the performance for it to dwell one instant in his memory. So with charades: boldly attack your part, and you must succeed.

I will tell you why: All you have to do is to realise your part; ask yourself how So-and-so would behave if he or she did such-and-such things, and act—yes, literally act, or do accordingly. For mind this: the best acting is that which is, so to speak, not acting at all, but a faithful repetition of nature; and the more a part is distorted and made extravagant and burlesqued, the less it appeals to the feelings and amuses an audience. In fact, it is common to say in relation to the stage, "How beautifully So-and-so acted! it was nature itself." Years ago, to take another line of appeal—to the eye—our artists, under the idea that they were being humorous, used to draw exaggerated representations of the human form, with distorted features. These were never laughable, as they have since learned, and our best caricaturists now give nature itself, finding in its many phases true mirth of expression.

I say this because, in charades that I have seen acted, people have imagined that it was necessary to paint or burnt-cork their faces; to devise stuffed and outrageous costumes, such as no individual ever wore; and to behave when acting in an impossible, incongruous manner, distorting face and body, labouring to leap and bound about, and putting themselves in a violent perspiration, under the belief that they were very funny, when they were not humorous at all: in fact, their antics had an effect upon the younger part of the audience that was the reverse of pleasant.

I should divide charades, for those who wish to act them, into two classes—the extempore and the prepared; and for both depend upon it that the more simple they are, the better.

I place the extempore first, because I have no hesitation in saying that it is by far the better—is the easier to perform, and affords from its imperfections the most amusement to the looker-on.

But the reader will say, "This requires clever people."

My dear reader, you are a clever person, and in some one individual point far more clever than your neighbour, though he may excel you in some point in his turn. It is far from my wish to inculcate conceit, but too much self-depreciation, in the face of the wondrous mental organisation with which we are all endowed, is—I have no hesitation in saying it—wrong.

We will say that we are now at a party—you and I—and the question arises, "What shall we do next?" You propose a charade, and after reading this paper you will, I hope, be self-assured enough to feel that you can carry one through, and be ready to inoculate others with your spirit.

It is decided upon; four performers hastily got together—say two of each sex—leave the room, and go, say, into a back room.

The first question is, What is to be the word or words? and we think that is a puzzle.

Why, almost anything will do. Look round the room, and take almost the first noun you see. There are a dozen things that suggest a charade: easy-chair, side-board, Brussels carpet, book-case, hassock, paper-weight, corn-ice, hearth-stone, bell-handle, hearth-rug, lamp-shade, plate-glass.

There, I have named a dozen that I see around me as I write—objects that I have taken at random, objects that are perfectly familiar, and strike the eye in an instant. Some rooms would offer a greater variety and better subjects, some less. But there they are, without preparation or thought; and though of the above dozen some are far better than others, I maintain that four people of ordinary ability can out of either of them construct and act an amusing charade that shall puzzle the audience.

In fact, I have seen this done on the spur of the moment, and those who engage in it are so thrown upon their own resources that after the first plunge, when they find they are compelled to swim without corks, they get on admirably; the more so, that all are fighting for the same end, and naturally help one another.

Now let us take one of the above suggestions, and see what we can make of it. Here is one chosen at random; and we suppose that in five minutes—better still in two—we have to make our *début* with Act the First. Say, Brussels carpet.

Act I.—Brussels.

Mind, we are two of each sex, and the first lady assumes the part of an old woman, with trembling voice, very proud of the lace shawl she wears.

The second lady is a quizzical old maid, and disbelieves everything that is said to her, declining to give credit to the old lady's assertion that the shawl is real Brussels lace.

The first gentleman is an old retired officer, whose great regret is that he was not at Waterloo, and in his conversation he can mention the ball at Brussels.

The second gentleman can play a clumsy servant of the first lady, who gets into great disgrace by treading on the end of the shawl as it trails, and the scene can close with a mock chastisement of the clumsy fellow by the irascible officer.

Act II.—Car.

First lady and gentleman are sitting at table—lady writing, and gentleman reading paper, humming as he does so the first verse of "The Low-backed Car."

The lady is indignant, and keeps appealing to him to leave off, as she cannot get on with her letter; and he keeps promising to be quiet, but keeps on as if he could not contain himself, singing this bit of a song. Amusing quarrel ensues, during which, enter the second lady, as maid-servant, to announce a strange man. Strange man enters. He has come about the disgraceful behaviour of the gentleman in assaulting him—he being a tramway-car conductor—and he demands compensation, or will have summons issued. Lady faints; gentleman indignant; quarrel ensues; and the visitor owns that he has made a mistake, and gets turned out.

Act III.—Pet.

Elderly lady's cat or dog is seriously ill, and she is nursing it, baby fashion, with shawl round it, while second lady feeds it with spoon and cup. Doctor and assistant arrive. There is an examination. Doctor declares it is a tooth that must be extracted. Assistant is sure that the last joint of the tail is dislocated. The ladies moan over their pet, and the doctor and his aid prepare for a double operation, which can be made ludicrous with mock instruments—fire-irons, sugar-tongs, &c. &c. In the midst of it the animal, glad enough to escape, rushes out of the room, pursued by all the actors.

Act IV.—The whole, BRUSSELS CARPET.

The ladies, as two servants, are seated, wondering when the family will come home, when one gentleman, made rough-looking, and wearing an apron, comes and announces that he is sent by the upholsterer to fetch the Brussels carpet to beat and lay down again before the family return. He can roll up the hearth-rug to carry it off, and is tying it up with string, when the other gentleman, the servant next door, arrives, and begins telling the maids of a cunning robbery that took place across the square, where, under the pretence of taking up the carpets to clean, some thieves bore off every one, and of course did not bring them back. As he relates this, the man in the apron is trying to steal off unseen with the rug, when the visitor catches sight of him, cries "Stop thief!" and all join in pursuit.

The conversation in each scene really would suggest itself, and the natural ability of the actors would make all four very amusing, while, as will be seen, the preparations are almost *nil*. Handkerchiefs form aprons, caps can be borrowed of the maids, and a coat off will suggest a man-servant, even as the actor's demeanour and play of voice and facial muscles make him old or young. Some may argue that the above example is too long—has a syllable too much, and that it would be too easily guessed. To which I reply that for my illustration I have taken a word at random, to show what can be done in this extemporary manner; and as to the guessing, don't be too hard on your audience: if they cannot find out what you have been aiming at, they will not like it half so well.

My second class of prepared charades is a very extensive one, and might be dealt with in a long treatise. For my part, I am going to be very brief, and to refer you to the many thousands of printed charades that you may study and learn, if you are not content to act the two that have already appeared in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. My advice, however, would be to all: Do not aim at being too pretentious; and any attempt at making scenery is a mistake, for this reason, your most elaborate attempts can but be very feeble imitations of scenic effects, and after great labour you will find yourselves disgusted and out of heart with what has given you infinite trouble.

I say the same with respect to dresses, and maintain that, for home representations, if you are provided with a double drawing-room with folding-doors, or your rooms are separated by an arch, across which a curtain can be drawn, you have, with the ordinary furniture of the room, which you can move to suit your piece, all that can be required.

As to the dresses, use your ingenuity and what is around you. Wonders in ornaments can be cut out of coloured paper. Curtains make the most magnificent of robes, even as table-covers form mantles that would set off the Grand Panjandrum himself, "with the little round button on the top." I have seen a magnificent pirate made up with burnt cork, a white apron with a belt over it, a pilot jacket, a black patch over his eye, and gorgeous high shining boots made by binding some black American cloth round his legs.

Old-fashioned ladies' costumes and an antique bonnet are treasures for average purposes, and, to give the technical term to them, "properties" of value. Great effects have been produced with that old umbrella that has been relegated to the lumber-room; while a gentleman who puts on a coat that is too small for him, buttons it to the chin, and wears gloves with holes, and a dilapidated hat, appears in a costume that is certain to win applause, while it is one that is easily obtained.

In conclusion, let me say that word-perfection, or knowing a part by heart, is not necessary; for in a friendly audience, even blunders, as I have before intimated, add greatly to the social amusement. To recapitulate once more, let me strongly advise charade-actors never to be *outré* in action or costume, but to do what they have to do in Shakespearian fashion—"Hold the mirror up to nature."

A moment's reflection will show how good this advice is; for walk through the streets at any time, and you will find characters and costumes that, if brought together in some little home charade, would be certain to amuse far better than anything you can invent. Above all, never attempt to dress up one sex to represent the other. It is displeasing, and in the very worst of taste; and if a charade cannot be acted without this infringement of propriety, it had better never be acted at all.

The field is a very wide one, but so full of amusing examples that no home, however few its members, need despair of contriving a very pleasing charade, and acting it with *éclat*; while the best part of acting a charade is, that if my advice be followed, it will be found that the actors derive as much amusement from their task as those who look on.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

THE leafless trees were black and wet,
Half hid in chilly mist, last night—
This morn each wears a coronet,
With purest crystal fires alight.

We in the dark with dreams were still,
When silently the elves came down,
To throw a great robe round the hill,
And muffle all the sleeping town.

The sceptre is in Winter's hand—
His willing troop of Northern fays
Have thrown his jewels o'er the land,
In their enchanted midnight maze.

The hall seems, as it stands alone
With red sun on its frosted panes,
Like a palace to dreamers shown
In a proud fairy lord's domains.

Here is the robin, welcome guest;
And he is cheerful in the flaw—
The amulet upon his breast
Will shield him in the icy shaw.

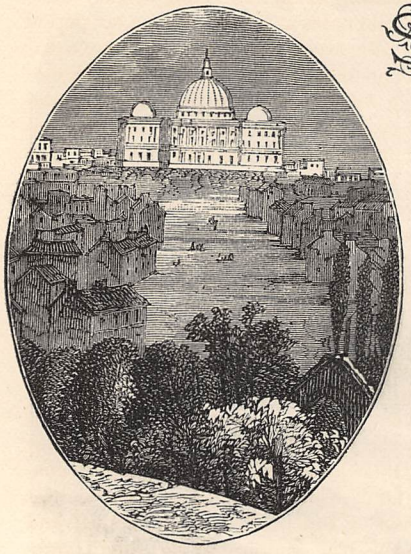
Bright bird, you bring again the joys
That made us happy long ago,
When we were little girls and boys—
When first we saw you in the snow.

How merry will the children be
When they awake! It makes me smile
To think how they will shout to see
All things white for many a mile!

What a sweet wonder is the year,
With seasons charming all our days!
We wait for Winter with some fear,
But beauty is in all his ways.

GUY ROSLYN.

ENGLISH LADIES AT WASHINGTON.



SHOULD you ask me why it is that English ladies who visit Washington, the capital city of the United States, are as a rule so delighted with it, I will reply, in the first place, by telling you something you already know very well—which is, that in England there are thousands upon thousands of ladies of culture, refinement, beauty, good manners, and often wealth, who are debarred by their lack of rank from ever getting a glimpse (socially speaking) of those high official personages in whom, nevertheless, they feel so keen and loving an interest. They cannot entertain the hope of ever being presented to the Queen, or the Princess of Wales; many of them, though often in London, have never had the luck of even seeing these great ladies. At home in Manchester, Birmingham, or Bristol, Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C may have splendid residences, an agreeable social circle by whose members they are fully appreciated; but in the *grand monde* of the metropolis they are social and financial nobodies, a fact which is none the less galling because they know that it can never be altered.

Now, let us say, one of these ladies finds herself at Washington, during the course of a pleasure-trip to the States. What is the first and pleasantest thing for her to do in Washington?" Why, call on the President, of course. She requires no letter of introduction, no friend at court to present her. She has simply to wend her way to the official residence, the White House, either treading thither on foot through the broad, well-paved streets, and under the luxuriant trees of the beautiful old Southern parks, or she may prance thither in coach and four with outriders, or pull up before the classic pillars of the Executive mansion in a shabby hired hack—it will make no difference in her reception. An intelligent-looking man who acts as doorkeeper, and wears no livery, will step forward to inquire the purpose of her call; and when she states it is to see the President, another man—probably a bright mulatto, with a jovial smile disclosing his dental advantages—will say, "Would you please to step dis way, marm?" She steps this way, and after a short period of waiting finds herself, without other ado than having sent in her name on a card, in the presence of the President of the United States—that is to say, of the greatest emperor, for the space of four years, the most untrammelled potentate the world knows. He will shake hands cordially with her, ask her how she likes the country, and make other such interchange of polite nothings as is usual between new acquaintances; he will probably invite her to come again to the White House. All this is very pleasant; and the most agreeable thing about it, to the English woman of sense, is that she knows an equally cordial reception would be accorded to the poorest lady of her acquaintance at home, should that poor lady find herself perchance at Washington. It is not because she is the wife of the rich British merchant that she is treated thus; it is simply because she is an English *lady*, using the word, as Americans always do, to indicate goodness and refinement, not the narrow boundaries of rank.

While Congress is in session the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, the Senators, and the Representatives have certain fixed afternoons upon which they receive. Here the English lady, quite unintroduced, is just as welcome as she was at the President's; and these receptions are an experience to remember. Giving her name to the servant, the English lady will find herself greeted at the threshold of the drawing-room by the wife of some great man with whose fame the country is ringing. Presently she is in the midst of an agreeable chat with a bevy of ladies, either callers like herself, or friends of the hostess, who are assisting her to receive. The toilettes worn on these occasions are often of an indescribable magnificence and amazingly costly, being paid for at the rate of £40 to £80 each, to the men-milliners in Paris, to which must be added 60 per cent. for customs duty at the American ports. Nevertheless our English lady need feel no hesitation in presenting herself even in a modest travelling costume at these gay parties; she will find plenty to keep her in countenance, and it may even be that she will encounter some earnest woman present, who will compliment her and thank her for the rebuke to extravagance which she is thus making. Very frequently at these afternoon receptions music is provided and quadrilles, waltzes, and galops are gone through with, by those who like to amuse themselves in this way. The floral decorations of the rooms are almost always exceedingly beautiful, and quite unique and peculiar to America. I suppose all the American flowers can be grown by professional nurserymen in England without difficulty; but I have never seen anywhere in Europe those charming little parasols quite made of flowers, those ships in full sail of pink and white rosebuds, those pet names fashioned with violets on a bed of tuberoses, those flags of flowers, those harps, and doves, and crowns, and I know not what besides.

Having written her address on the card which she has left at all places where she has called, our English

lady will be surprised to find that every Cabinet Minister's wife, every Senator's and Representative's, will call on her in return. Etiquette exempts the President's wife from this social duty, but the wives of other officials must at least call once during the season, or leave a card, on every lady who has called on them. This is really a task of alarming proportions in the way of fatigue, and costly too. My cousin, who is a Senator's wife, and has enjoyed official position in Washington for fourteen years, amused herself once by making an estimate of what she had paid for visiting-cards in that time. The exact figure has slipped my mind, but I remember it was nearly 3,000 dollars, or about £600 sterling.

The debates in the Capitol between the Senators in their Chamber and the Representatives in theirs can be heard by our English lady whenever she likes. She requires no order, no *laissez-passer*. She can betake herself to the galleries without fear or favour, and gaze down upon the craniums of the law-makers to her heart's content. Something that will strike her as a novelty here is the female reporters for newspapers, who are prominently installed in a tribune set apart for the use of the representatives of the press, and called the "Reporters' Gallery." Here women hurriedly take notes of what is passing, sitting cheek by jowl with the male members of the craft, between whom and themselves the best feeling exists. These women reporters are universally respected, and their comments on the proceedings in Congress are telegraphed from end to end of the vast continent. Several of the great newspapers of California are represented at Washington by women. Many of these have acquired such a reputation for ability, wisdom, and reportorial "smartness" that their services are in great demand, and splendid prices are paid for their work. An English lady who left the Isle of Man ten years ago, quite penniless, now owns a beautiful residence in Washington, grandly set upon the Capitoline Hill and overlooking the fairy-like loveliness of the Potomac Valley, the broad, historic river winding almost at the foot of her sloping lawn. She earned it, and supports it with her pen, which has never been engaged in fiction at all, but always either in thoughtful articles upon the position of women in the social economy, or in reporting the Congressional proceedings.

A class of persons of whom our English lady will hear a great deal and see but little, during her sojourn in Washington, are the so-called "female lobbyists." The term will perhaps seem vague to many readers. Its explanation is that there are certain women who wickedly use the beguilements of a pretty face and a gentle voice, to obtain the votes of certain Senators or Representatives for or against the passage of this or that bill, thus sometimes defeating the ends of justice for their own personal aggrandisement. The professional female lobbyist is as much abhorred in Washington as the woman reporter is respected. Rumour hath it that these professional lobbyists come to Washington when the session opens, take furnished houses and live in fine style, give gorgeous entertainments, and never deign to haunt the lobbies of Congress at all for the purpose of button-holing the Senators and wheedling them into voting as they wish, but receive these magnates at home. In the lax period during the Civil War, such corruption may have existed, but it exists no longer. The only female lobbyists now to be seen in Washington are poor women who have, or fancy they have, some claim on the Government, and who naturally haunt the lobbies in the hope of touching the hearts of Senators with their woes. Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, at one time the richest woman in America, who on her visit to England five-and-twenty years ago was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle, and made a round of visits in the ancestral homes of the highest aristocracy, was ruined by the Civil War, and for some years before her death came to Washington each session, in the hope of getting Congress to grant her the paltry sum of £300 or £400, as payment for the occupation of her mansion as a hospital by the United States troops when they took Mobile. Only the old lady's distinguished character—her grandfather having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and herself and her husband of the best families in the South—prevented the odious epithet of "lobbyist" being attached to her.

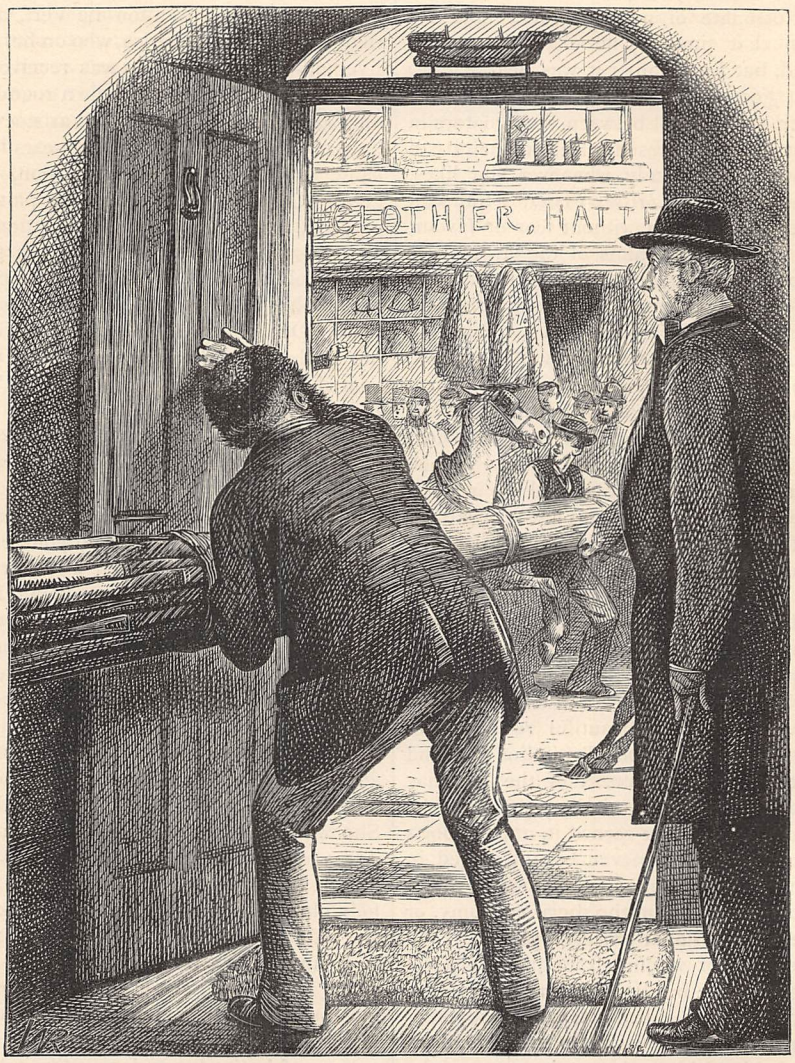
Do not leave Washington without visiting the Treasury, and seeing the feminine Treasury clerks at their monotonous work of counting endless piles of that paper money with which America is afflicted. You would be surprised could you hear the history of many of these ladies. One was born in the White House, a close relative of hers being President at that time; one—a near friend of the writer—was born a princess of an ancient Continental house, and married a handsome English attaché of embassy to a foreign court at which her father was accredited as ambassador from his country. She lived a happy and brilliant life for a time, had two lovely children, and existence was an unceasing holiday; but a change came. Both their families were ruined, and the husband lost his reason. She went to America, and obtained a situation in the Treasury, at the rate of seventy-five dollars or £15 a month. She works each day at the Treasury, has a jolly old negro "mammy" to take care of her children, and after four o'clock in the afternoon she is free to visit any house however exclusive, or receive any caller however distinguished, at her own. My first meeting with her was at the residence of a Cabinet Minister, whose wife she was assisting to "receive" on one of her at-home days. She told me she was a Treasury clerk before she mentioned that she was a princess.

I need not go into any abstruse deductions to show why in a society like this—so brilliant and so cultured, so cordial and so kind—the English lady, whether traveller or resident, soon becomes very much attached to Washington. In the States, Washington is humorously called "the woman's paradise;" and in that paradise none are made more welcome than English ladies.

OLIVE LOGAN.

MY BAMBOOS, AND WHAT THEY COST ME.

I HAVE just been much exercised with some bamboos; I don't mean in a gymnastic sense, but in respect to the procuring and carriage of a parcel I saw. The business came about thus: I am the parson of a parish containing some famous docks, which receive great ships from all parts of the world. They discharge their cargoes within five minutes' walk of my door, and I can see their tall masts from my study window, as they move slowly to their station by the quays, after long voyages from the other side of the globe. Now, the house next door but one to mine has a yard at its back reaching to my premises, and lately I noticed that a number of poles, some thirty feet long, had been set against its wall. There was nothing special in this; but one day, idly glancing at them, I observed that they had joints. Looking more closely I perceived that they were not ordinary poles, but bamboos. Such monsters I had never seen. So I knocked at the front door of my neighbour, and asked whether they were for sale, and if so, what they cost.



"THEY STUCK OUT ACROSS THE STREET AND STOPPED THE TRAFFIC" (*p.* 21).

"Sixpence a-piece, sir," said he. On this I went into the yard and, ascertaining that many of them were quite sound and unbroken, made a bargain with him for three dozen picked ones, and stipulated that I should pay one penny extra for each if he washed them, for they were very sticky.

My neighbour was a ship-cleaner—*i.e.*, he scraped ships arriving with a coat of weeds and what not, from a long voyage. A large ship had come in with a cargo of China sugar. This was so heavy that when

the ship was freighted down to her load-line, there was still a considerable space left above the cargo. Some light articles were stowed in, including a quantity of mats and cut bamboos, which are used in the manufacture of brushes or brooms. The captain or one of the officers, however, wishing to make a present of them to some friend in England, had laid on the sugar a parcel of whole-lengthed bamboos. On the arrival of the ship he found, I was told, that his friend had died or gone away. So my ship-cleaning neighbour came into possession of the parcel, and trundled them off on a truck. He had ever so much difficulty in getting them into his yard, as they had to be introduced by the front door, and were necessarily inconvenient when they stuck out across the street and stopped the traffic during the process of storing them. However they were set up in his back yard at last, and I bought three dozen of them for the purpose of sending them down into the country some hundred miles off. But how to get them there was the rub. They did not weigh very much, and so I arranged for Mr. Ship-cleaner to take them on a hand-truck to a neighbouring goods station, for transit to the East of England. After their tiresome extraction from the front door, we got them on the truck and sent them off, properly labelled. Presently he returned in dismay, threaded his house with them once more, and came in to tell me that the railway people would not carry them unless I paid £2 16s. 8d. for the exclusive use of two whole trucks. They were too long to lie on one, and the presentation of the parcel seemed to have bothered the railway people considerably.

"I told them," said the ship-cleaner, whom I will call Mr. S——, "that they belonged to the rector, but they said they didn't care if they were sent by the Prince of Wales."

As I found that no one truck would carry parcels more than eighteen feet long, and we could not think of clipping our precious bamboos, they were deposited in the yard again, and I began to realise more clearly than ever how the value of many things depends upon their carriage. It is transportation that makes cost.

Mr. S—— and I exchanged protests that we would not be beaten, especially as he had been so loyal as publicly to express his concern in the interest of the rector.

The next notion was that, when I went into the country, I might take them myself as "personal luggage," the extra weight not being much, and count them as Gargantuan or Brobdignag walking-sticks. I calculated that they could lie on the top of a passenger carriage. But this happy thought came to nothing, and Mr. S—— again sat in my study and scratched his head.

By the way, this reminds me of an example of the reverse method in which the Chinese conduct business. The native country of the bamboos suggested this remembrance. When a Chinaman distinguishes himself so much as to deserve the recognition of public rank, his *ancestors* are ennobled. He does not so much found a family of title—for some of them might not do credit to their rank—as become the vehicle of paying honour where honour is due. Those who produced him have the posthumous glory. He is fond of reversing Western methods. When he writes his name he puts what corresponds to the Christian name last instead of first.

To return to my bamboos. Mr. S—— scratched his head. What was to be done? "I'll tell you," said I. "Go along the river-edge and see if you cannot find some barge sailing to Ipswich. We will get them down so far, at any rate." Mr. S—— brightened up and replied that surely, now he thought of it, there were barges that went there with dung, and that the bamboos would lie on the top of the load "beautiful." Then he touched his hat and started off full of confidence.

Presently, on returning home after some parish work, I found a card in my entrance, belonging to the South Devon Shipping Company. They, of all unlikely people, had relations with Ipswich from London, and Mr. S—— had scented them out, and left their business card at my house.

One thing or another hindered me for a few days, and then Mr. S—— presented himself with the announcement that a barge was going to sail that evening for Ipswich from the Wapping entrance of the docks, that the captain was on board, and that, moreover, he had told him the story of the bamboos. So Mr. S—— and I hurried off to the barge *Mabel*, then being loaded, happily with casks, under a huge iron gallows with an iron halter. The bamboos were drawn out once more, to the hindrance of the street traffic—the business was becoming quite a parochial affair—and after being trundled down on a hand-truck, laid on the casks. I could not find how much the carriage of them would cost, but being told that the charge was fixed, and would be very "reasonable," paid one-and-sixpence for wharfage dues, and consigned my bamboos to the deep, with a label directed to myself at my Suffolk home, and stating that when convenient the parcel was to be forwarded, also per barge—for I resented the thought of being let in for costly railway trucks after all—to Stowmarket. I knew that there was a river there, though I was not sure whether in these days of land-steam it was still open for water-traffic. However, I assumed it, and packed my purchase off. Mr. S—— called the next morning, and said the *Mabel* had sailed—it was vile weather—and that is all I know of the bamboos at present.

A week or more has passed, and I have received a post-card from Stowmarket, saying that three dozen of bamboos directed to me have arrived per barge; no bill or invoice has arrived.

The interval has produced some more information, fresh to me at least, about bamboos. I wrote to a kindly clergyman at Ipswich, telling him I had sent forth my purchase, and asking him, in his walks, to be so good as to see whether it had stuck fast there. He replied, saying that the huge fagot had gone on; telling me at the same time that he had grown bamboos twelve or fourteen feet long in his own garden, and

that they had presented quite an Eastern appearance. In my response I begged for the name of the species, and find that it is the *Arundo donax*. The next thing will be to get some seed, if I can, and have a small plantation of my own.

Since writing the above I have run down for two days to my country home, which is about ten miles from Stowmarket, in the East of England. Of course I sent a cart for the bamboos. They came all safe, and my man brought me the bill for their carriage—3s. The railway people wanted £2 16s. 8d. for depositing them at a station a few miles from the spot to which they were taken by barge. Verily, water-way is cheaper than iron-way. I wonder how many non-commercial people, who send cumbrous parcels and what not to places accessible by sea, have found out the contrast between the charges by ship and rail. Trains run very fast, and we mostly believe without question that they are the best vehicles for all packages. But if any of my readers want to transmit lumbering ones to a spot touched by water, I would advise them to see whether a barge cannot be found sailing there. They will have to wait a little longer for their goods, that is all. None of my bamboos were broken, though they had to be shifted from one vessel to another.

As to the uses of bamboos in England, I have already said that their fibre is worked up in some brooms and brushes; but the cane itself, I am told, makes the best garden stakes possible. It is not only light and strong, but the end stuck in the ground does not rot for a very long time. It looks well, too, and would make excellent fencing round young trees. I shall get a parcel more from Mr. S.—— for this purpose. They would look best, I fancy, if intertwined with cane; such, I mean, as boys are sometimes most acquainted with. I went yesterday to a wholesale dealer in this article, and was surprised to find how very cheap it was. A hundredweight—enough to equip all the pedagogues in Great Britain for centuries—costs only about 30s. If the cane is well soaked in water it can be tied into knots without breaking. Woven in with bamboo, it would make a cheap strong fence, that would last for years and years. I shall certainly try this in the country.

I wonder that bamboo is not more used for the spars of small sailing boats in our waters. I have one at home, and shall replace its heavy deal mast, sprit, and boom with bamboo. Then a boy could carry the whole apparatus down to the boat with ease; and besides being one's self saved from the chance of an ugly bang from the boom when the wind is fresh, I am told by a sailor with whom I have been talking about the use of the bamboo in Chinese vessels, that a small mast made of it will need no stays, but bend like a whip rather than break. He has kindly offered to fit me up a set of sails with bamboo spars, which I can tuck all together under my arm, and yet will suit a boat which carries half a dozen persons easily, and be "shipped" or "unshipped" in a minute.

As to the uses to which the bamboo is put in the countries where it grows plentifully, we all have an idea that it is very largely employed. But it was not till I had looked out the word "Bamboo" in two or three books of reference that I realised how all-important an item it is in tropical countries, especially in China and Japan. Let me save my readers the trouble of research, and tell them that bamboos sometimes grow to the height of 100 feet. This discovery rather damped my triumph in getting a few 30 feet in length. But I was somewhat reassured by the initial statement, on good authority, that the "Bamboo (*Bambusa*) is a genus of grasses, of which most of the species attain to a great size, many of them being 20 or 30 feet, some 70 or 100 in height." I expect that these last are very exceptional. Fancy two canes reaching nearly to the top of the monument! It is difficult to say to what purposes the bamboo is not applied. The seeds of some species are consumed as rice, or employed in the making of a sort of beer. The tops of others are boiled and eaten as asparagus. Bamboo is not only used in building houses and bridges, and for funiture, but being hollow, and yet divided by strong partitions at its joints, it forms water-vessels of various sorts. Its leaves, moreover, are used for thatch, and the Chinese plait hats of them. It makes, as we know, walking-sticks and fishing-rods. And if it is the instrument for the bastinado, it also promotes a more agreeable sensation in forming the stem of a pipe. It is indeed so useful in such manifold ways that surprise has been expressed at its not being grown artificially, so as to render districts productive which are now little else than deserts, in climates like those of Arabia, the north of Africa, and Australia—for it is often found in arid spots which would otherwise be destitute of vegetation. Bamboos are easy to raise, light to carry, very strong, and extremely durable; and there is no reason why in these days of water-carriage they should not be far more extensively used in all countries. Though they do not grow in damp places, when cut they resist and survive wet well, the stems being remarkably silicious—in other words, coated with flint. Indeed the stem of one kind is so hard that it strikes fire when struck with iron.

HARRY JONES, M.A.

SUSPENSE.

A Story. By the Author of "A Hard Case."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BURIED among low hills in the most retired part of Hampshire stands Hollywood Hall, where my sister Caroline and I spent the first part of our lives. It is an old house—large and ugly—which might have been cheerful and pleasant enough filled with visitors or merry children, but to us who lived there year after year alone with our father, with no change, and no companions, it seemed like a prison.

A great part of the estate was covered with thick woods, my father's especial pride and care, which on two sides came close up to the house, while in front and behind spaces had been cleared for gardens, which were so beautiful and well kept that Carry and I and the gardeners all equally grumbled that there were no eyes but our own to see them; and I for one often envied Mrs. Smith at the lodge when she told me how passers-by would stop and admire her flowers—"And get on all the better for the sight of them, miss, I do believe!" she would say, and I felt that it must be wrong and selfish to keep the beauties of our gardens for ourselves alone.

Perhaps if we had been more with our father—had known him better and had been companions to him, as so many daughters are—Carry and I would not have found our loneliness so hard to bear. But when we were little children we felt more fear than love for him; he never petted us or played with us, never cared to have us with him, and though he provided us with certain amusements and pleasures he never joined in them himself, but seemed to look upon them as duties, or as things which he was bound to provide, like food and clothes.

I, who am a year older than my sister, can only dimly remember my mother, who died when I was seven years old. I think that, though she and my father were devoted to each other, her married life could not have been a very happy one. Some quarrel divided her entirely from her own family and friends, and was the first cause of that secluded life which, to our great discontent and disadvantage, my father continued as long as he lived.

For many years Carry and I were educated by a governess, with the help of mistresses who came twice a week from the neighbouring town of Purleigh, and gave us lessons in music, drawing, and dancing, for my father was anxious that we should be well educated—to what end we could not understand, for though Carry sang like a nightingale he never listened to her, and no one else had the opportunity; and though many of the rooms in the house were hung with drawings of mine, of which my mistress was extremely proud, I think my father was scarcely aware that I possessed any such talent, and certainly gave me no encouragement to cultivate it.

When I was nineteen our governess died, and my father seemed suddenly to wake up to the consciousness that we were no longer children, that I was old enough to be mistress of his house, and that some change was necessary in the way of life to which he had long been accustomed, where he and we were almost strangers, and there seemed no bonds of love or habit to unite us. Now that we were left alone it was scarcely possible that we should be independent of each other—should sit in different rooms and have our meals at different times; and when Carry and I, awed and saddened at our first knowledge of death, asked our father to let us sit with him in the study, where all his evenings were spent, instead of the now desolate schoolroom, he seemed at once to see that some change must be made in our relations to each other, and desired that the drawing-room—so pretty and faded, for it had been furnished to suit my mother's fancy twenty years before—should for the future be our sitting-room, and promised to spend his evenings there with us. At first we were rather embarrassed, and shy of talking before him, but by-and-by we found, from a word or two he said now and then, that he had listened and been interested even when we had nothing more important to discuss than the characters in some of the novels, of which he allowed us to get as many as we liked from the library of the neighbouring town.

From this time I was thrown a great deal more with him, and lost some of that fear which I believe had chiefly arisen from want of knowledge; but he was still cold and reserved, and seldom praised anything we did, though I could see he watched us with anxiety, and noticed our different tastes and opinions.

For six months after our governess's death we lived our usual uneventful life; then one day, in his every-day quiet manner, as if it were nothing of any importance, my father made two announcements of the deepest interest to us. The first was that, in a few days' time, he expected two visitors who would stay with us for a fortnight; the second, that there were some family matters which he wished us to understand before they came, which would to some extent explain his reasons for keeping us apart from other people, and

denying us many of the pleasures and amusements common to girls of our age.

"Oh, father! tell us about the visitors first," cried Carry excitedly. "Are they men or women, young or old? I long to hear about them!"

My father smiled at her excitement, and answered, "One of them, Godwin Fletcher, is a cousin of your mother's, and is perhaps five-and-thirty; the other must be ten years younger, and is the son of an old friend of mine, Sir Thomas Wilson."

"Both gentlemen! Oh, father! I am afraid we shall scarcely know what to do with them," I said in real alarm. "I suppose they will want grand dinners, and all sorts of amusements, and——"

"They will want nothing of the kind!" interrupted my father a little sternly. "If they were not people who can accommodate themselves to circumstances, I should not ask them to my house. Above all things, don't let me see any foolish young-ladyish attempts to make yourselves appear different from what you are."

Carry shrank into nothing at this reproof, but I was more accustomed to my father's manner, and changed the subject by asking him to tell us those other matters to which he had referred, about which we had always felt the greatest curiosity and interest. I would gladly, if I could, repeat everything as he told it to us, but that is impossible, and this is briefly the sum of what we heard, partly from him and partly afterwards from our cousin Godwin.

My mother, who was left an orphan when she was very young, was adopted by an uncle who treated her in every way as his own child. This uncle, Mr. Fletcher, had one son of his own, but many years before he had quarrelled with him on account of a low marriage, and had sworn never to see him again or give him one penny of his large fortune, which, unknown to my mother, he intended to leave to her.

It was while she was still ignorant of his intentions that she and my father first met, and after a short acquaintance became engaged to each other. Mr. Fletcher, though he wished for a grander match for his niece, made but little objection to the marriage, and it was not till the settlements were being made, shortly before the wedding-day, that my father discovered that his wife would inherit all her uncle's money, and John Fletcher, her cousin, would in consequence be left penniless. It was in vain he and my mother remonstrated, that they declared their marriage impossible if this injustice were done. Mr. Fletcher was immovable, and though the offending wife was now dead he refused to be reconciled to his son, and told my mother that whether she had the money or not, none of it should ever go to him.

Finding all their attempts useless, my father and mother at length agreed that no end could be gained by the sacrifice of their happiness, and they were married amidst a storm of indignation from those members of the Fletcher family who had always taken the son's part, and who declared that my father and mother were nothing better than swindlers, and for their own advantage had kept the old man's anger alive. Very soon after their marriage Mr. Fletcher died, leaving everything he possessed to my mother, in such a manner that during her life-time she had no power to give it away. This will was set down as being another successful attempt to deprive John Fletcher of his father's property, and it was in consequence of the malicious reports spread by the Fletchers, which followed them wherever they went, that my father and mother first began the life of seclusion which my father had continued ever since.

During the eight years she lived after her marriage my mother was entirely cut off from her own relations, the only one she ever saw being Godwin, the now orphan child of John Fletcher, who, though he was the person who chiefly suffered from his grandfather's injustice, refused to believe that my father and mother were to blame, gladly accepted the friendship they offered him, though he steadily refused to accept any money from them, and while my mother lived was often a visitor at their house, thereby incurring the contempt and blame of the rest of the family, who considered his forgiveness degrading meanness, or his refusal to accept help Quixotic folly, according to their different views.

This Godwin Fletcher, who was one of our expected visitors, had kept up his friendship with my father ever since, though for the last ten years he had lived entirely abroad. From him I heard many details of my mother's history which enable me to give it here in a complete form, for of course at that time my father only told us the barest outline.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT would be difficult to say whether for the next few days my father's story or the coming visitors occupied the larger share of our thoughts and conversation. Our cousin Godwin, though, as Carry said, he must be dreadfully old and grim, and would probably treat us like children, seemed almost a hero or martyr, while Mr. Wilson, having no particular interest attached to him, was quite insignificant, and we almost resented his coming as an interruption to our study of Godwin's character, which we were sure would be deeply interesting.

When at last our visitors really arrived, we were forced to alter to a great extent our ideas about them. Godwin looked nothing like a hero. Even we who had seen so few people could find nothing remarkable about him. He was tall and thin, with dark hair just beginning to turn grey, and a very grave quiet face, with nothing to attract attention to it till he spoke; then, if the subject interested and the listener pleased him, every line of his face seemed to soften and take a new expression, and you wondered how it was that he was not handsome.

Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, was a man who charmed you at first sight. Everything about him was so pretty and appropriate; his neat little figure and small features, his carefully-trained moustache and whiskers, a shade or two lighter than his short-curled fair hair, his ready smile and bright intelligent grey eyes, joined to an appearance of being always

pleased and of thinking that whatever was going on at the moment was the most delightful thing in the world—made one perpetually inclined, as Carry said, to pet and make much of him, and treat him more like a child or a great favourite dog than a grown-up man.

It was the middle of June when our visitors came, and Hollywood was looking its very best. How we rejoiced in the thought that this year other eyes besides our own would see and appreciate it! And how we wondered whether this was the beginning of a change for the better in our way of life, or whether, when this fortnight was over, we should go back to our usual dulness!

My father was out riding, and Carry and I were sitting under the trees on the lawn, when our cousin and Mr. Wilson arrived, an hour or two earlier than we had expected them.

"Don't let us disturb you, it is so pleasant out here!" they both said, and settled themselves on the grass beside us.

"An enchanted forest and two fairy princesses!" said Mr. Wilson, when Godwin, in right of his cousinship, introduced us to each other. "When Fletcher told me that there was a house buried in these woods, and that two ladies lived here all the year round, I could scarcely believe him. But, after all, the prison is so beautiful that freedom is scarcely to be wished for."

"The prisoners, at any rate, have not suffered from their captivity," said Godwin, with a pleasant smile at me, and a look of hearty admiration at Carry's pretty face, which was half turned away from him.

"That is all you know about it, cousin Godwin!" said she, turning round quickly. "Grace and I pine to get away from it sometimes; I hate the very sight of the flowers and trees and lovely gardens, which no one ever sees." Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and Mr. Wilson looked at her in undisguised astonishment, but Godwin said kindly—

"SETTLED THEMSELVES ON THE GRASS BESIDE US."

"Never mind, my dear, a change will certainly come for you, and perhaps be all the more welcome because you have waited for it." Then he began a brisk conversation with Mr. Wilson and me, to give her time to recover herself.

My father found us on very comfortable terms when he returned just before dinner. Carry was chattering to Godwin with perfect ease and familiarity, and Mr. Wilson, who made himself quite at home, had stretched himself on the grass at my feet and was telling me numberless little stories—rather egotistical but very amusing—about people and places and things which seemed to belong to a different world from ours. I for one tried hard not to let my father's presence make any difference, or put me less at my ease, but somehow a constraint crept over us all. He was evidently not quite pleased with something or some-

body, made sarcastic allusions to Mr. Wilson's lazy attitude, which made him get up quickly, blushing like a girl, checked Carry by a look in the midst of some merry speech to Godwin, and by a word or two aside to me made me feel uncomfortably that in the amusement of talking to one guest I had neglected the other. But Carry was quite as capable of entertaining our cousin as I was, and he evidently, as I thought every one must, found her very charming, while before the evening was over—if it had not been absurd—I should have thought he was a little afraid of me, as I certainly was of him. I could see that my father wished me to talk to him, so I did my best, but it was rather difficult, and I was glad to go back to Mr. Wilson, and still more glad when bed-time came.

The next day was Sunday, and Carry and I and our guests walked to a little church about a mile off, where we always went on Sunday—this, as well as other matters of the kind, being left, since Mrs. Wood's death, entirely to our own discretion; as Carry said, we might have been Roman Catholics, or Quakers, or heathens, or anything else we liked, as far as my father knew or set us an example, the only difference in his Sunday from other days being that he submitted to having his dinner an hour earlier, that the servants might get to church in the evening.

We all four set out together, but Carry and Godwin soon separated from us and loitered behind, a little to my vexation, for I wanted to get rid of the slight feeling of discomfort I had with Godwin by knowing more of him, and I found Mr. Wilson slightly wearisome, though he was pleasant and talkative. Coming home we changed our order, and Godwin and I had a grave talk about my mother, but every now and then in the midst of it, when he heard Carry's merry laugh, an answering smile would come over his face, and I could not help fancying that he would gladly have changed places again with Mr. Wilson.

Perhaps I was a little fanciful, but all that Sunday, and often afterwards, I thought I could detect a slight unwillingness on Godwin's part to being much with me, a shade of vexation in his manner when my father would call him away from Carry and draw him into some grave conversation in which I was included; and yet, though now and then I felt that he a little neglected me, he noticed my tastes and consulted my wishes far more than Mr. Wilson did, though he followed me like my shadow.

"Did your father ever tell you of any of his plans for you, Grace?" asked Godwin on one of the rare occasions when we were sauntering about the garden together.

"No; I did not know he had any plans. I thought we should just live on here as we have done all our lives."

"And have you no dreams, O unromantic maiden?"

"Yes, I have dreams of many things, but I seldom think of their being realised. I have dreamed lately that some day all the world might know how blameless my father and mother were about this money, which you and every one must feel ought to be yours."

"Hush, Grace! You and I cannot discuss that matter, it is not possible or fitting. Things are as they are, and no one can regret them less than I do. Some day everything may come right, but till then, my dear, believe, as I most truly do, that there is little to find fault with."

It was rather vexatious that just then Carry and Mr. Wilson should break in upon our talk with some joke or story, in which Godwin was quite ready to join. The subject, too, was one which it was impossible for me to bring forward again, and there were many things I longed to say which weighed heavily on my mind, though in time I came to think that perhaps after all they were better left unsaid.

For the next fortnight we walked and drove and played croquet, and made excursions to every place in the neighbourhood worth seeing, and Carry and I were so happy that we could scarcely believe ourselves to be the same people whose days had been spent in such wearisome dulness. Our visitors, too, seemed pleased with everything, and very gladly accepted my father's invitation to come again in October for the pheasant-shooting.

How dull Carry and I felt when we were left alone again! yet the dulness was far more bearable than before. We had so much to talk of now, so much to hope for; for we could scarcely believe that, after giving us this little taste of the pleasure of having friends and companions, my father could mean to condemn us to our old loneliness again. At any rate, we could look forward to October, when our visitors were to come back; and Godwin had promised that if he found things going on in the same way, he would do all he could to persuade my father to make some change; and as he evidently had great influence with him, we felt very hopeful.

Godwin wrote often, sometimes to Carry, sometimes to me—long letters about all sorts of things, the places he stayed at, the books he read, even any out-of-the-way dress which struck his fancy. Carry could answer him easily and pleasantly, without stopping to consider over her sentences and wonder if they would seem silly, as I could not help doing, for I had never quite got over my first constraint with him, though I liked him heartily and wished him to think well of me.

Mr. Wilson also wrote to me, soon after he went away, saying what a pleasant visit he had had, how much he should look forward to October, and telling me his plans for the rest of the summer quite as if we were old friends. This I could have answered with ease and pleasure; any nonsense would have done, he would never have thought of criticising it; but my father—who, a little to my annoyance, asked to read it—said, "It is merely a civility letter, Grace, and need not be answered," and there was an end of it.

About the middle of September my father went to London, on business connected with his only near relation, a step-sister, Mrs. Brand, who with her husband and one son had lived more than twenty years in the West Indies. They were now coming to settle in England, and Carry and I had great hopes of what their coming might do. They at least must know all the circumstances of my father's marriage, and the

sensitiveness which kept him from mixing with other people could have no place with them.

Visits from them at Hollywood, and a week or two now and then at their house in London, were things almost too delightful to believe in, and the thought of them kept us in a state of excitement, which it was not always easy to control as we wished in our father's presence, and we felt it almost a relief when he was gone and we could be as wild as we pleased.

"Oh, Gracie, to think that after being cooped up here all our lives we may perhaps begin to go about like other people, and have friends and relations and all sorts of pleasant things!" Carry would exclaim over and over again, and would indulge in improbable dreams of pleasures and happiness which were to come to us.

"Balls and operas and all sorts of gaieties first, and then of course by-and-by a first-rate husband for each of us, Gracie. But mine mustn't be ugly like Godwin, or pretty like Mr. Wilson, but a great big handsome man, who will do everything I tell him, while yours—oh, dear! I can't think of the right sort of husband for you!"

"Nor can I, but I am quite sure he mustn't be a handsome goose, as it seems to me you wish for. But I think a man would be more than rash who would think of marrying any one so utterly ignorant of the ways of the world as we are."

"Even enchanting princesses," as Mr. Wilson calls us?" asked Carry.

"Yes, I think so, till they learn to be something more."

But there were many hopes and dreams in which we thought we might safely indulge. Perhaps Aunt Lucy might be something like a mother to us, might help and advise us, might teach us to be more of companions to our father, and to be less idle and useless than we had hitherto been forced to be. Perhaps with her our father might lose much of his coldness and reserve, might show us something of his true nature, so that we might learn to come nearer to him. Perhaps through these new relations every one might come to know the injustice of the blame which for so many years had embittered his life. Oh, there were endless possibilities, endless hopes, in the future now! and time passed so quickly in this happy looking forward, that we thought no more of being dull or lonely.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE beginning of October brought back my father from London, and with him our two visitors.

"Getting back to Hollywood seems like coming home," said Godwin contentedly, as he settled himself in his favourite seat on the lawn. "And if we find a good stock of pheasants, I don't see that there will be anything left for man to desire in the next week or two."

"If only it could last for ever!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson. "But the prospect of banishment from Paradise comes in to spoil our bliss."

"The air of Hollywood makes you quite poetical, Wilson," said Godwin, laughing. "You would scarcely believe, Grace, that in general he is the most prosaic man I know, and cares a great deal more for his pipe and his dinner than for anything else."

"I mean every word I say, I assure you, Miss Warley, in spite of Fletcher's chaff," said Mr. Wilson aside to me. "Hollywood is different from anywhere else, and I feel a different man here; and it is not all nonsense."

"If we listened carefully, perhaps we might catch a word or two of Wilson's confidences, Carry," interrupted Godwin aggravatingly. "I am sure they would be deeply interesting, and in the most beautiful language."

"Ah, yes! of course you are past the age of poetry, and all that," remarked Mr. Wilson, with apparent carelessness, though I am sure he knew his words would sting. "We younger folks may be forgiven if we have not yet grown to mature wisdom."

Godwin looked savage, but answered in a tone of forced lightness—

"Yes; no doubt I appear to you all in the light of a patriarch. Do you look upon me as a sort of great-great-grandfather, Grace?"

"I never thought about your being older. You make yourself one of us, and I think of you so, with a little bit of respect added, perhaps," I answered. The subject of age was evidently a tender one with him.

"Thank you," he said. "I scarcely feel my time has come yet for sinking into an old fogey."

"I don't feel a bit of respect for you, and I think you dreadfully old, Godwin," cried Carry, laughing, and flinging a shower of rustling leaves over him.

"You—you baby!" he answered, returning them with interest; "you are not old enough yet to understand anything but play, or wise enough to know when to respect your betters."

And thereupon followed one of those mock quarrels in which both seemed to delight, and which left me nothing better to do than to listen to the sentimental little compliments of which, during his absence, Mr. Wilson seemed to have laid in a never-ending store.

My father was a genuine sportsman, and could take many hours' exercise day after day without being tired; and from breakfast-time till they came in at six o'clock to dress for dinner, we saw nothing of him or our visitors. But before a week was over Mr. Wilson began to remonstrate. He was getting quite knocked up, he said. Partridges and pheasants were all very well, and no one could more thoroughly appreciate good sport than he did, but it was possible to have too much of it (these remarks were addressed to me), and for his part he did not come to Hollywood only for the shooting. So it happened that one day he had a headache and did not go out at all; another, he came back while Carry and I were at lunch; another time his gun went wrong, and had to be sent to Purleigh to be put right, and though my father offered him his choice of several others, he could not find one to suit him, and was forced—I must say with a very good grace—to give up shooting for a day or two.

Those were very pleasant days when we had Mr.

Wilson for a companion ; we sat on the grass while he read poetry to us, or wandered about the woods, or gathered flowers and fruit for the dinner-table ; and though Carry left to me almost the whole task of amusing him, I very seldom tired of it. He was so good-tempered and obliging, so ready to be interested, and so easy to please, that I quite forgot how short our acquaintance had been, and felt as if I had known him all my life. Perhaps I was the more ready to be pleased with him from the great disappointment I felt in Godwin. His former kind manner had disappeared ; he was silent and, it almost seemed to me, sulky ; he answered. "I think he is a little bit double-faced."

"Double-faced ! Oh, Carry, how you are mistaken in him ! I should think he is the simplest man in the world."

"I don't believe I am mistaken ; the way he behaves is not much like simplicity. He devotes himself to you all day—and there is no possible reason why he shouldn't if you like—but when it is time for father and Godwin to come home he contrives to be away from you or talking to me, and his manner changes altogether. I believe he knows quite

"WHAT HAVE I DONE TO OFFEND YOU?" (*p.* 37).

no longer laughed and joked with Carry, but sometimes answered her so sharply, that she declared to me that if he were any one but Godwin—so near a relation, and so much older—she should give up speaking to him altogether. Then, again, he would seem to make an effort to shake off his gloomy mood ; he would join in our conversation, and try to make himself one of us ; but the effort was so evident that we, too, could not avoid feeling constrained, and with some natural impatience he would soon leave us to ourselves again.

"Gracie, do you altogether like Mr. Wilson?" said Carry to me one day, when our visitors had been with us about a fortnight.

"Like him? Yes, very much. Why?"

"Do you know, I don't like him altogether," she

well that father does not like to see him hanging about you."

"What utter nonsense, Carry ! You won't talk to him, so I must ; and of course his manner changes, for none of us are so much at our ease before father, and that is all ; as for contriving anything, I am sure he never thought of it."

"I knew you would be very cross, and not believe a word of it," she said ; "but just watch and see if it is not true. And, Gracie, it is all very well for you, as I don't suppose you care a bit for him ; but I pity him, and I should like to tell him he is making a mistake."

"Carry, I just tell you I won't hear a word more of such nonsense ! Of course, neither of us ever thought of caring in the way you mean. I can't imagine what put it into your head."

"I believe Godwin thinks as I do, and he does not like Mr. Wilson, and does not like to say anything, and that makes him cross."

"Godwin thinks so! I don't believe he would be so silly! and what could it signify to him? No, it is all a mistake, Carry, and I am very angry with you for making me feel uncomfortable."

But though I firmly believed Carry was mistaken, and that Mr. Wilson felt nothing but pleasant friendliness for me, I thought it might be better to make some change in my manner, and to avoid being with him so much. It was very difficult, for I was unused to society and afraid of doing too much or too little—of appearing to think that he meant anything or showing any sort of consciousness; but for a day or two I supposed myself to be managing pretty well, to be showing a proper mixture of dignity and civility, and to be keeping him in his right place, when suddenly all my self-approbation came to an end, and I discovered that I was nothing but a foolish, inexperienced girl after all.

One morning, when all three of the gentlemen had gone out shooting—Mr. Wilson as readily as any one, and saying nothing about fatigue or disinclination—I settled myself for a morning's reading in the comfortable old-fashioned window-seat of the breakfast room, which looked out over the garden. Carry was diligently practising her singing in the drawing-room, and I felt sure that there could be nothing to disturb my enjoyment of a book of poetry which Mr. Wilson had given me a few days before. Certainly he was very kind and obliging; it was difficult to be cool or distant to him; he was so good-tempered too, though for the last day or two I had been almost rude in my attempts to be nothing more than civil. How I wished Carry had said nothing! He would soon be going away, and it was vexatious to have my pleasure—and it was great pleasure—in his society spoiled for what I was almost sure was a mistake. As to Godwin's giving the matter a thought, that I could not believe; he had lately given me no reason to suppose that he cared more than a very little what I did; even the cousinly interest he had shown at first seemed to have cooled down, and he no longer made plans for us or talked of persuading my father to alter our way of life. No doubt, he had worries of his own to occupy his thoughts, and make him seem dull and difficult to please. Altogether, this visit to which we had so looked forward was proving a disappointment. Godwin's feelings were evidently neither so kind nor so warm as we had imagined; and since Carry had made her uncomfortable suggestions Mr. Wilson caused me, at any rate, more embarrassment than pleasure; but, happily, there were other people to fall back upon: our unknown relations were soon coming home now, they would surely make a happy change for us, and I would not let myself think that in them too we might be disappointed.

"I thought perhaps I might find you this morning," said Mr. Wilson's voice suddenly, close beside me; and looking up I saw him just outside the window. "I wonder how I have offended you, Miss Warley, that you have so carefully avoided me for the last day or two?"

"Where have you come from? I thought you had gone with the others," I said, not knowing what to answer, and feeling that I was blushing in a most aggravating manner.

"I am supposed at this moment to be shooting rabbits in Bolton Copse, where your father and Fletcher are to join me at one o'clock; but as you would not give me an opportunity of speaking to you, I was forced to make one. And you have not given me any answer. What have I done to offend you?"

"You have not offended me, but I will tell you what it is, Mr. Wilson" (I took a sudden resolution, whether wise or not I had no time to consider). "You know, my sister and I have never been with other people, and don't quite know how they usually behave, and I was afraid that perhaps you might misunderstand me."

"Have I misunderstood," he said earnestly, "when I have believed that my devotion has not offended you—that you have known what I meant, and have not discouraged me?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, don't, please! I never thought of such a thing till a day or two ago, when Carry put it into my head; and I did not believe it then."

"Believe now," he said, putting his hand on my arm, "that I am devoted to you, heart and soul—that the greatest wish I have in the world is that you should think kindly of me, and give me a hope that some day you will love me in return."

"Oh, I can't! I never could! I like you so much, and it is so pleasant to be with you, but I never could feel anything more."

"Do you say this honestly, out of your own heart, or is it your father's teaching?"

"No, no! he has never said a word to me. It is what I really feel—what I am quite sure I feel."

He turned away, and walked up and down the terrace two or three times before he spoke again.

"This is a terrible blow to me," he said, coming back, and standing close beside me on the other side of the low window-sill. "I have thought of nothing else since I was here in the summer. I knew your father would not like it, but had other views for you; but I hold that a man is justified in doing the best he can for himself, and I never cared for any one before. I am forced to believe that you know your own mind, and I see I have no chance. I shall get away as soon as I can now; Hollywood has no more pleasures for me. But you are not angry with me? I have not offended you?"

"Indeed, indeed, no!" I answered; and then we shook hands fervently, and he went away, and I shut myself up in my room and cried as I had never done in my life before.

When I came to think quietly over the mistake Mr. Wilson had made, and the circumstances which had led him to make it, I could not feel that either he or I had been much to blame. He had been asked to the house, and left in our company; and though, perhaps, what Carry said was true—he had not been quite

honest in his behaviour—I could not wonder at it. If we who were accustomed to him could not avoid a difference of manner in our father's presence, how could we expect a stranger to be more at his ease? Then, it was so natural that all sorts of little things, which would seem silly and meaningless to other people, should be reserved for times when we, who at least saw some sort of meaning in them, were alone; and because I, in my ignorance and inexperience, had failed to understand to what such things led, was no reason for blaming him, or thinking that he deserved the disappointment which, with real pain to myself, I was forced to cause him. How I wished that I could feel differently about him; that I could make him happy and be happy myself! but I felt not a moment's doubt of the utter impossibility. I was ignorant, and wanted some one to teach me. I was often wavering and uncertain in my knowledge of right and wrong, of wisdom and folly; and how could I trust to a man who had told me several times (though at the moment his words had conveyed to me no particular meaning) that in his wife he should look for a strength superior to his own, for a knowledge which intercourse with other men had never taught him, and who would rather cling to me for support than hold out that firm, guiding hand I needed? At least, I was spared the pain of doubt. I could never regret the answer I had given him, or be uncertain of its wisdom—wisdom for myself and for him. For if after a time he learned, as he surely would, that I myself was wanting in the very things he looked to a wife to supply, would not his love and confidence come to an end together?

By-and-by Carry came up to look for me. I had not intended to say anything to her of what had happened, but I saw at a glance that she knew.

"I just opened the door and looked in while you were talking," she said, "and one look at Mr. Wilson's face told me what was going on. I am so sorry for him, Gracie! I suppose you couldn't make up your mind to marry him?"

"No, indeed I couldn't! though I do like him so much. How much wiser you have been than I!"

"I don't believe I should have thought about it if I had not watched Godwin. I have seen him stamp with impatience sometimes when Mr. Wilson has stopped talking to you when father has come into the room. If it was not for that sort of thing, which makes him seem deceitful, I should wish with all my heart that you would marry him. *How* pleasant it would be to come and stay with you!"

"Quite reason enough for marrying him, no doubt! But I wonder what he will do now; I expect he will get away as soon as he can."

"And Godwin may go too, as soon as he likes, for all I care!" said Carry. "I am quite tired of him, and I certainly will try never to like any one again, if everybody is going to be disappointing like this."

Mr. Wilson was very quiet all the evening, but evidently made an effort to appear as if nothing had happened. I noticed that Godwin watched us, and I fancied I detected a gleam of satisfaction now and then on his face, when we seemed less intimate than usual; but why he should care—why it should be a matter of the least importance to him whether or not Mr. Wilson and I cared for each other—I could not imagine.

Once only during the evening did Mr. Wilson contrive to speak to me alone.

"I have made up my mind," he said, "to tell your father that I wish to leave Hollywood to-morrow. I am not going to expose myself to Fletcher's sneers—confound him!" His pleasant face quite changed with anger for a moment. "I believe you would not let me go if I had any chance. You are a true, simple girl, and would bravely tell a man the truth."

"Indeed I *have* told you the truth! I am sure you are right to go; but, oh, I am so sorry!"

"Never mind that!" he said, turning away quickly as Godwin came near.

But how could I help minding? How could I help grieving over the contrast between his usual gay pleasant manner and the forced liveliness which, in spite of all his efforts, could have deceived no one? It was a wretched evening, and when we went up to bed, Carry declared that she thought it would be better never to see anybody than to run the risk of spending such another.

Before breakfast the next morning I saw my father and Mr. Wilson together in the garden. There was evidently not much said on either side, but I fancied my father was angry and Mr. Wilson apologetic; then a turn or two more seemed to put matters right, for my father stopped and held out his hand, at the same time putting the other on Mr. Wilson's shoulder, and after a few words more they came slowly into the house together. Something was said at breakfast-time about Mr. Wilson's intention of leaving that morning, but no one expressed any surprise or curiosity; and an hour or two after he was gone, with a common-place leave-taking to us all alike as we stood together on the terrace, and with no mention of future meeting.

I longed to run away and cry over the loss of my first friend, over the pain I had given him, and the hopelessness of ever doing anything to make up for it; but my father called me, and I tremblingly followed him into the house, wondering if I was to bear the blame which had evidently fallen lightly on Mr. Wilson.

My father hesitated before he spoke, almost as if he felt shy of me and scarcely confident what tone to take, but at last he went straight at the matter.

"Grace, you know why Mr. Wilson has gone?"

"Yes. But, father, I couldn't help it. I knew nothing about it till it was too late."

"I am sure of that, my dear," he answered, touching my cheek with something more like a caress than I had ever got from him before. "But tell me the truth, without any reserve or girlish folly—do you wish him to come back again?"

"No; oh, no! I like him very much, but I never want to see him again till this is all forgotten."

There was silence for a moment or two, then my father spoke again, with a look and manner which deeply touched me—

"I have not, perhaps, taken care enough to make your lives pleasant, but I should have been sorry to think that my daughter was eager to leave me for the first young fool who made love to her."

"Oh, father! I don't want to leave you. But we are such strangers; we know so little of you."

"Not such strangers as you think, or rather, such strangeness is commoner than you guess. But I have scarcely been so blind in this matter as you may imagine, Grace. I promised your mother that no marriage should be forced upon you, and no reasonable choice thwarted. I have let you judge for yourself, and given Wilson his chance. I hoped that Carry and my old friend's son might have liked each other, but I could ill have spared you to him. But now the subject is done with, and well done with, and I may tell you that if you had chosen differently I should have been much disappointed." Then, as if he was afraid of saying too much, he added hastily, "You can go now, my dear, and let us all forget this business as soon as we can."

It soon became evident that Carry had been right about Godwin. No sooner was Mr. Wilson gone than his ill-humour cleared away. Once more he was pleasant and at his ease, ready to joke with Carry and, more than usually, ready to talk to me. But I resented the change, and the former disapproval implied in it, and kept him at such a distance that Carry said I was rude, and my father told me that my manner displeased him. So I was obliged to put aside my wounded dignity and be civil and friendly —not altogether unwillingly, for there was something in Godwin which almost compelled me to respect and like him; though the contrast in his manner to me and to Carry—so easy with her and, I fancied, so forced with me, though now he rather sought than avoided me—often vexed and offended me.

But though I could not feel that our guests had proved very satisfactory, their visit had had, at least, one good effect—that of bringing my father and me to a better understanding of each other. There no longer seemed such a distance between us; he showed confidence in me, consulted my opinions and wishes, and made me feel that I was of importance to him. And I began to look forward to a future when the thick wall of reserve on his side and ignorance on mine should be pulled down, and we should be really father and daughter.

Before the end of October, Carry and I were alone again. Godwin went to stay with other friends, promising to come back to us for Christmas; and my father went to London to welcome his sister back to England, and to persuade her to come, with her husband and son, and make Hollywood their home till they should find one of their own to suit them.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

CHRISTMAS GAMES FOR EVERYBODY.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN, the great gastronomist, said that "to invite a person to your house is to take charge of his happiness while under your roof." We will invite our friends this Christmas-time —we will take charge of their happiness for awhile, and as we feel that the responsibility is a grave one, and that we should be very sorry if they failed to enjoy themselves whilst under our care, we will lay our plans for their gratification beforehand. We will store our memories with a catalogue of games, and Christmas diversions, and surely we shall be able to think of something that will suit the fancy of one and all.

There are some games that seem to belong peculiarly to Christmas, and foremost amongst these is the game of "Snapdragon."

"Here he comes with flaming bowl,
Don't he mean to take his toll,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

"With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
For he snaps at all that comes,
Snatching at his feast of plums,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!"

When this pastime is decided upon, a number of raisins are put into a large, broad, shallow bowl, and a little brandy or other spirit is poured over the fruit. The lights in the room are then extinguished, the spirit is ignited, and the bystanders in turns plunge their hands through the flames and endeavour to obtain possession of the fruit. This, of course, is not easily done; it requires both nerve and agility, and the unavailing attempts of the company cause a good deal of fun. Added to this, the burning spirit gives a lurid glare which lights up the eager faces of the guests, and has quite a weird-like effect.

This game has been played at Christmas from time immemorial. It is declared to have been invented by Hercules, who, when "he had slain the flaming dragon of Hesperia, made a fiery dish of the apples grown in the orchard, which dish he named Snapdragon." In the western counties of England it is played under a varied form and known under a slightly different name, that of *Flapdragon*. In this game a lighted candle is put into a can of ale or cider, and attempts are made to drink the liquor while the candle is still burning. This is not done without the face being either blackened or slightly burnt.

Some games, which are rather boisterous in their character, are known to every one and need no description. Amongst these are "Blind Man's Buff," "Puss in the Corner," "Trencher," "Blind Postman," "Hunt the Slipper;" and "The Elements," or "Air, Earth, Fire, and Water." "Proverbs," too, is a capital old game. When it is played, one member

of the company leaves the room, and the rest fix upon a well-known proverb. The banished guest returns, and asks each person a question, who in reply is bound to bring in one word of the proverb in its proper order, and the questioner tries to find out from these answers what the proverb is. A very amusing variety of this game is called "Shooting Proverbs." The guests each appropriate one word of the proverb as before. The one who is trying to guess the proverb comes in, steps into the middle of the room, and calls out in a commanding voice, "Make ready! Present! Fire!" At the word "Fire" all the company shout their own words at once, and the proverb is to be guessed from the sound, which is a very confusing one.

Perhaps there is no game which gives greater amusement both to young folks and old ones than the game of "Characters," sometimes called "Twenty Questions," and sometimes "Nouns." In this, one of the company thinks of some one particular person or thing, and the others ply him with questions, and endeavour to find out his secret from the answers. It is astonishing how judicious questioning can draw the most out-of-the-way object out of mystery into the light of day. Sometimes the company divide themselves into two parties, each of which sends out one of their number, and on his return questions him separately, and endeavours to find out his secret before the other side can do so. Each candidate must be questioned by the opposite side, and the party which first guesses rightly takes possession of both candidates. That side is considered to have won the game which draws over the largest number of members. When played in this way, this game is often called "Clumps."

"Trades" is a very amusing game. In this, each person chooses a certain trade, and one member of the company who is named by the rest makes up a story, in the course of which he introduces an account of his shopping excursions, and calls haphazard upon the representative of each business to name some noun which belongs to his trade. Thus: a butcher is to name a certain joint of meat, a grocer some article of grocery, and so on. No item is to be mentioned twice, and if there is any attempt to do so, or if there is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. When the story is well told, a good deal of fun may be got out of this game.

"Dumb Crambo" is another good game. When playing it half the party leave the room, and those who remain choose a verb, which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word fixed upon, and they then consult together to find out what it is. Instead of *speaking* their guess they *act* it. If they guess rightly they are applauded; if they fail they are hissed. A word spoken on either side, excepting by the actors for the purpose of private consultation, entails a forfeit.

A very old, but a very amusing game, is "Simon." Simon is chosen from the company. He and the rest of the players seat themselves in a circle round the fire, and Simon gives his commands. If he prefaces them by the words "Simon says," they are to be obeyed, however ridiculous they may be. If these important words are omitted, the commands are not to be obeyed, and any one who acts upon them must withdraw from the contest. When Simon is clever and quick of speech this game makes great fun, and it is very absurd to see a large company imitating his movements. "Simon says, Thumbs up. Simon says, Thumbs down. Simon says, Touch your hair. Simon says, Touch your boots. Simon says, Stop touching your boots; touch your boots again——" Some one is sure to be caught.

"Shadow Buff" is a pretty variety of "Blind Man's Buff," and it is a safe, quiet, and pretty game for young people. If there is a white curtain in the room, it should be fastened down to make a smooth surface. If there is no curtain, a sheet or a table-cloth will be required. The one who is to be blind man seats himself before the curtain with his back to his companions, and to the light. The rest pass behind him so that their shadows may be thrown upon the white surface, and the one whom he names from the shadow is to take the place of blind man. The players are allowed to dress themselves up, and disguise themselves in any way they like. Very confusing shadows may be made with a little ingenuity. The hair may be let down, or fastened up in a style different to that in which it is usually worn; or the player may wrap himself in a sheet and spread his arms wide under it, thus making a shadow like a bat; or the finger may be held over the nose to hide its shape. If the blind man looks round at the actors he must pay a forfeit for the offence.

"Schoolmaster" may be pronounced a prosaic sort of game, but it is astonishing how much amusement it is capable of affording. The players seat themselves in a circle, and one of their number, the schoolmaster, places himself before them. Pointing to the first one, he says, "Tell me the name of a town beginning with such-or-such a letter," at the same time fixing upon a particular town in his own mind. If, before the schoolmaster has time to count ten in an audible whisper, the scholar can name a town beginning with that letter, he is allowed to retain his place; but if not, the question is passed on to his neighbour; and this is repeated again and again, until the town that the schoolmaster thought of is guessed. Those who can name a town "go up in class," or take the places of those who cannot do so; and if three or four players are passed, the one who succeeds at length passes them all, and each one must move a step downwards to make room for him. When the schoolmaster likes he can choose an animal, a bird, a fish, a river, a continent, a poet, a statesman, an author, or a celebrated character instead of a town.

"Russian Scandal" is a very interesting game. In this game one member of the company writes a short story on a slate, making it as full of incident as he can. He then goes outside the door, and calls one of his companions to him and reads the story aloud *once*, very distinctly. After doing this, he walks away and carries the slate with him. The person to whom the story was read summons another of the party, and narrates the story to him as exactly as he can remember

it. The third person tells it to a fourth, and the fourth to a fifth, and so on till each one of the party has had the story narrated to him privately and solemnly outside the door. When all have heard it, the last one to go out comes into the room and narrates the story to the whole company. The original is then read from the slate, and it is quite curious to notice how it has altered in the course of transmission. There is no necessity for any intentional inaccuracy. If only there is plenty of incident in the tale, it will be found that it is almost impossible for the person who last heard the story to repeat it exactly as the first one gave it. The little fuss that is made in entering and leaving the room makes the difficulty of remembrance all the greater.

Every one knows the excellent and lively game of "Musical Chairs." There is a variety of it, which is not so well known, called "The Huntsman." This can be played by any number above four; the more the merrier. One of the players is the huntsman, the others are named after the different parts of his dress or appurtenances. Thus there are the gun, the hat, the coat, the boots, the shot, the powder-flask, the powder, the dog, the bag, the game, &c. &c. Chairs as many as there are players, excluding the huntsman, are placed in two rows, back to back, and the players seat themselves on these. When everything is prepared, the huntsman walks round the sitters, and calls his followers by their chosen names. As each one is called he gets up and follows the huntsman. The huntsman may walk round slowly, or run, just as he likes. At any stage of the proceedings he is allowed to call out "Bang!" and immediately take possession of one of the chairs, leaving his followers to seat themselves as they can. Of course one is left out, as there is a chair less than the number of players, and that one must pay a forfeit. This game is convenient when there is not a piano in the room. When there is a piano, "Musical Chairs" played in the usual way—that is, with the players marching round the chairs to music, and scrambling for seats when the music suddenly stops—is quite as interesting.

Among twilight games, which may be played in the interval between daylight and gaslight, perhaps the best are "How, when, and where?" "What is my Thought like?" or "What is it like, and why is it like it?" "Think of a word to rhyme with so-and-so;" "I apprenticed my Son;" and "Boz," or "The Game of Seven." These games are too well known to need description. As a variety, "The Spanish Merchant" may be played. The secret of this game should be known only to one or two, and the rest should try to guess it. The players take it in turns to address their next neighbour. "I'm a Spanish merchant," says one. "What do you sell?" is the retort. The secret of the game consists in the merchant being careful to name as his article of merchandise some object that he at the same time lightly and unobtrusively touches. If he omit to do this, the leader says, "Ah! you are no Spanish merchant," and passes on to the next. All sorts of ridiculous mistakes are made in trying to discover the mystery. "My old Grandmother doesn't like Tea" is another game of the same character. In reply to this, the question comes, "What does she like?" and the secret lies in never allowing the letter T to enter into the word which is supposed to embody the predilection of the venerable old lady.

Among the tricks which are played upon the good-natured members of a Christmas party, "Brother, I'm Bobbed," is one which excites plenty of laughter. When this is played, those who do not know the game are sent out of the room. Three chairs are then placed in the middle of the apartment, and each of the two end ones are taken possession of by a lady or gentleman. When they are comfortably seated, a large table-cloth is thrown over the heads of the couple. The players are called in, one at a time, and invited to seat themselves on the vacant chair in the middle, and the cloth is drawn over their heads also. They are then informed that they will be "bobbed" occasionally, and will be released as soon as they can guess who did the deed. The three receive in turn a knock on the head, and each one is expected to acknowledge the compliment by saying, "Brother, I'm bobbed." "Who bobbed you?" is the reply. Of course the initiated brothers inflict the blow, although they profess to suffer as much as their fellow, and the novice is inclined to charge every other member of the company with the offence before it occurs to him to accuse his companions.

A very peculiar sensation may be experienced by those who endeavour to blow out a candle without seeing where it is. The candle is lighted and placed upon a table. The player is then blindfolded, and is told to walk three steps to the right, to the left, backwards and forwards, and in each case to come back to his first position. He is then to turn round twice, and blow out the candle. In nine cases out of ten he will blow quite away from the place where the candle stands.

Perhaps it will be said that these games are not particularly new. The wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and games are not the exception. The same sports which were common 150 years ago are enjoyed to-day; the only difference is that they are carried on in a more refined fashion. And it is all the pleasanter that it should be so. It is delightful to think that our children take pleasure in the same games that our grandfathers and grandmothers did. Let us hope that the Christmas season may long retain its influence, as well as its games; that it may bind heart to heart, and, as Washington Irving says, "we may draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms, and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

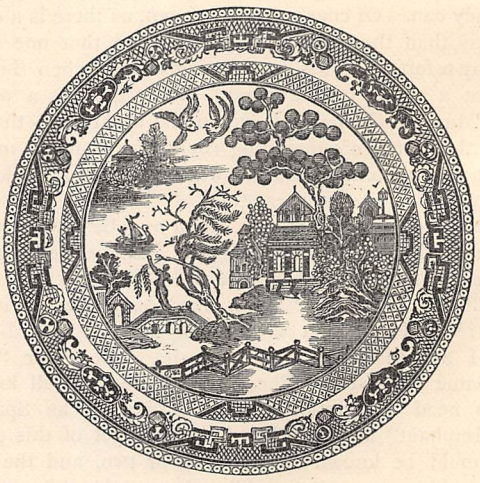
THE WILLOW PATTERN.

(A LEGEND.)

FAR, far away, beside the foam,
A little maiden had her home;
And princes wooed her, rich and gay,
But still she lightly said them nay:
She cared not if they came or went,
Within her humble home content;
For things were not as now, you know,
Long ago, and long ago.

Her father oft would musing stand,
And hold his little maiden's hand,
And pointing cry, "From o'er the sea
One day my woe will come to me;"
And whisper as he shook his head,
"What shall I do when she is wed?"
He loved her so, he loved her so,
Long, and long, and long ago.

A lover came o'er seas one day,
And stole her simple heart away;
But when she saw her father's tears,
And thought of all his after years,
"Go back across the sea," she cried,
And wept, "I cannot be thy bride."
For things were not as now, you know,
Long, and long, and long ago.



She watched, upon the bridge next day,
Her bonny lover sail away.
She dropt his ring into the foam,
And then at twilight wandered home;
She found her father sitting there,
She wept and kissed his silver hair;—
She loved them both, she loved them so,
Long, and long, and long ago.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

A DRAWING-ROOM MELODRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING COPHETUA.
COUNT HOPPERGOLLOP.
MARPLOT, *page to Queen Dowager.*
PHILEMON, *father of Maid.*

MAID.
QUEEN DOWAGER.
BAUCIS, *mother of Maid.*
COUNTESS HOPPERGOLLOP.

Beggars, Policemen, &c. *Dog Fan.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in a Palace.

KING. *Attendants.*

King. Ladies and gents, in me behold
A mighty king of lineage old,
Descended from far-distant ages,
And known in antiquaries' pages.
O'er many a land and many a sea
Extends my rightful empery,
Although their rightful names, perhaps,
May not be found in printed maps.
Yet famous in the poet's song,
Cophetua's name shall last as long,
As shall the bard of Avon's fame
To distant ages bear my name.
Believe it on a monarch's word,
Or else I'll prove it with my sword.
[*Stamps on the ground, draws his sword, and waves it majestically.*
But now, in gentlest Christmas mood,
I am determined to do good
To all the suffering sick and poor
That throng around our palace door.
What ho! attendants, let us see
Who there are waiting: poverty
Should always find a vacant part
Reserved within a monarch's heart.

SCENE II.

Palace doors are thrown open: a crowd of beggars discovered, in various dresses, and various appearances of infirmity. Band plays "The Beggars are come to Town." *Then a chorus in recitative.*

Relief, relief!
Console our grief!
Relieve distress!
We all shall bless
The generous soul
That gives the dole.

All hail to King Cophetua the Great,
Who gives his bounty of the bread and meat!

King. To every one who stands before
The threshold of our palace door,
Let the accustomed gifts be made
To cheer the beggar's dismal trade.

To thee, blind man; to thee, lame wife,
[*Gives alms.*
Sad partner of his dreary life.

First Beggar. Thank ye, my lord; 'tis very kind
Thus to relieve the lame and blind.

King. To thee, stiff-jointed son; to thee,
Weak daughter with the crooked knee.

Second B. Thank ye, my lord; were I not lame,
I'd kneel.

Third B. And I would do the same.

King. This, gents and ladies, as you see,
Is our Mendicity Society:
To each their several doles are given;
They'll help us on our way to heaven.
But stay! What is't our eyes behold
Among the lame, the blind, the old?
A very different form we spy:
That blushing cheek, that downcast eye
Bespeak a novice to the trade.
When I behold you, lovely maid,
Spite of myself I thrill, I'm burning,
My heart is into cinders turning.
Stay here I cannot: I'll retire,
And by our chamberlain inquire
The maiden's name, and when found out,
Reclaim her from this rabble rout.
That lovely form was ne'er intended
With low-born beggars to be blended:
Ere twice twelve hours are gone, I swear,
She shall my crown imperial wear;
Though now in beggar's guise she's seen,
She must, she shall, become my queen.
Ho! my lord chamberlain.

Hoppergollop. My liege.

King. We feel ourselves unwell; this siege
Of beggar hosts doth not agree
With nerves of high-bred majesty.
[*King begins to retire. Meanwhile the* MAID *advances with a little dog, and sings to a guitar.*

Maid sings. Sweet is the summer sun,
His warmth and genial glow;
But summer's warmth too soon is done,
Too soon comes winter's snow.

In summer we may stray
At will through leafy shade,
Naught for our lodging then to pay;
In the wood 'tis ready made.

But when bleak winter comes,
Keen blasts and chilling showers,
How miss we then our woodland homes,
Warm nooks and shady bowers!

Then listen to our prayer,
Kind lords and ladies all,
Let the poor homeless beggar share
Your Christmas festival.

King. Heavens! what a lovely voice is that.
I feel my heart go pit-a-pat.
Farewell, my subjects all, and share
The bounty of our Christmas fare.
Let each, with mirth in sober reason,
Enjoy the comforts of the season. [*Retires.*

Beggars in chorus:

All hail to King Cophetua the Great,
Who gives the bounty of the bread and meat!

SCENE III.—Interior of the Palace.

KING. COUNT HOPPERGOLLOP.

King. Good Hoppergollop, I have much
Need of thy loyal service. Touch
My heart, good Hoppergollop; feel
How like a hammer-head of steel
Against my ribs it knocks. Say, now
My Hoppergollop, say, hast thou
E'er felt the flame of passion dart,
Like tempest, through thy throbbing heart;
Now with a fiery fervour thrilling,
Then with an icy coldness chilling
The very source of life and heat,
Outside and inside, head and feet?
Have thee such transports ever moved,
Good Hoppergollop, hast thou loved?

Hop. Your majesty, I must admit
I once passed through love's fever-fit;
But if I said how long 'tis since,
How would my gentle partner wince
To hear the tale of years I'm telling!
No peace thenceforward in our dwelling
Would hapless Hoppergollop know.
Indeed, my liege, I must avow
That time hath gently dimmed the flame
Once burning in my youthful frame.
Instead of passion, sober reason,
Like all things else, now claims its season;
For though her ladyship lacks naught
That can become a wife, I'm taught
By years the difference to discover
Between a husband and a lover.

King. Well, Hoppergollop, that may be,
But time will waste his force on me.
Long must my passion reign supreme,
Yon maid its never-dying theme:
Only with her can I consent
To occupy life's tenement.
Without her, what to me is life?
A dreary blank, an aimless strife.
She must be mine! 'Tis yours to try
My ardent wish to satisfy.
Go, seek her out forthwith, and press
My suit with zealous earnestness.
Tell her I'm longing to accept her
As partner of my crown and sceptre.
She shall, until the knot be tied,
With the Queen Dowager abide:

From her I'm sure I may expect
Protection for my bride-elect.
Go, go, and use all fond persuasion
To bend her to our invitation;
Go, tell her that her humble lot
In my opinion matters not.
No, no! though clothed in rags she be,
The beggar-maid's the queen for me.
Hop. Your orders, sire, shall be obeyed—
I go to seek the beggar-maid. [*Exit.*
King (alone). Ah, me! how does my bosom now
With eager expectation glow!
O may no trouble unforeseen
Me and my vision come between,
The errand upon which he's bound,
May it with good success be crowned!
We'll now go seek our royal mother,
And trust our plans will suit each other.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Queen Dowager's Palace.

QUEEN DOWAGER. COUNTESS HOPPERGOLLOP. MARPLOT.

Qu. D. Can it be so, my Wilhelmine,
A beggar-maid to be his queen?
Too horrible it is to think of; surely
Thy brain in fancy plays obscurely.
Full well, my Wilhelmine, thou knowest
'Twas always somewhat of the slowest (*aside*).
Trusty thou art, and true to me,
And yet thine ears deceived may be.
Tell me again, what said thy lord;
Repeat once more his parting word.
Countess Hop. Whate'er your majesty may think, my brain
Is clear from foggy fancy's train,
And I am faithfully repeating
What my lord told me at our meeting.
'Twas that your royal son, our king,
Had set his mind on marrying;
Nay, more, had fixed his choice, 'twas said,
Most strangely on a beggar-maid,
And sent my Hoppergollop out
To seek her 'midst her rabble rout,
And woo her, as kings do, by proxy:
Then, having brought this dainty doxy,
Bestow her, if you've no objection,
Under your majesty's protection,
Until the needful preparation
Be made for nuptial celebration.
All this the Count to me imparted
In confidence before he started.
Qu. D. It is too true; I fear we are
Too late this marriage-plot to bar.
Yet something may be done. You know,
My Wilhelmine, thy lord is slow:
E'en now we may, if not too late,
His gouty steps anticipate.
Marplot, my page, I've little doubt,
Will overtake the man of gout,
And by a plan which I reveal
A spoke insert into this wheel.
(*To* MARPLOT.) Go, then, my Marplot, and take six
Policemen of Division X.
Let them surround this beggar rout,
And send them to the right-about;
Pursue them, and in wild disorder
Chase them beyond the city's border.
Go, Marplot, and this weighty mission
Fulfil with promptness and decision.
Mar. Your majesty's august command
Shall be obeyed; my trusty band
Of X Division soon will chase
This train of beggars from the place.
Before the sun shall set, their number
The palace-yard shall cease to cumber
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Palace-yard.

In the background the beggars amusing themselves. A little in front, the MAID, *with her dog at her feet. She sings in a low voice, accompanying herself on the guitar.*

Sadly o'er the smouldering embers
Mother sits alone,
All day long, these cold Decembers,
While my father's gone.
O father, mother dear, how do I long to see
And cheer you both again in your age and poverty!

All day long her wheel she's turning
At her cottage door.
Something must she still be earning
For the household store.

Could I stay and see them striving
For my daily food?
Forth I came to seek my living
In the world abroad.

Yet those dear old hearts are aching
Sadly still for me;
Every day fresh count they're taking
When I shall be free.

Friendless in the crowded city,
Up and down I sing;
To my oft-repeated ditty
Folks stand listening.

In my lap their pennies throwing,
Kind ones praise my lay;
And I feel my store is growing,
Treasured day by day.

Fearless still, though unbefriended,
Through the world I roam;
Kind Heaven, when my task is ended,
Will send me safely home.
O father, mother, &c.

Enter HOPPERGOLLOP, *limping.*

Hop. This errand suits not gouty feet,
Yet must I limping go to meet
This beggar-maid; a plague upon her!
And beg her to accept the honour
Of his majesty's addresses,
While my heart my errand *blesses.*
[*Looking through a binocular.*
By help of my binocular
I plainly see that here they are.
Well, I'll go forward and solicit
The dainty object of my visit,
To listen to my precious mission;
She'll surely lend to my petition
A willing ear, though I confess
I make it with unwillingness.

Enter Page with Policemen.

Page. Here are the beggars! come along;
And here is one who must belong
[*Pointing to* HOPPERGOLLOP.
To the same crew. I know his face;
He's often begging near this place.
[*Policeman collars* HOPPERGOLLOP.
Hop. Hands off, ye ruffians! look again:
I am the king's lord chamberlain.
My golden key——Dear me, where is it?
How could I thus contrive to miss it?
Unless her ladyship has got it,
I've left it in my other pocket.
Pol. Lord Chamberlain, indeed! no, no!
A fence like that will never do.
Move on, old gentleman, no dodging;
The station else will be your lodging.
[*They hustle out* HOPPERGOLLOP *in the direction opposite to the beggars.*
And now, you beggar company,
Take to your heels betimes, and fly;
For if your motions are not quick,
You'll be compelled to feel the stick.
[*The beggars disperse, the blind recovering sight, the lame their legs. The* MAID *alone lingers.*
I beg your pardon, ma'am, but you
Must please to follow with your crew.
[*Dog barks at Policeman.*
Maid. Hush, little Fan, or you'll affright
These valiant men: we'll take our flight,
And in our quiet cottage nest,
Although not riches, shall find rest.

SCENE VI.—The QUEEN DOWAGER'S Apartments.

QUEEN DOWAGER *and Ladies.*

Qu. D. My mind on hooks of expectation
Hangs between hope and dark vexation.
Ladies, look forth, and tell me whether
My trusty page is coming hither:
For he alone can solve the doubt
How my manœuvre has turned out.
[*Trumpets without.*
But hark! the king. The foolish boy
Comes to announce his misplaced joy;
But if my page be swift and steady,
I trust that bud is nipped already.

Enter KING, *with attendants.*

King. Madam.
Qu. D. (stiffly). Your majesty.
King. This meeting
Deserves a more than common greeting.
I'm glad my royal mother still displays
The health and vigour of her earlier days.
I come to ask her to deliberate
On serious matters which concern the state.
Qu. D. I trust your majesty will take a seat.
King. And you the same, my mother, I entreat. [*They both sit down.*
To come at once, then, to the push
(I hate all beating round the bush):
Quite weary of a single life,
I have resolved to take a wife;
And therefore am I come at once
My resolution to announce,
Relying on my mother's love
That resolution to approve.
Qu. D. Quite right, my son; and have you seen
A lady fit to be your queen?
King. I have, and though not high her station,
She needs no titled decoration
Her native excellence to grace,
Or recommend her charming face.
'Tis true a beggar's name she bears,
Yet who for names and titles cares?
Inscribed upon her face I see
Her patent of nobility.

Such is my choice, and now I ask
My mother to assume the task,
To which, I trust, she'll not object,
Within her palace to protect,
For a brief space, the maiden fair,
Designed ere long my throne to share.
Count Hoppergollop have I sent,
To her my offers to present;
And did not gout his speed restrain,
He now would be returned again.
Qu. D. My son.
King. Your majesty.
Qu. D. This move
I most distinctly disapprove.
I state this plainly, to prevent
All bandying of compliment,
Or any diplomatic dream
Of my partaking in your scheme.
Marry a beggar-maid! No, no;
It must not, never shall be so.
No, you shall kill your mother first,
Or see her with vexation burst,
And fall in fragments at your feet,
Ere she your beggar-bride will greet.
[*Rises, and prepares to leave the room.*
King. Stay, mother, stay, I do beseech you;
Let not your passion over-reach you,
But let your much-respected age
Teach you to govern passion's rage.
Qu. D. Teach me! Teach you, rebellious sir,
Against your mother's will to stir.
What would your father, sir, have said
If he had known this escapade?
I'm sure he never would abide
To see a beggar-maid thy bride.
[*Retires in a passion. The* KING *follows.*
King. Mother, dear mother, pray be quiet;
The palace is no place for riot.
Pray, mother!
Qu. D. (returning). Sir, my word is past;
I hate your scheme from first to last,
And no soft words my mind can move
Your degradation to approve.
I'd rather sacrifice my life
Than see this beggar-maid thy wife. [*Exit.*
King. What an unlucky dog am I!
Some new expedient I must try
To soften her disapprobation.
(*Enter* HOPPERGOLLOP.)
But here at least comes consolation.
How, Hoppergollop, hast thou sped?
Is the fair maid inclined to wed?
But what's the matter? In thy face
Fresh disappointment do I trace.
Speak quickly, man, for much I fear
Good tidings are not written there.
Hop. My liege, my errand, as you see,
Has turned out most disastrously.
King. Thy story quickly tell, and truly.
Were, then, these beggar-folks unruly?
Did they insult thee? Did they dare
Thy garments rudely thus to tear?
But of the maiden tell me first.
Speak out, and let me know the worst.
Hop. My liege, on my disordered wits
The past in ghastly vision flits.
Thus much I can recall, however,
Which to express I will endeavour.
Your majesty well knows, I went
Your gracious message to present;
But ere my speech I could pronounce
Of courteous greeting, all at once
By myrmidons of law surrounded,
My garments torn, my wits confounded,
When sense at last returned, I found
Myself extended on the ground:
Beggars, policemen, all were gone,
And helpless I was left alone;
And, but for some kind passenger
Who picked me up, should still be there.
Naught of the maiden can I say:
She's gone, I know not where, away.
Such is my tale, and you may guess
How overwhelming my distress.
King. It is a heavy blow indeed.
How does my heart with anguish bleed!
To think of all my hopes reversed,
My lovely day-dreams all dispersed,
My plans of happiness defeated,
My servant hustled and maltreated!
Each several item of narration
Adds a new item of vexation.
Who thus presumed my path to cross?
Who ventured to inflict this loss?
I have it, surely. 'Twas my mother;
Her handiwork I see: no other
Of all my subjects would, I know,
Dare thus my plan to overthrow.
Yes, mother, yes; this dark contrivance
Was brought about with thy connivance.
The mind that planned it is too plain.
Go home, my injured chamberlain;
Go, and recruit thee from thy sorrow.
We'll see what can be done to-morrow.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

BAUCIS, *at a cottage-door, spinning.* MAID *beside her.*

Maid. Well, mother, is not this delightful?
That city life was truly frightful.
Folks say the country's dull; to me
'Tis real life and liberty.
But tell me, would you like a ditty
Newly imported from the city? [*Sings.*

Hey for a country life!
From city noise and strife
Far, far away:
For work or play
Give me a country life.

No longer now my feet
Tramp up and down the street;
But in its stead
Soft carpets tread,
Green fields and wild flowers sweet.

No smoky chimneys high
Pollute the clear blue sky;
But elm and oak,
Unstained by smoke,
Frame pictures for my eye.

No din of noisy throng
The crowded streets among;
But bird and bee,
My songsters free,
Make music all day long.

Then hey for a country life!
Far, far from city strife:
Folks call it dull,
To me 'tis full
Of liberty and life.

Baucis. Well, 'tis a very pleasing ditty,
But did you learn it in the city?
Maid. Yes, mother, yes, for there I learned
To love the freedom which I've earned.
And often, as my aching feet
Went tramping up and down the street,
People, as they passed along,
Stood still to listen to my song—
I thought, because they longed, like me,
From that same prison to get free;
And oft their sympathetic pence
Of what they felt gave evidence.
Baucis. Well, to be sure, some folks, no doubt,
In cities love to gad about;
But, then, I'm much too old for this,
To me such work would come amiss.
And so, my child, if you're content
To share our humble tenement,
Whate'er we have of food and lodging,
'Tis yours and welcome without grudging.
And if you can be satisfied
With us old people to abide,
No greater pleasure can there be
Than ours in thus regaining thee.
Of course, you don't suppose, my daughter,
That if from any *worthy* quarter
Proposals came of such a kind
As were well suited to thy mind,
Such as maids sometimes are expecting
When men their partners are selecting,
I should presume to make objection
To any *respectable* connection.
Oh, no! most heartily should we
In such a change of plan agree,
Nor by parental selfishness
Hinder our daughter's happiness.
Maid. No, no, I fully understand
All that your love has kindly planned;
But 'tis my fixed determination,
How great soever the temptation,
With you, dear mother, to abide,
Nor care for all the world beside.
No offered match, be sure, can shake
This firm decision that I make;
And whether joy or sorrow be
Your lot, it shall be shared by me.
But now, dear mother, I must go
To meet my father, for you know
His time of labour must be up,
And he'll be coming home to sup;
I'll go to meet him on his road,
And share with him his evening load.

SCENE II.—A Country Lane.

PHILEMON, *with the* KING, *disguised, carrying a bundle of wood.*

Phil. Thanks, gentle youth, your timely aid
By thanks can hardly be repaid.
Another time, I trust you'll find
A task more suited to your mind
Than helping me to bear a weight
For my old shoulders now too great.
Time was when nothing came amiss,
Far heavier weights I've borne than this.
Ah, me! those times have passed away,
And weights grow heavier every day.
But now your friendly task is o'er,
For yonder is our cottage-door,
And what poor welcome we can make,
I trust you will with us partake.
You'll hardly, in this waning light,
Elsewhere find lodging for the night;
But if you condescend to try
Our cottage hospitality,
Poor though we are, my humble roof
Shall of my gratitude make proof.
But stay, unless my eyes deceive me,
Here comes my daughter to relieve me:
Your kindness has her labour spared,
Her thanks with mine shall now be shared.
The girl shall spread our homely table
With such plain cheer as she is able.
Pray then accept my invitation,
And make our home your halting-station.
Enter MAID.
Maid. Welcome, dear father, welcome home!
Before your usual time you're come.
I scarcely reckoned you so near.
What chance thus early brings you here?
Phil. No chance, my child; my thanks are due
To this my kind companion, who
Upon his younger shoulders carried
The burden which would else have tarried.
And he, I trust, has now consented
With our poor roof to be contented,
And in default of worthier fare
Our lodging and our meal to share.
Maid. Gladly, indeed, our thanks are due
For so much kindness shown to you:

Mother and I will do our best
To entertain so kind a guest.
(*To the* KING.) And, sir, although our humble roof
Can but of scanty store make proof,
Yet if full welcome can atone
For poor display, 'tis all your own. [*Curtsies.*
King. Fair maid, if strangers thus you greet,
Welcome like yours makes all things sweet.
Your offer gladly I receive;
I could say more, but this believe,
I value more to be your guest
Than entertainment costliest.
Phil. Enter, kind youth, my wife and I
Our welcome bid you heartily,
And time will speedily reveal
The prospects of our evening meal.
[*They enter the cottage.*
King (alone). Can my surmise be disbelieved,
Or can my senses be deceived,
Or has my memory turned unruly,
Failing for once to serve me truly?
It cannot be: the form, the voice
Recall the object of my choice,
And my fond heart undoubtingly
Confirms the verdict of my eye.
In the wide world there cannot be
Another maid so fair as she.
With her, my life with joy is lighted;
Without her, 'tis with sorrow blighted.
To her my heart is pledged for ever;
To win her is my next endeavour.

SCENE III.—The Road near the Cottage.

KING *assisting the* MAID *in tying up fagots.*

Maid. Kind sir, you really are too good;
I'm strong enough to bear the load.
Besides, I must not try to shirk
The burden of my daily work.
King. I doubt not, maiden, that your love
Is strong enough these logs to move;
But still, I trust you will permit me
To do what really does befit me;
I mean, to ease a lady fair
Of burdens which men ought to bear
No gentleman could e'er behold her
Bearing such burdens on her shoulder,
And not relieve her of the weight,
For such fair shoulders far too great.
Maid. Thanks, worthy sir; I feel I must
Your offered kindness fully trust,
And no objection further make
To what you kindly undertake.
King. Mine are the thanks, fair maid; the favour
Yours in accepting my endeavour.
Ah, maiden! if it were my fate
More of such favours to await,
The service which seems heaviest
For your sake would be welcomest;
For time's a trifle, toil a pleasure,
To be enjoyed in endless measure,
When they at whom our hearts are aiming
Our unbought services are claiming,
And all the trouble we can take
Shrinks into nothing for their sake.
Ah, maiden! could I be so bold
My tale of true love to unfold,
I trust your heart would not decline
Some sympathy, at least, with mine,
Unless, in your fastidious eyes,
I seem unworthy of the prize,
And you, pronouncing me unfit,
Compel me to relinquish it.
Oh! let me not anticipate
From your sweet lips that cruel fate,
But listen to a lover who
Gives himself, heart and soul, to you.

Maid. Dear me! what can a maiden say?
Your goodness takes my breath away.
My heart must be of stone, or steel,
Such kindness if it could not feel;
But yet, methinks, you scarcely know
To whom you offer thus your vow.
What am I but a simple maiden,
With this world's goods but poorly laden?
Besides, I fully had intended
My future life should be expended
In comforting, as best I may,
My parents in their life's decay.
How can I in this hope deceive them?
In age and poverty how leave them?
Indeed, sir, what my heart would choose
My duty calls me to refuse.
King. And is there nothing else, dear maid,
Against my offer to be said;
No other obstacle that can
Be urged against my cherished plan?
If this indeed be all, I think
My difficulties soon will shrink
To insignificant dimensions,
And yield the way to my pretensions;
For though my heart's sincere intent
On nothing but on you is bent,
And whether poor or rich, my aim
Will ever be, as now, the same,
Yet must I not profess to be
Exactly what beholders see.
Your parents may be glad to hear
I'm not a mere adventurer,
But that they may depend on my
Entire respectability;
And, in proportion to my station,
I'm not devoid of expectation,
Such as may set their minds at ease
Towards possible contingencies.
If you consent, I feel secure
Their future comfort to insure.
If they will only not refuse
The home I offer for their use,
Our hearts with theirs combined shall be
In mutual society.
Say, then, the word I covet, "Yes!"
And with consent my wishes bless.
Maid. Kind sir, the offer which you make
My heart accepts, but first must take
Counsel with those whose earlier tie
Demands my earliest sympathy.
When their consent has been obtained,
My own already has been gained. [*Exit.*
King (alone). Is it all true? can words express
The rapture of my happiness?
My day of disappointment past,
Heaven seems to smile on me at last,
And naught is wanting to my vision
Except these dear old folks' decision.
Oh! may no new impediment
Arise my project to prevent,
While here on tenter-hooks I wait
The issue of their grave debate,
Counting each minute of delay
To be an hour stolen away.
Courage! they come at last. I'll strive
My feelings to control.
Enter BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON. MAID *looks through door ajar.*
Baucis. Forgive,
Kind sir, the long delay we've made;
Your patience now shall be repaid.
Your generous offer, as you make it,
In the like spirit, sir, we take it.
Our daughter loves you; let her be
The partner of your destiny.
Her good, of course, we first consider.
King. Thanks, thanks, dear friends; and while you bid her
My suit accept, yourselves will take,
I trust, my offer for her sake.
'Twill be our constant aim, I'm sure,
Your future comfort to secure;
And you, whatever may betide us,
Will always find a home beside us.
Kind friends, for your consent, to you
My warmest thanks are justly due.
(*Enter* MAID.)
But, maiden, how can I express
To you my thoughts of thankfulness
And how convey in sober fashion
My sentiments on this occasion?
To sum up all, believe it is
My climax of unlooked-for bliss.
And now that nothing unforeseen
To mar our plans may come between,
I'll hasten homewards, to arrange
All that is needful for the change
That in my household must take place,
Its new inhabitants to grace.
By telegraph, or postal card,
Of each day's doings I'll send word.
When all arrangements are complete
We'll at the railway station meet.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Railway Station.

The MAID. BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON, *with luggage.* KING, *disguised.* MARPLOT, *disguised as a porter.*
King. Welcome a thousand times, dear maid;
The same to you, dear friends, be said,
Parents, I mean, for now I claim
Right to anticipate that name.
Besides my own respected mother,
(*To* BAUCIS.) Madam, in you I find another;
(*To* PHILEMON.) And you, sir, won't, I hope, object
To antedate a son's respect.
(*To* BAUCIS.) Permit me, ma'am, to take your arm,
Lest the crowd fill you with alarm;
This youth your luggage will convey
While through the streets we wend our way.
Quite plainly do I see him pant to
Sustain the weight of your portmanteau.
(*To* MARPLOT.) Boy, take these things to Palace Yard;
There you shall have your just reward.
Mar. All right, your honour; go ahead—
I'm good to follow where you lead.

SCENE II.—A crowded Street.

Boys with placards, singing. Tune, "King of the Cannibal Islands."
Oh! have you heard the news of late
About our king so good and great?
A secret deep it is of state,
But I'll sell it you all for a penny.

'Tis that our sovereign has a mind
In marriage-knot himself to bind.
The secret if you would unwind,
You may buy it inside for a penny.

And all about the royal bride,
And when the knot is to be tied;
The wedding dresses, and more beside—
'Tis all to be bought for a penny.

Is she plain or pretty, stout or thin;
Light or dark her hair; has she plenty of tin,
Or nothing at all; inquire within—
You'll learn it all there for a penny.

Then, if you're prudent, don't refuse
To purchase a paper, whichever you choose:
Times, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, or *Daily News*—
Times threepence, the others a penny.

Maid. What is this bustle all about,
Turning the city inside out?
What royal marriage do they mean?
And who is this intended queen?
King. Exactly what the boys declare.
Our king has chosen a lady fair
To be his partner, and they say
To-morrow is the wedding-day.
That such a bridegroom and a bride
In our own views should coincide,
Seems the best omen we could meet
To make our prospects quite complete.
And now, dear friends, we've almost come
In sight of our intended home;
For one brief moment let me leave you,
To make all ready to receive you.
With somewhat quicker steps I hasten,
The door beforehand to unfasten;
On my own doorstep I shall meet you,
And be myself the first to greet you.
The boy your luggage will convey,
And guide you safely on the way. [*Exit.*
Baucis. No doubt, my dear, 'tis all correct,
But such a crowd I didn't expect.
To you, perhaps, it may be charming;
To me, I own, 'tis quite alarming.
Perhaps the gentleman's all right,
But why did he go out of sight,
And leave us wandering up and down
This mighty Babel of a town,
With no one but this boy to guide
Our steps through this vast human tide?
Maid. Courage, dear mother, fear no danger;
To scenes like this I am no stranger.
Besides, I'm confident that we
May trust in *him* implicitly.
I'm sure he never will deceive us,
Nor in the lurch unkindly leave us;
So onward let us tramp, dear mother,
Nor care for all this noise and bother.
Mar. I think, ma'am, to avoid this riot,
You'll find another way more quiet.
Down this side-street our course we'll shape,
The noise and bustle to escape.
Baucis (sadly). Take your own course, boy, and proceed;
We can but follow where you lead.
Mar. (aside). Now, now or never is the time
On these poor birds to lay the lime,
And, without fear of circumvention,
Fulfil my mistress' kind intention.

SCENE III.—A Back Street.

MARPLOT *knocks at a door.*

Mar. Your journey, ladies, now is over;
Your spirits you may now recover;
For this is, as I comprehended,
The house the gentleman intended;
[QUEEN DOWAGER *opens the door.*
And here, with charming condescension,
Appears the lady of the mansion.
(*To* QUEEN DOWAGER.) These are the guests, ma'am, I believe,
Whom you expected to receive;
The crowd has greatly hindered, or
We should have been here long before.
Qu. D. Welcome, good folks; I trust you'll find
All things made ready to your mind.
Most anxious is my son, I know,
All hospitality to show.
But sudden business interfering
Just now prevents him from appearing,
And for his presence must my own
Less welcome services atone;
But of them to make ample use
I trust that you will not refuse.
Pray enter, and we'll all endeavour
To make you welcome here—for ever (*aside*).

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

KING and HOPPERGOLLOP.

King. Good Hoppergollop, once again
You find me in distress and pain;
Once more is my ambition crossed,
My promised treasure once more lost.
My disappointment and vexation
Exceed all bounds of moderation.
Fool that I was, to let my prize
Pass for a moment from my eyes,
And, to indulge a foolish freak,
Lose what had cost so much to seek.
Victim of folly I; do you
Say what you think 'tis best to do,
To give my wounded heart relief
In this extremity of grief.
No cost of money will I stick at,
No self-humiliation kick at.
Speak, Hoppergollop, speak your mind;
What new expedient can you find
My twice-lost treasure to recover?
How stupid for a royal lover
The prize he aimed at to let slip
Thus awkwardly 'twixt cup and lip.
Hop. My liege, your majesty well knows
My zeal this secret to disclose.
Forgive the hint that in this case
Your mother's hand again I trace;
But as she hardly could succeed
Without a partner in the deed,
Permit me, sire, to recommend
A proclamation should be penned,
With offer of reward to those
Who shall the hiding-place disclose
Wherein your charmer lies concealed.
Be sure 'twill be ere long revealed,
For greatly do I trust in gold
Deep-buried secrets to unfold.
Rewards judiciously applied
Extract what guilt attempts to hide,
And such intelligence procure
As serves detection to insure.
King. Thanks, trusty councillor; to all
I give consent most cordial,
And lay on you my firm injunction
To act in this without compunction.
Let the Home Secretary frame
A proclamation in our name,
A liberal reward proposing,
To every one the truth disclosing.
Let no expense or pains be stinted,
But let the document be printed,
And circulated up and down
In every corner of the town.
Hop. Your majesty's command shall be
At once fulfilled implicitly,
And posters, stuck on every wall,
Attention to the case shall call.
I go the plan to execute,
And soon it will, I trust, bear fruit.

SCENE V.

A crier, with posting-bills; MARPLOT, *and others.*

Crier. O yes! O yes! O yes!
Lost, stolen, or strayed,
A fair beggar-maid,
And also her mother and father.
She was going to be queen,
But can nowhere be seen,
And her hiding-place no one can gather.
'Tis much to be feared
That they've all disappeared
From some machination malignant,
And therefore the king
At so wicked a thing
Is pleased to be greatly indignant.
An ample reward
Is therefore declared
To all who will give information,
With *cartes-de-visite*,
And description complete,
To establish identification.
Long may the king reign,
And quickly obtain
Relief in his present affliction;
Good citizens all,
Respond to the call,
And procure the kidnapper's conviction.
Mar. (reading the bill). This notice as I stand perusing,
On all its tempting topics musing,
The thought occurs, why should not I
Some profit from its offer buy,
And, by discreet manipulation,
Improve the obvious occasion?
As constant change in fortune's tide
Induces men to change their side,
So I, by changing my position,
Perhaps may better my condition,
And by judicious evidence
Grow richer for my penitence.
True that the mistress whom I love
So dearly may not quite approve
So instantaneous a change,
Which all her plans will disarrange,
And make her say perhaps I tried
To take a bribe on either side.
True, but we know that modern sciences
Have for such cases new appliances,
And vice to philosophic eyes
Is only virtue in disguise,
And virtue natural selection
Of what best suits our predilection,
Which in life's battle royal gains
Success proportioned to its pains.
The rules which once at school we learned
Are now in inverse order turned;
And points which once required apology
Are settled points in sociology;
Settled, that is, until set free
By some new grand discovery.
For as in nature, what is strongest
Most commonly survives the longest,
And what's not fit for competition
Must needs submit to abolition:
E'en so in morals, that is best
Which best promotes our interest,
And that is truest honesty
Which has turned out best policy.
Thus many things, which once seemed wrong,
In truth to virtue's side belong,
And errors carefully corrected
Prove to be virtues well selected,
And virtue's most triumphant feat
Is ultimate success to meet:
Since then the part which I've been playing
Shows symptoms of no longer paying,
For virtue I shall now go in,
And see what profit I can win.
One never ought to be too nice
In methods of discarding vice.

And thus the argument's invincible
To turn king's evidence on principle,
My plan, although the duty's painful,
Is virtuous, and may be gainful.

SCENE VI.

KING. HOPPERGOLLOP. MARPLOT.

Hop. My liege, your gracious proclamation
Has fully answered expectation;
This youth, unless I much mistake,
A great disclosure has to make.
Come hither, boy, nor fear to tell
All that you seem to know so well.
Mar. My liege, I hope your royal grace
Will hold me harmless in this case,
And if in aught I give offence,
Will take it in a friendly sense.
If then to speak I may be bold,
I think I can the truth unfold,
And put you in the way to find
The prize whose loss disturbs your mind.
Know, then, your charmer is immured
In dungeon carefully secured,
But if you'll condescend to go
With me, I'll undertake to show
A spot, where as you pass along
You may hear snatches of the song
With which, when evening shadows close,
Poor prisoner, she soothes her woes.
You thus will gain some information
About her present situation.
Your majesty must then decide
What plan of action shall be tried.
But let me say, whate'er it cost,
No single moment should be lost,
For fear—I shudder to reveal
The thought which I would fain conceal—
For fear lest disappointed hate
Its last revenge should consummate,
And dreading speedy revelation,
Take refuge in—assassination!
King. No, say no more, it is too frightful!
My mother cannot be so spiteful;
Yet for her lovely prisoner's sake
Immediate measures we will take.
You, my lord chamberlain, take care
A trusty phalanx to prepare
Of constables in plain undress,
To hold themselves in readiness
At the first signal to appear,
For rescue to the prisoner,
Then force their way through every barrier,
And from her dungeon safely carry her.
This will suffice.—Boy, lead the way,
We'll follow thee without delay.

SCENE VII.—A Road near a Garden-wall.

A voice heard singing: KING *listening.*

Wearing away,
Day after day!
No blessed hope in sight,
No cheering ray of light,
But blank despair, and darkness like the night!
Wearing away, yes, wearing away!
Pining alone,
Lost and unknown,
No kindly comfort near,
No father, mother dear,
No friend, no love, my solitude to cheer;
But all alone, still pining alone.

Free songster, thou,
For ever on thy bough
Chanting the livelong day,
Dost with thy careless lay
Mock me with thoughts of freedom stolen away,
Stolen away, yes, stolen away!

Oh, dreary fate,
How long to wait!
Will no one undertake,
For sweet compassion's sake,
The durance of these prison-doors to break?
Weary to wait, oh, weary to wait!

King. I can't mistake that voice, 'tis hers,
The same that first entranced my ears;
Although its tones, now sad and low,
Its owner's altered fortunes show.
Then let not, whatsoe'er the cost,
This opportunity be lost.
What, ho! police, detectives, hasten,
In the king's name these doors unfasten.
A five-pound note to him who first
The prison-chamber door shall burst.

SCENE VIII.—An Up-stairs Room.

A sound is heard of crashing doors. The MAID *shudders, then, collecting herself:*

Maid. What sounds are those? Yes, yes,
'tis come,
The expected signal of my doom.
Well, let it come! whate'er betide,
Calmly I can death's self abide.
Better its cup at once to taste
Than in this slow decay to waste.
Come, then, ye ministers of fate,
Your cruel work to consummate.

Enter a Policeman.

Pol. Fear not, my lady, for you see
No ministers of death are we,
But officers of law and peace,
Bound on the errand of release.
Your ladyship's alarms may vanish,
Your gloomy prospects you may banish,
For see, his majesty appears,
To put an end to all your fears.

Enter the KING, *disguised.*

King. Maiden, in me you recognise
The cause of all your miseries:
No wilful cause, but negligent,
On foolish fancies too much bent.
The unintentional occasion
Of all this sad concatenation.
Alas! how can I e'er atone
For all the mischief that's been done?
Thank Heaven! thus far we have succeeded,
Yet something further still is needed;
The dear old folks—they too must be,
Like you, restored to liberty.
Go then, my trusty sergeant, trace
The captives to their hiding-place;
Up-stairs and down your search extend,
Nor quit it till you've gained our end.
Maid. Yes, good policeman, go with speed,
And may your efforts soon succeed.
King. I would have gone myself, but fear
To leave you unprotected here,
My former sad mistake repeating,
And all my present gain defeating.
No, no, dear maid; whate'er betide,
My post is ever at thy side;
Nor must I now the ground abandon
Which lately I scarce thought to stand on.
Calm, then, your fears; I have no doubt
All will successfully turn out,
And a short interval restore
Your loved ones to your side once more.
Maid. Heaven grant it! but I can't dissemble
That for their safety still I tremble.

[*A noise is heard.*

What sound is that? That crash must be
The sign of some catastrophe.
King. Fear not.

[*Enter Sergeant with* BAUCIS *and* PHIL.

'Tis what I thought; they're found!
Father and mother, safe and sound.
Maid. O father, mother, can it be
Your own dear selves once more I see?
Baucis and Phil. 'Tis we indeed.
Maid. Come, kiss me quick;
Wonders come round so fast and thick
That scarcely am I certain whether
To cry or laugh, or both together.
King. Pray laugh, then, and instead of sorrow,
Another atmosphere let's borrow,
And banishing our melancholy,
Once more endeavour to be jolly.
(*To* BAUCIS.) Madam, let me congratulate
Yourself and your respected mate
On this auspicious termination
Of your unjust incarceration,
For which, I must confess with shame,
Upon my shoulders lies the blame.
And yet I trust you'll not reject
My penitence for past neglect,
But, from your prison now set free,
Accept my poor apology. [*Kneels.*
Baucis. Pray rise, sir, and indeed believe
The past we willingly forgive.
But though I say it not in anger,
We have escaped an awful danger;
But now that danger is gone by,
We hope for some tranquillity.
King. Thanks, ma'am; I cannot fully state
How deeply I appreciate
Your very great consideration
In listening to my exculpation.
But how, dear maid, can be expressed
The thoughts that crowd within my breast?
Regret for all this needless pain,
Joy at beholding you again.
Thank Heaven! the horrid dream is ended,
And prospects, though 'tis late, are mended.
Let me, then, this occasion take
A full *éclaircissement* to make,
And at once hasten to declare
My secret, kept with so much care,
Upon whose keeping I have lost
So much of time, and pains, and cost.
Yet not all wasted, for my pride
Would never have been satisfied
To buy your love with titles, offers
Of dignities, and well-filled coffers;
For though an empress you might be,
Your love is dearer far to me.
The truth, then, let me now disclose,
And banish all incognitos.
Know that the winner of your heart
Has played throughout an actor's part,
And he who won thee in disguise
Now claims as king his lawful prize.

[*Unbuttons his coat, and shows his star, riband, &c.*

Yet lest this sudden revelation
Should overset your calculation,
Take back your pledge, and freely choose
Again to give it, or refuse.
My offer humbly I repeat;
'Tis yours to grant what I entreat. [*Kneeling.*
Maid. Rise, rise, my lord; I cannot now,
E'en if I would, recall my vow.
Crown or no crown, whate'er betide,
I still am thy affianced bride.
Though for such honour I'm unfit,
I take it as you offer it. [*Curtsying.*
King. Thanks, thanks, dear maid; 'tis I, not you,
Who am unworthy. In my view,
To win and wear you as my own
Is worth much more than half-a-crown.
Queen, empress, whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou still art empress of my heart.
Let us, then, now no longer stay,
Nor to our nuptials add delay,
Which, far too long procrastinated,
Shall now at last be celebrated.
You, my lord chamberlain, take care
All that is needful to prepare;
Ring, dresses, decorations, carriage,
And special licence for the marriage.
My mother:—time, that softens rocks,
Will soften passion's rudest shocks,
And, as her years advance, is sure
Her prejudice, though deep, to cure.
Some day, perhaps, she'll learn to bless
The day that gives us happiness.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE Princess dress maintains its ascendency; we will therefore describe an easy and stylish mode of making one, which can be done with about twelve yards of stuff one yard wide. It should be made in two materials, or two kinds of the same stuff, plain and figured. We will suppose it to be silk and cashmere. The back is cut with four seams in cashmere, and reaches a quarter of a yard below the waist. On it is laid a train of two breadths of plain silk, put on with three gatherings and a wide heading. The narrow sleeves are of cashmere, with cuffs of gathered silk. The cashmere bodice fastens diagonally, but down the centre is a robing of silk, which is carried to the hem of the skirt, and on the bodice forms a bib. This, being a notable feature, must be more minutely described. It fits to the throat, is seven inches across at the top, diminishing to three at the waist; it has three runnings at the neck, and then a plain piece of six inches, where it is met by a double frill, a series of inch-wide runnings being continued to the hem. On either side of this robing are revers of cashmere piped with silk, and from these to the plain piece forming the train (some twenty-six inches) there is a flounce seventeen inches wide, consisting principally of inch-wide runnings. Long pockets on either side, very far back, are the only other ornament; and though this style defines a graceful figure well, it is by no means so clinging that it lacks grace. Many other Princess dresses of two materials have the two breadths at the back of one, the side-front and sleeves of another, a robing down the front to match the back, and a flounce on the edge of the side-breadths about nine inches deep, the headings top and bottom two inches deep, the rest divided into three runnings. These runnings, drawings, or *coulissés*, as they are called, are now all the fashion. Parisians seem to consider shawls as necessary adjuncts of the Princess dresses; and plain coloured cashmere, embroidered, are the rage. Many of the dressmakers make Cardinal capes and small Garricks, with triple collars of the same material as the dress; and, like most fashions easily carried in the eye and remembered, these triple capes stand a chance of being done to death. The newest Ulsters sent over from England, and which find special favour for rough wear with Parisians, are made double-breasted, and of course with the triple cape. The most notable novelty in the cut is that they are much narrower, that they are sloped more from the waist now, that the tournures are things of the past, and that the seams on either side are buttoned some twenty-seven inches up, so that they can be undone at will, and the train of the dress held up if required; for we now either wear veritable short dresses, or make

no attempt at looping them up, the train requiring to be held up lightly with one hand; and the only assistance, if any, given in this way is a loop sewn to the seam nearest the centre, through which the hand can be passed.

As Ulsters are now a necessary part of a wardrobe, it may be well to describe one more fully, although they require to be tailor-made, and any attempts at home-manufacture are pretty certain to be failures. The length in front is 1½ yard, at the back 1¾; the width of the front, 28 inches; of half of the back, 18 inches. There is a seam down the centre of the back, two side-seams, and two breast-plaits. The triple cape is 14 inches at the back and 11 in front, and buttons off and on, meeting the revers in front. There are ticket-pockets on the sleeve, two side-pockets, and one breast-pocket; a strap round the waist, and straps on the sleeves, to make them smaller if required—indeed, they differ very little from those worn by gentlemen.

To be quite *à la mode* you must patronise the large collars and cuffs all the world are wearing—veritable reproductions of those worn fifty years ago. We have in our possession some of two generations back. They reach to the shoulders and form double capes, or are rounded, when they are only some six inches deep at the back.

Ragusa lace is much used in the modern revivals of large collars and fichus, which fasten either at the back or front. Some are made of finely-goffered muslin merely edged with lace, others of minute drawings in fine muslin—that peculiarly fine, soft muslin so much worn in Paris, and easily mistaken for *gaze de soie*. The collars have close-set frillings round the throat, which are most becoming—indeed, these collars have the merit of setting off the figure to perfection, even if it is only moderately good. If made of lace, the best plan is to cut out the shape of the collars and cuffs in stiff net, and then trim. The cuffs to match are some 5½ inches deep, and are worn outside the sleeve. All these things, as well as caps and headdresses generally, have bows made of the reversible satin ribbon; and where the narrow is used, which is by far the most fashionable, it is often sewn one to the other in curious mixtures of tone, such as pink, green, and maize.

The winter promises to be a severe one, and we are to wear much fur. Old-fashioned stole-shaped flat boas, two yards long, are coming in again; they are lined with bright-coloured silk, and fastened with satin bows to match. Close-fitting jackets are trimmed with borderings of silver-grey and black fox, skunk, racoon, lustred racoon, sable-tail, and marten-tail. Sealskin is more worn than last winter; its most fashionable form is in long paletots, which are costly.

With regard to evening dresses the Princess form again holds good, and is principally applied as a long basqued bodice and train. Black is most fashionable trimmed with brocade; and low dresses are *de rigueur* for all full-dress occasions, the sleeves mere shoulder-straps. Trimmed bodices are more worn than berthas, the front forming only the upper portion of the skirt trimming. They are made short in front and at the side, very long at the back. Green and dark shades are most *à la mode*, and gauze mixed with rich silk. Long waistcoats appear on most of the longest basqued bodices, and tufts of flowers are dotted about irregularly, fruit and vegetables occasionally replacing them; crab-apples, plums, and apricots are among the latest Parisian follies. Black satin is worn both in the morning and evening with fancy velvet, which is known as "Velours de Fantaisie," and is covered with designs in silk. There are many novelties just now in trimmings, such as the galloon called "Broderie Cachemire," composed of fine cord, and closely simulating the designs on cashmere shawls; and fringes imitating fruit and flowers, moss and wild roses, jessamine and daisies. Chestnut fringes are in favour for day wear, either in imitation of the husk or the roasted fruit. Beads have, however, been quite resuscitated and appear on everything, under the name of coloured jet.

Felt and beaver bonnets have a rival in cloth bonnets, which are made to match the dresses, and are trimmed with fur.

Another novelty are stays made of kid, which fit the figure most closely; and kid bodices are replacing the ordinary petticoat bodice.

THE CAROL-SINGERS.

TWO sweet fair faces on a Christmas night—
Two pure girl-voices rich with such sweet tone,
That listeners stand entranced and Time's swift flight
Passes unknown.

Grandly the story of the Saviour's birth
Is told by these sweet singers to the throng;
Nobly the clarion-notes of "Peace on earth"
Ring forth in song.

With voices all attuned to harmony,
And hearts that rise and leap with every note,
The singers stand, and wild-bird melody
Trills from each throat.

So sweet the song that every listener there
Sees the glad story as in words of gold,
Like some fair picture traced with wondrous care
In days of old.

All hail! the glorious heaven-sent gift of song,
Mighty to him who has and him who hears!
The one great power enduring ever strong
Through all the years!

G. W.

WINTER CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

WHATEVER may be said in praise of the summers and autumns in this country, every one must allow that we are not particularly fortunate as regards our winters. Perhaps that which renders them so peculiarly trying to the delicate and the invalid, is the exceeding changeableness of the weather. One day, with heightened hopes of speedy restoration to health, he may be enjoying weather that really seems stolen from midsummer, so cloudless is the sky, so dry and mild and balmy the air; but on the next he is roughly thrust back into the gloomy depths of winter, the leaden sky shuts out the sun, the wind is piercing and bitter, and the cold rain that is borne along on its wings is dashed against the rattling windows, with a fury that sends a chill to the very pipes of the heart. On such days as these, it really does need all the courage one can muster, to prevent one's mind from taking part in the general gloom. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that some of the most favourite winter climates in our own country compare most favourably with those of other lands. Both, mind you, have their drawbacks; but, judging from a moderately long experience of foreign climes, I do not think I am far wrong in believing that fifty per cent. of the cases that are annually despatched to winter abroad would do as well, if not better, at home in England. What though here the days may be short and gloomy, night comes but the sooner on; the long forenights of winter, when the shutters are closed, and the sofa wheeled round—when the louder the wind raves without, the brighter burns the fire within—are, methinks, very pleasant indeed, and they are altogether English and homelike. You miss those when you go abroad; you are a stranger in a strange land; you are treated as such, and feel yourself such; a certain amount of comfort you can buy, and smiles you can buy, smiles that come but from lips and teeth, smiles that you would very gladly exchange for "ae blink" of the dear familiar faces that crowd around your "ain fireside."

Yes, but you may tell me that abroad you have bright dry days, figures picturesquely grouped and dressed, landscapes that enchant, and skies of himmel blue; true, true, and if in your walk *from* home the chill north wind freezes your left side, while the blazing sun blisters your right, in the walk *back* things will be reversed, your left will come in for the blistering, and your right be iced. But still it must be confessed that dust in the eyes, if blown in with sufficient force, is apt to spoil the temper, and that the sun's reflected glare is not the best thing in the world for the eyesight. Then, again, made-dishes, mysteriously and curiously concocted, with a slight suspicion of garlic, are hardly so conducive to healthy digestion as the juicy joints of merrie England. Nor will you find the sleep which is procured by the aid of Keating quite so refreshing as the genuine article; it is sweet, in my opinion, to be lulled to sleep by winds sighing through leafy trees, or the ceaseless sound of the waves that break along the sea-beach, but not by music of mosquitoes, or song of nimble cricket.

The cases which, at this moment, I have more particularly in view, and to which winter change of climate is especially beneficial, are those of pulmonary complaints, including not only incipient consumption, but some forms of asthma, laryngeal and bronchitic affections, or winter cough.

Now, be it known, to begin with, that it is only in their chronic forms that either bronchitis, winter cough, or laryngitis can be benefited by change of climate, and that the greatest care should be taken to prevent anything like a relapse to the acute stage. Moderate living is to be inculcated, and temperance in all things observed. Equability of temperature should, if possible, be maintained in the invalid's sitting-room, which on damp dull days should not be without a fire.

We have in our own country no lack of winter climates, both bracing and sedative; the great thing is to choose one that may be the most likely to suit the particular temperament of the invalid. As a general and pretty safe rule, then, the bracing climates will best agree with those who are of the phlegmatic in contra-distinction to the nervous temperament—those whose muscular systems are somewhat weak and flabby, and who are used to have a plentiful secretion of mucus along with their cough.

Among the dry and bracing climates for such cases, I may mention some parts of London, such as the more elevated portions of Kentish Town, or Highbury, or Bayswater. And here let me throw in one word of comfort to those dwellers in the City of London who *cannot* leave their homes to benefit by winter change: the city in which they dwell is one of the healthiest in the world; it is fortunate as to soil, and happy as to its mean temperature. I only wish I could say the same of Glasgow. With the best and purest water in the world, its death-rate is very high, and this I attribute more to the *filthy non-ventilated condition of its drainage system than to anything else.*

A most genial and delicious winter climate is to be found at the Undercliff, Isle of Wight; the air is good, and also the soil, while the scenery is most romantic and cheering, and exercise out of doors may be taken almost every day. Sandown, on the other hand, has also much to recommend it; it is bracing and restorative; its soil is dry and sandy, and the scenery all that need be desired.

Clifton, near Bristol, stands high and dry on limestone cliffs. Its hot wells are not now greatly esteemed, but it affords a mild and safe winter retreat.

The air is pure, and there are great facilities for healthful exercise.

I think I have previously recommended Worthing as a good summer climate for certain cases. Here, too, the invalid will find a mild, dry, and invigorating winter home, with comparatively few rainy days, but he must be prepared to leave the place in spring.

Hastings too, and St. Leonards, and some parts of Brighton ought to be mentioned as bracing winter climes.

Bournemouth should be mentioned as a good winter residence for the delicate, and none the worse, to say the least, in that its air is impregnated with the balsamic breath of the beautiful pine-woods, that shelter it so well from the north and north-west winds.

If the invalid wishes to go abroad, with the single exception of the "mistral" wind, he will find Hyères one of the driest and purest little towns he can go to.

Cannes has also much to recommend it, but, as a rule, invalids ought to avoid Nice. Taking everything into consideration, I have my doubts of it.

A winter residence at Mentone is highly desirable to those in the incipient stages of consumption and chronic bronchitis. Equally as good, however, is San Remo; and, as a rule, it is a *cheaper* place. Both Malta and Palermo, and likewise Sardinia, are good winter climates of the bracing kind. So are the Canary Islands; nor must Algiers and Tangiers be forgotten.

For those, on the other hand, whose temperaments are nervous, whose air-passages are dry and over-sensitive, and secrete but little, milder and more humid residences are to be sought. Torquay, on the south coast, stands pre-eminent; the climate is mild and the temperature equable, and the air in general soothing. If the patient is very excitable, a residence near the sea, say Meadfoot, which is well sheltered, should be chosen. After stopping here for some time, he may change to a higher situation. In Penzance, too, will good quarters be found; the temperature here is equable, and also the air is warm. It may, however, be objected that it is somewhat too humid, and that there is too much exposure to high winds. Jersey is likewise well worthy to be ranked among our favourite winter climates of the sedative class. Would the invalid like to visit green Erin? then he cannot do better than sojourn in Queenstown, Cork. It is built on the southern slope of Cove Island, and is built in terraces, so that the patient, according to his strength, can choose his own elevation. Not only do lung cases do well here, but the rheumatic and the dyspeptic benefit also, as do delicate children; for the climate is deliciously sedative, and almost every day all through the winter, plenty of exercise is possible in the open air.

And now, having spoken a good word for England and Ireland as winter climates, the very least I can do is to sound the praises of "puir auld Scotland," if only in a minor key. And hither, if you will come with me, I will take you off down the Clyde at once. We'll soon leave smoky ship-building Glasgow behind us, and enjoy scenery that scarcely can the Rhine rival. Here many a little village nestles prettily among woods, backed by hills that are green all winter—when not snow-clad. But the island of Bute, which we reach at last, to land at Rothesay, is *par excellence* a sedative winter residence, and well repays one for the journey thereto in a hundred ways. We seldom see snow here, the climate is very equable, and there is plenty of shelter, so that exercise is practicable all the winter round.

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

THE Georgengarten at Hanover is one of the most lovely parks Germany can boast of, and can boldly compare to any of our gems—Chatsworth, Clieveden, Knowsley, or Woburn Abbey. Its name, the Garden of the Georges, speaks for itself, and tells us that these royal pleasure-grounds were not laid out for the Fredericks or Williams of Prussia, whose black and white sign-boards are vainly endeavouring to put a Brandenburg label on Guelphic soil and dominions.

The park, which extends from the gates of Hanover to Herrenhausen, once the favourite abode of the Electress Sophia and of the Georges, is cut in two by four rows of majestic lime-trees, which are throwing a more than centenarian shadow on the rare visitors who happen to break the silence of these now deserted grounds. This avenue, a mile long, is unique in Europe by the beauty of the trees and the loveliness of the scenery which gladdens the eye on both sides.

It is the year 1866. The rooms once occupied by the Electress Sophia are again inhabited, and these same walls which saw the elevation of the House of Hanover to Great Britain's throne, are to be now the mute witnesses of the last days of King George V.'s reign.

Not a chair is changed; the furniture, the pictures, everything recalls Sophia's memory—alone the King's little iron bedstead, and some modern knick-knacks, some *souvenirs*, tell us that the premises have changed their master.

But it is not the outward decoration alone which whispers at every step of Sophia or Leibniz—the spirit of the noble ancestress of the three Royal Houses of England, Hanover, and Prussia, the breath of the greatest philosopher of modern ages, seem still to live within these walls. The political horizon is dark with threatening clouds; rumours of war are disturbing Hanover's peaceful happiness; it is said that the Brandenburgs will allow no German Prince or country to remain neutral in the impending strife between Prussia and Austria, and that King George V. is pressed to choose his side.

Will not the memory of Sophia, who carried under her heart alike the present Guelphic and

Brandenburg race, of her whose daughter was first Queen of Prussia, shield the ancestral cradle of her house? Childish error; modern statesmanship recognises no ties of blood; interest alone runs in the veins of our generation; too often might is right, and right a wrong if you cannot defend it. King George and King William are cousins, Queen Frederika and Queen Louisa were sisters, but what does it matter?

It is the 15th June, 1866, and Prince Ysenburg, the Envoy of King William, has handed at noon the Prussian King's *ultimatum* to Count Platen Hallermund, the Hanoverian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Twelve hours are given to his Majesty to say if he will resign the foremost of his sovereign rights into his cousin William's hands, if he will recognise the military and political supremacy of Prussia, and let his armies be conducted by Prussian generals against Austria, in open violation of the Federal Constitution, which forbids its members to draw the sword against each other. A Cabinet Council, summoned in all haste, and at which all Ministers were present, has endorsed his Majesty's decision to reject an *ultimatum* incompatible with his conscience, honour, rights, and duties, and to renew once more his firm intention to be neutral in the impending strife between the Houses of Habsburg and Hohenzollern.

George V. stands erect in the middle of the room, a picture of manly and majestic beauty — give him a coat of mail, and one might think of his unfortunate ancestor, Henry the Lion, who also lost two duchies—more than Austria, Prussia, Bavaria put together—in defending Guelphic rights against a host of princely parasites, who waited for his fall to pick up the shattered remnants of the Lion's power. King George is tall, broad-shouldered, imposing in his bearing, and would remind one of the Emperor Nicholas, had he not, instead of the Czar's cold and hard expression, the mild and winning one which seems to be an appanage of all Guelphs. His Majesty's features look care-worn, sadly serious, yet there is a calmness all over his face, which only a profound sentiment of religious faith could give at such a moment. Two men are with his Majesty.

The King's trusted right hand, Privy Councillor, Dr. Lex, is tying up a bundle of papers with some red tape, his intelligent and piercing eyes mournfully fixed upon a letter which Count Platen, a tall and aristocratic-looking man, in the great uniform of a Minister of State, is holding in his hand.

It is the answer to the Prussian *ultimatum*—perhaps, thinks Dr. Lex, the death-warrant of Hanover. Even the Count, who has generally a sort of mocking smile on his clever but fawn-like face, seems for once in his life serious. The King gives a deep sigh; then a smile passes over his lips, and turning half round to a life-size portrait of his late Majesty, by Kaulbach, he says—

"I know my father would have done the same."

Then, sitting down in an arm-chair, and giving his hand to Count Platen, who kisses it respectfully—

"I thank you, my dear Count. May the Almighty give us His blessing.—And you, *mein lieber Geheimer Rath*, go and take some rest, you must want it, after a sleepless night. As to me, I wish to be alone, it will do me good."

Bowing deeply, Dr. Lex and the Minister of Foreign Affairs (with as many stars on his breast as there were signatories to the treaty of '61, abolishing the "Elbdues") leave the room.

The King, taking with his left hand a square little golden snuff-box, touches with the other an electric bell. One of the ushers, old Mahlmann, with tears in his eyes, opens the door. "A cigar." In a few seconds the heavy silk curtains hiding the passage to the King's drawing-room are pushed back, and Bluhme, his Majesty's valet, brings a cigar in a long peculiar mouthpiece, half paper, half quill, and holding a light, waits till a cloud of smoke indicates that he is no longer needed. The King, passing one hand over his face, leans back in his arm-chair, absorbed in thought.

In the meanwhile the great hall of the castle presents an animated scene and unaccustomed agitation. Ministers of State, generals, foreign diplomatists, the great dignitaries of the Court, deputations from the towns and provinces, and many ladies have assembled to hear the latest news, and are waiting for the return of Count Platen and Dr. Lex. All present look overwhelmed with grief; the Ministers, surrounded by an anxious audience, are whispering words of encouragement and hope. The Mayor of Hanover, a tall and energetic man, seems deeply affected, and the members of the Municipal Council, Hanoverian burghers, till that day somewhat liberal and *frondeurs quand même*, appear to have left their imaginary griefs behind, and have hardly words enough for their devoted loyalty.

General Baron Brandis, the Minister of War—a Waterloo veteran, with open, pleasing face—a true soldier of the old school, frank, practical, simple, and little of a courtier, although the favourite of all ladies, is in a corner endeavouring to calm a group of over-excited Countesses; whilst close to him, as if in such days of trouble he was anxious to shelter himself under the wings of a son of Mars, the Minister of State and of the Royal Household, great Marshal Ernst Unico Baron de Malortie, a thin and bilious-looking man, buried in a gigantic tie, and stooping under the weight of twenty grand crosses, is turning his eyes to heaven, his neighbours hearing him from time to time groaning, "*Fürchterlich, fürchterlich!*"

Not far from him the Minister of Public Worship, Baron Hodenberg, a stern and ascetic-looking young man, is explaining with a certain haughty shyness, to some old ladies and Court chaplains, the true duties of Christian women in a great crisis. A little farther off, in animated conversation, are three men, all in the uniform of Cabinet Ministers: one, the Minister of Interior, Bacmeister, by far the most able member of the Cabinet; opposite to him, Dr. Leonhart, a man of superior knowledge, and of as much ambition as versatility, for Minister of Justice in those days, he holds now the same office in Berlin; the third, the young Minister of Finance, Mr. Dietrichs—intelligent, but

with a nervous look, as if he did not feel at home in the bustle of extraordinary events and of extra responsibility.

Close to the chief entrance is a group of diplomatists, amongst them Baron de Malaret, the French Envoy—a quiet, intelligent, and agreeable man, the same who is at present at the head of the Khedive's, or rather the Egyptian finances; near him, leaning with one hand upon a *guéridon*, and trembling with emotion in his embroidered diplomatic armour, is a shrivelled-up old man, with spectacles, and three thin tufts of white hair, through which he passes nervously his other hand. It is M. de Persiany, the Russian Minister —"Père Siany," as his younger colleagues had christened him. Conversing with him, Sir Charles Wyke, the Queen's representative, who looks as young, elastic, and energetic as ever, but with a sad expression, as if he did not like the turn affairs were taking.

Near the balcony, looking on the grounds, is a group of ladies-in-waiting — one, the imposingly beautiful Baroness von dem Bussche, old Count Hardenberg's daughter; then Frau von Heimbruch, a Saxon beauty; Countess Wedel, the mother of the four tallest men in Hanover, and widow of a Privy Councillor, so stout, that the late King used to say that he had never felt more fatigued than after walking three times round the old Count; then there is the Baroness de Malortie, Prince Bismarck's cousin, herself a Countess Bismarck, and once the shining beauty of the Berlin Court, now the most devoted Hanoverian, but deeply affected to see all she loves divided in two hostile camps; then the Countess Schwichelt, the wife of the most wealthy and most taciturn subject of the King. Shaking hands with every one in the room, is the Lord Chamberlain, Baron Knigge—a little man, with large estates and a son in Prussia—shy, polite, talkative, but careful and hesitating between his loyalty for his two Sovereigns; near the chimney are two silent men, with sun-burned faces, in the green uniform of the Royal Hunt—one Baron Reden, the Master of Buckhounds; the other Count Hardenberg, Master of the Hunt—both crack shots, but neither prodigal of words or thoughts, true types of the old Saxon country noblemen—honest, straightforward, but not learned, nor amusing.

In the background are a host of lords-in-waiting, aides-de-camp, courtiers, and officers of the Guard—amongst the latter, three Princes Solms, nephews of his Majesty, and very popular until the war.

Suddenly, a great commotion. Count Platen and Dr. Lex are leaving the King's cabinet. What are they bringing, peace or war?—that is the question.

Meanwhile the doors of the King's cabinet leading to the apartments of her Majesty are thrown open, and old Mahlmann's trembling voice announces—"The Queen and their Royal Highnesses."

The King rises quickly, and putting down his cigar, opens his arms: a mute embrace says more than words.

Queen Mary, a handsome and graceful woman, is leaning her head on her husband's breast, sobbing violently. Princess Mary, the youngest of the Princesses, has knelt down, and is covering her father's hands with kisses, bitter tears rolling from her lovely and youthful face. Princess Frederika, the very image of her beautiful grandmother, the only sister of the martyr Queen Louisa of Prussia, is leaning proud and erect on the arm of her brother the Crown Prince; she looks pale, but her fiery eyes have no more tears. Why cannot she, like her brother, gird a sword round her tender waist, and face the Prussian bullets at her father's side? The Crown Prince is smiling; it is of his age; the young soldier's princely blood is overboiling with proud joy to draw the sword for Crown, and home and hearth, and he sanguinely counts the laurels his kingly sire will add to the immortal wreath of Waterloo, Salamanca, and a hundred other battles.

"Oh! tell me, *Männchen*," says the Queen, after the first emotion is past, "is it true, is all hope of peace gone?"

"All! My answer is on the way to Berlin, and at midnight hostilities begin. The army will be concentrated at Göttingen, our *Alma Mater*, and I and Ernst will join the head-quarters to-night."

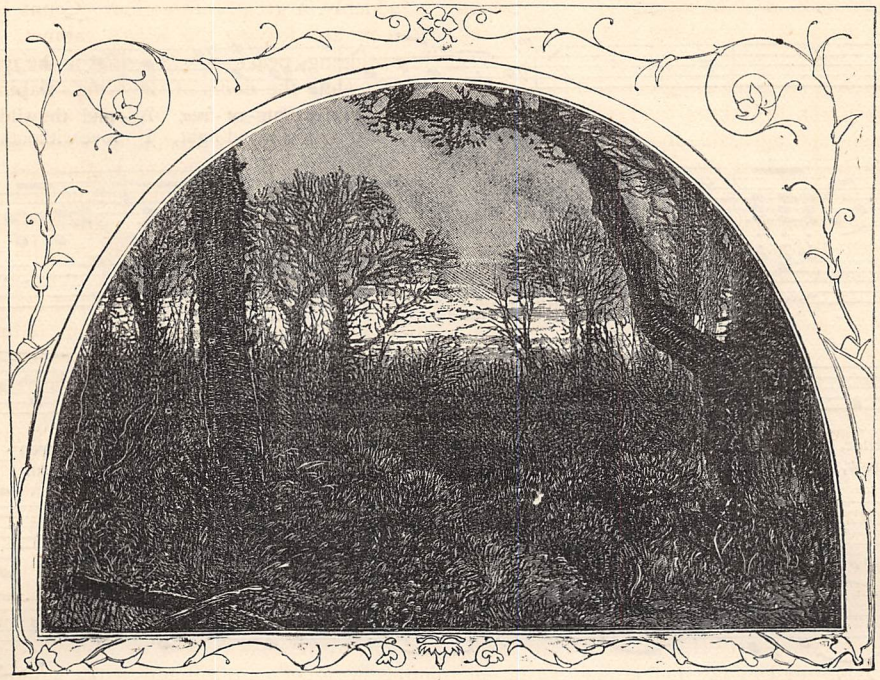
"But I—we?" interrupted the Queen quickly.

"Your place, *meine Engels Königinn*" (a familiar expression of his Majesty), "is here. You three must share the fate of all Hanoverian women whom my soldiers leave behind. Perhaps your presence will induce the invaders to be less hard on my poor Hanover."

"Your will is always mine and ours," replied the Queen; "and God will give us strength to bear this dreadful trial——"

"Come what may," interrupted her Royal Consort, "I feel I could not have acted otherwise, 'as Guelph, as King and Christian'—His will be done!"—and the Queen, the Crown Prince, and the two Princesses echoed—

"His will be done!"



Gaily I Trudge along.

With animation. M.M. ♩. =64. *Words and Music by* CHARLES BASSETT.

PIANO.

f

PED. * PED. *

S.

mf

1. Right gai - ly I trudge a - long,..... Dull care to the winds I fling;..... No
2 I tramp o - ver hill and dale,..... From towns and their din I flee;..... Still

S.

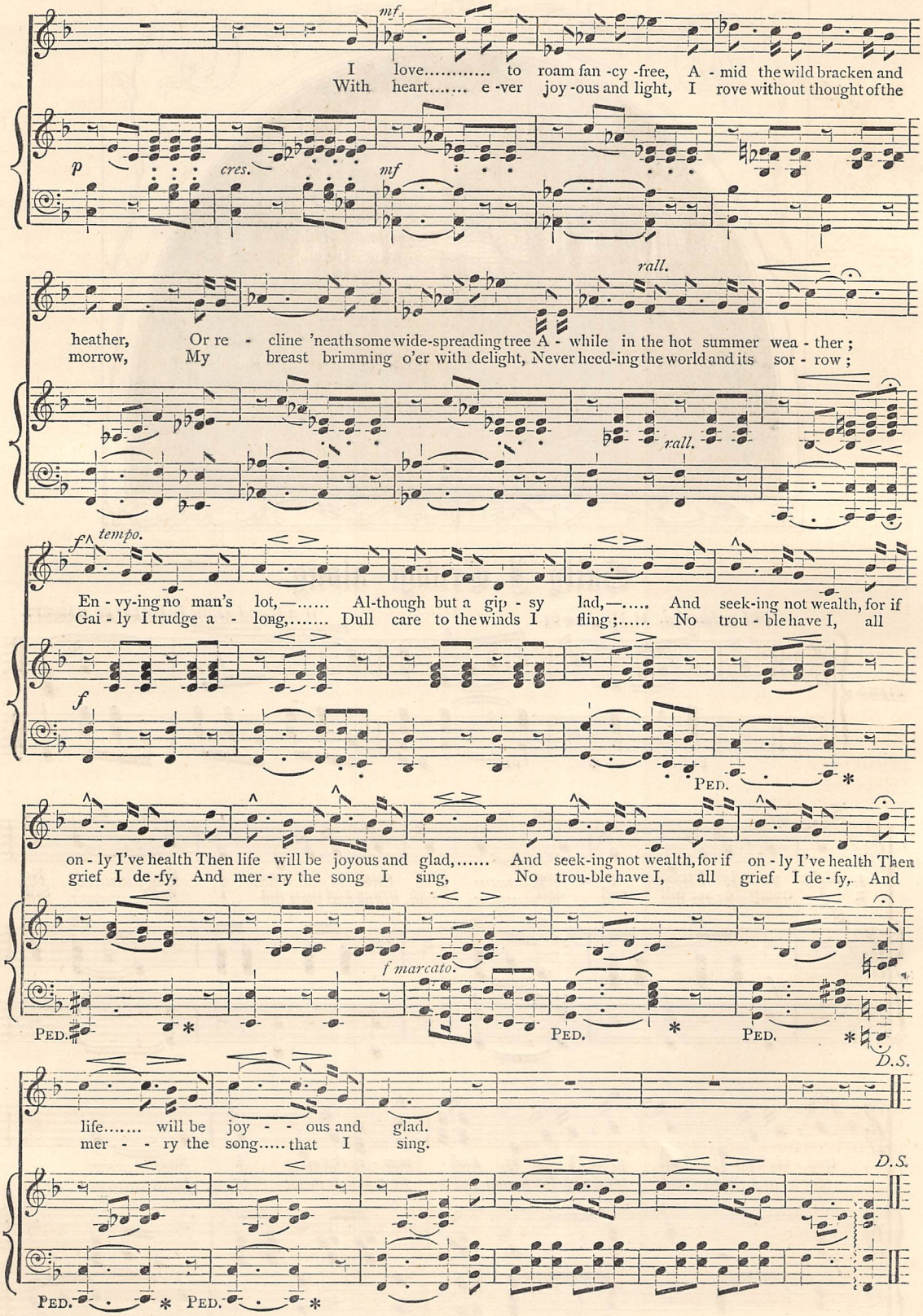
mf

f

trou - ble have I, all grief I de - fy, And mer - ry the song I sing.....
on - ward I roam, ne'er long - ing for home, For a ro - ver I mean to be.....

f

PED. * PED. *


mf
I love..... to roam fan -cy -free, A - mid the wild bracken and
With heart..... e -ver joy -ous and light, I rove without thought of the
p
cres.
mf
rall.
heather, Or re - cline 'neath some wide-spreading tree A - while in the hot summer wea - ther;
morrow, My breast brimming o'er with delight, Never heed-ing the world and its sor - row;
rall.
f tempo.
En - vy-ing no man's lot,—..... Al-though but a gip - sy lad,—..... And seek-ing not wealth, for if
Gai - ly I trudge a - long,..... Dull care to the winds I fling;..... No trou - ble have I, all
f
PED. *
on - ly I've health Then life will be joyous and glad,..... And seek-ing not wealth, for if on - ly I've health Then
grief I de -fy, And mer - ry the song I sing, No trou-ble have I, all grief I de - fy, And
f marcato.
PED. * PED. * PED. *
D.S.
life..... will be joy - - ous and glad.
mer - - ry the song..... that I sing.
D.S.
PED. * PED. *

SOME SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS DISHES.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."

IT is with innocent and happy hearts that we should approach the present holy festival, and it is only when our hearts are swollen with such thoughts that we can hope to answer honestly the question, What is hospitality? Christmas-time is now approaching rapidly, and many of us know that we—thanks to its hallowing influence—make some slight change in our wonted customs. In the first place, we shall give one or more dinner-parties, in which some, perhaps, will be invited who would not be asked at any other time of the year.

On these real festive occasions, what should be chiefly borne in mind is that true hospitality in giving dinners consists in giving as far as possible what will be eaten, not what looks best, or is most convenient. I have already in my previous papers, now published under the title of "Common-Sense Cookery," referred to turtle soup, roast beef, turkey and goose, as well as to plum-pudding and mince-pies, and I would now rather confine myself to a few really nice entrées, remarking that to many persons with good appetites, the entrées are often that part of the dinner most appreciated; but, then, how entrées vary! For instance, contrast a dish of oyster patties with one of mutton cutlets. You generally see the former when handed round taken in its early stages, till the dish becomes so bare that it is refused out of politeness; on the other hand, the cutlets are refused time after time till, perhaps, some very poor relation takes one out of compassion. The practical moral of this is, let us have some oyster patties, and enough of them. Next, how shall we make them? for you will *never* get them fit to eat from the pastrycooks', who seem to imagine an oyster patty to be a good-sized piece of pastry, probably light enough, with a small dab of something in the middle about the size of a wafer, in which nothing can be detected in flavour except anchovy sauce.

Oyster patties must, of course, be divided into two distinct portions—the cases and the inside—and we will not here enter into the construction of the former, as you will save time, trouble, and money by buying the cases ready-made, asking for small *vol-au-vent* cases, which will come to about three-halfpence or twopence each. These little *vol-au-vent* cases have small flat lids, and not a little round ball of puff-paste on the top, and contain a far larger quantity of "inside" than the ordinary patty-cases generally obtained from a pastrycook's. We will therefore suppose twelve cases to be ready, and will now describe how to make rich oyster forcemeat, if the expression may be used, wherewith to fill them.

First order in two dozen good-sized oysters, and open them carefully so that not a drop of the liquor inside is lost. If no one in your establishment is capable of opening oysters—a not uncommon occurrence—you should send some one with a basin to the fishmonger's, who will see the oysters opened, as the importance of not wasting any of the liquor cannot be overrated.

Next take out the oysters carefully, and remove the beards, which are hard and indigestible, and place these beards in a small stewpan with the oyster-liquor; next rinse the oysters in a little milk—about half a pint—and pour this milk into the stewpan with the beards and liquor, and let it gently simmer over the fire for some time, to extract all the flavour possible from the beard, as with the present high price of oysters the flavour must be economised as much as possible. Now strain this carefully in case of tiny little pieces of oyster-shell remaining in, which is a very dangerous thing to get into the mouth, and throw away the beards. Next thicken the strained milk and oyster-liquor with some white roux, which we have already described to be equal quantities of butter and flour, that have been well mixed together and thoroughly baked without any brown colour being imparted. The thickness should be about equal to double cream. Next add a little cayenne pepper and a tea-spoonful of anchovy sauce, as well as a little ordinary black pepper—bearing in mind the good maxim, which should never be forgotten when pepper is used, that it is easy to add but impossible to take away, and that many persons object to high seasoning.

I would recommend the cook to taste this mixture, first before the anchovy sauce is added, and secondly after. It is a good lesson, showing how the anchovy sauce possesses the wonderful power of bringing out the oyster-flavour.

We will next turn to the oysters themselves; these must be scalded—*i.e.*, place them in a small strainer, and dip them into boiling water, but only for a very short time, as otherwise they would get hard. Then cut them up into two, three, or four pieces each, according to their size, add them to the thickened and flavoured liquor and milk, and stir it up in a basin, and make it all hot, but do not let it reach boiling heat; when hot add the yolks of two eggs, and after well mixing fill the cold empty patty-cases with this hot mixture. As these patty-cases are already baked nearly enough, were you to put the inside in *cold*, they would take so long to make hot in the oven, that by the time the inside part was hot through the pastry would be quite spoilt.

Have you ever tasted at any dinner some patties in which the pastry was hot, but the inside cold? I have several times. Do you know what this means? It means that they have been sent from the pastrycook's, and the cook forgot how long it would take to warm a little compact dab of "forcemeat" in the centre of a lot of pastry. In fact, when ready-made patties of

any description are sent from the pastrycook's, the safest plan of warming up is to empty the patties, warm the insides separately, and when hot refill the cold cases, when a very short time will be found to be sufficient to make them hot.

Many persons, instead of having a number of small *vol-au-vents*, one of which makes "a portion," prefer to have one large *vol-au-vent;* when this is the case it will be found advisable to add a tin of preserved button mushrooms to the inside. These mushrooms should be put in the milk and liquor after the beards have been strained—the mushrooms, of course, being cut up when large. This not only helps to fill the inside—oysters, as we have said, being now very dear—but also improves the flavour.

We next come to consider the best method of garnishing this dish of patties, or *vol-au-vents*, as the case may be. By far the best garnish will be found to be fried parsley and, if possible, a few small crayfish. A large *vol-au-vent*, surrounded by freshly-fried dark green parsley, with four small crayfish with open claws leaning against the sides of the *vol-au-vent*, has a very handsome appearance, especially if the dish be a good-sized massive silver one.

There are two valuable, but at the same time somewhat dangerous seasonings, that I have omitted in the preparation of oyster patties and *vol-au-vents*, and these are lemon-juice and nutmeg. I have purposely put these two seasonings in a separate paragraph, in order the better to warn you against their indiscriminate use. There is, perhaps, nothing that tests the cook's art more than the use of spices, the too general fault being that they over-spice their dishes. For instance, those who have ever tasted the mock-turtle soup sold in large basins in ham and beef shops, will probably, if possessed of any palate, recollect how, as a rule, the flavour of mace preponderated, and to a great extent spoiled the flavour of the soup. Just so in these oyster patties; a suspicion of nutmeg and about a salt-spoonful of lemon-juice, supposing the lemon to be fresh and thick-skinned, added to the whole mass, will improve the flavour; but err, if possible, on the side of too little rather than too much.

While upon the subject of cooking oysters, I will refer to a most delicious little *bonne-bouche*, which I think has been dignified with the name of "flying angel;" and should you be fortunate enough this Christmas to receive that good old-fashioned, but now, alas! rare present, a barrel of oysters, you would do well to remember the following receipt:—Cut out first a dozen pieces of stale bread, the size and thickness of ordinary good-sized draughtsmen, or say a little bigger round than half-a-crown, and fry these pieces of bread a nice golden-brown colour. Have these drained and then slightly buttered over with anchovy butter—*i.e.*, one anchovy filleted and pounded with a little butter—a piece of anchovy butter the size of a pea being sufficient for each piece of fried bread. Next cut some round pieces of fat bacon, as thin as a wafer; fry them just enough to cook them, and lay them on the bread, place a roasted oyster on the top of each piece of bacon, and pour the liquor of the oyster out of the deep shell over each. To roast an oyster, you have simply to place it, the round shell downwards, on a gridiron. When the oyster opens of its own accord, then it is done; or if in a few minutes it won't open, you will find it give easily to a knife. Detach the oyster with a thin sharp knife from each shell. I think these little *bonnes-bouches* about the most delicious things I know.

I will now try and explain another entrée, very good, called *tête-de-veau, en tortue*—or in other words, calf's head dressed turtle fashion. First, do not be alarmed, I am not going to order whole truffles, cocks'-combs, silver arrows, *ad lib.*—all very good in their way, but then those who can afford to use them generally keep a cook who is in no want of the elementary instruction that we here endeavour to give. So let us try what we may term a middle-class method, and suppose half a calf's head has been bought for the purpose of making mock-turtle soup. First parboil the head, and when sufficiently cooked to separate the meat from the bones, take it out of the large saucepan and place it on a dish, and with a sharp knife cut a good oblong or slightly oval piece of the horn away from the bone, leaving the ear exactly in the centre; this ear will stick upright in the centre of the dish eventually. Next the gravy: take some of the stock in which the bones of the head are being boiled, and which we presume to be already flavoured with marjoram, basil, lemon-thyme, &c., as well as having had the usual herbs, parsley, onion, &c., added to it, and place the stock on the fire with a little extra marjoram, basil, and lemon-thyme, and if possible add a good pinch of a herb called pennyroyal. Reduce this stock to make it very strong, strain it off, thicken it with brown thickening, and if only a little gravy beef was used in making the stock originally, add a little extract of meat. Add also a small tin of button mushrooms, two table-spoonfuls of tomato sauce, if not acid, and a good-sized port wine glass of golden sherry, or still better, madeira. The calf's ear and surrounding flesh must be gently stewed in this gravy till perfectly tender, and if care be taken in this process, the ear itself, which will be above the gravy, will become glazed, and present that dark, rich, golden-brown appearance, that renders it so appetising. The gravy should be quite as thick as double cream. Care should be taken before stewing the parboiled ear to remove all grease from the gravy, and pepper should be added, as usual, sparingly. Next have ready some hearts of bread, fried a nice brown colour, and having placed the ear in the centre of a dish, and poured the rich gravy over it, ornament the dish by placing fried eggs—four will be enough—alternately round the edge of the dish with the fried bread. These eggs must be fried rather hard, and trimmed, so that only a thin rim of white surrounds the yolk. Also, pick out some of the largest mushrooms, and put them upright on the meat, and place on and about the meat a few stoned French olives—a dozen will be plenty. Some also use a few filleted anchovies, but they are not absolutely necessary.

"ROUNDS," AND HOW TO SING THEM.

BY HUMPHREY J. STARK, MUS.B., REGISTRAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

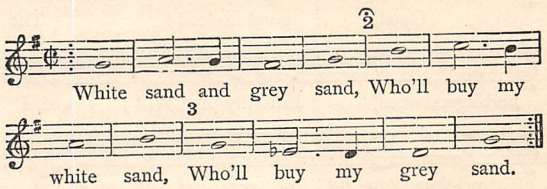
WINTER evening round the fireside! Who does not recall many happy memories of such scenes, and who does not look forward to a renewal of them, as the gradually shortening days of the autumn months warn us that our too brief season of out-door enjoyment is once more drawing to a close? True, our summer rambles through shady woods, or still more enjoyable boating excursions and picnics, must for the time be abandoned; yet who will venture to assert that the home relaxations, which belong especially to the winter season, are one whit less dear to the heart of even the humblest individual who, after the labours of the day, can assemble with his family round his "ain fireside?"

Amongst the many forms of intellectual recreation which are encouraged and developed in the family circle, music has always occupied a high position; and a little consideration will prove that the favour which has been bestowed upon this art is fully warranted by the pure and refined enjoyment which it imparts, not only to the listener, but also to those who share in its performance.

Music offers to its votaries such an endless variety of combinations, and can be studied under so many different forms, that its resources may be safely regarded as inexhaustible. Moreover, it is pre-eminently a *social* art. By means of the choral society, the vocal class, and other organisations, thousands of persons are annually drawn together throughout the length of our land; and of these there are few who cannot look back upon pleasant acquaintances or warm friendships, which have first originated through a chance meeting at some musical gathering. There is, indeed, no lack of opportunity, either in London or the provinces, for the amateur who desires to co-operate with others in the study and performance of vocal or instrumental music; but although it would be idle to deny that much good to art has resulted from these organisations, yet there is reason to fear that many persons have been misled as to the real state of their musical knowledge by the ease with which they have fulfilled their duties when singing or playing in company with a number of others. How few amateurs, for instance, will consent to sing in an *unaccompanied* glee or part-song, even in their own drawing-room! And yet in the majority of cases the added pianoforte accompaniment simply destroys the effect intended by the composer, and from the support which it renders to the voices, creates a false impression in the minds of the performers, leading them to believe that they are fully competent to sustain their respective parts in a chorus, when in truth many of them would be puzzled to sing a few simple intervals at sight. Without taking a desponding view of our condition as a musical nation, we must admit that in some respects we have fallen short of the standard attained by our forefathers. Time was when but few educated persons possessing a voice were incapable of taking part in the performance of a glee, catch, or canon. They sang independently of pianoforte or other accompaniment, and for this reason derived greater gratification from their performances.

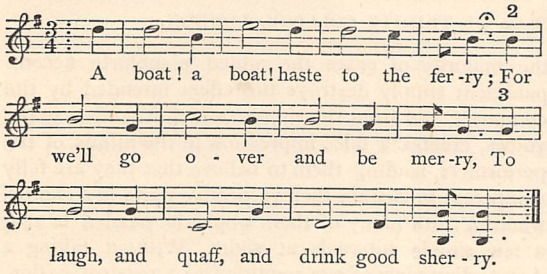
We have, then, a rich store of English glees, madrigals, rounds, catches, and canons; many of them of great beauty, and almost all possessing some amount of interest. It may be well to explain that each of the above titles represents a distinct class of composition, although for a long period the term "glee" has been applied generally to all kinds of vocal music in three or more parts. The glee proper should have at least two movements, and in performance ought not to have more than one singer to each part. In this respect it differs from its predecessor, the madrigal—a kind of composition wherein several vocalists to each part are usually required. The art of glee-writing is now practically extinct, and for the best specimens of this style we must fall back upon works by composers of the latter half of the eighteenth and the beginning of the present centuries.

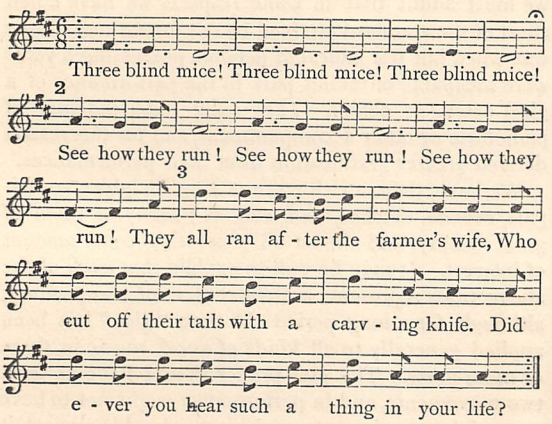
The round is a composition usually for equal voices—that is, voices of the *same kind*—as, for example, three trebles or three tenors. This arrangement is not, however, absolutely essential. Here is a well-known round:—



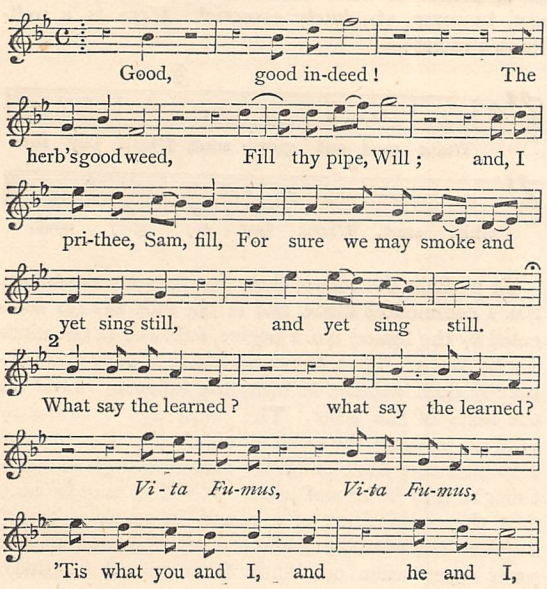
To perform the above, three vocalists are necessary. No. 1 commences alone, and at the fifth bar (as indicated by the figure) No. 2 begins, followed at the ninth bar by No. 3. Thus, the composition is sung throughout by each vocalist in turn, one following *round* on the heels of the other. The pause sign 𝄐 is merely used to indicate the point at which the singers must stop after they have sung the round through as many times as may be agreed upon. It will at once be seen that the composition of a round (in reality a *canon*) requires considerable ingenuity, as, of course, all the parts must, when combined, form correct harmony.

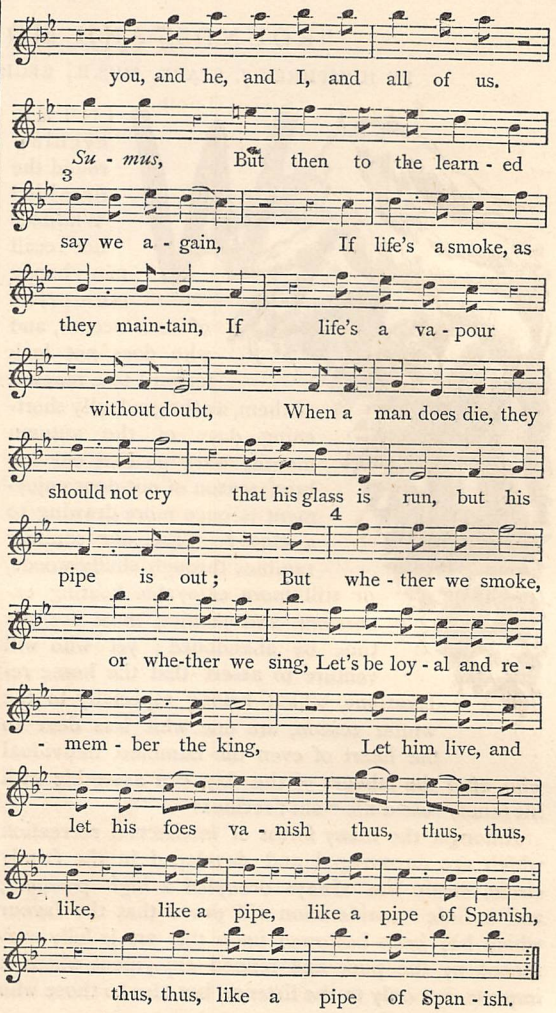
Two other familiar specimens are here given. They can be sung as just explained :—



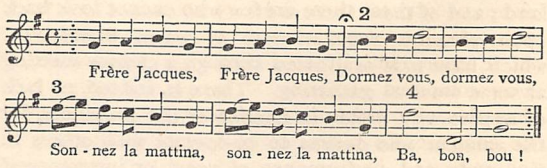


The catch is written and sung in precisely the same manner as the round, the only distinction between them being that the words of the catch are always of a humorous character. By the ingenuity of the composer the singers are made to interrupt or *catch up* each other's words, and thus produce a totally different meaning, often amounting to a pun. One of the best examples is Dean Aldrich's catch "On Tobacco," which is quaintly directed "to be sung by four men while smoking their pipes :"—





It is generally supposed that rounds and catches are peculiar to English music, and to a great extent this is true. The following example will prove, however, that composers of other nationalities have not wholly neglected them :—



Let our readers, whilst enjoying the comfort of a warm fireside, try the experiment of singing such simple compositions as are given above, and we are much mistaken if they do not derive from them an amount of pleasure which will not be surpassed even by assisting in the performance of an elaborate oratorio, with all the resources of a modern orchestra and chorus.

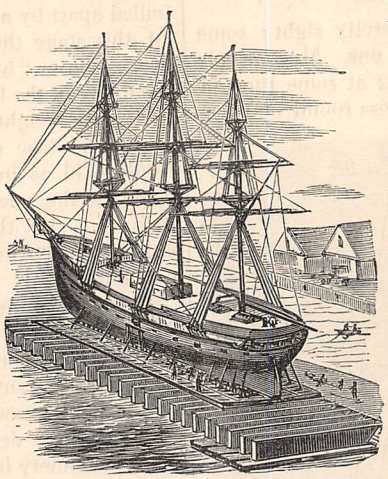
THE GATHERER.

England's "Sweet Tooth."

The sugar harvest is now almost as important to the world as the crop of corn; it is so common an article and so cheap in our own day, that we forget how straitened our forefathers were for this apparently simple thing. They were driven to use a great deal of honey in its stead. Yet, even when remembering the barrels and barrels at the grocers', it hardly seems possible that no less than 800,000,000 lbs. of sugar have been imported into England in one year—equal to 400,000 tons! This gives 31 lbs. as consumed annually by every single person. Although sugar is made in Canada from the juice of the maple-tree, and on the Continent from beet-root (the experiment of making it from beet-root has, we believe, been tried in England), by far the largest quantity is extracted from the sugar-cane. The canes are cut close to the ground, for there the stem contains the most juice, and having been made into bundles something like fagots, they are carried by mules to the mill, where the canes are passed between three rollers, and the juice is crushed out. One hundred gallons of this juice yield a little more than 100 lbs. weight of raw sugar. To make a hogshead of raw sugar requires 1,800 gallons of juice, but it has still to go through a variety of processes before emerging in the shape of the well-known conical white loaf. When it has assumed a roughly conical form it is smoothed and pointed by a machine somewhat resembling an exaggerated pencil-cutter, and the larger end is cut off. Another machine cleans the loaf with a revolving brush like an extinguisher, through which water is forced. Altogether the amount of labour, and the variety of operations that the raw material has to undergo, are surprising, considering how cheaply it is sold. An acre of this crop yields from twenty to thirty tons of cane. In 1736 only 2,500,000 lbs. of sugar were imported into the whole of Europe, but in 1867 the world's sugar harvest was computed at 7,500,000,000 lbs.! so enormously has this crop risen in importance. It is very curious to compare the taste for sugar in different countries, as indicated by the consumption per head: England comes first of all with 31 lbs.; Denmark next, 13¼ lbs.; France and Switzerland, each 9½ lbs.; the Netherlands, 9 lbs.; Germany, 8 lbs.; 3 lbs. in Austria; and only 2 lbs. in Turkey, Russia, Greece, and Spain respectively. These figures show that as a nation we have decidedly a very "sweet tooth," much sweeter than the French, though theirs is the land of bonbons.

Lifting Ships out of Water.

A ship is said to float upon the surface, but as a matter of fact the largest part of a vessel is really under water; as much as two-thirds, or even more, being as it were sunk and out of sight. This is what is meant by a ship drawing twenty feet. The keel is as deep below the surface as the roof of a cottage is above the level of the ground. All this portion is in consequence quite out of reach, and when a leak takes place, or any damage is sustained, before it can be repaired either the water must be drawn away from the vessel, or the vessel must be hoisted bodily above and out of the water, so that the carpenters or smiths may work. At great sea-ports, as London, docks have been constructed which utilise the rise and fall of the tide for this purpose: the damaged ship enters the dock at full tide, and when the ebb occurs the water is shut out by gates, leaving her high and dry. But it often happens that ships require repair when many thousand miles from great sea-ports, at places where it would be difficult to make such docks, the tides not rising high enough, and where the immense expense attending their construction is an insuperable obstacle. To meet these cases the floating dock exhibited in our engraving has been invented, which literally lifts the ship right out of water. It is in effect an ingenious raft, which can be made to float or sink at pleasure. The floor of the raft is hollow, and water can be pumped in or out of this part. The upright portion against which the vessel in the cut seems to lean is also hollow and contains air, the buoyancy of which is just sufficient to float the raft itself without any load. All the lifting power is under the keel, and the side compartment is chiefly useful in keeping the ship upright. When water is pumped into the bottom of the raft it sinks below the surface to the depth required, the vessel is placed precisely above it, the water pumped out, and the raft rises, carrying the ship with it. From the floating dock she can then be transferred to the "gridiron," which is simply a strong platform where she is propped upright, and where workmen can repair her at their ease. Something of the same principle is employed in one class of ironclads; when going into action water is let into certain compartments, and its weight sinks the deck almost flush or level with the sea, so as to afford little for the enemy to aim at. When the fight is over the water can be pumped out, and the deck rises to its original height above the surface. Upon this buoyant raft, or floating dock, ships can be taken into very shallow water, where they



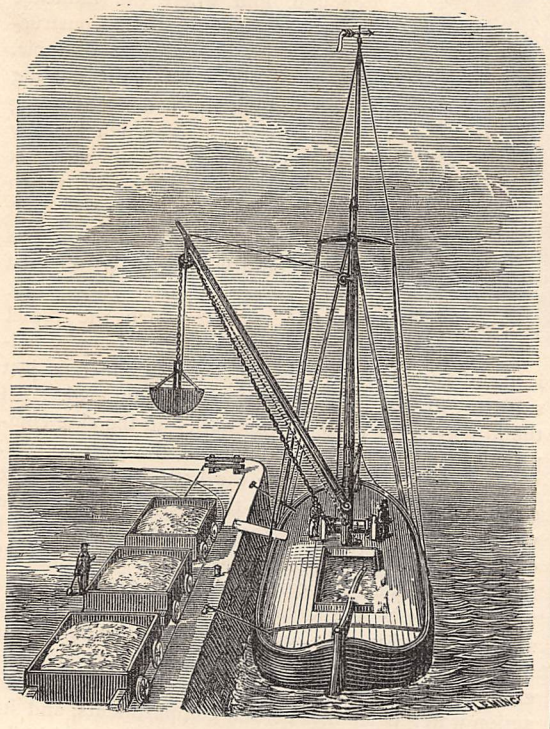
could not otherwise go; and in this way it is proposed to transport ironclads through the Suez Canal when they cannot pass it because their keels would touch the bottom.

Rising with the Lark.

Investigations made by a French ornithologist as to the habits of birds have entirely destroyed the lark's reputation for early rising. As a matter of fact he is quite a lazy bird, and does not rise until long after chaffinches, linnets, &c., have had their breakfast. We are informed that the earliest riser is the green-finch, which gets up from his downy nest and sings at the early hour of half-past one o'clock in the morning. Next, at half-past two, the blackcap begins, and a half an hour later the quail presents itself. Then, an hour later, the first real songster, the blackbird, makes its appearance. At half-past four the thrush is heard to sing. The robin is heard shortly after, followed by the wren. Then, to conclude our list, the house-sparrow and tom-tit appear to warn us, by their merry twitter, of the approaching day.

A Self-acting Bucket.

A dredger in action is not a pretty sight; some would hardly call it an interesting one. Most people have seen the process in full swing at some time or other: bucket after bucket in endless round crawling



up to a certain height, and then casting its dirty contents not only down the shoot into the barge prepared for them, but also scattering them liberally over the unwieldy vessel, and the men employed in the work. But *nous avons changé tout cela.* A very ingenious contrivance has been invented for raising mud, stones, &c., from the bottom of rivers, harbours, and canals, and for doing in fact the work of a dredger without the usual accompaniments which we have vaguely hinted at. The machine has been successfully tested in America and various parts of England and Scotland; and, with a view to its more general use, Messrs. Thomas Christy and Co. have taken the invention in hand, and, under the name of the "Self-acting Bucket," have extended the principle and applied it to other purposes besides dredging.

The plan on which it acts is simple in the extreme. The bucket is made to come asunder at the middle, and its edges at the point of junction of each half vary in accordance with the kind of matter that has to be raised. There is a straight or curved cutting edge for ordinary loose soil or mud, short teeth that fit into each other for cutting through clay or gravel, and strong tines (called a grab) for picking up pieces of rock after an under-water explosion. Two stout chains connect the bucket with a hand-winch or steam-crane—one used for lowering, the other for raising. When lowered the bucket falls wide open into the material which requires lifting, each half being pulled apart by a brake acting upon one of the chains. At this stage the attention is solely directed to the excavation or "howking-up" of the *débris*, and then to the filling of the bucket—work that is completely done by its own weight. As soon as the edges meet again (or, in the case of huge stones, until the pieces are firmly held as in a vice), it is raised by the second chain to the necessary height and swung round for delivery. By throwing the weight upon the first chain, the bucket falls apart and discharges its contents.

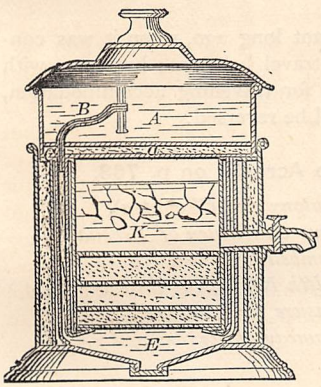
It must be evident that this process combines simplicity and cheapness with as near an approach to cleanliness as work in mud will allow, it being almost impossible for anything to escape from the close-shut bucket. It possesses the further advantage of not being liable to derangement—there being no complicated machinery in connection with it—or, in the event of accident, of being easily repairable.

The wood-cut shows a barge unloading fine material such as ashes, grain, or ballast, with the full bucket in the act of descending. Directly it reaches the waggon the pulling-chain compels it to disgorge; it is then raised, and lowered into the hold where it fills, and so on, the operation being repeated until the barge is speedily emptied, and waggon after waggon loaded. The two chains are worked by the hand-winch placed in front of the mast, but this appliance is used only in those cases where there is not a steam-crane on the wharf. The bucket is entirely self-acting and is under the control of only one man—the man at the winch—to whom, no doubt, passers-by *are* permitted to speak. The whole process effects a great saving of labour, and the bucket ought to be found as useful in raising grain from barges or small vessels, as in dredging mud and other refuse from the bottom of canals or rivers. Moreover, by attaching a huge prong or fork instead of a bucket to the chain, cargoes of manure can be readily "shipped," and as readily removed.

A Water Filter and Cooler.

Very few companies supply drinking water that can be said to be in every respect satisfactory. Though to the naked eye the liquid may seem pure and clear, if a few drops of it were placed under the microscope, that instrument would in all likelihood a tale unfold of living organisms and other ordinarily invisible impurities.

Every one uses water, in greater or less quantities, for drinking purposes, and the necessity of having it quite free from all objectionable matter ought by this time, we should imagine, to be generally understood. Speaking in the abstract, this is no doubt true; but it is very seldom you find people disposed to carry out in practice what they admit to be correct and salutary in theory. To insist, nowadays, upon the value of a filter would be merely to declaim, for every writer on health has expressed a decided opinion as to its sanitary importance. The filter is at once efficacious as a remedy, precautionary in the case of naturally pure water, simple in its mode of operation, likely to keep in good order—subject to certain intelligible conditions—for a few years, and, to crown all, is comparatively inexpensive. It is in fact an institution that ought to be found in every home. But, in spite of obvious considerations such as the above, we greatly question whether this expedient for cleansing water is at all commonly adopted.



Our engraving, from the "Practical Dictionary of Mechanics," represents a mechanical appliance that does a twofold duty. We have here both a filter and a cooler, the water first going through the process of filtration and then proceeding to an ice-chamber, whence a deliciously cool draught may be drawn as required—an important feature, this latter, which would of course be most thoroughly appreciated on a warm summer's day.

Briefly the diagram may be thus explained. The water from the reservoir A above passes into a tube B, whose mouth is vertically adjustable. This tube communicates below with the filter-bed E, and thence the water, by a well-known physical law, ascends till it reaches the ice-chamber K.

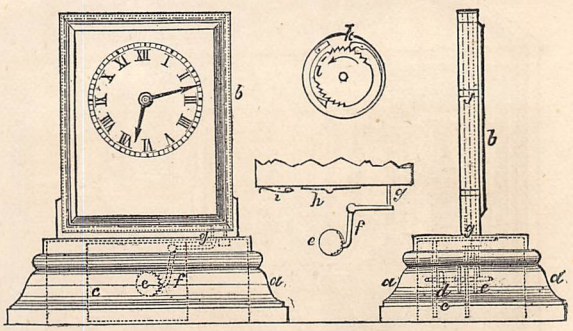
We think that this filter and cooler would be to some extent improved upon, if the water were in the first instance to be placed in the ice-chamber, and from thence conveyed to the filter-bed, from which it could be drawn by the tap. And in order to effect this improvement, we do not see that any very great alteration would be necessary in the apparatus as it stands.

A Puzzle Clock.

A Parisian clockmaker, well known as an inventor of puzzle clocks, has constructed one which is calculated to puzzle the most ingenious mind. It is a clock which, to all appearance, goes without works. There have been several of these mysterious clocks exhibited lately, the best being by Robert Houdin's arrangement of the double glass plate. This invention consisted of two glass discs placed parallel, and contained in the one circular frame. On one of the discs was marked the dial, while the other turned on its centre, and was attached to the minute-hand. The works of the clock were hidden in the surrounding frame, and the turning of the disc was rendered imperceptible.

The clock shown in our engraving cannot, of course, be constructed on this principle, as the glass plates are square, and, besides, they are apparently fixed in the base support.

The trick, however, can readily be seen on looking at the diagrams. Two plates are provided in the clock, one of which is fixed to the base, and on this plate the dial is marked. Both plates are encased in one frame, *b*, but this is loose enough to allow the



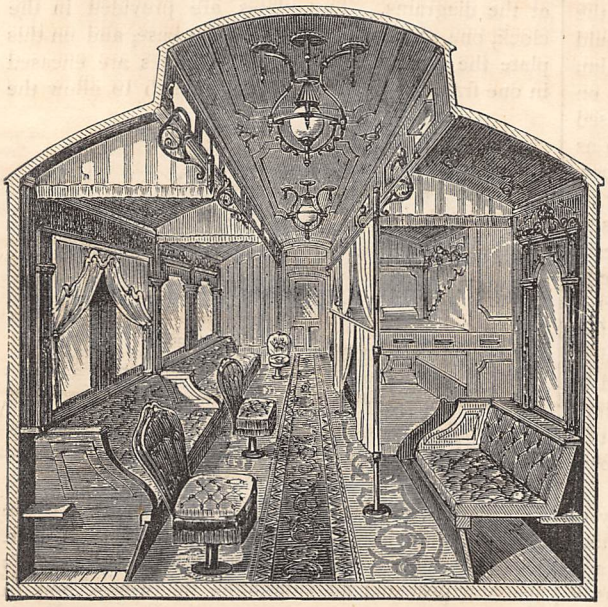
rear plate to oscillate a little. The lower middle figure represents the bottom of the plate, which rests on a balance-beam, *h*. At the base of the clock there is space, *c*, provided for concealing the works, and in this a ratchet-wheel, *e*, containing thirty teeth, is worked once in an hour. The teeth of the wheel *e* at the proper time come in contact with the hook *f*, which moves the bell-crank attached thereto, thus giving an up-and-down reciprocating motion to the rod *g*, which presses against the bottom of the movable glass plate. By this means, and the working of the spring *i*, the plate is caused to oscillate isochronously. The motion of this plate to the minute-hand is communicated by the ratchet gearing provided in an aperture made through the centre of both plates, and represented in the upper and middle figure. The hour-hand of this ingenious clock is worked in turn by the minute-hand and by a neatly concealed piece of mechanism.

A Snug Journey by Rail.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to sleep when taking a long journey by rail or water. A few years ago such

a thing was well-nigh impossible, but now comfortable beds, as snug as one's own room at home, are obtainable to those who are in a position to pay for the luxury. Pullman's cars have already become so popular that other geniuses contrive to bring improvements before the notice of the public. The best of these is undoubtedly the one shown in the accompanying illustration. At night luxurious berths, erected in tiers to the ceiling, are provided for sleeping purposes, and in the day-time the car is converted into a pleasant drawing-room. The chief feature of this improved car is that its weight does not exceed 21 tons, effecting an important saving on other cars, the lightest of which is from 28 to 35 tons.

Annexed is an interior sketch showing a row of berths in proper rig. The car is provided with fixed side seats, of length equal to a sleeping berth. Two revolving chairs are placed in the front of each sofa, which are of great convenience in the day-time, while



at night the seats are removed, and the remaining pedestals serve as supports for fixing the bed. The upper ends of the posts are secured by a bracket attached to the ceiling, and close to the lower portion of each post is a collar, which has a projection to support the lower bed. Near the middle of the post is another projection, to receive and support the front and end rails of the upper berth. The ends of the rails next to the side of the car are socketed in the wall of the car itself, and the bottom of the berth is supported by "cleats" (or straps) on the inner sides of the end rails. This arrangement is of untold advantage, as it affords the unusual opportunity of erecting a single bed independently of another, and all the berths may be fixed together as occasion requires.

Ventilation for the lower berths is insured by a vertical flue which is erected between the windows of the car-wall. The flue extends almost to the top of the car, and has an aperture outside, so that the movement of the vehicle draws up the air from the lower berths, thus insuring a thorough ventilation. This is a most necessary advantage, and one calculated to make these temporary homes much more healthy and agreeable.

There was a time, not long ago, when it was considered a hardship to travel by night; but now, with all the improvements for travelling accommodation, the order of things will be reversed.

Answer to Acrostic on p. 763.

O ctavia (*Antony and Cleopatra*).
L ucetta (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*)
I mogen (*Cymbeline*).
V iola (*Twelfth Night*).
I sabel (*Measure for Measure*).
A driana (*Comedy of Errors*).

Christmas Double Acrostic.

There's commotion in the nursery,
For Christmastide is near,
And children hope that this old friend
Will think of them this year.

This mythical animal never was caught,
Though solemnly hunted and carefully sought.

Pall-Mall contains me always,
And I'm found in every ball;
I'm nothing short of everything,
Although I am not tall.

The ring I gave to him, unknown
He had returned to me,
Yet told me, to a prating boy
He'd given it as a fee.

A sect in China trusting to their reason,
Forsooth! Such folly seems to me mere treason!

The bird he shot. What could he gain?
Destruction followed in its train;
We perished on the watery main.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"Now, what is love? I will thee tell:
It is the fountain and the well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell."

NOT altogether unexpected to Mr. Musgrave was the momentous news which greeted him on arriving home that morning.

"But let us have breakfast first," he said, as he shook hands with Eugene, "and we will discuss this great matter after."

"Ought I not to go to the rectory?" Eugene asked. "I am Harry's guest, you know."

"Never mind; we will make it all right with the Gwynnes. You must give us a week first, and then go to them."

When Mr. Musgrave said this, Eugene knew in his heart that he had given him his daughter. In his case there were no objections likely to arise on the score of means, or age, or family; it was a question of affection only between him and Rachel. His fortune was ample; he had entered the Church from choice, not as a profession merely; and he was master of himself, having no near relation with a right to interfere with his actions. He lost father and mother at an early age, and was left to the care of an uncle—dead also now. This gentleman had placed him as private pupil at the rectory, and it was here he first saw Rachel. But his was not a love at first sight: it had grown on him through the months and years of their intimacy, till at last came the firm conviction that she was the one woman in the world who held his happiness in her hands. There had been a time when he had looked on her as coldly beautiful, and too proud and repelling for love; but since then he had learned to understand the faults of his own nature, and he felt that Rachel's calmness was both soothing and supporting—a staff in firmness, a vine in tenderness. Truly, it was a happy lot to have won such a woman, and life seemed very fair and bright to him as he looked down at her blushing face, and caught the timid light in her dark blue eyes.

Rachel was very silent at breakfast, and her appetite was gone; but men must eat, even if hearts are full to choking. Talk, too, must be carried on somehow, and Eugene did his best to smooth down the embarrassment of the hour, and spare Rachel all effort at speech.

"Can you guess who was Harry's fellow-traveller and mine to-day?" he said to Mr. Musgrave.

"We have not many visitors on this coast so early," he answered. "Tourists and artists come in the autumn, so it could only have been a grazier, or perhaps some stray barrister seeking the hills and the sea to brace up his worn-out wits."

"Why guess a barrister rather than any other profession?" demanded Dora.

"There was one here last year, my dear; and he may be like the first swallow, the harbinger of a flock."

"I hope not," returned Dora. "I detest barristers."

"For what reason?" said Eugene, laughing.

"Because I fancy they are all like Mr. Haslam. I never met with such a taciturn, moody, unsociable man. If you remember, Rachel, he was morose enough to refuse every invitation we gave him."

"Perhaps he will be more sociable this time," observed Eugene.

"Then it is Mr. Haslam who came with you," said Mr. Musgrave, and there was a slight shade in his voice damping its cheeriness. "Is he on a visit to the rectory?"

"No; he is going to his old lodgings, but doubtless he will be a good deal at the rectory. After the kindness he received there last winter, he can scarcely avoid being friendly."

"It would be very extraordinary if he were unfriendly to people who saved his life," returned Rachel gravely.

"Oh! we do not think much of saving life down here in Cornwall," said her father. "He may feel as carelessly about that as Milly did. She never even asked the name of the man who pulled her out of the waves."

"Who is Milly?" asked Eugene.

A slight flush rose in Rachel's fair face as she answered him, "Milly is our cousin—Milicent Martock; she was staying with us last winter."

"Oh! I forgot, Maberly, that you were not here at the time of our great excitement, when Mr. Haslam was nearly killed in rescuing my niece at the wreck of the *Bosphorus*," said Mr. Musgrave.

"Your niece? Miss Martock?" repeated Eugene with a puzzled air. "How is it I have never heard of this before?"

"She and her father have lived much abroad; we have not been on very friendly terms with him," Mr. Musgrave said, in a tone which seemed to shut out

questioning. "I think my niece never happened to be here during your stay at the rectory. She is a pretty, clever girl. I do not, of course, hold her responsible for the shortcomings of her father. He never visits here."

There was a moment's silence. Rachel fancied Eugene looked uneasy. She wished her father had not mentioned these family differences.

"Milly is more than pretty," broke in Dora with enthusiasm. "She is really and rarely beautiful."

"And is she coming here soon? I mean during my stay at Warewood." Eugene asked a little eagerly.

"Her visits are very uncertain," said Mr. Musgrave. "The truth is, I make her welcome whenever she chooses to come, because I believe at times life with Mr. Martock becomes unbearable. Then it is she finds a home at Warewood till peace is patched up between them again."

"Then she leads a very unhappy life with her father?" Eugene looked sorry the instant after he had asked this question. Apparently he felt that he ought not to pry too early into the family history, and yet he could not help evincing an interest in Miss Martock.

"She is not unhappy," Rachel said, "although we think her so. We judge by our own feelings, and perhaps pity her too much. She likes the excitement of the life she leads. I doubt if she would change it for quiet Warewood."

"You see, my girls have a sort of compassion for any one not living at Warewood," laughed Mr. Musgrave.

"I am not surprised at that," Eugene said.

Rachel looked up and smiled, and the double beam of happiness in his eyes brightened hers too.

Perhaps her smile encouraged him, for in an instant he essayed another question about this too beautiful cousin.

"And what is this romance between her and Mr. Haslam?" he asked.

"It is not romance, but fact," Dora answered, and then went swiftly into the history of the wreck. "Milly left us rather hastily," she added, "being summoned by telegraph to join her aunt, Lady Martock, in Paris. It amused us very much when on going away she left half-a-sovereign for the poor man who saved her. 'It looks a shabby little sum,' she said; 'but you know it is quite a fortune for a miserable fisherman.'"

"Was that all the amount of her gratitude?" Eugene cried. "I am sorry to hear that of her."

He looked so sorry that Dora laughed.

"But you must remember she had no idea the man was Mr. Haslam," observed Mr. Musgrave. "From over-modesty on his part, or some other eccentricity, he desired that his name should not be mentioned to her, and it was not. Now, Maberly, I am ready to have a talk with you in my study, if you like."

A simultaneous blush rose on the sisters' faces; they knew this was to be a momentous interview, and Dora was as anxious as Rachel.

"I know papa likes Eugene, and will be glad to see me happy," Rachel said; "but then, I feel so selfish in wishing to leave him. When poor mamma died, we both thought to stay with papa for ever."

"I am not going to leave him," Dora answered.

"I think you will, one day," said Rachel, "when Harry Gwynne asks you."

"Perhaps that will be a long day," said Dora merrily. "I am not sure that Harry cares for me."

"Then what did he say in his letter this morning?"

"It was not a letter; it was a packet of photographs—vignettes, cartes—all sorts, for me to choose from."

"Then, evidently, he thinks you care for him," said Rachel.

"He had better not make too sure of that. Now you are going to leave Warewood, I feel less inclined to quit it. I am very happy at home. I want no change in my life at present."

Rachel wondered a little at this. Her sister's brighter, happier nature sometimes struck her as careless. She fancied there could be no deep feeling in it. Had she loved Harry Gwynne she would have been unhappy at the uncertainty of her position regarding him. She herself could neither brook uncertainty nor bear jealousy. Her sky must be without clouds, or she would not suffer the day: she would call for utter night. Even now, with the sunshine of happiness all around her, she was tormenting herself with fears.

"Dora," she said, "did you not fancy Eugene looked strange when we mentioned Milly?"

"No; I perceived nothing strange in his looks. But I am sorry we talked of her; we ought to mention her as seldom as possible, although she is a cousin. I am always afraid of hearing something disagreeable about her dreadful father."

"Perhaps Eugene has heard of him, and that was why he looked so grave," said Rachel, her face clearing.

"That is not at all improbable," returned Dora, as if dismissing the subject.

"I am glad Milly is not here now," continued Rachel. "She is so beautiful; in her presence we look like two country dowdies."

"I will not have you say that!" cried Dora. "No one would hold such an opinion of us for a moment. It is not fair to ourselves to compare us in any way with Milly. We are quite different. Think what quiet home girls we are, knowing nothing of the fashionable world, and then remember what she is, all flash and beauty and glitter, with no more rest about her than in the waves of the sea."

"All that may be quite true, but it takes nothing from her grace and attraction," returned Rachel, in her old wistful tone. "I sometimes wish we had seen more of the world; we are very stupid girls, Dora, I am afraid, or we must seem so to those who have experience in society."

"We are not stupid!" exclaimed Dora, getting warm. "We are too happy for that. We have always had a peaceful home, full of love and kindness. Would you like to exchange that for Milly's life?—driven from city to city with her gambling father, or living an

unwelcome guest at her worldly aunt's, and never knowing what a real home is."

"But that sort of life has made her very clever, very accomplished," said Rachel.

"Well, I do not deny that; but I think our quiet home life develops talents, too, though of another kind, and we ought not to envy Milly her cleverness. We cannot tell what it may have cost her."

Rachel smiled at the idea of herself and sister possessing talents of any kind. She was too simple yet to know the value of those higher qualities which were to her and Dora as a second nature.

"I hope I do not envy Milly," she said; "although our small accomplishments can never be counted against hers. And I am sure, Dora, she is a very good girl, or she would never have borne her sad life so patiently."

"Oh, there is no harm in Milly!" returned Dora. "Only she disquiets me; there is such an atmosphere of unrest and discomfort about her. Now, Rachel, do you think it wise to waste any more time in talk? And there is no luncheon ordered, and no dinner; and I presume you will want some extra arrangements made to-day to do honour to Eugene Maberly."

Dora ran away to her household duties just as the happy lover returned to the breakfast-room, with a countenance that showed his interview had terminated satisfactorily. In such cases the seriousness shadows old faces, not the young.

"Your father consents to our engagement," said Eugene, putting his arm around Rachel. "There is no impediment in our path now, darling; we are a living exception to the truth of the old proverb, that the course of true love never runs smooth."

He was radiant with young joy and hope, and the sunshine of his love lifted from Rachel's heart the faint shadow of foreboding whose cloud she had herself beckoned to her sky.

Perhaps, of the two sisters, Dora had secretly the most misgiving. The event of the day had startled her: the engagement seemed to her too quick, too unadvised, too sudden. She scarcely understood how Rachel could yield so easily; her proud, self-sustained nature should have demanded a longer wooing.

"Will it end well?" thought Dora musingly. "He is so quick and passionate, and she is so calm, so contemptuous of a hot impulsive temper, that, unless love can work wonders, their natures must clash, and there will surely come a time of change and grief to them."

"Dora!" cried Mr. Musgrave, opening the door of the housekeeper's room, and putting his head within, while fishing-rod and basket remained without. "What do you think of a picnic, child? Will it be warm enough to have luncheon in the woods? Rachel thinks it will."

What Rachel thought was always a right thought, and Dora exclaimed at once that the day was as warm as summer, and lunch in the woods would be delightful.

"Then in that case pack a good basket, and send the men with it to the water-fall. That will be a good place, I think, Dora?"

"There is no lovelier spot in the world," said Dora.

"And you girls must meet us there at two o'clock—punctually, mind! for fishing is hungry work."

Mr. Musgrave's sunburnt countenance withdrew, then reappeared as Dora's voice cried after him, a little tremulously—

"Papa, don't you think Cordelia would like to join us?"

His face lightened. "Yes, my dear," he said quickly, "and her brother too. Send a note round at once and ask them both."

Dora blushed beautifully, and then stayed her father's retreating steps with a second question.

"Ought I not to ask Mr. Haslam too, papa?"

"I don't see any necessity for that, my dear."

"But—but I think Cordelia would like it."

"Why should Cordelia particularly wish for Mr. Haslam's presence?" The question was a little hurried, perhaps even a little hot.

"I don't know that Cordelia does, papa, but we all think Mr. Haslam likes her. I am sure he would be so glad to come."

"Likes Cordelia!" repeated Mr. Musgrave. "What makes you think such folly, Dora?"

At this question his daughter grew suddenly abashed and reserved.

"I am afraid I have not always got wise thoughts," she said.

"It is very unwise certainly, my dear, to suppose that Cordelia Gwynne would permit a stranger to fall in love with her. We positively know nothing of this Mr. Haslam at Warewood."

"But they know him at Boscombe, papa; and he is very brave."

"They don't know him at Boscombe," returned Mr. Musgrave drily. "And courage is but a brute quality: a dog rescues drowning people often."

"But he was nearly killed in saving Milicent; and you must own, papa, he acted generously in not taking any praise for his good deed, or even letting her know his name."

"It would take an older and a wiser head than yours, Dora, to tell whether he acted with generosity or not in that case. I won't presume to say, but my experience forces me to suspect the motives of such very reticent people as this Mr. Haslam."

When the middle-aged stand upon their experience, and talk from that point, young folks must perforce be silent.

"Then I had better not invite him," said Dora, ceasing now to argue the matter or to take the stranger's part.

"We shall be happier without him," answered her father; and giving her a little nod, he went away, with a shade of thought on his cheery face.

Then Dora wrote her note of invitation to Cordelia, and out of some perversity, or some subtle feeling, too quick and changing to analyse, she made it less cordial than usual, and her mention of Harry was short and cold. Perhaps Rachel's sudden engagement was the cause of this. All the shy maiden instincts of her

youth were standing guard around Dora's heart to-day. She seemed to have changed natures for a time with her sister, and to have grown cold and calm as the other melted into love.

When two sisters have lovers, and one proposes and is accepted, it is a certain fact that the other follows suit precipitately. This is a sort of law scarcely to be resisted. A man can ill-brook to see another taking a more favoured position than himself in the home of his beloved, so he hastens to place himself on the same platform.

Dora's quick perception, delicate as light, made her know and fear this truth, and so there hovered all around her a little shadow of defiance which only meant defence.

But her lover, when they met in the wood that day, feeling the cloud between them, and not having the quick sense to comprehend it, first wondered at it, and then grew angry.

The green gloom of the wood was pierced by multitudinous lances and arrows of light: these quivered on the path or shot athwart the shadows with sudden golden gleam, waking here and there a thrush or a dove from their noon-day rest, the one to pipe sweetly a hidden song from out the leaves, the other to coo comfort to his timid mate.

Through the broad sunshine of the meadows, whose green was covered with cloth of gold—for buttercups were in prime—the sisters walked with chat and laughter, but when they reached the wood their voices dropped into silence. A tender reverence sat on Rachel's face, the shadows seemed to clothe her

"THE DISHES OF A DAINTY REPAST WERE SOON IN ORDER" (*p.* 69).

with a nun's robe, she walked softly as one in holy thought, and her eyes looked upward at the fretted roof of leaves, whose crisp green rustled and whispered of spring as they pointed to the blue heavens above.

"I feel too happy," Rachel said softly; "it frightens me. What have I done to deserve all this joy? I am not nearly so good as Cordelia, and yet life has brought her no such happiness as that now given to me."

"We cannot measure Cordelia's cup," said Dora; "things are juster than we think. Remember the manna: those who gathered much had no more when the evening fell than those who gathered little. And do not fancy yourself too happy, lest when a little sorrow comes you should be too miserable."

"Then you feel all this joy cannot last!" Rachel cried pitifully.

"I feel no such thing. I do not expect to gather thistles from a rose-tree. What are you afraid of, Rachel? Surely you trust in Eugene Maberly's love, or you would not have accepted it."

"Yes, yes, I trust in him implicitly; it is myself, perhaps, that I distrust. I am not clever, or very good, or beautiful, and when he comes to know me better he will see this, and perhaps think he was too precipitate in asking me to be his wife."

"When that time comes we will talk of it," returned Dora, a little impatiently. "You are, at all events, very clever in inventing miseries where none exist."

With this she walked on swiftly, while her sister followed with a slower step, and a flush rising in the lily fairness of her face. At a turn in the path they came suddenly on the glory of Warewood—the great cascade which flashed down from a rocky height like a stream of sunshine mingled with spray. As it gleamed and sparkled and leaped in the light, it seemed a living embodiment of joy—a fall of diamonds, each glittering drop holding a fairy-sprite, which danced and sang, and floated away in bubbles to islands of blue-bells and banks of daffodils.

Down among these latter, knee-deep in a field of gold, stood Mr. Musgrave and Eugene Maberly; and opposite, sending laughing voices across the stream, were Harry and Cordelia.

"You are quite right, Dora," Rachel said hastily, her eyes filling up with light and joy. "You know better both how to be sorry and how to be glad than I do. But do not tell Eugene of my fears and fancies. No single shadow must come across the brightness of our love to-day."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"Love and hate is fancy all."

THE clear river foaming over its brown stones did service as a parish boundary. On the right bank, where Cordelia and her brother stood, it was Boscombe; on the left, Warewood.

Beyond the sounding fall the river grew wilder, leaping over many a great rock and boulder, and lastly, cleaving a way for itself to the sea, it boldly dashed over a tall cliff and lost itself among shallow pools of sea-water and mussel-covered rocks, where the waves caught it and tossed it out upon the ocean.

"How will you cross, Cordelia? And how late you are, girls!" cried Mr. Musgrave all in one breath.

"It is only just two," said Eugene, taking his lady's part, as a lover should. "I think they are wonderfully punctual."

"Harry will carry me across." This from Cordelia, whose sweet voice slightly raised floated clearly through the sound of the rushing water. But Harry was gone: he had sprung across the river in two leaps, the second from a boulder in the midst, and he was on his knees now, helping Dora to unpack a hamper.

"Never mind!" shouted Mr. Musgrave, "I'll come over for you myself."

But Cordelia waved her hand to him to say, "No," and ran lower down to the stepping-stones and was halfway across before he came to her aid. But having once grasped her, he lifted her like a feather and would not let her wet her feet.

"I am not growing old yet, you see," he said, as he set her down.

"We all know you are as young as ever, Mr. Musgrave," Cordelia answered, blushing a little.

It was wonderful how the transient colour changed Cordelia's face, and, like sunshine on a landscape, brought out the hidden beauty of it. This, however, was only noticeable to strangers; friends familiar with Cordelia never considered her beauty or her plainness. Her face was simply lovely to them: the sight of it was a charm which both soothed and braced, for it always brought cheerfulness. Her presence was one to be felt, not admired at: she added to happiness as quietly as light does. Into whatever house she came, the very cat, and the caged bird, and the unheeded sparrows on the roof, all fared the better for it, all gained some additional crumbs of comfort, some kindness not given them by any other hand.

In a few minutes a snowy cloth was spread over a carpet of moss and tender fern, and the dishes of a dainty repast were soon in order, while bottles of wine were put in the river to cool, and jugs were hung on branches of trees, and glasses were hidden to the rim in a sea of blue-bells, and seats were found on mossy stones and gnarled roots. All this was done with merry awkwardness and infinite blunder: for sugar was taken for salt, and beer and milk got inextricably mixed in the same jug, and mustard was forgotten altogether. But what did it matter? The feast was seasoned by love and sweetened by joy, so sugar might well be salt, and salt sugar. Love feasts like the gods, and youth draws nectar from every well.

Cordelia with one quick glance had caught the truth, and guessed that Rachel and Eugene were affianced; but Harry stumbled slightly on the threshold of the fact before he could walk up and down in it, as it were, and take to it kindly.

"I was never more astonished in my life than when you deserted us in that sudden way this morning," he said to Eugene. "At first we scarcely knew whether to wait breakfast for you or not at the rectory."

"I fear I was very rude. I ought to have told you that I intended to get down at Warewood."

This Eugene said rather lamely, not liking to own that it was the unexpected sight of Rachel's face, with the glory of the morning shining fresh upon it, that had made him jump impulsively from the coach.

"Well, you are due at the rectory, you know," said Harry, "so we shall expect you to follow your portmanteau in time to dine with us."

"Mr. Maberly's things are at Warewood now," interposed Cordelia, flying a little pink flag of distress upon her cheeks, which Harry was too obtuse to see.

"At Warewood!" he cried. "Why, Maberly is coming to us to stay a fortnight. Why, you are *our* guest, Maberly!"

"I have stolen him for a week," said Mr. Musgrave. "Hold in your astonishment, Harry, you will hear all about it by-and-by. I shall do the correct thing, and write a long apology and explanation to Mrs. Gwynne for carrying off her guest. You see, we look on him now as belonging to Warewood."

Then Harry understood it, and something flashed into his eyes that could hardly be called jealousy, and yet had somewhat of that green monster's colour. You see, he had known the sisters all their lives, and they were part and parcel of his life; whereas Eugene was a mere stranger, introduced by himself only three years ago: so it was a little hard to find he had stolen such a march on him, and was looked on now as "belonging to Warewood."

It was at this point that the mustard was missed. Harry asked for that condiment with such a sudden and hasty desire to possess himself of it, that immediate search was made for it up and down the whole length of the restless table-cloth—vainly, of course. Then the pretty wavelets of blue-bells were set aside by white fingers, and mossy crevices in old trees were peered into anxiously, with some fear of ear-wigs and other formidable creatures; and lastly, the search was given up with a laugh, and the pretty young housekeepers, slightly discomfited, had to confess that this ingredient had been forgotten in the packing of the hamper.

By this time, Harry was ashamed of the trouble he had given, and his "never minds" kept showering down upon the searchers' ears in all kinds of tones, from the original voice of vexation to one of piteous entreaty. But the sisters felt their reputations at stake as mistresses and managers, and they would by no means give in. The truth is, Rachel was glad of this diversion, because it took all eyes away from the changing glowing colour coming and going so swiftly on her face through Harry's blundering questions; and Dora felt glad of it, because she was half angry with Harry for stumbling untold upon the fact of her sister's engagement. She had intended to tell it herself in the prettiest, nicest way possible, and now here was that pleasure taken from her, and Harry, like a blind owl, walking in upon the great family news as if it were a mere nothing. It was enough to provoke a saint. Then, too, he took it so coolly, making no remark, but turning round with quite an anxious expression, asking every one for mustard.

What greedy creatures men are, to be sure! And then by-and-by papa would be certainly cross about it. At these little domestic failures he too often was wont to say,—"Ah, my dears! your poor mother *never* forgot anything."

"Try the cold lamb, Harry," said Dora, with the tiniest inflection of ill-humour in her voice. "Beef is not eatable without mustard."

"No, I will keep to my first choice," said Harry. "I am not changeable in my tastes."

This speech was decidedly conciliatory, and had no touch of mustard in it, but the taste was with Dora still. It is so annoying to a woman to have a great piece of news snatched from her lips by a blunder which spoils all the surprise. When the first bottle of champagne was opened, Harry plunged into the subject again.

"I think we ought to drink Rachel's health," he said to Mr. Musgrave. "I fancy I understood just now that some great event was impending on which she should be congratulated."

"Quite true," returned Mr. Musgrave, filling up the glasses. "But there is time enough yet to talk of it. Shall we drink your health, Rachel?"

That little shade of gravity which so often came over his face in addressing his youngest daughter touched him here softly, and his tone faltered.

"Oh, no, papa!" Rachel cried. "I hate health-drinking! Do not talk nonsense, Harry, but drink your champagne in peace."

"Then, I'll drink your health, Maberly," said Harry, feeling himself somehow a little snubbed, and trying to swallow the sensation in his wine.

"A hundred thousand thanks, Harry, my boy," replied Eugene. "You don't expect me, I hope, to inflict the misery of a speech upon my friends in return for your compliment."

"Harry, my boy!" repeated Harry in his own mind. "Why, only three years ago he was a pupil at the rectory, and was glad to put himself under my wing when he went to Warewood. Now he is positively patronising me! I shall have to put him down if he does not take care."

But how to do this was the difficulty, and while Harry mused Mr. Musgrave spoke.

"So Mr. Haslam is come down again to Boscombe," he said. "Is he going to make a long stay this time?"

"I have not the least idea," answered Harry. "It was a surprise to Maberly and me when we met him at the coach office."

"Then he did not come from London with you?"

"Oh, no! And, as usual, he talked very little during the coach journey. He is an odd kind of man: one never gets on with him."

"I thought you all liked him very much while he stayed at the rectory," said Mr. Musgrave, with half a glance towards Cordelia.

"Well, we liked him well enough, but he did not seem to like us; that's it, I suppose."

"That is quite impossible," said Rachel. "Not like you, when you had all shown him so much true kindness? If that is really the case, he must be a very ungrateful, morose man."

"Well, he is not fascinating," returned Harry; "but I believe he was sufficiently grateful. Not that my mother and father are people who ever ask for gratitude. And they did nothing out of the way for Mr. Haslam."

At the rectory it certainly was nothing out of the way that strangers should be lodged and cared for, and nursed back into health.

"We all know what they did, Harry," said Mr. Musgrave. "They did enough to deserve thanks from their guest."

"And he deserved kindness," said Cordelia suddenly. "No man risked his life oftener than he did at the wreck."

She spoke with a slight blush, as usual, but when it faded she looked pale.

"I know he did," continued Mr. Musgrave; "and he saved my niece: that is my reason for asking Harry about him. He left the rectory so quickly that I had no time to show any appreciation of his act. I should wish now to be civil and hospitable to him if he will accept civility."

"If I must tell you the truth, I think he would rather be left alone," said Harry. "I know I got tired of cultivating him last year. One can't be always toiling up-hill towards an imaginary temple of friendship; it makes one feel like a bear climbing a pole after the shadow of a penny bun."

"I consider you are very unfair to Mr. Haslam—all of you!" exclaimed Cordelia indignantly.

"I have not said a word against him," returned Mr. Musgrave. "On the contrary, I am anxious to show him I am grateful."

"And I am quite sure he will be perfectly willing to accept courtesy and kindness from you, Mr. Musgrave."

"Well, well, then we will try him, and if he refuses hospitalities, then we will charitably leave him alone."

Mr. Musgrave said this playfully, but the colour had deepened on Cordelia's cheeks, and remained there in two burning spots. She did not answer him.

"Cordelia would take the part of a rattle-snake if you hit at it," observed her brother. "She would cry out, 'Poor creature! it can't help being venomous: don't hurt it.'"

"Mr. Haslam is not a snake, he is a stranger," Cordelia answered; "and I am certainly of opinion that the rectory is not the stand-point from which stones should be thrown at him."

"Quite right," cried Mr. Musgrave; "nor Warewood either. I shall invite him to dinner, Cordelia, and ask you all to meet him."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

"Well, I don't mean to get too friendly with him," laughed Harry. "He would only expect me to show him the best pools in the river."

"And you would not approve of his poaching upon your waters," said Eugene; "he might carry off some prize you intended to angle for yourself."

The words were capable of a double meaning, which Harry took a little ill.

"He can catch nothing for which I care," he answered. "He is quite welcome to cast out all his lines and all his hooks: the result would be less than a minnow. He is a poor fisherman, and a decided old bachelor; he is forty at least."

"But he is a very handsome forty," said Dora.

"You won't disparage forty when you come to it, my boy;" remarked Mr. Musgrave. "I am forty-five, and still count myself young. What do you say, Cordelia?"

Cordelia said nothing. She had risen, and was busily engaged in helping Rachel to gather up spoons and forks.

"There is a table-spoon missing. Do look for it, some one, among the blue-bells," Rachel cried.

Two or three people went down on their hands and knees to search; Rachel helped them. Mr. Musgrave strolled over to Cordelia's side.

"I have not vexed you, I hope," he said, putting out his hand.

"If you had, I should be vexed for nothing, and that is not usual with me, is it?" she asked, giving him her hand frankly.

"No, indeed. I doubt if you could be vexed even if you had cause."

"Yes, I could;" and Cordelia smiled and withdrew her hand. Perhaps he forgot he was holding it so long.

"You seem very interested in this Mr. Haslam," he said, looking down into the river, in which he saw a troubled image of himself, and Cordelia's face shining white beside him.

"Have we not talked enough about him to-day?" she asked, turning her head away with a slight air of annoyance.

"Well, yes, we have," he answered cheerfully. "What day shall I ask him to dine at Warewood? There, that is the last question I shall put with regard to the mysterious stranger."

"Then you must put it to him, not to me," said Cordelia.

Her pretty image flitted away from the river, and he was left standing on the bank alone. He looked thoughtfully down for a moment into the clear and shining water, seeing a face there that no mirror would hold again except in memory; then he shouldered his fishing-rod, and walked down-stream without a backward look. Thus he did not see that Cordelia's large liquid eyes, full of light, followed him with a daughter's love.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"I will show you matter deep and dangerous."

MR. MUSGRAVE'S departure was the signal for the party to scatter. Rachel went up the river-bank a little way to find a place from which to sketch the waterfall, and soon she and Eugene were seated beneath a huge spreading beech, where, to the music

of the rushing water and the sweet low cadence of murmuring leaves, they talked their fill, weaving bright webs to clothe the coming years.

After a time, Dora, Harry, and Cordelia sauntered away from the lovers, and followed Mr. Musgrave. The path grew rougher and wilder as the river flowed on towards Boscombe and the sea. Great gleaming rocks began to shine out barely from the earth, primroses dwindled, violets died, and blue-bells shrank away to more sheltered nooks. Only the yellow furze bloomed out still in all its glory, its blossoms, like golden nuggets steeped in incense, blazing in the sun, sending forth warm odours fragrant as the air around islands of spice.

The river made a glad noise beside them, eddying and foaming over many a great boulder, hurrying on with eager race, as though it heard the ocean's call, and hastened to rush to his embrace and taste the joyous freedom of his waves. The beech and oak were dwarfed now, cut down by the fierce salt west winds which rode the Atlantic waves, lashing them into froth and fury; but the firs had withstood their shock. These, like tall lances, shot upwards and caught the sun, and flourished greenly through storm and winter. Their spikes strewed the ground, making a warm brown carpet for the feet, and giving out sweet scent at every step. Overhead the dark branches vibrated to the music of that strange, sad song which the pines wail forth even when no breeze moves them, as though they alone, of all trees, were touched with human sorrow.

Harry made no pretence of fishing; he walked by Dora's side, and she held Cordelia's arm. This was tiresome: for the first time in his life, he wished his sister had a lover. But this was an impossible wish. No one ever seriously thought of Cordelia's having a lover and being married. She could never leave the rectory; she was to make others happy always, and happiness was not to cross her own path.

"Where can Mr. Musgrave be?" said Harry. "He must have crossed the river and gone upwards. Had you not better turn back and look for him, Cordelia?"

Dora held Cordelia's arm in a tighter clasp.

"Papa likes to fish by himself," she said. "And I like Cordelia to stay with me."

Harry, over his shoulder and over Dora's head, gave his sister the benefit of a black frown, while his eyes "discoursed most excellent music" of entreaty.

"I am a little tired; I will sit down here while you two go on," Cordelia said.

"I am tired too," responded Dora.

And down she sat upon a mossy stone beside her friend. Harry felt his heart give a great stroke like a hammer, and his anger shot a sudden red into his brown face.

"It is something new to be tired at walking a mile or two," he grumbled. "Come, Dora, let us go on. Just a little way from this there is such a splendid view. The sea bursts on the sight suddenly, and down below is Boscombe, and on the height the church, and the rectory peeping out white from its many trees. There is not such a scene again in England."

"I saw it yesterday," said Dora. "It would be tame to look on it again to-day."

"Then you won't come?"

"No, thanks."

"Then we are all tired. I especially am very tired—of nonsense." And in a vexed way he flung his long length down upon the sward, and gnawed the end of a cigar in silence.

"I know of a place in this wood, Dora, that you have never seen," observed Cordelia.

"A place in Warewood!" cried Dora. "I know every bosky alley, every turn and twist of the wood, every tall tree and gnarled root that grows among the moss."

"So you may, and yet you do not know the place of which I am speaking."

"Is it wizard-land, invisible to the eyes without vervain-root? or is it a Rosamond's bower, not to be reached without a silken clue?"

"It is no bower; yet, without the clue, of which I hold the thread, you would never reach it."

"You make me curious. How can you know Warewood better than I do?" asked Dora, with a little air of ownership.

"Because I am eight years older than you, and wandered here before you were born; and, better reason still, because there was an accident at this place once—when you were about two years old—and then your father refused in future to let strangers see it. So being no longer a sort of show, it has gradually grown to be half forgotten."

"Let us go and look at it directly!" cried Dora, rising from her mossy seat. "Are we near it here?"

"You are not tired now," observed Harry mischievously.

"No woman is tired when her curiosity is aroused. Quick, Cordelia; show us the way."

"We are not far from it. That is why I thought of the place. We must turn down here; you must both follow me," Cordelia answered, beckoning as she plunged into the thick brushwood.

The path was so narrow they could only walk singly. Cordelia went first; Harry followed, setting aside tangled hazel and briar that Dora might pass more easily. Sometimes he caught at her hand to help her, but she was coy, and yielded it to him but seldom.

Cordelia kept well in front; he could speak now, he thought.

"So Rachel is engaged," he said. "Who would have thought Maberly could find courage to propose to her? I was rather surprised—were you?"

"No; I guessed long ago that he liked her."

"I did not; I never saw it. He did not admire her at first. He used to like you best, years ago, only I made him understand——"

"Oh! do drag away this briar; it is right in my path."

"So it is; I must cut it. There, you are free. Well, as I was saying, Maberly——"

"Please don't say any more nonsense about Eugene. He loves Rachel very much, and it would hurt both him and her if you repeated any foolish words of his,

uttered when he was a boy and did not really know her."

"I should not think of doing such a thing. I am only expressing a little surprise to you. A fellow can't help being surprised at times at Maberly's impulsive way of doing things. Fancy a man jumping off a coach to propose to a girl!"

as Dora walked swiftly on. "I know Rachel is as good as she is beautiful, and Maberly is a good fellow, too—his only fault is a hot temper—and I wish them both every happiness possible to life."

"You have been a long time in saying it," returned Dora.

"That came of surprise. I always fancied Maberly

"SHE SPRANG BACK INTO THE DARKNESS, AND VANISHED" (*p.* 75).

Who told you so?" said Dora, walking on, with her head very much in the air.

"I saw him, did I not? I shall chaff him tremendously by-and-by. Why, I remember the time when he used to call Rachel a lovely piece of ice, and say——"

"I do not care what he said," cried Dora angrily. "It was only the foolish, rash opinion of ignorance. He thinks very differently now. And Rachel is not cold; she has far deeper feeling than most people—myself, for instance."

"One cannot believe that very easily. Do not be vexed at what I have said," he added in haste, admired a dark, flashing, brilliant beauty. Your cousin, for instance, is the sort of girl I imagined he would choose."

"It is evident that your imagination is altogether at fault. Rachel is the very antithesis of Milly."

"True. And when are they to be married, if I may ask?"

"Not for a long time—not for nearly two years."

"And when shall we follow their example, Dora?"

This question was too abrupt; it savoured too much of conceit and presumption. The girl reddened to the roots of her hair as she heard it. Evidently he thought she was like those fruits which fall at a

touch, too ready to drop into his hand. She walked on without a word. He might have marked the graduation of colour on her cheek, and watched it fade away to the extreme whiteness of anger, but he was too full of himself to note this.

He was young and vain, and he had no rival—reasons sufficient to cause presumption.

"I think your father should have answered Maberly as Laban did Jacob: 'It must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the elder.'"

"It is a thing often done in our country."

"But in this case it need not be done. Shall I tell your father so, Dora?"

"I cannot imagine where Cordelia is taking us. We are nearing the brink of a precipice, I believe."

"You are very unkind not to answer my question—my two questions, I mean."

"They would have to be put in a very different manner before I should condescend to answer them," said Dora, in a voice which shook a little.

"Would they? Is writing a letter the orthodox way? If so, I will do it, and come to Warewood myself for the answer."

This was better; a garrison does not surrender at a word: it is wise to approach it by slow degrees. Having brought a little doubt and hesitation into his voice, Dora could afford to be less defiant.

"You can write if you like," she said; "but I will make no promises as to my reply."

"I will take that verbally to-morrow, when I call for my rejected photographs. Have you chosen one yet?"

"No; I have not had time to look at them."

This was slightly disappointing. He looked at her with an aggrieved air, but said nothing.

"Where is Cordelia?" cried Dora, in a moment.

A huge projecting rock, down whose green and mossy sides water trickled gently, stood just before them in the stony path, obstructing the way.

"She has got round the rock," Harry answered.

Dora stopped, and gazed inquiringly around upon the strange wild scene. The place looked like the fragment of a ruined world. Broken rocks of all forms and sizes lay upon the ground—or rather, there was no ground, for the soil was gone, and their feet touched the bare and stony ribs of the earth. Vegetation had ceased, except where the tiny rill dripped from the one green mossy rock; all the others were white and glistening, bare as bleached bones in a wilderness; and the rill itself, in a sad, silent way, sank among the stones and vanished.

It was a valley of desolation. Rocks hemmed it in on either side, while at the entrance the pines rose like a dark wall, fringing the narrow horizon. In front lay the huge moss-stained rock blocking the way.

This stony valley was in fact a sort of *cañon*, or gorge, like the bed of a dried river; it narrowed gradually, and at this spot seemed to come to an end, the rock being the door which closed it up. Behind this lay piled crag upon crag of grey stones, giving no footing to the most daring climber, and yielding no more verdure than the ashes of a dead world.

"Surely I remember this place now," said Dora, a chill sense of awe upon her; "but I have not been here for years. It was forbidden ground to me and Rachel. There is something dangerous in it—I forget what. Call Cordelia back: I am afraid to go on."

"There is no danger yet," replied Harry, "and no real danger anywhere if people are warned and know their way. I have often come here to shoot sea-birds. There is Cordelia beckoning to us."

She had reappeared from behind the rock, and running up to her, Dora perceived that it masked a natural archway, of which it formed one side. The arch was fringed with long fronds of the *Asplenium marinum*, so green, that it seemed as if here the earth was turned inside out, and the green was within, the bare rock without. Beyond this bright fantastic fringe was a space luminous as a moon-lit night might be, then black darkness and the sound of rushing water.

"Have you been in there?" cried Dora, gazing into the cavern in a sort of horror.

"I have been to see if the path was safe; sometimes after rain it is slippery, and to miss one's footing here is dangerous, but we have had a long drought and the rocks are dry. Give me your hand: I am to be your guide."

But Dora drew back with a shudder.

"I cannot venture in there; it looks horrible," she said.

"It is not so dreadful or so dark as it looks, and I promise you a great reward after the darkness is passed."

There was an air of security about Cordelia that gave Dora courage, and, moreover, she was curious, and anxious to explore a place about which some dim floating memories of childhood were now perplexing her.

She put her hand in Cordelia's. "I shall trust myself to you," she said. "Harry must follow us."

She plunged within the gloom, and found herself in a long narrow cavern, not filled with light, but with a luminous air, like darkness made opaque, through which there ran a little chilly breath, as perceptible to the sense as the keen touch of a sword-point.

"That is the draught from the river," said Cordelia. "Look, do you see it gleaming down there far below?"

Dora looked over a low wall of rock, and then clutched her companion with both hands. At the foot of a sheer precipice, a hundred feet below, there glided on, with a faint rushing sound, the buried river, which had disappeared from its bed above. The pale shadowy light that hovered over it was as the light of Hades: only a thin darkness; and the faint rays, which just touched some eddying fall or twisting whirlpool, and vanished, seemed the transparent fingers of ghosts, pointing at these deathly dangers mockingly, then snatching themselves away with a hollow laugh, which the echoes sent rolling through the snaky length of this winding darkness.

It was not the sense of sight alone which shrank from that swift, black stream, cleaving a way for itself to the sea through the secrets of darkness and the

deeps of the earth, but the faculties of hearing and feeling quivered also. For the rush of the river added to its terror, as the hiss of a serpent adds to the sight of his slim body, or the shout of the thunder adds to the flash of the lightning.

"Are you frightened?" asked Harry; and he stretched out a protecting arm between Dora and the chasm into which she looked.

"Not now," she answered, standing upright again from her crouching attitude. "I can even see the strange and terrible beauty of this place, but it awes me. Let us go on!"

The path widened as they went on into deeper darkness, and the chasm where the river ran narrowed and narrowed, till at length the opposing rocks at the top touched, then closed, and the river was roofed over and buried again.

"But even this strong and mighty tomb cannot hold the stream," Cordelia said. "It bursts from its sepulchre again, and with a great leap reaches the sea."

They had left the light behind them and were walking now towards a new light facing them. This broke into the darkness through a long rift in the rocky wall, and streamed forward in one wide slanting ray, broad as a man's hand, and distinct and shining as a sheet of gold. Dora was walking straight for this light when Cordelia suddenly held her arm tightly and drew her back.

"It is on that path the danger lies," she said; "and here is the place where I use my clue. Harry, you must strike a match for me. It is ten years since I was last here, and I am half afraid to trust my memory."

"I was here last summer, but I had a torch then, I own," returned her brother, lighting up all their faces as he spoke with the flare of a wax match.

"Here is the turning!" exclaimed Cordelia, and she drew Dora round a sharp angle into a passage, so narrow that they could feel both sides with their hands. It was black as night, but a glimmer at the end comforted Dora, and she held her peace, though she was cold with fear, and her heart was beating like the heart of a bird in a net.

"I want you to close your eyes and hold your hand tightly over them, and not open them till I tell you," Cordelia said, laughing.

Dora obeyed: she felt herself being led she knew not whither, only suddenly there fell upon her a sense of warmth, a delightful rush of fresh air breathed over her.

"Now!" cried Harry.

Then her hand fell, and upon her newly-opened eyes there burst a sight which held her breathless and silent.

Spread out before her was the boundless sea, intensely blue and calm, but glittering here and there with golden lights falling from the western sun, while on the white sands the waves ran in rapidly, in that long continuous roll and murmur, only seen and heard on this sounding shore.

The glistening line of foam, the blue expanse, the glorious sky, all touched Dora's eyes with the dew of tears. No one spoke a word till these were dry.

"How beautiful it all is after the darkness and the dread!" she whispered.

"It is a fair reward for passing through the cavern," said Harry. "You see, we are perched about half-way up the cliff. This is an old smugglers' cave, and we are standing now in the entrance to it on the sea-side. It is a capital place to shoot sea-gulls from."

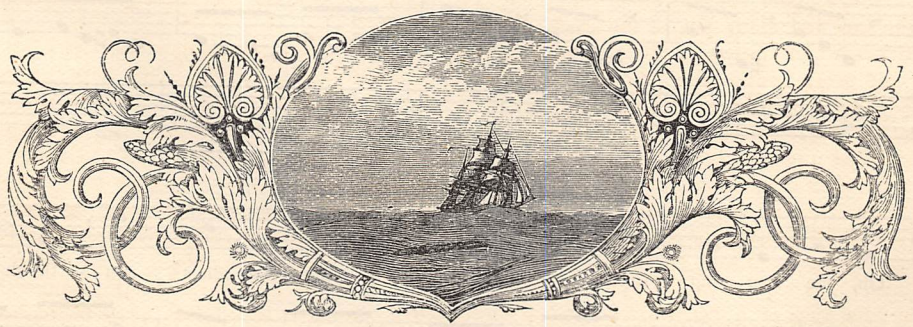
"And there is the river to the right," observed Cordelia. "You can see it like a white thread on the face of the cliff. It escapes from the cavern where it was prisoned, and springs at once into the sea. Hark! I hear footsteps! Some one has followed us."

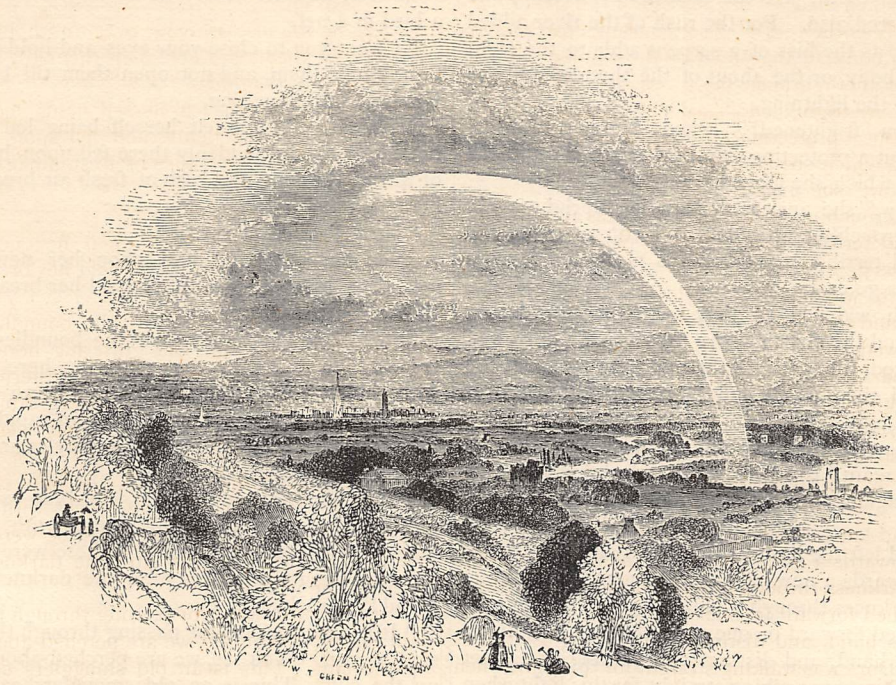
She turned pale as death, and releasing Dora's hand which she still held, she sprang back into the darkness and vanished.

"What is it? What is the matter?" exclaimed Dora.

Harry was pale too. "It may be some one who does not know the way," he said. "If so, he is a dead man!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.





Iris.

Words by BERNARD CAPES. *Music by* J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.B.

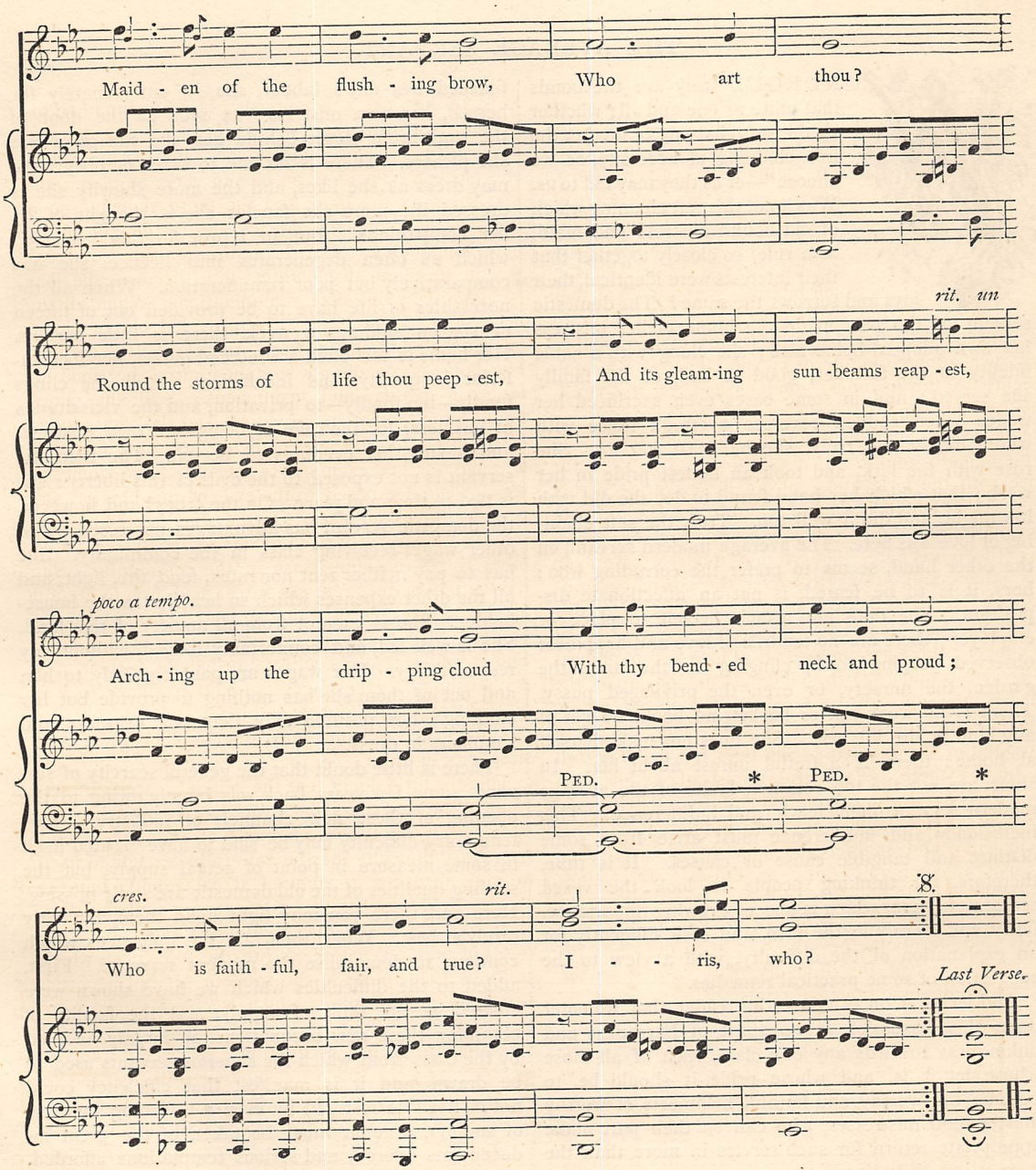
Tranquillamente e dolce.

PIANO.

Bright and love - ly, sweet and gay, Men - tor to the sul - len day,

cres.

Oh, the step - ping - stone to hope Is thy bo - som's gen - tle slope;



As we turn to hope renewed—
Find that life is many-hued—
So thy tender colours rise,
And thy lips and shining eyes
Laughing peep beneath the rain
Once again.

Sweet, thou art a child of light,
Rarely glancing in the night;
For the moon doth dim the hue
Of thine eye-bright's drowsy blue;
And the heavy world of sighs
Quiet lies.

Glisten, Iris, pretty one,
Only 'neath the happy sun;
We are children—sweetheart, stay
'Midst the toys of kindly day,
That our eyes may see thy form,
Through the storm,

Pass between us and despair,
Sunning all the gloomy air,
That the dying to thy breast—
But a step from love and rest—
Lifted be and strained fast
To the last.

B. C.

THE AVERAGE SERVANT.

"ONDROUS truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; whether by the soft chaining of love, or the iron chaining of necessity, as we choose"—or as they may fall to us. Was it not this soft chaining which of old bound mistress and maid, as a rule, so closely together that their interests were identical, their joys and sorrows the same? The domestic servant of the past made the home of her mistress her own adopted home also; she clung with a noble fidelity to the fortunes, good or bad, of the family she served; and in some cases even sacrificed her wages when sudden reverses overtook those with whom, really and truly, she had cast her lot. She rose with the lark, and took an honest pride in her work; that which her hand found to do, she did with her might, and did it well too. Truly the soft chaining of love was here. The average modern servant, on the other hand, seems to prefer the corroding iron; hers, it is to be feared, is not an affectionate disposition. She does not attach herself to place or employer; there are no tendrils of love and happiness observed peeping forth, clinging to the area, the garden, the nursery, or even the privileged pussy. There is no work-box or basket, no book, no pet of any kind in the kitchen. She does not make herself at home: there is a fretful unrest about her. In short, are not the too common faults of the average modern servant inefficiency and indifference? This inefficiency and indifference must arise from some distinct and tangible cause or causes. It is time, therefore, for thinking people to look the vexed servant question, which is one of growing importance, fairly and sternly in the face, and seek diligently for an explanation of the difficulty, with a view to the suggestion of some practical remedies.

And let us at once assure the reader that we enter upon this discussion in no spirit of harshness and unkindness towards any one class, least of all those whose lot it is, and whose pride it should be, to become the worthy and faithful helpmeets of worthy masters and mistresses, who can on their part make appropriate return for such service in more than the mere wages they give.

The present dearth of really superior domestics may be accounted for in various ways. The most prominent reason, perhaps, has been the numerous other channels for female industry, which have been opened up of late years: there are crafts and callings innumerable at which young women can earn their living, more or less precariously, by purely mechanical labour, without education, capital, or mental superiority of any sort.

These various occupations possess in the eyes of ignorant, inexperienced youth the questionable charm of liberty. When the machinist or seamstress has finished her day's labour, she is, unfortunately for herself, her own mistress; as soon as the door of the work-room closes behind her, she can go where she pleases. There is no one to serve or obey: she may dress as she likes, and the more showily she is dressed the more she fancies she is thought of by her companions. But in return for this "liberty," which so often degenerates into licence, she has comparatively but poor remuneration. When all the necessities of life have to be provided out of fifteen or sixteen shillings a week, there is little surplus. Her home is too often a wretched garret, her food inferior in quality, and insufficient. Still she clings fondly—too fondly—to privation, and the vicissitudes of business, for the sake of being her own mistress, and having her evenings to herself. The domestic servant is not exposed to the evils of this liberty: she is tied to time and place. On the other hand, however, the domestic servant has advantages possessed by no other wages-receiving class in the community. She has to pay neither rent nor rates, food, fire, light, and all the other expenses which so heavily tax the householder. She is exempt from all anxiety of this kind. She is well fed, and comfortably lodged, without any responsibility. Her wages are paid regularly to her, and out of them she has nothing to provide but her clothing; her position only demands neatness and simplicity in dress.

There is little doubt that the general scarcity of servants some few years back was largely owing to the opening of these new channels of industry. This temporary difficulty may be said to have righted itself in some measure in point of actual supply, but the sterling qualities of the old domestic are sadly missing. Here and there you may light upon them, but very rarely at best. What, then, are the influences which continue to demoralise the modern servant? First, added to the difficulties which we have shown were created by the limit of supply, and the facility of obtaining these new occupations, so largely adopted by the class from which the superior servants used to be drawn (and it is manifest that efficiency could not of itself be restored by even a returning increase of supply), account must be taken of the great inducements offered, and serious temptations afforded, to those actually engaged in domestic service, by the facilities of railway travelling, and its opportunities of frequent change and intemperate indulgence.

But another reason why the average superiority of the domestic servant is lowered is, that of late years a great number of persons keep servants who formerly did their own work, and even sent their children to service. They now put their daughters to business while mere children, and engage a general servant to do the work. She is generally engaged when quite a young girl, and is ignorant, careless, untidy, without the smallest idea of system or regularity in the performance of her manifold tasks. Presently this general

servant hears, perhaps through the too often irresponsible "registry office," of an opportunity to "better herself:" she goes as housemaid, or cook, into a larger family (it may be with a fair character, for her mistress has not herself been able to discern her faults), and turns out to be an ignorant, careless girl, too long accustomed to her own thriftless, unmethodical way of doing things, to learn neatness, order, and efficiency. In fact, she had received absolutely no training, and one can no more be a good servant without instruction than a good musician or a good linguist.

Another source—the agricultural labourers of the country, from whom we annually derive a large number of strong, healthy, useful servants—has threatened to fail us. Long ago, it filled the parents' hearts with gladness to get one of the girls into the scullery, kitchen, or laundry of the great house; now they must go out at once as school teachers, nursery-maids, to wait on one of the young ladies, or not go out at all. We think that this reluctance to enter service arises from a spirit of restlessness and discontent—which, indeed, is a national characteristic of the age—an impatience of wholesome restraint and patient exertion, a hankering after change of scene, or variety of occupation. We cannot but regard the agricultural class as the best from which to draw the average servant; and we have hopes of the continuity of the supply, if we can only impress upon this class the value of domestic service in contrast with that of many other competing occupations.

What we have just said reminds us that another and powerful reason for the dearth of a superior class of servants is the foolish notion or fancy which, we are driven to think, although it is really hard to believe, has taken possession of young women's minds—that to be a servant is a less respectable occupation than others open to them! To be "in business" of any sort—whether behind a bar, or in a coffee shop, whether in a wholesale or retail workroom—is to be, so they seem to imagine, in a superior position to that of domestic service. Doubtless a craving after superiority of position is a weakness natural to the human heart, but when it merely ministers to personal vanity it is a very ill-judged one; and it is a very great pity that young women cannot or will not see how many advantages a servant has over the majority of business girls, how many trials, temptations, and disappointments she is spared, how independent she is of the fluctuations of business and the wear and care of existence.

Seeing, then, that from the labouring and artisan classes we have at present no certainty of obtaining an increasing number of good servants, the question naturally arises, *Where are we to look for the further supply?*

Other directions that suggest themselves as a source whence a supply of well-trained servants may yet be procured are the orphanage, industrial, and even the modern separated workhouse schools, some of which latter are admirably conducted, and well calculated to do away with every taint or element of pauperism. There are many such Institutions in London and its vicinity, and from them we should be able to draw a large supply of useful, well-trained, thorough servants, who are not afraid of work, and who are early and thoroughly taught that domestic service, instead of being a disgrace, is the most respectable and legitimate, as well as the most comfortable and easy way young women who are dependent upon their own exertions can earn their daily bread. It is in the highest degree necessary to impress on them the idea, that the employer is not the enemy of the servant, but the friend; and the servant in all cases should endeavour to be the friend of her employer. It will be to the advantage of both parties to have an identity of interest, and to work together for the same object, namely, a happy, orderly, economical home. Where the servant looks on her master's interests as jealously as if they were her own, he is saved the countless petty impositions which otherwise he may daily suffer, and which at the end of the year make a sensible impression on his income; and such care and fidelity on the servant's part should never fail in meeting their reward.

But these orphanages, industrial and other schools ought to be (they unfortunately are not) a source of supply on which we can at present sufficiently depend, and this may be accounted for in various ways. Numbers of girls so brought up, emigrate, as soon as an opportunity offers, thinking that in a strange country they can more readily forget their true grade, and gain better situations than they could in England. Others—far too many—of the inmates of these Institutions are educated far above the requirements of the average domestic servant, frequently as governesses, without a single moment's reflection on the serious fact that the community is already more than fully supplied with governesses, and that the unforeseen chances of fortune and uncertainty of human life supply every year necessitous widows and orphans of gentle birth and superior education, who are infinitely better adapted to be companions. Others, still, when they go out in the world prefer business to service chiefly because they were not made clearly acquainted with the advantages and disadvantages of both. It is, moreover, to be feared that the supporters of these Institutions have not caused it sufficiently to be felt that their support must be measured and guided by the extent to which practical usefulness in the training is insisted upon by the directors and managers.

Servants' Homes, either in connection with or independent of a "registry office," have been founded from time to time with varying success. One maintained by the "Female Aid Society" at Millman Street has, we believe, been of much assistance to respectable servants while out of situations; but such Homes, though very valuable in themselves, are on too small a scale, and throw no light on the great difficulty of finding the good servants to begin with. Beneficial as are such Institutions as this, and those in New Ormond Street and at Stockwell, where young girls of the poorest classes are trained—practically taught to be domestic servants—it is evident they are

but few in number and small in their range. They may be increased in number and in efficiency; and we believe it to be a public duty to call attention also to this aspect of the matter. We cannot do more than this; but it remains with those who have influence and leisure, as well as the courage to look a great social question in the face, to act at once—it may be to combine as an Association on a large scale for the improvement of the quality of our domestic service. Such a body as this would not fail to impress managers or directors of Institutions such as we have described, as well as the proprietors of registry offices, with the growing importance of the whole question, and their own moral responsibility to their supporters in regard to it. If the subject is approached, and the work carried on, with an earnest spirit, we are convinced that a revived order of things will be the result, and that the calling of a domestic servant will be restored to its rightful place in our social economy.

Let, then, such a good work be instituted, founded without sentimentality, and conducted on common-sense principles; let the organisers of this work not be merely content with having given it an impetus, but continue steadfastly in looking after the respective needs of mistresses and servants, and following the after-career of the latter with continuous, watchful care. Let it be kept in mind, as a further incentive, how the moral well-being and the religious welfare of a girl are too frequently endangered by the temptations surrounding such a life as that which we recently dwelt upon, when speaking of the lower section of the "Business Girls of London," as described by one of themselves; and let us contrast with that painful but true picture the inestimable blessings of a home, and a mistress's wise and gentle care and solicitude.

Lastly, let it be early impressed on young girls that life is real, life is earnest, and that work is the natural lot of by far the greater portion of the human race, and that to the end of time there must of necessity be master and servant, employer and employed. There is no disgrace in honest toil, of whatever kind; it is only idleness and ill-performed labour that is really disgraceful. The highest praise and the noblest reward any of us can ever desire or hope for is to hear the Great Taskmaster say some day, "Well done, thou good and faithful *servant!*"

A TIN OF SARDINES.

IN these days of potted meats and preserved delicacies, the sardine has become one of our most familiar food fishes. Belonging to the herring-family, the sardine is nearly related to the little pilchard, the capture of which on the coasts of Cornwall forms an important branch of industry. Very little is usually known regarding either pilchard or sardine, and it may therefore prove somewhat interesting if we endeavour to give a brief description of the sardine-fishery, and of the preparation of these fishes for our tables.

A visit paid to Brittany, and a short sojourn on the coast of that charming province, afforded an opportunity of acquiring information regarding the sardine-trade. Arriving at Douarnenez, the centre of the sardine-fishery, in August, we found that the usual festival of the fishermen was to be celebrated, on the Sunday after our arrival, at the little church of St. Jean, situated about a mile from the small town just named. As it happened, the Sunday was a bright, sunny day, and the natives flocked in large numbers to the church, where a special service was held, and where the benefits derived from the sea, and the importance of securing a blessing on the waters, were duly enforced by the preacher. Highly picturesque were the dresses of the women, who appeared in full holiday-costume, attired in white, with muslin shawls; the costume being completed by a wonderful cap of stiff muslin, which terminated above in a kind of double peak, and which rose to a height of about a foot above the head. We saw, however, none of the very gay and bright colours that are sometimes so conspicuously displayed in the holiday-dresses of the French peasantry, and which are well illustrated amongst ourselves by the rainbow-hues wherein our rustic population sometimes delights. The men were dressed in short black jackets—ornamented with a wonderful complexity of buttons in front—and knicker-bockers of ample extent. A scarf was tied round the waist, and a large black felt hat of wide-awake pattern completed the male attire. The wooden *sabots* were worn by many; but, as it was a fête-day, leather shoes were very generally to be seen. Altogether, the crowd that Sunday afternoon at St. Jean was a highly picturesque gathering, and, sketch-book in hand, one might

have found many nice bits of colour in the populace, and charming studies in the surroundings at large.

Soon the service is over, and a simple matter it appeared to be, but one, nevertheless, marked with extreme importance in the eyes of the simple Brittany fishers, whose religion thus enters intimately into the regulation of their outer and daily life.

A short survey of the dispersing crowd displayed a treasure in the shape of a fisherman who understood French fairly. It need hardly be remarked that the inhabitants of Douarnenez and adjacent parts do not, as a rule, understand French, but speak the rough yet not unmusical Bréton vernacular. And as this dialect is as utterly unintelligible to the average French scholar as the pure Aberdonian of the north of Scotland would be to the Londoner, it may be imagined we had luck on our side in finding a native to whom we could render ourselves and our project known. This project was that of going a-fishing with the sardine-fishers; and when we informed the fisherman of our intention, he at once consented to introduce us to his "patron," as the employer of fishermen and owner of a boat is named.

The patron thinks we are hardly in earnest at first. "Why should gentlemen wish to go fishing?" he asks. "It is a dirty avocation; and, moreover, the boats are out all night, and there are no cabins or saloons in the fishing-smacks."

But we tell the patron that we do not care for the discomfort, and that we are determined to see how the sardines are caught. So, with the air of a man who thinks that "he who wills must," the patron consents to take us as passengers, and promises to call for us in the evening at our hotel.

A fine afternoon unfortunately became overcast, and thunder-showers followed. Our worthy landlady hears of our project, and endeavours to discourage us from the undertaking. "What a night for fishers, let alone the messieurs!" says the good lady; but, discouragement from humanity and the weather notwithstanding, we determine to keep faith with the patron, and when the fishermen call for us, nets on shoulder, on their way to the pier, they find us ready. The purchase of a bottle of *eau-de-vie*, through the entirely disinterested advice of the fishermen, completed our arrangements, and we were soon at the place of embarkation. The prospect is certainly not inviting, for the thunder rolls and the lightning still plays, whilst "the rain a deluge pours," as is most appropriately remarked in that fine old sea-song, "The Bay of Biscay;" and the noted bay itself is, of course, close by. Our smack lies off the pier at anchor, and when the small boat comes alongside, we drop into it, and shortly find ourselves on board the smack—a tidy, strongly-built two-masted vessel, not unlike the large herring-boats of our own coasts.

SARDINE-FISHING.

The patron tells us that he will not weigh anchor until one o'clock in the morning, and advises us to try to sleep during the intervening period, an extemporised hammock being formed for our accommodation by a sail suspended between two of the seats in the stern of the boat. It was now about eight o'clock, and we had, therefore, five hours to pass in the boat before the hour of departure. It was, of course, impossible to sleep with the storm raging around; but we made the best of our position. Patron and fishermen dozed around us, till the stir in the harbour, the heaving of anchors, the rattling of blocks and cordage, and the flapping of the sails, warned them that the fishing-fleet was beginning to get under weigh. We imitate the example of our earlier neighbours; our sails are hoisted, and soon we are scudding at a good rate before the wind across the Bay of Douarnenez, and in the direction of Brest.

A sip of tea serves to restore our physical equilibrium, and to drive off the stiffness of limb resulting from our nap; and the patron, warming under the influence of the beverage, favours us with a fishing-song, rolled out in lusty accents, and with a character and manner which would have delighted Mrs. Macquoid, or any other ardent admirer of Brittany and its folk-lore. The night air is somewhat chilly, but the cold grey dawn appearing on the horizon before us, and marking the advent of day, somehow causes us to feel less miserable than we might otherwise have been. We are not without company, for there are many other boats, the counterparts of our own, holding on the same course as ourselves, and our crew exchange salutes with such neighbours as sail near enough.

The true business of the sardine-fishery now commences, and nets and bait are got ready with despatch. The nets are about thirty feet in length and four feet in depth, whilst a row of corks fastened along their upper edge serves to float them. The meshes of the net are very small, and measure about three-quarters of an inch in extent. The bait consists of cod-roe, salted by way of preservation. It is noteworthy that this bait is imported from Norway, so that the interests of the sardine-fishery extend further than the bounds of Brittany, and far beyond the shores of France itself. The bait, as used, is of whitish-grey colour, is contained in small barrels, and appears not unlike soaked bread-crumbs.

The patron and his fishermen devoutly cross themselves on commencing work. The sails are first hauled down, and two of the crew betake themselves to the bow of the boat, where they each work a long oar, so as to keep sufficient way on the boat, and to keep thereby the long net, which the patron throws out at the stern, in a straight line with the vessel. The end of the net is firmly retained in the left hand of the patron, and with his right hand he throws the bait into the sea in the neighbourhood of the net. This fashion of attracting the fishes sometimes utterly fails, and, as the patron informed us, bushels of bait may be sometimes dispersed without effecting the desired end. For two hours our efforts to secure a haul were unsuccessful. Then the patron ordering the sails to be hoisted, we sailed a few miles further, and then hauled down again and shot the nets once more. Success soon attended our efforts. We passed through an immense shoal of sardines, appearing as a trembling mass of silver, shooting through the sea. A plentiful distribution of bait arrested part of the shoal, and as we peered over the boat's side we could see the fishes, like silvery streaks, leaping hither and thither after the savoury morsels. These fishes, it must be remembered, are caught, not like herrings, within the net itself, as within a great pouch or bag, but as mackerel are caught. The sardines, in their eagerness to capture the bait, thrust their heads up to the gill-covers through the small meshes of the net. *Facilis descensus*—easy is the entrance of the sardine's head, but impossible of withdrawal; for the sharp gill-covers, like expanded springs, will not permit the escape of the head, and these fishes are thus literally caught by their necks.

Now the heavily weighted net is hauled in. No light labour is this part of the fisherman's duty, and we willingly lend a hand; the result of our united exertions being that sardines tumble into the boat by hundreds; and as two of our crew stand with bag-like nets supported on poles, and ladle those fishes that are likely to escape from the net into the boat, the cry with us for a time is "Still they come." Another net was meanwhile being got ready, and this is next thrown over; the patron baiting the net, and the two men at the bow keeping way on the boat with their long, sweeping oars.

The net which has just been used is taken up by a man and boy, and is smartly shaken, piece by piece, to rid it of the fishes which have been retained in its meshes. Hand-lines are also used by the sardine-fishers, but more as a means of wiling away the time than for any actual gain. We were furnished with lines, but the only prey which fell to our share was a big dog-fish which had been hunting after the shoals of sardines, and had been enticed on our hook by the sardine-bait.

After another haul or two of the nets, the patron feels satisfied with his morning's work. So we put about-ship, hoist sail again, and skim back to Douarnenez as fast as we may. "First back makes the best bargain," says the patron, and there seems at present every prospect of our making a good market of our perishable wares. During the voyage home the fishes are gathered into little baskets, each holding 200 sardines. We sail merrily into harbour, the sun shining brightly, lighting up the old cathedral-like spire of Ploaré Church, which overlooks Douarnenez in stately fashion, and which serves as a familiar landmark to the mariners of the port.

The cargo is soon unshipped after we have landed at the *quai*, and is carried off at once to one of the sardine-curing establishments which are to be found in plenty in the neighbourhood of the harbour. For each basket of sardines the men receive a small tally, or ticket, made of bone. The tickets are collected on a certain day, and are then regarded as so many

"promises to pay," the rate of remuneration being fixed at the market or prevailing tariff.

As soon as the fishes are brought into the curer's, they are covered with finely-ground salt, and are placed on long wooden benches, or tables, in what is called the *fritture*, or "frying-place." A number of girls sit on each side of these tables, their duty being to cut off the heads of the sardines with short knives. They then manage to skilfully gut the fishes, the operation in the case of each sardine being the work of a moment. The fishes are then allowed to lie in salt for a few hours, when they are ready for the important process known as that of the *fritture*. The interior of a *fritture* by night, when the girls sit awaiting the arrival of the boats which have been delayed by a storm or adverse winds, is a sight to be remembered. The long room is dimly lit by oil-lamps, and the workers sit along the sides of the apartment, industriously knitting socks or shawls. The long hours are beguiled by the chanting of some of the old songs of the province, each verse and its refrain being taken up by different singers, whilst the semi-chorus is chanted, often with high musical effect.

The chief objects of interest in the *fritture* are the large kiln-like stoves, or ovens, into which the flat iron pans containing the sardines are set in rows. After the fishes have been sufficiently cooked, they are placed in the tins or boxes in which they appear on our tables. The manufacture of these tins, it need hardly be said, forms a most important branch of industry at Douarnenez and other places on the coast of Brittany. The sea-shore is literally covered with the clippings, or refuse, of the tin-manufactories; and when the moon shines down on the Bay of Douarnenez, the soft light reflected off innumerable pieces of the shining metal imparts a very striking and somewhat weird aspect to the shore.

The foregoing is a brief account of a highly important industry, ranking next in importance only to our own herring-fisheries, or to the cod-fisheries of other lands; and the brief recital of even a few points in the history of such an industry may serve to show how numerous are the interests, and how varied the processes, through which our tables are provided with the luxuries, or even the necessaries of life.

OLD STREETS.

WHY, bless my heart! I hardly know you;
Your altered faces look so strange;
And yet, old streets, I too could show you
As wild a freak of time and change.
Since first ye seemed enchanted places,
How many years have slipped away?
The merry hearts, the dear old faces,
The joys, the pleasures, where are they?

And where are they, the very houses
That homed the gallant boys and true?
Ah me! what spell the thought arouses,
What fancies fill my brain anew!
'Twas yonder somewhere—in the attic—
Dick Dowland flourished long ago—
Where stands that gleaming pile erratic,
With fifty windows row on row.

What merry nights we passed together,
Warm curtained from the biting cold!
No fears of gout, or bills, or weather,
To plague us in the days of old.
No heed of years to follow after,
Or how the world her favours flung;
But song and smoke and happy laughter,
And loving thoughts for old and young.

Where are ye now, ye jovial-hearted,
That nightly met at pleasure's call?
How have ye fared since last we parted?
Has time dealt lightly by you all?
And lead you lives as gay and jolly,
As full of mirth, as free of care,
As in the days of youth and folly,
When all was bright and fresh and fair?

And you, O joy! O star, adorning
The hazy past! O dream divine!
'Twas here I met you every morning,
And took your little hand in mine;
Ah me! what wild and wayward guesses
I've made about you, little pet;
For voice and eyes and auburn tresses
Stir somehow in my bosom yet;

And as I pace the mighty city,
And gaze along the crowded street,
I half expect to see you, Kitty,
And hear the music of your feet.
I half expect again to meet you
In this the old accustomed place—
Again with laughing lip to greet you,
And look into your smiling face.

Old streets, old streets! a very preacher
Ye are unto this heart of mine,
A silent monitor, a teacher
Whose precepts in the darkness shine.
What time night-shadows close around you,
I love to haunt your lonely ways,
Again to shape you as I found you,
And loved you, in the dear old days.

For buried glories start to being,
And voices hail me as of yore,
And airy forms no eyes are seeing,
Come trooping to my side once more;
And thus it is a song I sing ye,
In memory of the far-off time,
And all the pleasant thoughts you bring me,
That never may be said in rhyme.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS AT SKERNE DUN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT was on the 29th of December that the new schoolmistress was set down at the door of the schoolhouse.

She was a tall slight girl, not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age; and she might have been pretty if she had been less pale, less sad-looking. She was dressed in mourning, quietly and inexpensively, yet with a noticeable amount of grace.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon: darkness was coming up from the sea, a bitter biting shower of sleet was driving down from the moor. There was no human being in sight save the cabman, who put down the two small boxes near the railing, demanded an exorbitant fare, and drove off with an oath on his lips because the gratuity which he had demanded for himself was smaller than he had expected.

The gate was locked. The girl stood for a moment, looking whiter than before; then she remembered she had been told that she would find the keys at the house of Mr. Isaac Stangoe.

The hamlet of Skerne Dun consisted of four or five farmsteads, two labourers' cottages, and one nondescript residence, tenanted by an elderly unmarried gentleman, and his two rather less elderly, but equally unmarried, sisters.

The school, with its adjoining house, stood alone on the brow of a rugged hill; the other habitations seemed to be almost equi-distant from it and from each other. It was natural that the girl should seek the nearest; it was fortunate that this should be the house of Isaac Stangoe, principal farmer of the place, and secretary to the school committee.

Isaac was coming in from the stables. He was a tall, thin man, slightly lame, and of forbidding aspect. The new schoolmistress smiled timidly, and looked up at him with a face eager, expectant, deprecating.

"Ya want t' kighs, ah reckon?" the farmer said, taking one sidelong glance at the girl, and then disappearing, leaving her to take shelter under the wall of his cart-shed. He reappeared in his own time, bringing the keys, which he handed to her.

"What did ya say they called ya?" he demanded.

"Anna Young," she said, trying to speak with some dignity, but utterly failing.

She had more bravery than dignity just then. She fought her way back through the storm to the desolate little schoolhouse, unlocked the door, and stood for a moment upborne by some resolve that precluded tears or any other weakness. Even in that dim light she could see the utter bareness and sordidness of the room. The sole ornament of the mantel-shelf was a battered brass candlestick, containing about an inch of candle; matches were found in the all-but-empty cupboard near the fireplace.

She took off her out-door garments and unlocked her box: it contained some groceries and a small loaf of bread. "You'll be better when you've had some tea," she said to herself, yet speaking aloud. Her voice had a very broken sound; her day's journey had been long, and lonely, and uncomforted.

At the back of the house there was coal in abundance. (Coal, £30 per annum, and the children's pence, were the not unfair terms agreed on as remuneration for her services.) But although the coal was there, there was no wood, nor was there anything about the place, either up-stairs or down, or in the school itself, to serve as a substitute. She went about the strange house with her morsel of candle; she was timid by nature: even the shadows startled her, but she never hesitated. Her firm lips were compressed, her eyes were set, as if some desperate deed had to be done instead of this small matter of finding wood: very small it was, but be it remembered that the girl was tired, cold, and sick at heart.

Still, her face was tearless. Though there was no fire without, there was fire within. After some consideration she went out to the little garden. The sleet was falling less violently, the darkness was more complete. The wind put out her candle. For a second she was on the point of yielding; but what does it mean to yield when there is none to witness, none to help or sympathise? She had to remember what it meant; she groped her way to the border, and broke off a few of the wet twigs from underneath the leafless shrubs. This she had to do more than once. It was over an hour before the fire blazed and the tea-kettle sang. The kettle made very sweet music; when it ceased there was nothing but the wild roar of the wind, the thundering of the sea against the far-off cliffs.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE school opened on the first day of January, with six children. Each child came with its money in its hand, and the sum total was 1s. 9d. There was no smile on the face of Miss Young as she entered it in the register.

In the course of the day the vicar came over from Skerne Wath, the capital of the neighbourhood. Nominally, Mr. Richmond was president of the school committee; really, he was nothing of the kind, and he knew it. The school committee had been formed years before he came to the parish; and its members were men who had their own opinion of parsons, strangers, and dubious people generally.

Still, Mr. Richmond was expected to take an interest in the school at Skerne Dun; he was expected to take an interest in a great many things; and if expectation was sometimes disappointed, it may be that he was not altogether to blame. His parish was large and scattered; his parishioners were difficult to manage; it was impossible to satisfy them.

"There are two others," the vicar replied. "Ours at Skerne is nearly a new one; and the one at the Wyke is quite new. They are both well attended; but, you see, they stand in the middle of villages that are, comparatively speaking, populous. Still, there are a good many children about here. The registers will show you what the attendance used to be."

"DEMANDED AN EXORBITANT FARE" (*p.* 84).

He was a short, brisk-looking man, with grey hair and observant grey eyes. He seemed to measure the new schoolmistress at a glance, and the measurement was not unsatisfactory.

"You will see for yourself that the school wants working up," he said, looking round at the half-dozen small children who sat shivering in the wide room. "It has been going back for a long time now, I am sorry to say, but I think it may be brought round again. It will require time, doubtless, and also perseverance, but much may be done by a little well-directed energy."

"What other schools are there in the neighbourhood?" asked the mistress quietly.

"Before the new schools were built," thought the girl. Her heart was sinking rapidly under the vicar's encouragement.

He went out presently, thinking with some surprise of the quiet ease and grace of the new schoolmistress. He had made no personal remarks or inquiries; he seldom did in such cases. Long experience had taught him the unwisdom of gratuitously laying himself open to demands upon his sympathy. Still, he could not shut out the vision of her terribly isolated life that came before him. What did she do during those long dark evenings from four till ten? What would she do on Saturdays and other holidays? How could she enjoy her meals, having to take them in such

utter solitude? He was a clergyman, but he said to himself, "If I had to do it, I think I should go mad."

It will be seen, then, that he was not without sympathy. In point of fact, had he been less sympathetic he might have been less fearful of incurring fresh claims, less ready to turn away from any infelicitous idea that presented itself. But passing by on the other side is yet possible, alike to the Priest and the Levite; especially is it possible when the wounded man makes what effort he may to hide his wound, and sits by the way-side smiling.

Thinking of the new schoolmistress's solitary meals, the vicar had said, "I think if I were brought to that I should go mad." What, then, would he have done if he had had no meals?

This was a pass to which matters had not come yet, but they were likely to come to it. The girl had foreseen that there would be a struggle. Her journey from Devonshire had cost nearly double the money that she had expected it to cost, and this had made a sad inroad into the small sum that she had calculated on having during the first quarter as a supplement to the children's weekly pence. At the end of the first month she had nothing left of this. Until her quarter's salary was due she must subsist upon the school-money.

It may be expected that the efforts she made to increase the number of children were desperate; but this was not the case. She could fight, as you have seen, bravely enough against untoward events, but untoward words, or even looks, had a very disastrous effect upon her courage. Besides, she did not understand these North Yorkshire people; nor did they understand her. They considered her proud; she considered them coarse and over-familiar.

One evening—it was toward the end of her sixth week at Skerne Dun—her hunger drove her to make an experiment. She would go down to Joel Featherstone's, ostensibly to inquire about an absent child. Joel was one of the school committee, and there were no people to be found in the neighbourhood more hospitable than himself and his wife. Mrs. Featherstone looked quite concerned when she saw the girl's wan face and heavy, listless eyes.

"Noo, Miss Young, cum yer ways to t' fire," she said, speaking with a certain motherly authoritativeness that sent a gleam of light over the countenance of the schoolmistress.

But Joel spoilt all.

"You sall hev half o' my arm-chair," he said jocularly. "T' wife darn't say nowt for t' life on her."

The girl had more of this rough badinage to endure, and her face was eloquent, so was her silence. Had she had a wider knowledge of Yorkshire humanity, and spirit to use her knowledge, she would have ignored the jocularity and have led the conversation into higher channels. Your true Yorkshire farmer has often a keen relish for the intellectual if brought fairly within his reach, and he will admire where he cannot follow; especially will he admire if the various sins and offences which he includes under the head of "pride" be kept studiously out of sight. This is his own besetting sin, and no touch of it will he tolerate in another.

"That stuck-up lass shall never darken my door agen," said Joel to his wife, as Anna Young went up the hill in the rain, fainter and sadder than when she went down. She had been asked to stay to supper, but with so little cordiality that she seemed unable to find an excuse for accepting the invitation. Yet she repented even as she uttered the words of refusal, and lingered awhile in the big comfortable kitchen of the farmhouse, looking about her with wide hungry eyes, that might have told a sad tale had any one there been capable of interpretation. She repented yet more when she reached her own room. The fire had gone out; her worn-out boots were wet, so was her thin clothing; and there was only the bottom of a loaf of bread in the house. The following day was Sunday. This morsel of bread must serve her until Monday noon, when she would have to go down to the Wyke, a distance of two miles, for her week's stock of provisions.

It was not late. She lighted her candle, went upstairs for a shawl, and then sat down to write a letter—a cheerful, hopeful letter to her mother. She smiled once, as a thought of Chatterton crossed her brain. Anna Young wrote no word that was wilfully deceptive, but she passed carefully over certain truths. Her mother was an invalid, a widow, and utterly dependent on the cousin with whom she lived.

"Bear with things a little longer," wrote the girl. "The quarter is already half gone. When I receive my salary I will send money enough for your journey at once; then I think life will go on smoothly for both of us—perhaps more than smoothly: who knows? I have dreams, plans, hopes, but I must keep them even from you until I have proved them a litttle."

This letter written, she knelt by her chair for awhile; then she began to write again, this time more eagerly than before. The heavy, listless eye was bright enough now, the wan cheek kindled rapidly. Was her dream taking shape? She wrote on and on; when the clock in the school struck twelve she rose up and stood like one transfigured.

"The gift is of God," she said reverently. "I will never use it but for Him."

It was a few days after this that Mrs. Richmond, the wife of the vicar, called at the school. She was a good woman; she had come over from Skerne Wath for the purpose of being good to the schoolmistress, and she had brought with her five back numbers of the *Missionary Banner*. They had a strong odour of tobacco, but a schoolmistress could not be expected to mind that.

Mrs. Richmond did not approve of Miss Young quite so much as her husband had done. In spite of her poverty and sore distress, the girl had an appearance of exquisite neatness, even of daintiness, about her; and in the arrangement of her beautiful fair hair she had caught the style of the day with far greater success than Miss Richmond had yet been able to attain. This argued a degree of worldly-mindedness not desirable in one whose vocation it was to train the young.

There was something about the girl that prevented Mrs. Richmond from speaking her mind openly during this first visit. The lady expressed herself satisfied with the manner in which the children appeared to be doing their work, and hoped that the number would increase more rapidly when the fine weather came. There were fourteen present now, and the school-pence that week had amounted to 3s. 5d. But, notwithstanding this addition, Miss Young still looked pale and abnormally thin.

"I fear you are not in good health," Mrs. Richmond observed, with some kindness.

The girl blushed hotly. "I am not very strong just now," she said. "I hope to be better soon."

"Yes: I hope so, too; but you should take something. Let me recommend you to try Parfitt's Pills. I have recommended them in several cases, and I always find that they do good. And I *do* hope that you practise cold bathing regularly: it is of the very greatest importance. Nothing else so fortifies the system against cold and damp."

Then Mrs. Richmond went back to her well-appointed home and carefully-served dinner; the school-children went on with their arithmetic; and Anna Young bent over them with helpful words, so gently and sweetly uttered, that the little ones forgot to be glad when the lesson was over.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IF all that has been written by the philosophers of all time on the advantages of poverty could be gathered together, condensed into one huge volume, and digested by any ordinary human brain, would it enable the possessor of that brain to struggle successfully with protracted hunger—hunger that has forgotten the sensation of satisfied appetite—hunger that is felt through the whole being, reducing the faculties of soul, mind, and body to one blind craving for enough to eat?

Anna Young entered her schoolroom on the morning of the last Monday in March, not having broken her fast since Saturday evening. She had walked four miles on the preceding day—to the church at Skerne Wath, and back again; and she had had the comfort of hearing a very good sermon. The vicar had taken for his text the forty-fifth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew:—

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

Yes: it was an unusually good sermon, although there was a large number of quotations in it. Some of these lingered in the mind of one of his hearers all day.

"We must seek out grief when it is hidden, as well as rouse ourselves to comprehend it when it is brought before us," quoted the vicar.

"No man who loves his kind can in these days rest content with waiting as a servant upon human misery, when it is possible in so many cases to anticipate and avert it. Prevention is better than cure."

He was very emphatic, very much in earnest, there could be no doubt about it; and it was consoling to belong to a Church that could hold and preach such doctrine as that.

But it is to be feared that this consolation lost some of its power when Monday morning came, bringing new trial with it.

Although, as it has been said, Miss Young had had nothing to eat for nearly two days, she had begun her duties afresh, not yet in a despairing mood—by no means despairing, for would not this dreadful crisis be over in five days? On the following Friday her salary would be due; she would write for her mother; she would go down to the Wyke for as much food as she could bring back; she would eat and be satisfied.

Thursday, in that week, was the day fixed upon by the Rev. John Fitzmaurice, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, as the day when he might be looked for at Skerne Dun, at ten o'clock in the morning. The school now numbered seventeen scholars, but of these only nine could be presented for examination. Nevertheless, Miss Young had exhorted them all to be present that week, and they had answered to her exhortation; consequently, on Monday morning the school-pence amounted to 4s. 3d. Miss Young closed her eyes for a moment. The crisis was past.

But at noon, when the children were going out, one returned.

"Please, 'm, my father's bad; an' he said 'at ya had to send that munny for mendin' yer shoes."

"Your father is ill? I am sorry. But do you think that he wants the money very much? Could he wait until Friday?"

"Please, 'm, we haint nowt to eat."

"Oh, then, you shall have it. How much were the boots, Jemmy?"

"Three shillin's."

Miss Young wrapped the money in paper. "Take care you don't lose it, Jemmy," she said, as the boy went out.

So the crisis was not over; but it soon would be. "A little more courage, only a little," she said to herself, with a smile.

There was no smile on her face when Thursday morning came, bringing with it the seventeen children in Sunday frocks and jackets, their bright little faces brighter for much soap, the curls upon their heads drenched to a cruel flatness with hair-oil. Miss Young stood by the desk when Her Majesty's Inspector came in, accompanied by the vicar, his wife and daughter, and several friends. They seemed to fill the school. The little children were overpowered, the big ones nervous, but Miss Young stood impassive as a piece of pale marble. Her pulse moved as slowly as before, no tinge of colour came to her cheek; she looked up with calm eyes that seemed to have grown wider, and bowed with a self-possession that several of the visitors noticed with disapproval.

The examination lasted about two hours: they seemed like two days to the half-unconscious schoolmistress, who was taking her little successes with such provoking indifference. It was very puzzling to watch her, and no one could help watching her. Certainly, there was something uncommon about her, they said, as the

strange impression that she made deepened upon them.

When the graver business of the day was over the children were asked to sing: then and then only did the schoolmistress rouse herself to anything like interest in the proceedings. It might be that she was roused unconsciously. She appeared to forget herself, to forget where she was, and that she had listeners. Mr. Fitzmaurice was rather surprised that in answer to his request for a song she had started a Psalm—the forty-second: "As pants the hart." The tune was the grand old one called "Martyrdom."

The children seemed to catch the inspiration of their teacher; to sing as if they, too, were stirred to soul-deep yearnings for some good they had not, to certain hope that they should yet sing praises for this same good for which they were now athirst. But Her Majesty's Inspector did not listen so critically to the singing of the children as he should have done. His attention was drawn unawares to the pathetic pleading, the tremulous confidence, expressed in the tones, the words, the looks of the girl who stood with clasped hands and uplifted, unearthly face.

The visitors went homeward as they might have gone from an impressive service in a church; the schoolmistress remained behind. That crisis which she had dreaded at the beginning of the week was coming quickly to its height.

She sat on a low chair leaning her head against the table. The bright steel-blue March day was very chill, and the fire was getting low; yet she delayed putting more coal on: it was so difficult to move; she seemed to ache all over with weariness. She would bestir herself by-and-by.

She was not unhappy lying there. It was a sordid little place. The narrow wall was covered with a hideous paper; the wooden chairs would have added to the hardships of a prison. "But it is peaceful," she said to herself; "and I am free." Then her imagination wandered off in search of contrasts, gilded rooms and lustrous mirrors, walls hung with noble pictures, and floors covered with rich soft carpets. She did not seem to care much for these; nor did she appear to herself to be very grateful for the luxurious food that awaited her. Immediately before her stretched a long table, and on it, temptingly arranged, were dainties and flowers, solid meats and sparkling wines: it was a feast for the eye, with all its glittering accessories of glass, and china, and silver. No one was present save herself. She was about to sit down, but a stern voice called her away. . . . Then she awoke with a start. The fire was out; she was shivering. "And, oh," she said, "but I am very hungry!"

It was not for long. The dreamy calm, the sense of contentment, soon was hers again. She was lonely: yes, but there was no one to be harsh or unkind; loneliness was better than strife and bitterness. True, it would be good to have the lives of some girls she knew—girls who had fathers and brothers who were kind to them and studied to please them. She remembered a day when she had been taken out for a drive in a hired carriage by one of these friends. She could feel again the sense of ease and pleasure, the soft play of the breeze upon her forehead as they swept through the lanes—her childish delight in driving through the busy town. But, somehow, things had changed in the town. All the shops were filled with food—food so appetising that it was impossible to still the craving that she had. But her friend's brother would not stop. In vain she implored him: he did but seem to drive the faster. The shops seemed to come nearer together, the windows were piled more and more temptingly; the carriage whirled on, and on, and on. Then it came down with a crash; and again the schoolmistress awoke to find what an aching chill there was in that March afternoon.

She looked languidly out of the window: the scene was very dreary. There was the end of a barn with its red gable, a few corn-pikes, an ill-kept stackyard. Then a white dove flew out, and went right overhead. Where was it going? she wondered dreamily. Would she ever go anywhere—away from Skerne Dun, and the brown moor, and the moaning sea? She could hear the moaning even as she sat there; yet she knew that the sea was bright, and blue, and enticing, and looked as if it would be pleasant to be sailing over it. Perhaps she might sail over it some day. Lying there with her eyes closed, and her senses lulled with a strange nepenthe, she could feel herself gliding very smoothly and softly over the waters; breezes were filling the sails of the ship, men moving swiftly to and fro over the deck. Presently one—a dark, silent figure—came towards her, bearing food. Her hands touched it, but before she could raise it to her lips a white wave swept it from her—swept over her. There was sudden darkness, the consciousness that she was sinking, going down, down, down. How deep the waters were!

* * * * * *

The schoolmistress was lying there in her house, very still, very quiet, when Isaac Stangoe went in next morning. There was money in his hand, but she did not take it. He was a little alarmed, and spoke kindly, but she did not hear him.

Then people gathered about her, and talked of her pityingly; and after a time the doctor came, and spoke learnedly. They told him how she had had to nerve herself for the ordeal by inspection on the previous day, and how she had borne it bravely, but had seemed to grow tense and agitated at the last. The doctor listened, and gave his opinion to the assembled inquirers with due professional authoritativeness. "Fatal syncope, induced by over-excitement," he said; and this was much too neatly and comfortably worded to admit of question.

One day, not long afterward, Mrs. Featherstone was packing up the few articles of raiment that had belonged to Anna Young. There were other things besides raiment; among them a blotting-book, with some large-sized sheets of paper stitched together. This was the manuscript of a story in verse; and the motto on the title-page was—

"Where we disavow
Being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain."

EMBROIDERED HOUSE AND TABLE LINEN.

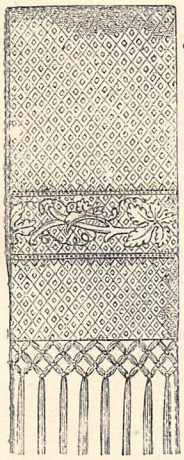


Fig. 1.

ONE of the latest additions to the beauty of our household surroundings, is the revival of embroidered linen. Both in France and England it has quickly become popular, and the adoption of the Russian embroidered and worked towels is the freshest and prettiest of all the new ideas for bed-room decoration. These towels are used in Russia as a sort of blind, to cover from the general view the half-soiled towels in daily use, as they hang on the towel-horse, and form a disfiguring adjunct to the prettiest *chambre à coucher*. Their use in England has been extended to the ordinary towel, which is frequently embroidered and trimmed after the designs of the fair mistress of the mansion. "I shall never invite her on a visit to me again," said an irate leader in what is known as "high art fashion," the other day—"she shut herself up in her own room the whole morning, while she was with us, and copied all my towels!"

Outline-stitch, Russian embroidery, and chain-stitch are used, as well as crewel-work, for these towels. The first three are done in red and blue ingrain marking cotton, and the last in coloured crewels. The general method is to purchase the bordered towels, and outline the pattern on the border, in ingrain cotton; the ends are always fringed, trimmed ends having, to all appearance, gone entirely out of date. If the diaper or huckaback be purchased by the yard, from a piece, the towel itself must not be less than a yard and a half long; five inches being allowed at each end for fringing-out. Our illustration (Fig. 1) shows the appearance of one of these towels when

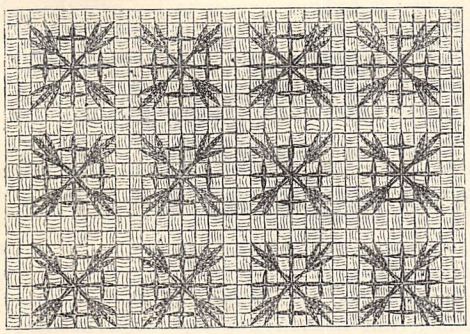


Fig. 2.

finished. Fig. 2 shows one of the Russian embroidery stitches, which simply consists of a series of long stitches, put in so as to form a pattern. This design is for use on ordinary huckaback, and may be worked in alternate squares of blue and red ingrain cotton. The fringe of these towels is knotted, as seen in the illustration, and the chain-stitch sewing machines embroider very well for this kind of ornamentation. A running pattern, or a scroll design, must first be traced on the material, and then it can be gone over with the machine, leaving the chain-stitch for the right side of the towel. The outline-stitch may be worked in eight different ways, but it will not be needful to mention more than two, one of which is illustrated in Fig. 3; the other stitch would, in church embroidery, be called "couching." It consists in sewing a coarse thread down, at equal distances, with a fine thread. The old Saxon work, the most beautiful of all embroideries, generally has the design outlined in this manner; the interior being filled up with lace stitches, executed on the material.

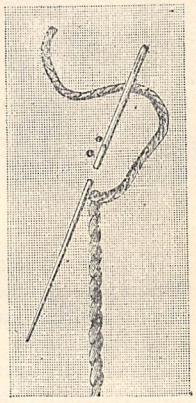


Fig. 3.

Holbein embroidery is also very pretty when both sides of the material are required to be alike—in other words, when there is no wrong side. It is really one of the outline-stitches, although it is unusual to class it with them; it is worked over a certain number of threads, always leaving the same number exactly between each stitch, thus making both sides of the work precisely alike. Square or geometrical designs are most suited to it, but any pattern may be carried out when once the worker is accustomed to it. I have been thus careful in mentioning the stitches in vogue for embroidering table and house linen, so that my readers will quite understand the various descriptions given, and the manner of executing them. The monogram of the owner, or the initial letter of the family name, is invariably embroidered on linen in satin-stitch, with either white or coloured cotton. For serviettes it is usually put at the corner, for table-cloths at one corner, or in the centre of each side, so that it hangs over the edge of the table. The monograms for table-cloths are very large; the same style and design is used of a smaller size for the serviettes of the set, for the side-board, and tray-cloths. Some of the table-cloths and serviettes are fringed at the edges all round; this fashion, however, does not appear to have "taken" very generally. The new French designs for table-linen deserve mention. They consist of large and rather fantastic-looking birds, embroidered in the corners with threads of various colours, and even represent natural scenes, such as the Chinese gathering in the tea-harvest, and Japanese costumes, or habits. The borders woven round ordinary table-linen are sometimes so pretty, that merely outlining them in red ingrain cotton is a sufficient decoration; and the serviettes and sideboard-cloth can be worked

in the same manner. A table-cloth and serviette thus treated and fringed at the edges are illustrated in Fig. 4.

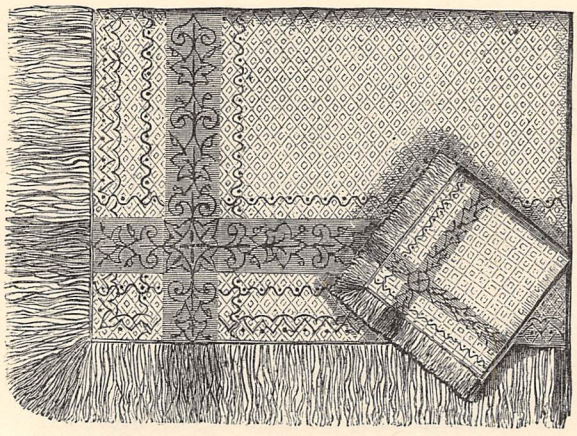


Fig. 4.

What may be almost called the "sampler" style of working linen must also be mentioned, as to those who do not feel inclined to attempt anything difficult it offers an easy but very effective decoration for towels or table-linen. In Germany this style of cross-stitch is used on linen sheets for ornamenting the ends that turn down over the bed, and even in the very poorest houses you find the bed-linen more or less ornamented. The method of working is to tack a strip of canvas on the material, and work the cross-stitch with ingrain cotton, and afterwards to draw out the threads of the canvas. For linen the canvas is hardly needed, the threads being both sufficiently visible and even, and the idea is so simple that any one can weave the little squares and zig-zags for themselves as they work. Fig. 5 gives a small border

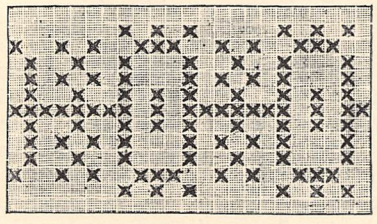


Fig. 5.

pattern, which many of my readers may recognise as a familiar old friend on the antiquated but recently revived sampler. The return to fashion of the primitive style of marking linen in cross-stitch, as it was done fifty or sixty years ago, was inaugurated by the new Needlework Code, and the scholar in a Board school has now her sampler, and works it as conscientiously as her grandmother and great-grandmother did before her. Marking-inks prove occasionally such disappointments, and work such direful mischief to the material upon which they are used, that one cannot regret the return of the old fashion. Children's fingers are very clever at doing little stitches of this kind, and now that we have so decidedly made a move towards the useful in girls' education, we shall require all the interesting needle-work we can find to keep them sufficiently occupied. Another method of decorating house-linen is afforded by the application of another ancient fashion, that of "drawn work," which consists in drawing the warp threads of the towelling or linen, and obtaining a pattern by binder threads, in the same way as hem-stitching is done. When the weft threads are also drawn, a cross-barred design can be produced, and by the use of darning lace stitches and binder threads form an open embroidery, which was much used for ecclesiastical purposes in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and is still practised as a national industry for women in Brazil, and the other states of South America, where they do it with such skill that it becomes quite worthy of the name of lace, which they bestow upon it. Of somewhat the same nature as this is the old German "cut-work," of which a fashionable ladies' journal has lately given a sketch. This consisted in cutting and drawing both warp and weft threads, so as to leave the pattern drawn on the linen, a solid design, in a groundwork of quadrangular meshes.

In America, what are known under the name of "pillow and sheet shams" have long been in use. They really are embroidered or handsomely trimmed covers, put over the pillows of the beds by day, and over that part of the sheet which turns over. The general method of manufacturing them is to use Victoria lawn, or linen, with lace-edged frills. The linen is cut to the shape of the pillows which it is intended to cover, and the sheet "sham" is about half a yard wide by two yards long. These articles, however, would not find much favour in the eyes of English-women, who use their bed-rooms much less than American ladies do, and who do not turn down their beds until the night, keeping both pillows and sheet covered up by the white or coloured quilt, which is spread over all.

In England, two fashions seem at present in vogue—the first is to have a cover, to lay over the quilt, of crétonne or chintz, of the same pattern as the hangings of the bed; the second idea is to have this kind of cover composed of a white sprigged or spotted muslin, with frills of the same, or lace, and lined with silk to match the prevailing tint of the room. The first of these fancies I think horrible; and if the crétonne used be a dark-coloured one, there is neither light nor brightness left in the room when the attractive whiteness of the bed is covered up. I can quite understand, however, that to those people who, in this smoky London, are obliged to study economy in washing, this fashion would prove a decided god-send.

In Figs. 6 and 7 examples of the embroidered bed-linen are shown, which is now used both in England and France. They are done in satin-stitch embroidery, and are intended for use, not for "shams." Great quantities of this work have always been done in France by the peasants of the Vosges mountains.

There is nothing really new under the sun. Even while I write my description of the embroidery of 1877, I am reminded of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's drawings of the Egyptian embroidery in fashion in the time of the Pharaohs. These specimens are now in Paris, at the Louvre; one of them has a broad yellow stripe, with some narrower red ones laid on it, and over both is wrought a diamond pattern in needlework; the second piece has a blue ground, over which a netting pattern of white embroidery is worked, and the meshes form the outline of an irregular design of cubic shapes. The stitches used are nearly the same as the long stitch now called Russian embroidery; and one cannot help pondering over endless questions of "hows" and "whens," as one gazes at the labour of hands which crumbled into dust 3,000 years ago. No, I forgot; they did not crumble into dust in Egypt, for their remains, still in preservation, grace our museums today. If they could have foreseen it, I should think, the embalmer's art would speedily have gone out of fashion. But, in spite of her being a mummy (one of the ugliest of things), I looked with softened eyes at my sister-woman's work, and hope she never found a resting-place, with her embroidery—an exile and a show—under the gilded ceiling of the Palace of the Louvre.

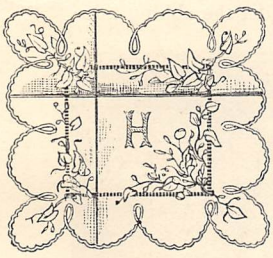


Fig. 6.

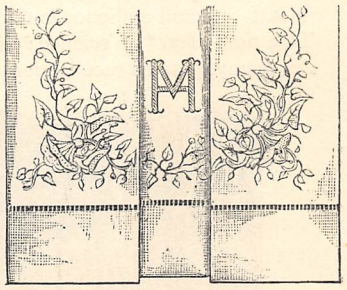
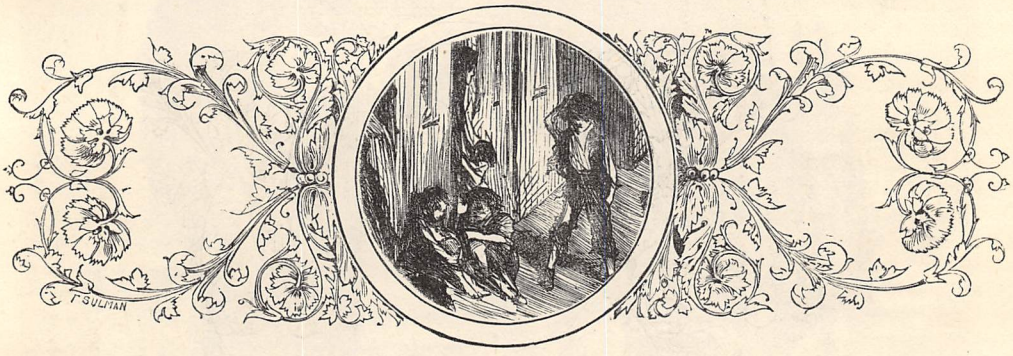


Fig. 7.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

(CONTRAST No. 2.)

DOWN in a noisome alley foul with grime,
Where vice holds nightly carnival of crime,
One of Christ's ministers beheld a child
In rags and dirt, uncared for, running wild,
Dwarfed, stunted, ugly, with long tangled hair
And eyes that glinted with a cunning glare;
Divine compassion moved the good man's heart
To try and win this child by that pure art
Which is God's gift of power to the pure;
That power prevailed; by slow degrees but sure
The poor young pariah was drawn away
To join a humble school, where work and play
Skilfully blended with words wisely kind,
Aroused the latent powers of his mind.

The pastor left the city. Thirty years
Went sailing by with freights of smiles and tears,
With broken hopes, and projects unfulfilled,
False joys, foul wrongs, and warm hearts dulled and chilled;
But o'er the good man's head, now bent and white,
Each year in passing shed some holy light;
More smiles than tears still shone upon his path,
For "more is given to the wise who hath;"
Not all his projects failed, not all hopes broken,
Not vain his deeds, not vain the good words spoken;
Still all these years had vanished like a dream,
When once again the old man joined the stream
Of modern life in London; clear and bright
And ever eager to rejoice in light,
Whene'er fair Science oped her temple doors
And her high priests poured forth the wondrous stores
Of brilliant knowledge patiently obtained
And freely given, although hardly gained,

He was oft present, gladly learning still
The latest revelations of God's will.
One evening he took his 'customed place
'Midst a grand audience gathered to do grace
To a new "star" of science; at his name
A dreamy, puzzled recollection came;

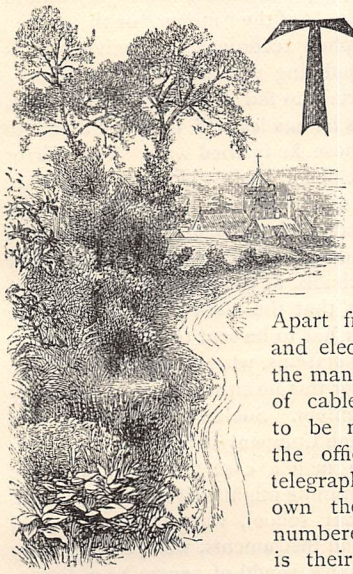
That all its ugliness had passed away
Like low'ring clouds dispersed by noontide's ray.
When the last plaudits rang from floor to roof,
No longer could the pastor stand aloof,
But passing down amidst the ebbing tide

"THE TWO MEN GREET."

But when the man himself stood forth and spoke
The pastor's fullest memory awoke.
Yes! there the voice, now sweet and very clear,
That shrilled its first harsh accents in his ear;
And there the form, still slight but full of grace;
And there, but with what difference! the face
Full of intelligence, and so refined
By the fair influence of a cultured mind

He took the hero of the night aside;
With quivering lips and bright though glistening eyes,
The two men greet with joyful glad surprise,
One, with that crowning gladness of renown
Conscious of having nobly earned his crown;
The other, with such joy as angels know
When they meet sinners saved from horrent woe.

ON SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH SERVICE.



THE extraordinary development of submarine cables in every part of the world during the last twenty-five years has given rise to a special profession of considerable importance. Apart from the engineers and electricians required in the manufacture and laying of cables, which are only to be numbered by tens, the officials of the great telegraph companies who own the cables may be numbered by thousands. It is their duty to maintain the cables in working order, and to work the message-traffic through them. When we consider that there are upwards of 60,000 miles of cable in actual use, and that there are telegraph offices with *employés* stationed along the great lines of communication, at intervals of at least every 500 miles on an average, we can form some idea of the scope of the profession. Of course the management of overland telegraphs requires a vastly greater number of officials and operators —partly because land-lines require more attention than cables, and span very much shorter distances, but mainly owing to their intricate extension over the whole surface of populous countries. Of overland telegraph work, however, this paper does not propose to treat.

The principal *employés* of a telegraph company may be divided into two classes—the electrical staff and the manipulating staff. It is the duty of the former to keep the cable and the instruments in working order, and the duty of the latter to transmit the messages with as little delay as possible. The electrical staff of a company is usually composed of the electrician-in-chief, who remains at the head-quarters of the company, and receives reports from the district electricians as to the state of the lines. When some serious fault occurs on the lines, he may have to go abroad to see to it personally, but generally one or other of the district electricians is capable of setting all to rights without his aid. It is with the district electricians that we have more particularly to deal. Each station has its electrician—some have two. His duties are to test the cable regularly and report upon its condition ; to keep the instruments in proper working order ; and to localise or fix the position of any faults which may break out in the cable. Sometimes he may be required to proceed to sea in the company's repairing ship, and undertake the repairs. These consist in grapnelling the cable, pulling it up from the bottom, and extracting the fault. The captain of the repairing ship or some other of his officers is generally able to conduct the grapnelling and hauling in ; but the electrician must be able to find the position of the fault, and see the cable soundly repaired. Under him is the battery-man of the station, who attends to the batteries, cleaning them and supplying them with chemicals. He is the stoker of the electrical engine.

The manipulating staff consists of the general superintendent of the station ; under him are the clerks-in-charge and the operators. The clerk-in-charge is the overseer of the operators, and the right-hand man of the superintendent. There are generally two at a large station. The operators or clerks manipulate the instruments in transmitting and receiving the messages. Their work is thus a mere mechanical routine in itself, slightly spiced with interest at times by the character of the message. Some thought and management is required from the clerk-in-charge, and some business capacity, combined with scientific attainments, on the part of the superintendent. The electrician should have a thorough knowledge of the principles and practice of his special branch of science ; but he too often contents himself with efficiency in the mere routine duties of his station. It cannot be urged too strongly on a young electrician to keep always learning and acquiring a mastery of his profession, for at any moment he may be called upon to act in an emergency where his intelligence and skill may prove of great value to the company. Cable companies are beginning to learn by dear experience that a cable should not only be made of the best materials, but be in the best hands when laid. They are, therefore, now importing young men of higher general education and more technical training into their service than formerly; and the standard of the profession is gradually being raised. At present the clerks are not required to know anything beyond the mere manipulation, and they do not, as a rule, trouble themselves to know much more. But it should be borne in mind by a young clerk that the more he knows about the instruments he signals with, and the theory of the telegraph circuit, the more potentially valuable he is to the company. For occasions are constantly occurring when some slight defect in the working of his apparatus, causing a temporary delay in the traffic, could be remedied by him in a few moments, thus obviating the necessity of always sending for the electrician, who may be off duty at the time, and thereby saving the company from no inconsiderable loss.

A young man desirous of entering the submarine service should have a clear idea as to whether he wishes to be a member of the electrical or the manipulating staff. It is a common thing for intelligent and enterprising clerks to conceive a distaste for their routine work, and a liking for the electrician's duties,

as well as his salary, which is usually more than that of a clerk-in-charge. The electrician, too, is to a certain extent independent of the superintendent of a station. His proper superior is the electrician-in-chief of the company. But it is a very difficult thing for an *employé*, when once he is committed to the manipulating staff, to get transferred from it to the electrical staff, unless indeed he can bring effective influence to bear at head-quarters. In telegraph companies "friends at court" are, perhaps, too powerful. The few who have been exalted by their favour are not always capable men, and often not the most capable in the service. They are regarded with jealousy, and the system is fruitful of discord. The electricians of a company are so few in number, and the position so good, that they are generally selected by interest. The manipulating staff is, however, a much more open field.

An intending electrician should have a good general education as a basis, and if possible a fair knowledge of general physics, chemistry, and mechanics, including statics and dynamics, and the strength of materials. His chemistry will be serviceable to him in connection with batteries, and his mechanics in the construction of land-lines and the laying of cables. He should have a special knowledge of electricity and magnetism, their mutual relations, and their relations to general physics. He must, of course, be a fair mathematician, with a knowledge of geometry, including Euclid and a little conic sections, of algebra as far, at least, as quadratic equations, and of elementary plane trigonometry. He should have a thorough knowledge of Ohm's Law, on which all electrical measurements are founded—that is to say, the relations of the strength of the electric current to the electro-motive force, and the electric resistance in any given circuit. He ought also to be a fair mechanician, able to work the lathe, and to construct pieces of apparatus. Above all, we should recommend him to acquire a habit of study, which will not leave him even under the indolent influences of station-life in hot latitudes. With such a habit, he will be able to extend and deepen his professional knowledge, making himself not only efficient and skilful in taking the regular tests of the cable when it is in good order, but in applying the best known tests for localising faults when the cable "breaks down." He may even enliven the tedium of his station-life by making original observations and experiments on electrical phenomena, either general or peculiar to his locality, and may thereby be enabled to contribute results valuable to science.

A word of caution on the subject of some of the so-called "Schools of Telegraphy" may not be unnecessary. They claim to prepare young gentlemen for superior appointments in both departments of the submarine service in four or six months. Now, supposing that it were possible to turn out a "superior" electrician and manipulator in six months, there remains the important question where he is to get a situation. As we have already said, the *electrical* staff of a company is usually filled up through interest, and not by outsiders. The trained gentleman is therefore obliged to fall back on the manipulating staff. But in order to enter the service of a company he has to pass an entrance examination in manipulating the signalling key (in sending messages), and in reading the light-signals of the "mirror," or the written signals of the "siphon recorder" (in receiving messages). The manipulating may be very satisfactory; but he is almost certain to fail in the trials at reading, because the signals he has learned from are found to be different from those he is tried with. The mirror signals, especially, change their character; they are quick or sluggish, sharp or round, according to the cable they are received through, and they are never the same on an "artificial cable," such as are commonly employed in the schools, as they are on a real cable. The consequence is that the clerk either fails in his pass examination, or has to be sent to one of the company's own training stations, where he can practise on a real cable. But for this he either receives no salary or has to pay a premium. Such a training station is the Eastern Telegraph Company's station at Porthcurnow, Cornwall. In such a case the expense of the preliminary school-training might well have been saved. A thoroughly efficient school, with proper artificial cables, instructors and instruments, well patronised by the telegraph companies, would of course be a desideratum; but, as far as we can learn, those which do exist are not yet on that footing, whatever they may become. An intending electrician or manipulator should proceed with caution in respect of these schools. The electrician should first make sure of getting an appointment before he trains himself; and the clerk should see whether it would not be better for him to avoid the school, and enter the training course of the company at once.

After undergoing the preliminary examination successfully, a clerk is admitted into the service of the company. He is sent abroad, first to some station where he can gain more skill. His salary will be about £100 per annum, but he will have free quarters. As he improves, and is sent further abroad, his salary rises to £150, or, if he attains to the higher grades of clerkship, £200 per annum. If he is intelligent and industrious he will become a clerk-in-charge in time, at a salary of, say, £250; and if he is fortunate enough to become a superintendent with charge of a station, he will have a salary of from £300 to £500 per annum. A young electrician enters upon his station duties at a salary of about £200 a year. If he rises to be chief electrician of a principal station, he will have as much as £400 a year. His next and highest step is that of electrician-in-chief to the company.

The principal submarine companies and their lines are the Eastern, whose system extends in duplicate lines from England by the Mediterranean to Bombay, and which is, perhaps, the most enterprising of them all; the Anglo-American and Direct United States Companies, possessing the Atlantic cables; the Brazilian Submarine, connecting England to Pernambuco in Brazil; and the Western and Brazilian, working coast-cables from Pará on the Amazon to Monte Video;

the West India and Panama, possessing most of the West Indian lines from Demerara to Florida; the Great Northern, a Danish company connecting China and Japan through Russia to England; and the Eastern Extension, carrying the lines of the Eastern Company from India to Australia and New Zealand by way of the East India Islands. Some of these companies, such as the West India and Panama, have no regular electricians at their stations, but employ a travelling electrician. There are usually about a dozen *employés* at each important station, including superintendent, clerks-in-charge, electricians, clerks, and battery-man. The stations are fixed at towns or settlements whose traffic is valuable to the company, or where a convenient break in the line of cables occurs for "translation" or "re-transmission" of messages. For instance, the Eastern Company has stations at Porthcurnow, Vigo, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Malta, Alexandria, Suez, and Aden, on the direct route to Bombay, and there are re-transmissions of a Bombay to London message at all these places. It is worthy of remark in passing, that even with so many re-transmissions, an ordinary message traverses the whole system in eighteen minutes; and with special arrangements beforehand, the result of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race is known in Bombay within two minutes after the event.

A telegraph station usually comprises the superintendent's office, the instrument-room, where the sending and receiving of messages are carried on, the testing-room of the electrician, and the battery-room. Adjoining these offices are the clerks' quarters, consisting usually of bed-rooms, mess-room, and reading-room, where are to be seen the home papers subscribed for by themselves. Sometimes at large stations a billiard-room is added. In certain parts of the world, such as the West Indies, Brazil, and the colonies, the clerk can cultivate very good society if he chooses. He may even enter the best the country can afford. But, in general, he does not avail himself of these advantages. Telegraph clerks are, as a rule, rather deficient in all kinds of culture except the "dot, dash" of their calling. They therefore keep to themselves and their quarters, or seek their pleasure in the streets, or at the public places of amusement which are to be had. In certain outlandish places, such as the Island of St. Vincent, off the coast of Morocco, or St. Pierre, off the coast of Nova Scotia, they are thrown entirely on their own resources, and must create their own amusements. St. Vincent is a bare heap of volcanic ash basking under a tropical sun, without a blade of natural verdure to refresh the eye, and no connection with civilisation except the occasional visit of the mail-steamers for a few hours. St. Pierre is a bleak Atlantic rock tenanted by a few French-Canadian fisher-folk. But yet these two places are not entirely destitute of some means of recreation. They both offer good boating and fishing. Aden, than which there is perhaps no hotter place on the globe, offers good flamingo and wild-fowl shooting. There is something to fall back upon at every station, except perhaps at Suez, where, as far as I know, the clerks have nothing better to do to pass the time than to look at the desert sand which stretches all around them, and wish for a good shower of rain.

With all this idleness there is a great deal of gossip, scandal, and discontent prevalent at telegraph stations, which tells harmfully on a young man. Cut off from the ties of kith and kin, from lectures, libraries, and even from church, he is only too apt to forsake good principles, and perhaps to adopt those that are reprehensible. Another disadvantage of the life is its unsettled character. A telegraph clerk must hold himself in readiness to be sent to any part of the company's system, on the shortest notice, whenever he may be wanted. As a clerk he is rarely in a position to marry, partly owing to the migratory nature of his employment, and partly to the low salary. As a superintendent he can, of course, "settle down," and sometimes, although rarely, even as a clerk-in-charge. But the superintendentships are few and far between; and although it is true, as an eminent authority has said, "that there are two classes of clerks—those who are mere machines, and another whose intelligence, business aptitude, and earnestness of purpose will lead them to the highest grade of the profession," still it must not be forgot that personal interest is unusually powerful in telegraph companies, where the powers that be reside at home, and individual merit is exhibited abroad, whence it never comes to their knowledge except by the indirect way of a report from a third party.

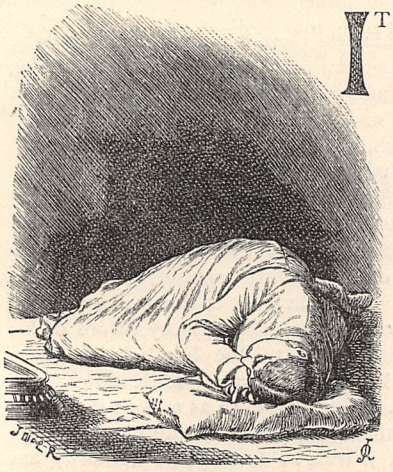
In making these remarks, we have wished to give some insight into the real character of the telegraph service abroad, the facilities in getting appointments, and the prospects of a career in it. The work of an operator at a cable station is mere mechanical routine. That of an electrician can, on the contrary, be made very interesting. Fewer men are really in constant demand by the companies than is generally believed, and few of the companies are in a flourishing condition. Nearly all the electricians required, and many of the clerks, are drawn from private sources. The career to talent is not so open as it ought to be, but to those who have their heart in their work, steadiness, industry, tact, and intelligence, a superintendentship is likely in the end to come. For those, however, who have no superior energy, originality, or finer susceptibilities, the life of an operator is best suited. Any youth in search of an easy, motiveless existence, will find it in the submarine telegraph service.

J. MUNRO, C.E.

SUSPENSE.

A Story. By the Author of "A Hard Case."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



IT was late in the afternoon of a windy November day. My father had been away for a fortnight, and we had only had one short letter from him, telling us of the arrival of his sister, our Aunt Lucy, and saying he would let us know in a few days when to expect him home. Carry and I thought the house had never seemed so dull as during this fortnight. We missed our father, and we missed Godwin; we tired of ourselves and of each other; for, for the first time in our lives, there was a subject which I would not let Carry talk about, and she thought me over-particular and disagreeable, and could not understand why I should feel vexed and self-reproachful about Mr. Wilson, or unwilling to talk about him. She could not see why I should not tell her every word that had passed between us; she wanted to know which of her favourite heroes he had behaved most like, and the exact amount of despair he had shown; and I, though I could never wish to marry him, felt too kindly towards him to talk lightly of his vexation, even if such talking had otherwise seemed allowable.

On this particular afternoon, Carry declared I was more than usually dull, and as the light faded—for the little breakfast-room in which we sat was very dark—had settled herself on the hearthrug and fallen asleep. Though the wind was high and moaned amongst the trees, it was dry and warm, and I opened the window and leaned out, listening to the sound of the great woods round the house "rocking and rumbling." Certainly, with all its beauty, Hollywood at such times was a dreary place. Yet there was excitement too in listening for the sweeps of wind which rose far away in the distance, and, their fury spent, died away in the distance again. How grand and wild and wide the world must be, over which but a moment ago that wind had swept! Should I ever leave my narrow life and go out and explore its beauties? Would seas and rivers and mountains one day be real to me; great cities, where men lived and worked, and failed and succeeded, familiar and homelike; and would this, the only life I had ever known, fade into a dim past, or be looked back upon with yearning for its peace and safety?

Presently another sound reached my ears, of wheels coming up the winding carriage-road from the lodge. "It must be father coming home," was my first thought, and I turned round to wake Carry; but a moment's reflection convinced me I was wrong. Father never came home unawares: he disliked surprises of any kind; and a sudden fear came over me of some ill news. It was but a step from the low window-seat to the terrace outside, and in my sudden unreasoning anxiety I hurried out and crossed the lawn; almost at the same moment Godwin came from amongst the trees in front of me. I ran to meet him. I saw that his face was pale and grave, and I knew then what was coming.

"Grace, dear child! what are you doing out here?" he asked.

"Oh, Godwin! is it father?" And then, I don't know how, he told me what it seemed to me now the moaning wind had been trying to tell me all day: that Carry and I were left alone.

"Come in," he said gently, as I clung to his arm for support, and the wind swept round us and covered us with rustling leaves.

"No, no. Let me stay here a little while; I cannot bear that awful, lonely house." But he would not, and we went into the little dark room where Carry still slept. We sat down by the fire, and he held my hand, and talked to me in a low voice of the painless sudden death in sleep, which had given no warning—no time for a thought or word for himself or us.

Presently Carry woke with a long sigh. The fire had burnt low and the room was dark, and she did not see us where we were sitting.

"Gracie?" she called.

"Yes, dear, I am here, and Godwin is here too."

"Godwin! Oh, how nice! Where is he? And father?"

"My poor little darling," said Godwin, letting go my hand; and as the fire gave a sudden blaze I saw him kneel down by her and take her in his arms.

"Oh, Godwin! what is it? Where is father?" cried Carry.

"The Father of the fatherless has seen fit to take him from you, my child," answered Godwin solemnly.

But Carry started up with a cry. "Oh, Gracie, it isn't true. We can't be left all alone like this. Gracie! Gracie!"

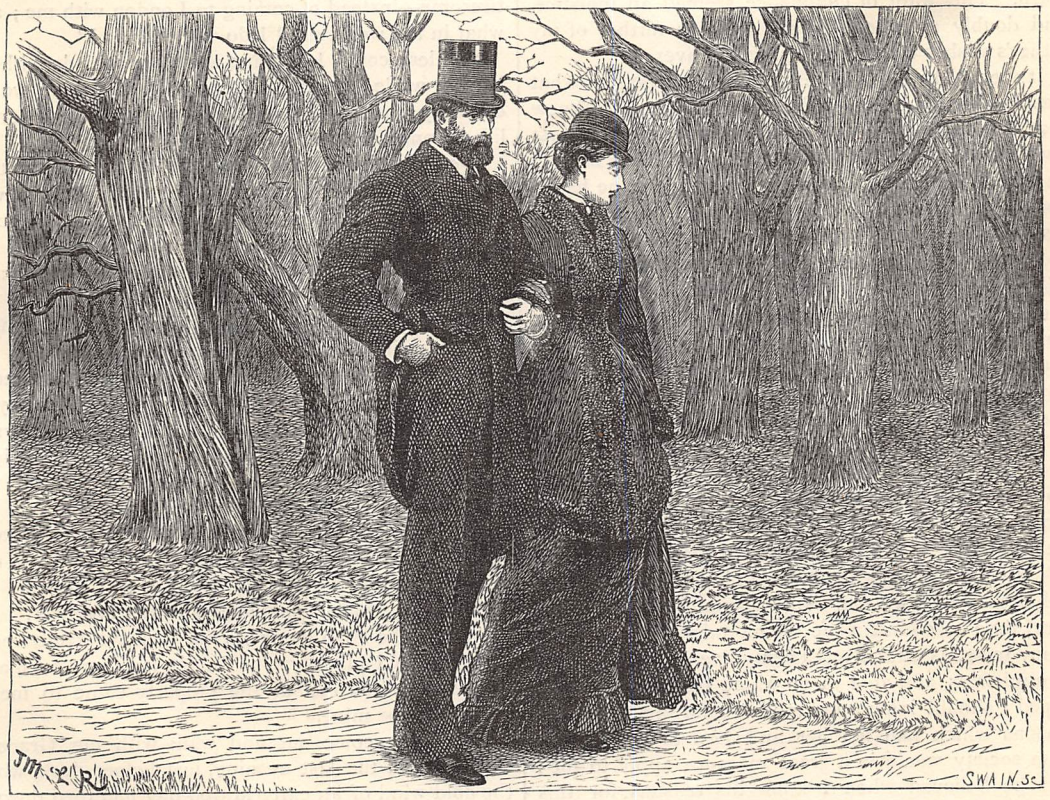
"I had better leave her to you now," said Godwin softly to me. "Poor little child! it is an awful blow to her; you will know best how to comfort her." And as I heard his words, and saw Carry's helpless, overpowering grief, I seemed to myself to have grown years older, and to be standing almost alone in a world of which as yet I knew nothing.

There was little for Godwin to tell us of our father, and even that little Carry could scarcely bear to hear; she was broken-hearted, and cried and lamented like a child; and Godwin soothed and petted and caressed her sometimes almost as if he had been her father, and sometimes—as even in those first dreary days I could not help noticing—in a way that made me think that, perhaps, I need feel no care for her, for with him she would be safe and happy.

Aunt Lucy, our father's sister, came down to us when Godwin was forced to leave. By this time Carry had cried herself really ill, and was obliged to stay in bed; and Aunt Lucy stayed with her day and night, and seemed to look on her as her own child, and lavished upon her more love and care than poor little Carry had ever known in her life before; while, kind and tender as she was to me, Aunt Lucy and I felt strange with each other, and though I hated myself for my ingratitude, I almost felt her presence an intrusion while my sorrow was so new. I longed to be alone; and now that Carry did not want me I gladly escaped out into the bare desolate woods, where I could wander about safe from notice and sympathy.

My mind was full of bitter sorrow and self-reproach. Those wasted years, when I had been no true child to my father, rose up before me in accusation. How I longed to do something or give up something to show my love for him—though it was now too late; but there were no last wishes to be followed with painful care, no last words to be treasured and pondered over; there had been nothing to draw us nearer to each other, or to clear away the mists and shadows which had lain between us.

For many days we had no definite thoughts for the future, and when Godwin came down from London to tell us about our father's will, we heard, with a shock of surprise and pain, that Hollywood was no longer to be our home. Carry was still too ill to bear the excitement of talking; but to me Godwin explained everything he could, softening as much as possible all that was painful, and, while steadily upholding my father's authority, also showing the kindest sympathy and a full sense of the pain and vexation I must feel at the position in which I was placed.



"WE WALKED UP AND DOWN FOR A LONG WHILE IN SILENCE" (*p.* 98).

To Carry was left the whole of my father's own property, amounting to £5,000; to me the same sum out of my mother's fortune, the whole of the rest of which—more than £80,000—was to be tied up till I was twenty-five, when it would become mine if I fulfilled certain conditions, which were only to be made known to me when that time came; if I refused to fulfil these conditions, or married without the consent of my guardians—Godwin and Mr. Nash, an old friend of my father's—the property was to go to some one else, but to whom, by my father's express wish, I was to be kept in ignorance.

Extreme distress and perplexity were my strongest feelings when, with the greatest consideration, Godwin explained to me the terms of the will. Why Carry and I should be treated so differently; why I should be kept for more than four years in suspense; why, if there were conditions to be fulfilled, I should be kept in ignorance of them, I could not imagine. How could I carry out my father's wishes without even knowing what they were? How could I prepare myself for the responsibilities of so large a fortune when at any moment I might be ignorantly forfeiting my right to it?

I felt hurt and even angry. I was no longer a child, unfit to be trusted in matters of importance. It was true I was ignorant, but I was able and willing to learn. This want of confidence seemed an injustice, and doubly so when I came to hear further of my father's wishes concerning our future lives.

It seemed he must have had some warning of what was coming, that though he kept it a secret he knew that his death might be sudden, for during the first few days of his stay in London he had altered his will and written a long letter of directions, which he left in his lawyer's hands, to be given to Godwin in case of his death.

In this letter he expressed a strong wish—which of course with us was equal to a command—that Carry should find a home with our aunt, Mrs. Brand, an arrangement perfectly pleasant and satisfactory for every one; but for me—though I would have given anything to share that home—a very different one was chosen.

There were some distant relatives of ours, a Mr. and Mrs. Martyn, who lived about fifty miles from London, with whom my father wished me to live for the next four years. They had no children, seldom went out, and saw little society, and their house would be almost as quiet as Hollywood; but in his letter my father expressed a belief that I should be willing for a short time to endure a life which might not be quite to my taste, as after I was twenty-five I should be my own mistress, and able to go where I pleased. As he hoped I should inherit my mother's fortune, the same reasons which had led her and him to keep apart from society would in a great measure apply to me; and he believed when I knew his reasons for this wish—which at present he thought it best to keep from me—I should be satisfied.

At first I was miserable. It seemed cruel to separate me from my sister, and condemn me to a dull life among strangers for a chance—a very remote one, I thought—of inheriting a fortune which I cared little about.

But after a while better thoughts came. Here was the opportunity for which I had been longing for showing my respect for my father's wishes, and my desire of doing something to please him. Could I not well endure a few dull years for his sake? It was not a great thing he asked of me, after all. I had no reason to suppose that the home he had chosen, though it would be quiet, and I should miss Carry terribly, would be disagreeable; and ought I not to believe that his reasons for keeping me in ignorance and suspense were good and sufficient? After all, Carry might more justly complain than I. There was such a difference made between us; her portion was so small, and mine would be, perhaps, so large; her future was apparently considered unimportant, while mine was guarded by conditions, and was to be watched over for years as valuable to myself and others.

But Carry accepted her position with perfect content and good temper.

"Oh, Gracie, what can it all mean? I should be so frightened if I were you. I am so glad I am too insignificant to have all these mysteries made about me; but I think it is very hard for you to have to live with these tiresome old people—for I am sure they are tiresome—instead of coming to London with me; and what in the world shall I do without you?"

Still less could I imagine what I should do without her, for while she was going to a home which would certainly be happy, I was only to exchange a lonely life for one still lonelier.

We both begged to be allowed a little time together before our long separation, and as Mrs. Martyn was one of those people who require some time to make up their minds to a change, it was agreed that we should stay on for three months at Hollywood, and our uncle and aunt promised to spend with us as much time as they could spare from the furnishing and preparing of their new house in London.

A few weeks after my father's death I received a long letter from Mr. Wilson, full of the kindest sympathy and friendliness, in which he begged me to write and tell him what we were going to do, and to believe the true interest he took in all concerning us, and the pleasure it would give him to be of any service. Of course I answered his letter; and then he wrote again, this time about nothing particular, and this I did not answer, but put it away, thinking perhaps I would do so some day, when I was settled at the Martyns'.

At last the time came for us to leave Hollywood. The dear old place was to be let for four years, and after that, if the rest of the property came to me, it also would be mine.

"Will you come out and walk with me, Grace?" said Godwin the last evening, just before dusk, when the cold wind of an early March day had died down.

I went out willingly, and he drew my hand through his arm, and we walked up and down for a long while in silence. I knew he had something to say to me, and waited, but of what he was going to speak I did not know.

"Grace," he said presently, "I want you always to remember that your father's will was made without my knowledge. I do not mean to say that I had heard nothing of it before, for he has many times talked to me about his wishes for you; but I did not know the will had been made, or I should have tried once more to convince him of its injustice. By-and-by, when you come to know more about it, you may naturally think I have been to blame, but remember I was powerless to prevent your father from doing what he pleased with his property. Promise me you will try to remember this."

Of course I promised, and assured him warmly of my confidence in him and my deep gratitude for all his kindness. I spoke as I felt, without any of the reserve which often came between us, and I saw that he was both pleased and surprised.

"Dear, you will promise always to look upon me as a friend to turn to in your troubles, not because I am your guardian, but because I love you, and want to take care of you and spare you every sorrow."

I was silly enough to be able to give no answer but my tears, and an answering kiss to the first one he had ever given me.

We all left Hollywood and went to London together. There Godwin and I parted from the others, and he took me to the station from whence I was to start for Wilmington, my new home, under the charge of a maid whom Aunt Lucy had engaged for me. We had time for a few minutes' talk before the train started—our last opportunity for many months, for Godwin was going to Italy with an invalid friend, and would not be back till midsummer.

"I am so sorry to be leaving England just now, Grace," he said; "but remember you must write to me if you are not happy or want anything. I shall write to you often, and come to you as soon as I get back."

"I will gladly write and tell you how I get on; but if I am not happy you can do nothing for me, Godwin. I must do as my father wished, and stay there and make the best of it."

"It may not be for long, but we cannot talk about that now; when I come back I shall have more to say. Now good-bye, dear; try to be happy, and if you want me I will come straight back to you."

Then I was hurried away, and for the next hour knew nothing of the journey, lost in the loneliness and sorrow of that day's partings.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

It was nearly five o'clock when we reached Blackborough, the nearest station to Mrs. Martyn's house, and then there was a drive of some miles to Wilmington. It was bitterly cold, with now and then a storm of rain and sleet; and as we drove along through flat dull country, with marshy fields, wide ditches, and stunted hedgerows, my heart sank lower and lower. Charlotte, my maid, was a stranger to me, and I was ashamed to let her see me cry, but I felt that if I could have given myself up for a few minutes to the natural inevitable sorrow which weighed so heavily upon me, I should have felt braver and better.

The first view of my new home on this dismal March day was anything but cheering—a large stuccoed house, once white, but now stained into dull greys and greens by the rain and damp of many years, with long lines of windows, many of them blind, giving it a forlorn deserted look. A steep flight of steps led up to a portico, as large as a small room, with many heavy fluted pillars, from whence you went into a wide ill-lighted hall, with little streamlets of dull carpet running across a desert of cold white stone. The walls were hung with many old engravings in black and gold frames, and beneath them dark oak tables and chairs were placed in formal order.

A solemn, middle-aged footman came out to meet us, and saying to Charlotte, "Wait here, young woman," opened the drawing-room door for me.

Here everything was in keeping with what I had already seen. Dark faded damask, spindle-legged tables and cabinets, tarnished gilding, and old china, with a general smell of mustiness and dried rose-leaves, were my first impressions of the room.

Mrs. Martyn, a very small old lady in black silk, was sitting in a low chair, half buried in coloured wools, which she was knitting. She got up slowly to meet me, and gave me her cheek to kiss. She spoke kindly, hoped I was neither cold nor tired, but did not wait for my answer; asked twice how long I had been on the road, but took no notice of what I said; and after a silence which I was too weary and low-spirited to break, greatly to my relief and, I am sure, to her own, she sent me up-stairs to dress for the half-past six o'clock dinner, which she told me had been put off for half an hour on my account. I would gladly have gone to bed, but I did not know what she would think of me; and some of Godwin's last words had been a warning that her ways would not be mine, that she had never been accustomed to having young people about her, that the manners and customs when she was a girl were very different from what they were now, and that I must not expect much of my own way, or half the luxuries I had had at home.

"Oh, miss!" said Charlotte, while she was dressing me—and the fact of having known each other for several hours had made us quite friendly—"I *am* so glad you're young. I do believe you and me are the only young things about the place; all the servants is as old as my grandmother." Charlotte's impression was perfectly correct; and I, too, soon came to find pleasure in the fact that there was one young cheerful person about the house.

My little room, though it was old-fashioned and dingy, seemed a Paradise of rest and quiet after the day's excitements; and I longed to unpack my boxes, and make it look prettier and more home-like with my own books and a few pictures I had brought from Hollywood; but it was already nearly dinner-time, so I dressed hastily, and with a bad headache and in very low spirits, I went down to the drawing-room.

There I found Mr. Martyn—a stout, fresh-coloured old man, with beautiful white hair—who tried to be very kind, but found a difficulty in knowing what to say, with which I heartily sympathised. He had evidently no idea what sort of creature a girl might be, and looked at me with curiosity and some alarm. He had married late in life, and, as his wife afterwards told me, rather disliked young people; but to me he was always kind. We had, however, very little intercourse; and for some days the only thing I could find out about him was that he was fond of his dinner, and still more fond of talking about it.

My coming made no stir in the house, and I soon settled down to a life which, by its utter monotony,

seemed to crush all power of resistance and objection, and made me feel as if I, like every one else at Wilmington, must sit still and quietly take whatever fate chose to send me. Mrs. Martyn evidently considered me a great charge, and felt it her duty to look after me closely. I was never to go beyond the garden without my maid; I could neither write nor get letters without questions and remarks; and I received endless lectures about the way girls ought to behave, and, to my great annoyance, especially about my own behaviour to Godwin, who was held up before me as a paragon of wisdom and excellence whom I ought to think it a great privilege to have as a guardian. I naturally wearied of the subject, and sometimes, for the sake of variety, disputed Godwin's good qualities, and declined to recognise his authority over me; and then Mrs. Martyn would become pathetic and unintelligible.

"My dear, you grieve me by this flippant way of speaking of Mr. Fletcher. You do it in ignorance; and I can only trust you may live to change your mind, and indeed to forget that you have so unfortunately undervalued him."

When I suggested that it did not much matter what I thought, for that in four years' time he would cease to have any authority over me, and though that seemed a long while now, "it would soon pass," she answered—

"Grace, you speak with all the folly of ignorance. Mr. Fletcher is something more than your guardian, and some day you will be sorry you have ever said anything against him"—words which seemed to me at the time to have no meaning, but which I remembered afterwards.

Our days at Wilmington began with family prayers at a quarter-past eight; then came a time which sorely tried my patience, for it was not till nearly half-past nine that breakfast was put on the table. Mrs. Martyn never thought of interfering with her servants; they had been with her for years, and had their own way in everything; and though morning after morning Mr. Martyn fretted and stormed, and declared he would send "the whole idle, worthless pack out of the house," it was never even suggested to the self-satisfied footman, when he brought in the urn, that half-past eight was the proper breakfast-time, and that he was nearly an hour late. If I took up a book or my work, Mrs. Martyn invariably said, "My dear, breakfast is just coming, it is not worth while to begin anything," and was really annoyed if I persisted. My only resource was to sit at the window and watch for the postman, who, however, seldom came till we were sitting at the table; and then, as Mrs. Martyn did not consider it good manners to read letters at breakfast-time, we sometimes sat and looked at the envelopes for half an hour, which was the more exasperating as Mr. Martyn always read the newspaper, and thereby

"AT BREAKFAST."

made breakfast a long business. If it was fine, Mrs. Martyn liked to spend an hour after breakfast in pottering about the garden and greenhouses, with great deliberation gathering a flower here and there; she did not venture to do much, for fear of hurting the gardener's feelings, who was one of the old servants, and on no account to be interfered with.

Three afternoons in the week we went for a drive in the close carriage, sometimes to pay a formal call, sometimes to do a little shopping at Blackborough, but more often merely along a dull road and back again. On other days I went for walks with Charlotte, and found her a bright, pleasant companion, ready to be interested in anything she thought interested me, and very careful not to obtrude her own troubles, which, however, she confided to me by degrees, and I found were real and heavy.

The neighbourhood of Wilmington was dull and ugly, but it was new to both of us, and we took a great interest in exploring it; and I was so glad when we found anything in the least out of the common, that I might talk about it to Mr. Martyn at dinner-time; for it was difficult to find anything to interest him, yet I did not like to be altogether silent.

Now and then some of the neighbours came to call, but not often; and occasionally Mr. Martyn brought some gentleman of his own age and stamp in to dinner; but those evenings were to be dreaded, for, as Mrs. Martyn said, the dinner was sure to be later and worse than usual, and Mr. Martyn did nothing but grumble at it and her, and everything. After dinner came a game of chess, which, as I was only a beginner, I played horribly; and if Mr. Martyn, who was always my opponent, did not use strong language out loud, I am very sure he did under his breath, at the mistakes I made. If we were by ourselves, the evenings were pleasant, for then I could sit quietly in a corner with my book, while Mr. and Mrs. Martyn dozed on each side of the fire. So passed my first two months at Wilmington, with few other interests than those which letters from Carry, and Godwin, and now and then from Mr. Wilson, brought; with no amusements and few occupations; so that, looking back, my life at Hollywood seemed by contrast to have been almost perfection, and I wondered that Carry and I should have been so often discontented.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

CARRY'S letters told me that she found her new home a very happy one. Our uncle and aunt were like a father and mother to her, and did everything they could think of to make her happy; and Cousin Lionel, who had just come from Jamaica, was the most delightful person in the world, so handsome and so pleasant, and so—everything that Carry liked best, that if she and I had not both known that in a year's time he was to go back to Jamaica and be married to a West Indian lady, I should have been a little uneasy. As it was, I hoped they felt like brother and sister, and for some time Carry said nothing to make me think otherwise; but when, after awhile, she told me how much she pitied Lionel, for she was quite sure he did not care at all for Miss Manners, but had been persuaded into the engagement by his parents and hers, I began to feel very anxious. I wrote and suggested that such confidences were scarcely right or fair to Miss Manners, that Lionel certainly ought not to be encouraged in talking of her in that way, and reminded Carry of the terrible disappointment it would be to his father and mother if the marriage did not take place. But Carry refused to look at it in that light. Lionel was to be pitied and every one else blamed, and she heartily hoped the engagement would be broken off somehow; and the whole tone of her letter made me feel that Aunt Lucy was very unwise in letting the cousins be so much together.

I was anxious to see Carry, and give her a stronger warning than I could do by writing; but Mrs. Martyn would not let me go to London, nor would she ask Carry to Wilmington. "It would unsettle you again to see your sister just yet, my dear, and I should not be doing my duty if I allowed it," she said; and there was an obstinacy under her apparent weakness which made it useless to argue with her.

For two or three weeks Carry's letters were few and short; Lionel's name was not mentioned; but she hinted vaguely at some trouble, and I was wild to go to her and find out what was going on. At last the reserve—so unnatural to her—was broken through, and I learned news which scarcely surprised me, though for her sake I was very unhappy.

She told me Lionel was quite convinced that a marriage with Miss Manners would make him miserable, and had determined to break it off, but at present he was under obligations to her father which made it impossible for him to declare his intentions. In the meantime, he and Carry were privately engaged; and though I felt sure she would not be allowed to trust herself to a man who was behaving so dishonourably, she evidently had no misgivings, but seemed to feel a simple pride in the fact of Lionel's caring so much more for her than for his first love.

If Godwin had been within reach—notwithstanding Carry's entreaties that I would keep her secret—I should have told him the whole matter, but I felt I could not do it by writing. And when, in answer to earnest remonstrances, Carry assured me that Lionel promised to tell his father as soon as possible, I was forced to make up my mind to wait.

When he had been away three months, Godwin wrote me a very kind and serious letter. He asked me to tell him truly, without reserve, whether I was happy in my new home, and could look forward without dread to the four years I was to spend there. Dull he knew it must be, but could I find interests and employments sufficient to keep me from ill health and fretting? He believed I was no coward, and that I earnestly wished to carry out my father's wishes; but he, as my guardian, felt that this should not be done at the cost of suffering to myself.

I thought over it all a great deal before I sent my answer, and finally told him the exact truth: that, try as I would, I did dread those four years; that my life

at Wilmington was empty and objectless; that Mrs Martyn, though she meant to be kind, worried and depressed me almost beyond endurance by the many petty little rules to which she obliged me to conform; that she kept me apart from Carry—for whom she had conceived an ignorant prejudice—on the plea that being with her would unsettle me; that she prevented me from visiting in the parish or teaching in the school, from an exaggerated terror of my bringing home infection; that she would not allow in her house either novels or any of those books on the topics of the day in which I was deeply interested, but which she considered unsettling to a girl's mind; and finally, trying not to make matters too serious, I drew a half-comic picture of my condition in four years' time—a blank mind and a faded face, an intellect just sufficient to fathom the mysteries of crochet, and manners so perfectly ladylike that I should only be capable of answering "yes" or "no" to any remarks a gentleman might make to me.

I did not see how Godwin could help me, but it was an intense relief to have told him all about it, and I waited impatiently for his answer. But many days passed, and I had plenty of time for all the pleasures and torments of expectation before it came; and when at last it was put into my hands, I had to sit through the long breakfast-time with it unopened before me, and it seemed a whole day before I got up to my own room and read it.

Then of a sudden the whole world seemed changed, and my own life, which had been so empty, gained a new beauty and importance; for Godwin asked me to be his wife, and promised that there should be no more lonely days, no more narrowed interests, no more weary waiting for what perhaps might never come, if I could consent.

"I had intended, dear, to have waited till I got home to speak to you of this," he wrote, "but your letter has changed my purpose; and now, if you think you can be happy with me, we need waste no time after my return, but Mrs. Martyn must be prepared to give up her charge on short notice."

I was completely taken by surprise, but I was happy at first—very happy. I had liked and respected and thought much of Godwin, that I had always known, but now I believed I had loved him too, though the thought had never consciously entered my mind before. It was true there were some girlish and romantic fancies which I must throw aside for ever if I accepted him: visions of a lover young and handsome, of lingering walks on pleasant summer days during a courtship not too short and easy, but chequered here and there with little difficulties, which would but serve to make the end more sweet; but, after all, if Godwin really loved me what more could I want? Perhaps his letter was a little concise and business-like, and perhaps I was a little romantic and exacting: I was not sure from which cause a slight dissatisfaction came, but there it stayed, though I *was* happy, and had no need to persuade myself of the fact. The most wonderful thing seemed to me that neither Carry nor I had ever had the slightest suspicion that Godwin cared for me. Since my father's death he had been very kind, very thoughtful for me, but we had seen so little of each other that I could scarcely believe this feeling could have arisen since then; and before that I had so taken it for granted Carry was his favourite, that I had no thought of noticing any sign of preference for me.

During the whole of that day I kept my secret to myself. Godwin had given me leave to tell Mrs. Martyn as soon as I had decided; but though at first I had no doubt I should say "yes," I found after awhile my resolution wavered. I was frightened at the importance of the step I was about to take, and half doubtful of my own judgment; and the next morning I felt so in need of sympathy, and so anxious to hear some one else's opinion, that with infinite difficulty I managed to make Mrs. Martyn understand what had happened.

"A very sensible, proper arrangement, my dear," she said placidly, when at last I made myself intelligible.

"Sensible! Proper!" Was that the way the news was received of what I had been trying to persuade myself *was* after all a romance? As if love had nothing to do with the matter, and convenience everything.

"I suppose," I said, as quietly as I could, "you have heard of it before, as you do not seem at all surprised?"

"Certainly I am not surprised, my dear, for it is what we have all been hoping, and is the most natural thing; but I thought your cousin would have waited till he came home."

"Then you knew he was going to ask me?"

"Yes."

"I think he might have waited to talk about it till he *had* asked me," I said, feeling very angry at what seemed like taking my consent for granted.

"I did not say he had talked about it, my dear, but we all knew what your father wished, and believed Mr. Fletcher wished it too."

With her words all the romance in which I had tried to believe faded away. It was evidently because of my father's wishes that Godwin had first thought of marrying me. Of course, he might have learned to care for me since then, and perhaps I ought to think a great deal of a quiet sort of affection from him—he was so much older and wiser than I; but I could not feel quite contented with it: *I* should have to grow wiser before it could satisfy me.

But in spite of my half-discontent, I did not seriously think of refusing Godwin. Perhaps it was true that my father's wishes had strongly influenced him; but how could I quarrel with him for that, when I had myself eagerly longed for opportunities of showing my love and respect for him?

I had three days for consideration, for Godwin was moving from place to place, and could not receive an earlier answer; but at the end of the second day I felt I could do nothing, and think of nothing, till my letter was written, and I sat down and wrote what was in my heart.

I told Godwin what confidence I placed in him, how much I respected him, how thankful I was to

have his love and care to shield my ignorance and inexperience, and how sure I was that I should soon learn to feel for him that love the thought of which was just now too new for me to understand.

I finished my letter, and went to bed so happy that I could scarcely believe my own identity.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I WOKE the next morning with the feeling that this was to be a very important day for me. My mind was made up, and my letter written, but it was still possible to change—the decision of my fate was still in my own power; but when once that letter was sent I could not go back from it. I had written with the fullest confidence; I had told Godwin all I thought and felt and hoped; and such a confidence could never be taken back again.

That morning's post brought me two letters, but I was so absorbed in my own thoughts that I scarcely noticed them; and after breakfast I went out into the garden and wandered about for some time before I remembered, with shame, that I ought to be very anxious to know what Carry had to say. A surprise awaited me: for there was no word of her own concerns in the short note in which she reproached me for having secrets from her, and told me she had just heard some news which she should not believe till I myself assured her it was true.

I was completely bewildered. There was only one thing to which she could refer; but how could she know what I myself scarcely yet felt to be a certainty? How could my secret have come to other people's knowledge almost before I knew it myself? But this first surprise was only to be followed by another. My second letter was from Mr. Wilson, who was in the habit of writing to me now and then, and whose friendly kindness and interest gave me great pleasure. He began by apologising for the liberty he was about to take, and by expressing his earnest hope that I would believe that nothing but his true desire of saving me from pain and annoyance would have induced him to venture on a subject in which he felt he had no right to meddle. That there was some mistake he hoped and believed, but he felt bound to put me on my guard against foolish gossip, which need not, after all, cause me more than passing vexation.

What this gossip was he told me with great delicacy and consideration. There were a certain set of people, whom both he and Godwin visited; at the house of one of them he had heard, to his great surprise, that I was going to be married to my guardian, and as I was reported to be an heiress, the affair was looked upon as one which scarcely reflected credit upon him.

Mr. Wilson had learnt on inquiry that the authority for these reports was Godwin himself, and the whole matter appeared to him very awkward. Could I wonder, he asked, that he was anxious to know the truth, and had immediately hurried off to hear it from Carry, whom, to his great surprise, he found as ignorant as himself? Carry had warmly expressed her disbelief in the whole matter, had assured him that as far as she knew Godwin and I never thought of each other, and agreed with him in thinking it indispensable to get my authority for contradicting the report altogether. This was the whole matter. Could I forgive him for interfering? and would I trust to him to make it known that the story was entirely without foundation?

When I finished this letter, my first feeling was one of intense gladness that mine to Godwin had not been sent. All the small doubts and dissatisfactions I had felt returned now magnified a hundred-fold. My news had seemed no news at all to Mrs. Martyn; and Godwin had evidently not only taken my consent for granted, but had allowed her and other people to believe that he had only to ask and I should accept him.

This was an offence I could hardly forgive. But the thing which came upon me as the heaviest blow, and carried with it the greatest weight of conviction, was the idea that he wished to marry me for my fortune. I had from the first found it difficult to reconcile the fact of his caring for me with the almost indifference he had shown me before my father's death, but now it was fully explained—as an heiress I possessed attractions for him which I had totally wanted before. In the first pain and anger of my disillusion I could have believed him capable of any crime, and the blackest part of his guilt seemed to me to be the advantage he had taken of my inexperience. How warmly grateful I felt to Mr. Wilson for opening my eyes! How unbearable my humiliation would have been if my letter, full of hope and confidence and affection, had been already sent! I had put it in my pocket when I went down to breakfast, intending to read it over once more before it was sent, but now I took it out and tore it into a hundred pieces. Good-bye for ever to my new hopes, I thought; I must bear my lonely life now as best I can: there is no change possible; and bitterly and angrily I regretted the confidence Godwin had already deceived me into giving him. But I would not let him pity me; I would show him I had some pride and self-reliance. I would make no more complaints of my dull life, but endure it bravely, and try to feel that obeying my father's wishes brought with it its own reward.

"Have you sent your answer to Mr. Fletcher, my dear?" asked Mrs. Martyn after dinner that evening.

"No," I answered, moving away, for I could not bear questioning.

"You are not so foolish as to hesitate, Grace? He is a good man, and will make you happy."

"I don't believe he is good. He does not care for me, and has tried to deceive me!" I answered against my own judgment, but carried away by the excitement of the moment.

"What has come to you, Grace?" asked Mrs. Martyn sharply. "Yesterday I thought you were a wise girl, and were going to do what we all wished. It is some of those nonsensical letters you got this morning that have poisoned your mind. If I had my way no girl should have a letter that was not well looked over first, as my dear father did with mine. There were no foolish whims and fancies then, one

day 'yes' and another 'no.' Girls knew if they did not take the husbands wiser heads than theirs found for them, they were likely enough to go without."

I was too dull and unhappy to answer her then. "If you won't ask me just now, Mrs. Martyn, I will try to tell you about it by-and-by." And perhaps she saw how sad I was, for with unusual tact she refrained from further inquiry. I could not at first make up my mind what to do. Should I write to Godwin and accuse him boldly, and give him a chance of excusing himself? No; such things could not be explained, and it would only bring upon me fresh pain and humiliation. Should I simply refuse his offer, and leave it to his own conscience to supply the reasons? That would but involve future explanation, and could only put off the evil day for a little while. So day after day I sent no answer at all. Mrs. Martyn scolded, persuaded, argued with me, but I could neither tell her my reasons nor ask her advice. I was very unhappy, for when my first anger was over I felt my loss of faith in Godwin was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen me. After a few days a short note came from him, just a line or two, asking if I had received and answered his letter, and saying he hoped to return sooner than he had at first thought possible. To this again I sent no answer, for it was no easier than before; and surely now, I thought, he must understand my meaning, and this miserable business will be at an end.

A week later Mrs. Martyn came to me.

"What am I to say to Mr. Fletcher, Grace?" she asked. "He writes to say that he has written to you twice and has received no answer, and he begs me to tell him the reason of your silence."

"His own conscience will tell him: *I* need give him no reasons; and it is of no use talking, Mrs. Martyn, I *will* give him none."

"You are the most obstinate girl I ever saw, Grace. I should think he will be too angry now to wish for an answer. If I tried ever so much I could make no excuses for you."

"I know you could not, and he will know I should not wish it."

After that Godwin's name was not mentioned to me, and two or three weeks passed quietly away.

One day I went out into the garden and sat down on the steps of the summer-house. It was very quiet and cool and shady, and I went there whenever I could escape from Mrs. Martyn, who now kept a closer watch on me than ever. I was growing every day more and more dissatisfied and unhappy. It was no use making up my mind to bear it bravely, for I could not; and that four years of my youth should be wasted in this dull, blank idleness, seemed to me not only cruel but wrong.

I had sat there a long while, I think, when I heard footsteps on the path, and looking up I saw—as if in answer to my thoughts—Godwin close beside me. He did not hold out his hand or seem glad to see me as he had always done before, but looked at me gravely and inquiringly, and somehow that look seemed to put me in the wrong, and I could not meet his eyes.

He sat down on the steps beside me and put his hand lightly on my arm, not as a caress, but as if compelling my attention.

"Why have I had no answer to my letter, Grace?" he asked.

"You know!" I cried.

"No, I do not know. It may well be that you cannot love me; but if it had been only that, you would have told me long ago. Tell me now why you have given me this pain."

"Because you deserved it; because you insulted me by asking me to marry you when you cared for my money—not for me; and boasted of my consent before you had even asked it. You thought I was foolish and ignorant, and would believe anything you told me."

"Do you really believe all this of me, Grace?" he asked. "If you do, it is no wonder you have treated me so. But would it not have been better, more generous, to have given me a chance of proving my innocence?" His looks, and words, and manner brought back some of my old confidence, though I struggled against it.

"Answer me one question—If I had no fortune, would you ever have asked me to marry you? But no—of course, you will not tell me the truth, you will not confess your own falsehood."

"Listen, Grace," he answered. "I will answer this question with perfect truth, that you may trust me to tell it to you always. If you had been poor—as I am—I could never have asked you to marry me. I could not give you the comforts you had been accustomed to, and I am too old a man now to begin to work with any hope of success. But when I tell you that in your father's eyes my poverty was no bar, that he asked me to his house in the full hope that one day he might give you into my care, can you not trust me and be satisfied? More than this I cannot say: my lips are sealed by his express desire; but when I tell you that I love you truly, that I believe when you have thrown aside this distrust, which wrongs me, I can make you happy, and will spend my life in doing so, I have said to you all a man can say. I know my grey hairs may seem sadly unsuited to your youth and beauty, but, my child, you are very much alone: you have no one to watch over you and love you as I would do. It is a charge I could undertake with happy confidence that all would be well."

When he ceased speaking my voice was choked, and there was silence for awhile.

"Grace, can you not believe me?" he asked, putting his hand gently on my head; and for one happy moment I believed I could; then his own words came back to me, and turned my sorrow into anger again.

"No, no, no!" I cried, starting away from him. "I cannot believe you, I cannot listen to you. You yourself have confessed that if I were poor you would never have thought of me. Where, then, can the love be you have tried to deceive me into believing? The greatest hope I have is never to see your face again."

"You will not always so misjudge me, Grace," he answered, gravely and sadly; and as I turned from him he made no effort to detain me.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THIS is eminently the children's season, and their dress as well as their doings occupy our thoughts, so it will be well to glance at the fashions that have been specially arranged for them; they tread closely on those of their elders, and are costly and extravagant. The young damsels of three or four summers are arrayed in velvet and fur, and silk and cashmere; they have not attained to the honours of stiff brocades yet, but one hardly knows what they may come to. For dressy occasions white is worn; not only white muslin, but far more frequently white cashmere or matelassé trimmed with silk and bordered with either white fur, plush, or swan's-down. One little pelisse, destined for England, was made entirely of white striped plush, bordered with marabout, and a dress for a sister a year or two older was made of brown poplin with brown trimmings. The Princess dress, in one form or other, is the prevailing style, the waist coming anywhere but in the right place, except, as in the case of very young children, when it is defined by a broad sash, which is not folded, but put on plain. The little queens of the nursery ape many of the airs and graces of grown-up people; at juvenile parties many-buttoned gloves, high-heeled satin shoes, fans, and lace-edged handkerchiefs appear as a matter of course. Both boys and girls adopt the square Cromwellian collars, generally fastened at the back. For every-day wear velveteen, serge, tufted cloths, and several varieties of woollen fabrics are in vogue; the newest style of making being with gathered bibs, yokes, and treble capes; and these treble capes seem a necessary appendage to ulsters

and many other cloaks. The short paletots are made of thick reversible cloth, with hats to match, or hats of beaver, felt, or the new Vecuna felt, which has long coarse hairs of a darker shade on the surface; these have square crowns, cleft crowns, or far more generally pointed ones, of the Dame Trot order, and the bonnets are much the same, except that they are more trimmed and have caps over the face. Sailor hats are now made in felt and beaver, and are much worn by young people. For very little children, caps of the Scotch cap order, made in lamb's-wool, are pretty and becoming.

Neither old nor young people now deem simplicity at all a necessity in dress, and in France all the old Louis XIV. and Louis XV. embroideries are being eagerly sought after, to be appliqué on to new silks and satins, and so assume almost their pristine beauty. English homes possess as many, if not more, such treasures, and the example set might be well copied across the Channel, for embroidery of all kinds remains the acme of the mode. In the evening white jet embroidery on white is well worn, the epaulettes and the back matching the band. Embroidered plastrons, reaching from the neck to the feet, are a favourite style both for morning and full-dress wear, and the new embroidered bodice is a comfortable and useful mode. It is made either in black silk or velvet, covered all over with one of the fashionable jet beads—clair-de-lune, lophophore, (red, yellow, and green), scarabée (blue and green), bronze, sunlight, blue, sleet, and bège, for their name is legion. The shape is a low square bodice with braces, and is taken from the Bréton garb; it can be put on in a minute, and gives a dressy appearance to almost any toilette.

Laces, as well as other trimmings, are now embroidered in colours, especially black lace, which contrasts well with olive-greens in devices of leaves, as also some of the richer and heavier makes of white laces, but at present black laces are fashionable, and among them black torchon.

Much embroidery of all kinds is done by machinery, and with such skill as to defy detection. Still a clever embroideress commands a high price; few women's handicrafts are now more lucrative.

French cord, which is in fact a sort of corduroy, has been adopted by some of the most noted good dressers of the day; it is also being applied to furniture, cushions, &c., coloured silk braids being let into the indented lines—cardinal on mouse-colour, maize on brown, &c. We have seen bands of white French cord so trimmed with gold braid applied to a five-o'clock tea gown to be sent to England, and an English lady had sent some of her own work to be applied to the same purpose on a brown velvet. The work was original, and canvas was used as the foundation. Rows of stitches, each of a different-coloured silk, were divided by perpendicular rows of gold braid—each stitch covered four ordinary stitches, and was worked with a cross-stitch and three across both ways; it looked quite Oriental, and answered the purpose well.

With these gowns, caps are of necessity worn, and the new kind intended for the evening here, find their way to *la perfide Albion*. They are made of China crape, and trimmed with an embroidered frill of the same, the bows being of narrow ribbon in many colours, such as moss, blue, maize, pink, and brown. Oriental silk of many colours is also used with a border of lace below the embroidery. Englishwomen prefer the shapes that fit the head closely, and are composed entirely of lace. The French select something more piquant and indescribable, and fruit is used on many; dahlias are the favourite flower of the hour, but not as applied to coiffures.

Pocket handkerchiefs show as elaborate monograms as note-paper, but they are applied to other than their general use. In the first place, they make caps—one point over the face, another at the back—and also neck-bows, being tied in a sort of knot with ribbon intermixed. Some of the newest neck-ties, which are made with handkerchiefs to match, have tucks and plaited ends, embroidered either in blue or red. China crape is more durable for cravats, and those that are now selling are particularly pretty, being trimmed with the coloured Pompadour lace, which forms a happy contrast.

A diversity of form in bows now holds good both with dressmakers and milliners, especially in the narrow reversible satin ribbon which came into vogue unexpectedly by some caprice, the manufacturers being in no way prepared. There is the "Butterfly," which owes its name to its resemblance to that insect; it is flat, the ends and loops of one uniform length; the "Flot," which is a multiplicity of loops all turning downwards, and it forms always a contrast to whatever it is used upon; blue on brown being a very favourite mixture—indeed, the delicate light blue now in favour presents a happy contrast to most tones—black, olives, grenat, &c.; the "Trêfle" bow, which is three loops and two falling ends, and is perhaps the newest and most fashionable of all except the "Virot" bow, which is unique, consisting of six ends of equal length—viz., four inches—the tips cut in sharp points, arranged in layers, a tight strap or traverse in the centre.

The milliners at the present time have a wide choice, and the modes in their department are of endless variety. The net veils closely resemble masks, and have loops of beads all over them; others with embroidered spots are cut as long scarves, wide enough to cover the face, and long enough for the ends, after being crossed at the back of the bonnet, to be tied in front in a loop, some three yards of length being thus required.

The mania for gold on bonnets still continues, gold braid being introduced on the edge of many, and crêpe lisse ruchings at the back rest on the coil of hair. It is almost impossible to define the variety of forms the season's bonnets are taking. Coronet shapes are very high over the face, and close at the sides; and some of them can be reversed, the back when turned to the front forming either a jockey cap or large hat. So you see sometimes Dame Fashion's vagaries favour the economical. It is not, however, often that any article of dress in a Frenchwoman's hands is made to answer two

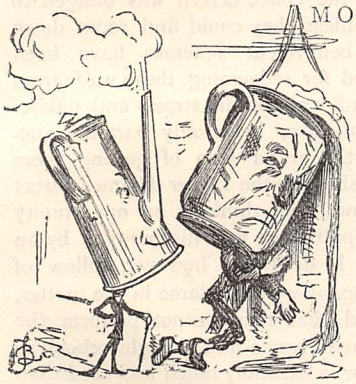
purposes, and she is inclined to tell Englishwomen in forcible language that much of the bad dressing which prevails among them is due to this desire for making the same garment serve many purposes. Fitness is one of the most important items in the art of dressing well, and the higher you go in the social scale the better it is understood. Bonnets made of soft undressed leather in écru, pink, chocolate, grey, seal-brown, and bège are the last novelty in millinery we chronicle here.

Next season in London you will find that startling contrasts will prevail in evening dresses, for the Parisian world are now adopting them, such as pink and green, pink and blue, or straw and lilac. On white dresses, as on cream, wide scarves of crimson silk are carelessly tied across the skirts, a half-handkerchief of the same being neatly pinned sideways on the head with diamond pins. Everything bizarre finds favour, among them the "Mirliton"—a dress covered throughout with cross-bands of a colour, put on as though they were twisted about the skirt, after the manner of pink and white sticks of sugar-candy. One "modiste" has introduced a novelty in the "Buisson," generally made in tulle, the flowers so scattered over it that it looks as if the wearer had been into the woods, and the flowers and leaves had become entangled in it.

In the make of dresses generally, the chief features are narrow lace flounces arranged one over the other, belts worn with basqued bodices, high bodices with yokes, and low bodices with points.

The "Empress" is another of this season's creations, and is a marked contrast to the "Princess;" it is not caught up, but falls in graceful folds. It is short in front, and has a tablier and side trimmings, the back totally untrimmed.

COFFEE TAVERNS.



AMONGST the many attempts, some to abolish and some to moderate the consumption of alcoholic drinks in this country, few deserve more attention than those which provide the comforts and attractions of a public house in some other form and with less pernicious surroundings. Most of the really formidable evils of modern society are the immoderate extension of a popular want, and in the case of the liquor traffic this is pre-eminently so. We sit in our comfortable and well-lighted drawing-rooms, and regret that the lower orders of society frequent public-houses; but we forget that humanity craves a change of scene after work, and if there is no alternative but a public-house, to a public-house humanity will go. It is proof of the practical necessity of some place of evening resort that the publican, particularly in London, can do so little for his customers and yet command so extensive a support.

With a view of counteracting in some measure the intemperance spoken of, some institutions have been opened lately by a company formed for the purpose, called "The Coffee Tavern Company, Limited." The object is to furnish a comfortable, cheerful place for working men to use after work or during meal times, where cheap and wholesome food can be obtained, and where newspapers and periodicals can be seen: in a word, to give them light, warmth, and comfort—without gin. Two such houses are already open and in full working, others are imminent. The largest of the two is "The Market Tavern," in Lower Thames Street, and to this, with the reader's permission, we will pay a visit first. A walk through the City, and down past the Monument, brings us into Thames Street, with an odour of fish hanging about the atmosphere which betrays our proximity to Billingsgate Market. Turning to the left we soon pass its imposing portals, and soon after arrive at the Custom House, opposite to which is "The Market Tavern." The aspect which first strikes the observer is the closeness of its resemblance to those places it is designed to rival. Its external appearance is that of a public-house. Plate-glass front, swing-doors, rows of gas-lights in the windows, attractive drink-bills catch the eye at once. A closer inspection, however, shows that the name of every inebriant is conspicuous by its absence, and it scarcely needs the bold announcement in white letters on a black ground across the front of the house, "No Intoxicating Drinks Sold," to assure the beer-drinking visitor that he is on the wrong tack. Searchers after intoxicating drinks are not, however, necessarily clear-headed, and on several occasions the management has been asked by intending customers to supply beer, whiskey, &c., requests which we need hardly say are not complied with. On one occasion two sailors presented themselves, and, unaware of the social movement which had been taking place in their native land during their absence, entered "The Coffee Tavern" and asked for a pint of beer. The attendant, wise in his generation, promptly drew them some "Lupulum," a newly-invented drink, compounded of hops and soda—a coquetry with beer, as it were—but non-intoxicant. The confiding nauticals drank it up, remarked it was a good drop of beer, asked what was

to pay, paid it, and then further remarking that it was the cheapest pint they had had for many a day, which very possibly it was in more senses than one, they departed contented.

Another announcement stretches across the face of the house that "customers may bring their own food and eat it at this establishment." On entering, one still notices that the decorations and *tout ensemble* of a public-house are closely imitated. The ground-floor consists of one large though rather low room, filled with clean marble-topped tables, with fixed seats to them, which are thoughtfully made slightly tilted back, being therefore infinitely more comfortable than the ordinary narrow straight-backed seat of a coffee-house. Around the walls are hung notices of what drinks are sold, and the prices—a capital bill, with a design of a huge coffee-urn in the centre, announcing coffee as "a special brew for working men." One side of the room is occupied by the bar, which, surmounted by three huge urns for coffee, tea, and cocoa respectively, and attended to by clean white-aproned servitors, looks very inviting and business-like. The wall behind is decorated with shelves, containing various coloured bottles of cordials, &c., and silvered-glass behind doubles their beauty. Along the front of the bar runs an announcement of the prices of tea, coffee, and cocoa, which are for the first-named one penny per small cup, and twopence per large cup, and for the two last one halfpenny, and one penny. And they really are large cups, containing about half as much again as an ordinary breakfast-cup. As to the quality of the coffee, the only beverage upon which this article can pronounce judgment from experience, it was good—that is, it was as good as will be found upon the majority of English breakfast-tables, and much better than most coffee-houses afford.

"DECIDEDLY COMFORTABLE."

Originally, instead of the notice along the bar as to the price of the drinks, there was an enamelled admonition to customers not to use bad language. The management decided, and we think wisely, to withdraw this, and to take it for granted that their customers will know how to conduct themselves with verbal propriety, without a notice which might easily be construed as offensive, because superfluous. The view of the room at this hour (8.30 p.m.) is decidedly comfortable. The neighbourhood prevents much business being done in the evening, for most people employed in Lower Thames Street are anxious to get away as soon as possible, in spite of coffee or any other taverns. The few persons, however, present are either enjoying their meals, which they have brought with them, sipping their tea or coffee, or reading the paper; and one, whose childhood was anterior to Education Acts, travels with difficulty over a sheet of note paper with a scratchy pen, and a penny stone ink-bottle. There is room for improvement at the tavern seemingly in the pen-and-ink department. It is pleasant to miss the noise and bad language of a public-house, and to see men in their working clothes taking the wholesome refreshments as they read or chat. On the second floor of the establishment the same accommodation is provided, but here, after the house had been open a week or two, the management found that such a noisy, rough lot of lads used to congregate, that it was deemed advisable to double the price of the drinks. This has had the effect of rendering the room more select—indeed, it is used a good deal by clerks and others from the Custom House opposite, who appreciate the advantage of a cup of good tea or coffee served with cleanliness and comfort, quite as much as those for whom the tavern was founded. It is, however, rather a matter of regret that, having attracted into its portals such members of society as errand-boys, shoe-blacks, and others of the class, the coffee tavern was obliged to reject them again unless they could find room down below. So many benevolent schemes have been framed and executed for redeeming these waifs from the contaminating influence of the streets and public-houses, and have failed, or been only partially successful, that when the grand step of getting them inside was accomplished by the Lower Thames Street institution, one cannot help thinking an opportunity was lost when their patronage was discouraged by an augmented tariff. It does not, however, follow of course that the company were to blame in the matter, and they may plead that they cannot perform the duties of a refreshment house and a night-school as well. The third floor is naturally much less used than the others, and is laid out as a reading and smoking room. The company are prepared to let this as a board-room for friendly societies, &c.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the place is the capacious kitchen, where the work of tea and coffee making goes on. The tea is made in a large urn by means of a small receptacle for the dry tea, made with wire netting sides. This being suspended in the midst of the water, when the latter becomes heated and boils, the tea gives forth its strength and flavour, but does not leave its wire case, and hence there are no tea-leaves at the bottom of the urn; and when necessary the leaves can, of course, be immediately and easily removed by taking out the vessel which contains them. Coffee is made by pouring boiling water on to the coffee, leaving it to settle, and then drawing it off in large cans, in which it is conveyed up-stairs to the urns on the bar. In the small store-room adjoining the kitchen are barrels of sugar and cocoa, and hams are suspended from the ceiling. Everything is of exceedingly good quality, a very wise provision, for it is

quite a mistake to suppose that working men are content with bad food. They are often obliged to put up with it, but in common with the rest of humanity they like and appreciate what is good. There is a very large stove in the kitchen, where the food which customers bring in—chops, steaks, pieces of fish, &c.—is cooked at a charge of a penny. A quantity of empty meat-tins, which once contained Australian beef, are piled close by. Everything is good and clean in the kitchen, which says a good deal for the system of the place; for an establishment of the description which will stand the test of an inspection into its kitchen has a decided claim upon our good opinion.

"LUPULUM."

The house we have just been describing is the second of its kind which has been opened in London. Its co-establishment had a little the start of it, and was opened on the 15th of May, 1877, at 344, Edgware Road, the Billingsgate house having been opened on the 19th of June following. At Edgware Road, in order to suit the requirements of the neighbourhood, the house is kept open considerably later in the evening, and we are glad to say is filled continually with those for whose benefit it was instituted. In appearance it is precisely similar to "The Market Tavern," but has a gayer and more brilliant aspect as the evening draws on. There is the large outer room with its seats and tables well occupied, its busy bar, and active attendants. And, oh, what a relief it is to miss the heavy smell of beer and spirits, the sound of oaths and quarrelling, the drivel of the sot and the slattern, which one had almost begun to fancy were inseparable from such a scene! Here at least is comfort, warmth, *attractiveness*, which is so great a thing, without the remotest possibility, to say nothing of temptation, of intoxication. In the inner back room, too, is a pleasant sight. As you enter, so quiet and cheerful is the appearance of the place and its occupants, that you have the impression at the first moment of having intruded upon a family circle instead of entering a refreshment house. At one table a man and wife, who have apparently been marketing in the Edgware Road, have just sat down, and relieved from their burden of parcels, are refreshing themselves with tea and bread and butter. Others are eating ham and beef, cake, or eggs; and tea, cocoa, milk, lemonade, &c., are being discussed. At another table two lads have finished tea, and with their arms on each other's shoulders are looking through the illustrated papers. Upon the whole scene rests an unmistakable air of homeliness and enjoyment, which makes one involuntarily wish the Coffee Tavern Company God speed. Up-stairs is a smaller room, filled with youths playing draughts, dominoes, and other games. Free from the restraint of the bar, they are perhaps a little too noisy up here, but this is a venial fault.

It is satisfactory to know that advantageous premises have been secured in Seven Dials, which will very shortly be opened. There will be no lack of ground to work upon, at least, in that neighbourhood; and we are glad, indeed, to welcome coffee taverns as among the reforming influences which in a recent paper we hinted were creeping upon St. Giles'. Westminster, Lambeth, Aldgate, Soho, Poplar, Battersea, and Kilburn are, with other great centres of population and labour, contemplated as places for the institution of our new taverns.

Another most satisfactory thing to record is that other large towns are taking up the movement, and working it out to a practical conclusion. Indeed, Liverpool has been foremost in the matter, and had its "British Workman Public-house Company, Limited," before coffee taverns were initiated in London. At that town the takings of the company mentioned were between £500 and £600 per week, and during the same period 7,000 gallons of cocoa, coffee, and tea were sold. Here, too, the publicans used to come and buy the coffee, in order to put rum into it, and sell it in the early morning on the quay to the sailors and labourers. In Bristol, where there is a public-house to every eighty persons over the age of twenty-one, a movement has been set on foot for the formation of coffee taverns by "The Bristol Tavern and Club Company, Limited," whose prospectus lies before us. A new feature in these Bristol houses will be the supply of rice, porridge, and bread-stuffs, &c., and also the idea of providing respectable bed-rooms at low prices, for the accommodation of artisans and labourers who may be travelling about in search of work.

Such, then, are coffee taverns, destined perhaps to play an important part in weaning the nation from the excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages which it has of late years fallen into. It is superfluous to recommend these institutions to public support, since the public already testify to their utility by freely patronising them whenever and wherever established. Our encouragement should rather be given to the promoters, whose success we hope may invigorate them to further efforts in the same direction.

A. H.

"LOOKING THROUGH THE PAPERS."

A LUCKY TUMBLE.

WHEN Mrs. Snatcham asked me, "knowing my usual kindness," whether I would watch the baby in her cradle, "just for half an hour," I felt that a crisis had come. I must leave Mrs. Snatcham's.

I say *Mrs.* Snatcham's, for Mr. Snatcham was not unduly prominent in his own house. He was a meek man, with tearful eyes. Mrs. Snatcham was—well, a woman with a will, and she had eyes which made you feel uncomfortable. I had been private tutor in this abode for twelve months. My charge consisted of four young gentlemen, of strong bodies and perverse dispositions. They quarrelled incessantly on all points save one. Against their lawless tutor they combined heartily. Their cry was ever "War to the knife!" I had borne it all; I might have continued to bear it all, but no, I could not take charge of the baby, even for half an hour. I must bid the Snatchams adieu.

I was gloomily cogitating my next movement when a letter arrived for me from the only near relative I possessed, an old uncle, to whom I had written detailing my troubles.

"Look here, Harry," it ran, "if you've a mind to live in peace, and die worth money, you forget all about your Latin and Greek and such things. Fine things they are, I dare say, but I never saw that they turned into much beef or mutton. You put your books in the fire, and your pride in your pocket, and never take it out again. You know what I was in early life, nephew. I kept a shop—a general shop—in a country town, and I didn't do so badly. Well, I've just heard the goodwill and stock-in-trade of a shop of this kind, in a little town fifty miles from London, is for sale; and say the word, and I'll buy it for you. And, as your education has been so neglected that you'd know nothing of such a business, I'll come and steer you aright for a time, until fortune is before you. There now!"

Humph! I gave a gasp or two at this grand proposition of my worthy relative. Private tutorship at the Snatchams' was poor enough, but the keeping of "a shop of all sorts" in a country town, under the guidance of my good uncle! Well, it was the old story, "We never know what we may come to."

And so I left the Snatchams and the twenty pounds a year they gave me (by-the-by, I believe my successor received only eighteen guineas, and did *not* object to mind the baby), and wrote to my uncle that I was ready to accompany him to the—the shop. Alas, for the vanity of human designs! News came back that my relative had died suddenly, and had left the whole of his property to the "Sausage-makers' Benevolent Institution," of which he had been a vice-president, in company (to his great delight) with half a dozen nobles of the land.

However, all the money needful on my account had been paid, and rather than return to the horrors of private tutorship I secured the services of an experienced shopman, and determined to try my fortune in the new direction so lauded by my deceased relative.

I do not want to lengthen my story, and therefore I will comprise a great deal in one short sentence. I tried and I failed.

I soon began to perceive not so very far off, not the fortune my uncle had foretold, but bankruptcy and the workhouse. And when these pleasant prospects came very distinctly to my mental vision, then it was I engaged to marry!

Thus it happened. I became attached to the only daughter of a widow, living some ten miles from my abode. It was a speedy acquaintance and a quick acceptance by the young lady, but somehow the mother, without actually objecting, would not agree, and I pressed Miss Lucy for the reason.

"I have told you, you are going to starvation," I said. "My place is a failure, and in a month we shall be in the workhouse; the prospects are clear and charming, and you are quite satisfied. What is it then that troubles your mamma?"

"Well," answered Lucy, "it is very foolish of mamma to conceal from you something which you evidently don't know, though I wonder at your ignorance. It is your—your establishment."

"Shop, we generally call it, Lucy; but how do——"

"Don't you know it's haunted?"

"Cannot say I do, and I don't care if it is."

"But if I am to live with you there, I care very much. They say that for several nights after his death, old Jenks, the former owner, was seen in his shop, in a great nightcap, and with a large carving-knife."

"A most formidable and disagreeable sort of ghost, I must say; but how have you heard this?"

"Ah! there's the secret, although I cannot imagine how the story of mamma's former connection with old Mr. Jenks has not come to your ears. Now, listen to me. But first solemnly promise you will not repeat what I am about to tell you. There, hold your tongue, and don't interrupt me. You are so fond of hearing yourself talk. Men are so much given that way. I've told you half the truth, and that is more than you deserve. Well, the other half, which you might so easily have known if you had not been so stupid, runs thus:—My mamma and Mr. Jenks were formerly near neighbours, and Mr. Jenks fell violently in love with mamma, and offered her marriage, and mamma refused him, and Mr. Jenks went mad, and one day he presented a pistol at his head, and——"

"Good gracious!"

"Would have killed himself, but somebody knocked him down, and the pistol went off, and mamma was standing close by, and——"

"Mercy on me!"

"Was nearly killed—with fright. Then, when Mr.

Jenks came to his senses, he was so sorry, and though he couldn't have mamma (for she married papa, and he lived many years) yet he made a will in mamma's favour, leaving her everything. He told mamma so positively one day when he was poorly, taking some gruel. Then he died; but though search was made, high and low, no will could be found, and a rich old heir-at-law came in for everything. And there's the reason mamma cannot bear that place. And, please, what is to be done?"

It was a curious story, and I had not heard a word of it before. And as to what was to be done, that was a puzzle. I could move, of course, but where to, and with what prospects of doing better, and where were the costs of removal to come from? So I said I must argue the point with Mrs. Barton, and this I did, and having overcome her scruples, it was agreed the marriage should take place at once, and that we should all live together and face the ghost, if need be, and, which were of much more importance, the difficulties of the situation.

And so Lucy and I were married, and, of course, were supremely happy, and it was not until three writs had been served upon and four lawyer's letters been sent me, and the gas company had cut off the gas, and the landlord given me notice to quit, that with just a little feeling of apprehension we began to consider what next.

One night, after rather a long conference on the state of affairs, when Lucy had apparently fallen into a deep sleep, I roused up suddenly, fancying I heard a sound below. Very gently rising, so as not to wake my wife, I left the room, and looked down the stairs into the shop. A little light entered through some apertures at the top of the shutters, and to my astonishment and alarm I saw a figure in white behind the counter, in the act, as it seemed, of opening one of the canisters. Was it Mr. Jenks's ghost? The light was insufficient to show me more than the bare outline of the figure, and the slight movement of the arms. I watched with rather a beating heart, I confess, for a minute, and then I thought that before seeking closer quarters with what might be an apparition, but which much more probably was a burglar in his shirt-sleeves, I would don some garments; so, refraining from going back into the bed-room and frightening my wife, I went to an upper room and procured some there. Then I again descended, and the figure was gone. I went into the shop: all in order. So, much marvelling, I went to bed.

When next morning I told the story my companions were scared.

"Let us go—let us get out of the unlucky place," said my wife passionately. "Whatever there is, Harry, sell it at an 'alarming sacrifice,' and then you must get a secretaryship under Government, or a judgeship in the colonies, or something of that kind. Mamma's sixth cousin's husband is—is—well, I forget what he is, but there's some connection or other between him and a member of Parliament, and he must do something for you, that's what it comes to. So now, please, we'll go as soon as possible."

It was painful, but it was necessary, to explain to my dear young wife that the powers of her mamma's distinguished relative, even should he be willing to exert them, were probably limited. Lucy would not believe it. And the letter was written—and was not answered.

Well, now for the workhouse. And upon my word I do think something dreadful would have occurred, but——

A few nights on—again that sound. "Lucy," I said gently, but she did not rouse, and I thought perhaps I had better not disturb her. It was quite dark as I very quietly dressed in part, and then stepped out on to the stairs. Again, a little light of very early morning coming through the shutters revealed faintly a white figure behind the counter in the shop, its arms waving to and fro, and its head bending over as though speaking to a customer. I strained my eyes, but nothing more could I make out than that the head of the figure was white.

"It must be the veritable Jenks," I said to myself; "and that is his nightcap. Where is the carving-knife, though?"

One would have thought the apparition heard me, for it moved aside, took something and waved it in the air. It was my shop carving-knife.

Presently the figure rose, and began to ascend the stairs. It was a hard matter to stand my ground, but I did, and then I saw before me Lucy, my wife! She was walking in her sleep. Fearing to wake her, I stood aside to let her pass, and my foot slipped, and I fell heavily to the bottom of the stairs.

Directly all was confusion. Mrs. Barton, the shopman, and our small servant ran out of their bed-rooms; and Lucy, awaking, shrieked and fainted. But I was the worst off. So heavy had been my fall that I had actually broken in the flooring at the foot of the staircase, and it was with some difficulty they extricated me.

Putting my hands behind me, to assist myself, they touched what seemed to be a small leather bag. I drew it forth.

"A money-bag, I declare, and full of coins!"

The shopman and the small maid had retreated, having respect for the proprieties, but my wife and her mother looked on with astonishment.

"Sure enough, money," I continued, jingling the contents of the bag. "Why, there must have been some secret receptacle there, where my venerable predecessor kept his valuables. Here is a paper. Good gra—— what in the world is this?"

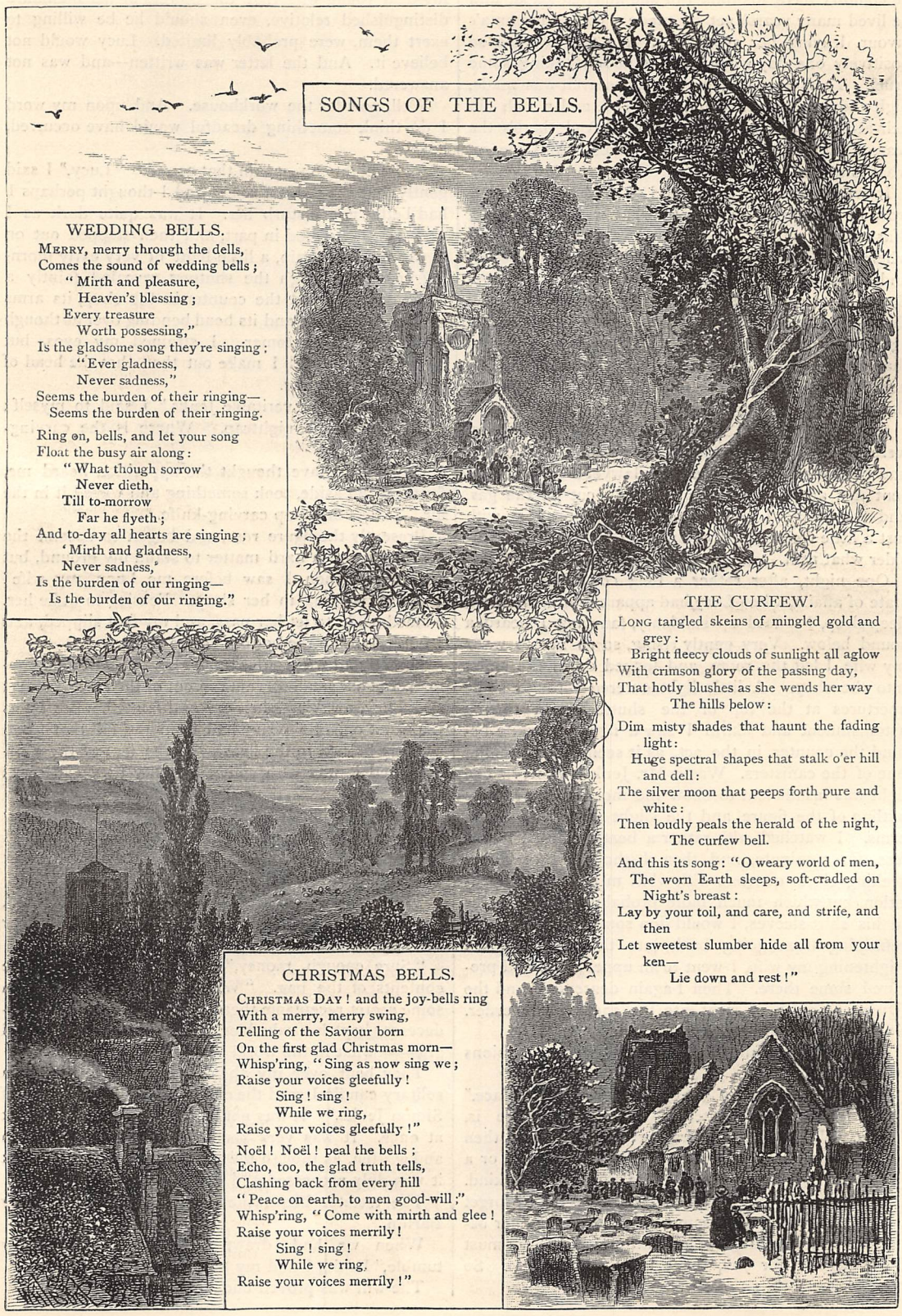
They bent over my shoulder as by the light of a solitary candle I read the endorsement—"The Will of Simon Jenks." It was not in any cover, so we read it at once. It was very short, and was roughly drawn and written, as though the form had been copied. But it was duly witnessed and was perfectly intelligible.

The testator bequeathed all his property to Lucy Barton.

When we had drawn breath—"A very lucky tumble," I said, "and my bruises are cured already."

The will was proved under £20,000.

SONGS OF THE BELLS.



WEDDING BELLS.

MERRY, merry through the dells,
Comes the sound of wedding bells;
"Mirth and pleasure,
Heaven's blessing;
Every treasure
Worth possessing,"
Is the gladsome song they're singing;
"Ever gladness,
Never sadness,"
Seems the burden of their ringing—
Seems the burden of their ringing.

Ring on, bells, and let your song
Float the busy air along:
"What though sorrow
Never dieth,
Till to-morrow
Far he flyeth;
And to-day all hearts are singing;
'Mirth and gladness,
Never sadness,'
Is the burden of our ringing—
Is the burden of our ringing."

THE CURFEW.

LONG tangled skeins of mingled gold and grey:
Bright fleecy clouds of sunlight all aglow
With crimson glory of the passing day,
That hotly blushes as she wends her way
The hills below:

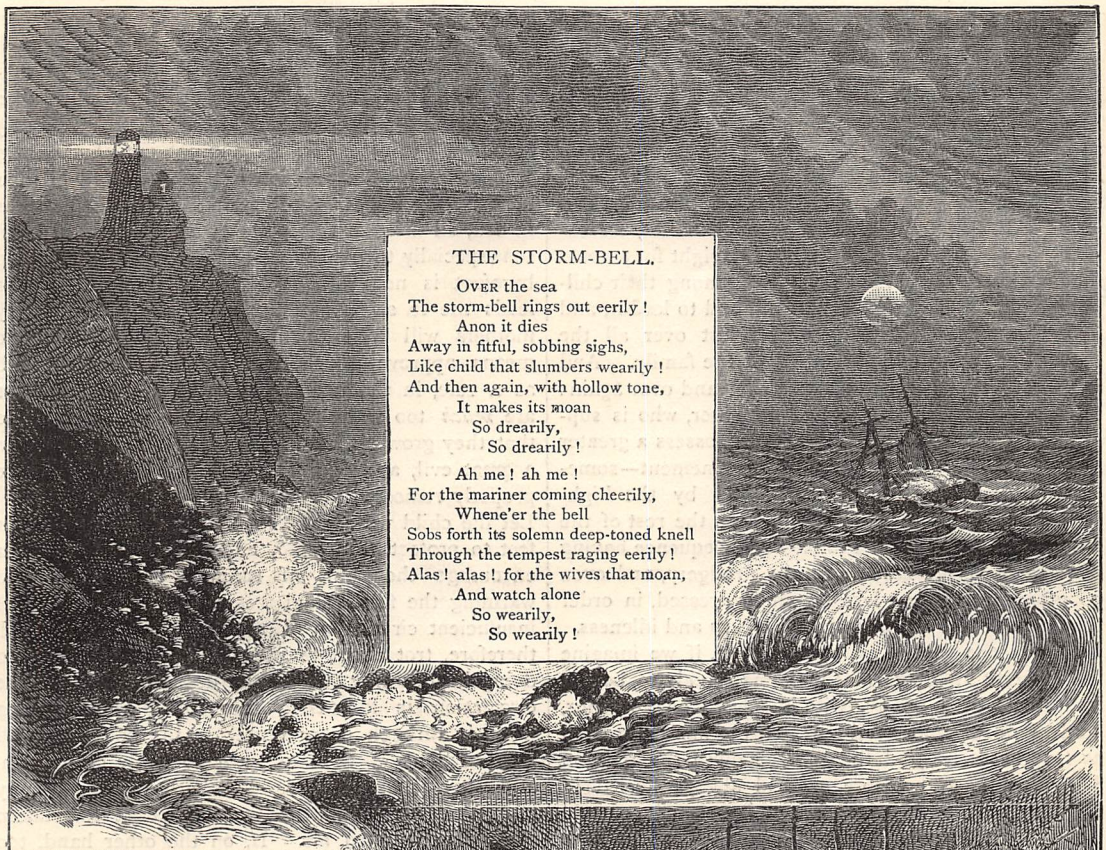
Dim misty shades that haunt the fading light:
Huge spectral shapes that stalk o'er hill and dell:
The silver moon that peeps forth pure and white:
Then loudly peals the herald of the night,
The curfew bell.

And this its song: "O weary world of men,
The worn Earth sleeps, soft-cradled on Night's breast:
Lay by your toil, and care, and strife, and then
Let sweetest slumber hide all from your ken—
Lie down and rest!"

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

CHRISTMAS DAY! and the joy-bells ring
With a merry, merry swing,
Telling of the Saviour born
On the first glad Christmas morn—
Whisp'ring, "Sing as now sing we;
Raise your voices gleefully!
Sing! sing!
While we ring,
Raise your voices gleefully!"

Noël! Noël! peal the bells;
Echo, too, the glad truth tells,
Clashing back from every hill
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Whisp'ring, "Come with mirth and glee!
Raise your voices merrily!
Sing! sing!
While we ring,
Raise your voices merrily!"



THE STORM-BELL.

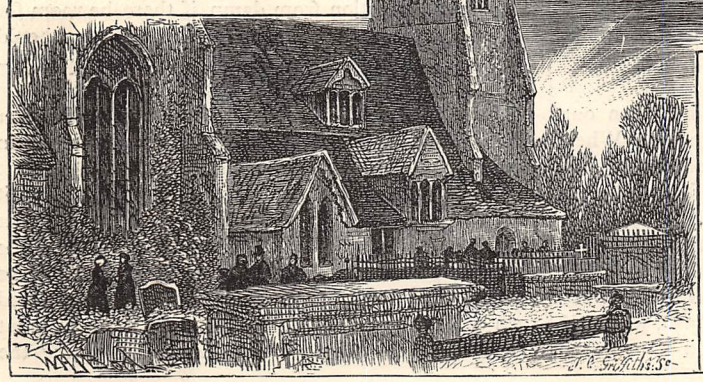
OVER the sea
The storm-bell rings out eerily!
Anon it dies
Away in fitful, sobbing sighs,
Like child that slumbers wearily!
And then again, with hollow tone,
It makes its moan
So drearily,
So drearily!

Ah me! ah me!
For the mariner coming cheerily,
Whene'er the bell
Sobs forth its solemn deep-toned knell
Through the tempest raging eerily!
Alas! alas! for the wives that moan,
And watch alone
So wearily,
So wearily!

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

TOLL! toll!
Years are dying,
Time is flying
Fast away;
Hours are fleeting,
Bells ring greeting
To the Old Year's dying day:
Toll! toll!

Toll! toll!
Life is flying,
Men are dying
Day by day;
Minutes going
Warn us, showing
How our years have passed away:
Toll! toll!



NEW YEAR CHIMES.

CLASH! clash! peal the bells;
New Year life their welcome tells,
Wealth of sunny days to be.
Sing the joy-bells gleefully:
"Golden hours and days we give—
Hours and days in which to live
In the ways of truth and right."
So the bells ring forth with might,
Heralding a future bright:
Clash! clash! peal the bells.

G. WEATHERLY.

HANDS AND FEET: THEIR CARE AND COMFORT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SAID Pope, "One truth is clear: whatever is, is right." I myself think that, although there certainly is some degree of truth in this adage, it is by no means applicable to all cases. I very much doubt, for example, whether it is right for parents to have favourites among their children, who are allowed to lord it, and rule king and priest over all the other members of the family. And yet I have seen this over and over again: a favourite son or daughter, who is supposed by the parents to possess a greater degree of delicacy and refinement—sometimes it is even designated by the high-sounding title of genius—than the rest of the olive-branches, and these latter in consequence having often to do all the hard work, the drudgery, and even go more poorly clad, less tastefully dressed, in order that the beloved one may live in luxury and idleness.

Just in the same way, by metaphor, if we imagine the different members of the human body to be the individuals of a family, with the head as governor, guide, and ruler, we shall find that the hand is treated as first favourite, and the foot as quite the reverse. The hand is ever before us, and always busied in carrying out our behests, and so it gets coaxed and petted accordingly. No speck or spot, no corn or disfiguring wart, must be permitted to mar its beauty; we wash it fifty times a day, if need be; we trim the nails filbert-fashion; we begird its digits with gold and gems; and before we have crossed our porch we bedeck it in the softest of kid, lest it should be bronzed by the summer's sun, or chilled by the frosts of winter. But how different is it with the foot!

I am going to try to prove to you that, as far as health is concerned, the foot is a much more important member than the hand, and deserving of greater care and attention.

John Locke says, "Whoever considers how mischievous and mortal a thing taking wet in the feet is to those who have been bred nicely, will wish he had, like the poor people's children, gone barefoot; who by that means come to be so reconciled by custom to wet in their feet, that they take no more cold or harm by it than if they were wet in their hands."

John Locke spoke truly and wisely; but then our mothers would not permit us to run barefoot. When I was a little boy I used to go to a far-off day-school, where all, or nearly all, the children, although by no means poor, went barefoot in summer. This was a luxury which my parents would not permit; and so, like a good little boy, I met their wishes half-way, and when a little distance from home I used to hide my boots and stockings in a friendly furze-bush, where, if a cow didn't eat them, I found them on my return. But one unlucky day, on crossing a white clovery lea that was all a-hum with hive-bees, I got viciously stung. Of course this let the cat out of the bag. Repentance and confession ensued, followed in their turn by forgiveness and erysipelas and three weeks in bed, all through this naughty bee that "had been sent specially to punish me;" so you see that going barefoot is not without its drawbacks. And this leads me to say something which I hope sincerely mothers will take to heart. Although I by no means approve of children running barefoot, still as a rule, in this country, the feet of our little ones are *much* too warmly clad, and the consequence is that they grow up tender-footed, and this in itself is a great evil, and one that can never in after-life be properly remedied. This should be the golden rule: Let the child wear sufficient woollen covering on his feet to protect from cold, and no more; and never encourage the habit of running to the fire and warming the feet. Cold feet are often the result of insufficient circulation of the blood. Let the child, therefore, trot about to warm his little feet; by so doing he not only obtains the desired result, but the circulation is increased, the blood sent dancing joyously through every vessel in the body, and all the functions of the body are correctly carried on, and rosy cheeks and ruddy health are the happy results, especially if the trotting about has taken place in the open air. If, on the other hand, too thick stockings are worn, and toe-toasting winked at, relaxed blood-vessels are the result, and a soft, flabby foot, quite unfitted to carry its owner through life with any degree of comfort.

Even we grown-up folks should not wear socks or stockings thick enough to cause our feet to perspire with the slightest exertion. Let the stockings, then, be only of medium thickness, but the softer and warmer they are the better. Hence I think that in winter we can derive the greatest comfort from socks of Shetland wool. In summer, again, the very thinnest of woollen socks should be worn, or, if you prefer it, silk; but few of us can afford to wear cotton, and expect to retain perfect health. A lining sole of cork is a great protection from damp, if there be room for it in the boot or shoe. As to slippers, we should have a summer pair—I prefer a thin leather pump—and a warmer pair for winter wear.

Those who suffer from tender feet should never sit too close to the fire, even in the coldest day in winter; and—N.B.—nobody else should.

Now as to boots and shoes. They ought to fit well, and still be easy to the feet; the upper leather should be soft and pliant, yet strong withal; and the soles hard and strong. Strong especially ought the soles of the boots to be for men who walk much; and such will find a very broad sole and heel a great comfort. Most people are liable to "go over" the

"A QUEEN, BY ROYAL RIGHT OF SWEET EIGHTEEN."

CONSTANCE. (*To face p.* 115.)

sole or heel in some particular direction. Well, these portions should in all cases be protected by a plate of brass. In winter men's shoes ought to be rendered impervious to snow by daubing or rubbing with tallow, appearance in this case giving place to safety and comfort.

Never under any circumstances wear shoes with gutta-percha soles. I know that children's boots are often thus soled, but it is far from being either healthy or comfortable.

Our forefathers knew the great danger to the system from wet or damp feet; they, therefore, invented the patten, and all I have to say regarding it is, that I am sorry it is not more frequently worn, instead of that most inelegant article of apparel, the golosh, which, while it gives to the foot all the grace and beauty of a morning roll, secures for the wearer perpetual humidity of sock or stocking, all the benefits of an occasional catarrh, and the hope of a not far-distant attack of bronchitis. The treatment of the foot in disease has received much attention of late, and cheiropody has been very successfully practised by American specialists and others. Both feet and hands are liable to several very annoying, not to say distressing complaints. Let me now say a word on the more common of these.

First as to the management of the nails. Not only should they be kept perfectly clean, and neatly pared, but care should be taken to prevent what are called *agnails*—a ragged and painful condition of the skin of the finger adjoining the nail. This is very easily prevented by carefully pressing back, twice or thrice a week, that portion of the skin that overlaps the root of the nail. This should never be allowed to become adherent. The toe-nails should be cut square across, the tendency to ingrowth of nail—too serious a subject, by-the-way, to treat here—is thus averted.

Cleanliness of feet is most essential to health. Some people are too delicate in health to make use of the matutinal bath, but no one can be excused from the daily ablution of the feet.

Tender feet are often congenital. The complaint seems to descend in families, and little can be done to relieve it besides attending to my instructions regarding shoes and stockings; bathing them daily in salt and water, however, or in sea-water often does good.

Some people complain of excessive sweating of the feet, there being a difficulty therefore in keeping them sweet and clean. Such would do well to change their socks at least once a day. After washing the feet, they may be done over with a mixture of tannic acid and eau-de-Cologne—ten grains to an ounce—and afterwards dusted with a little flannel bag of powdered starch, or a baby's puff.

Chilblain is a very distressing affection of the skin, common to either hands or feet. In children it is often caused by permitting them to run about for a long time with cold hands and feet, and then inducing reaction before the fire. Chilblains may at length become chronic; they may blister and even ulcerate. When the hands have become chilled and numbed, care must be taken to bring them to gradually, by gentle friction, away from the fire; for this purpose a little stimulating liniment, composed of an egg beaten up with an ounce each of turps and vinegar, to which may be added a drachm or two of laudanum, is useful. A strong solution of alum (half an ounce to eight ounces of water) is sometimes used to the unbroken chilblain. Or a liniment of equal parts of tincture of iodine and liquor ammoniæ may be used as a paint twice a day. Broken chilblains are best treated with calamine ointment, or the ointment of the benzoated oxide of zinc, or with simple water dressing.

Chapped hands should be well protected from the cold, kept very clean but not rubbed much, and either the tannin, camphor, or benzoated oxide of zinc ointment used.

Blisters of the feet or hands should not be rudely cut open, but a white cotton thread is to be passed through in order to drain them.

The frequent application of tincture of iodine to corns often gives great relief, and renders their removal more easy. The only way to prevent corns is by wearing boots or shoes, the uppers of which are tolerably pliant and soft, and which neither fit too tightly nor are too loose. The only radical cure for corns, whether hard or soft, is removal by the knife. After this has been accomplished, corn-plasters must be worn, softened by pouring a drop or two of oil into the little round hole in the centre. Those afflicted with soft corns should wash the feet well daily, and wear a little cotton wadding between the toes. Sponging the feet daily, after the washing, with camphorated spirit has been extolled as a good means of hardening the skin.

CONSTANCE.

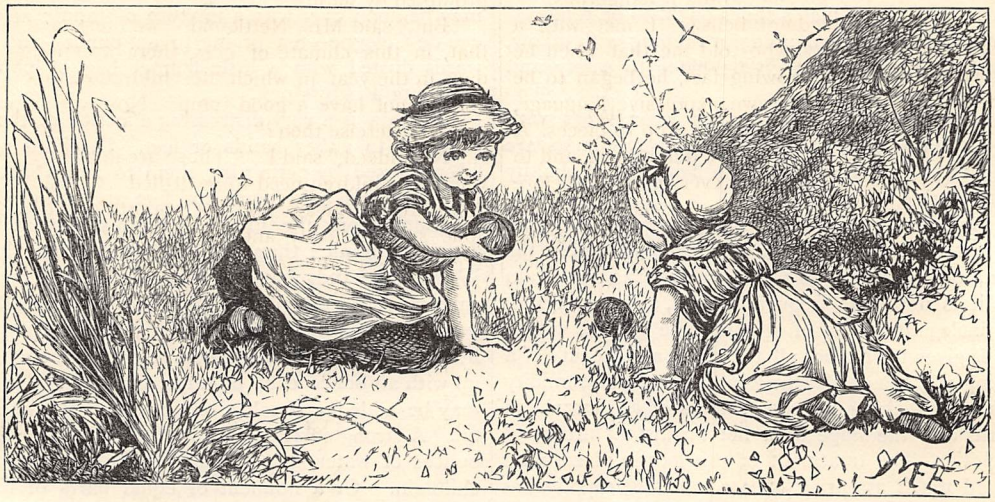
EIGHTEEN, with just a touch of pride,
And all of girlish grace beside;
And, rich in simple charms, a queen
By royal right of sweet eighteen.

O vain attempt of words to show
What you by words can never know:
For who would sketch the rose, and see
The living blossom on the tree?

But search, and say when you have seen
The face most fair of sweet eighteen;
And find therewith the crowning grace,
A soul to match the lovely face.

And even then, when this is done,
You have not seen the sweetest one;
And Constance will remain confest
The chosen queen of all the rest.

J. R. EASTWOOD



HOW MY CHILDREN WERE DRILLED.

AT Dr. Blimber's excellent establishment for young gentlemen, nothing so vulgar as play ever happened. During the half-hour allowed for recreation, the boys indulged in the Olympic game of lounging in pairs, arm-in-arm, up and down a small piece of ground behind the house. . . . As to Mrs. Blimber, it was the steady joy of her life to see the young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt-collars, and the stiffest possible cravats. "It was so classical," she said.' —What do you think of that, Mrs. Nettlefold?"

"I can only have one opinion about it," answered Mrs. Nettlefold, "and that is the same as your own. But now lay the book aside. I know what you mean quite well. You want to speak to me about the children. I saw it in your face yesterday when you congratulated Johnnie about his prize; and when you came in with your work this afternoon, I knew at once what your errand was. And, dear friend, I am quite willing to hear you, so go on."

Of course I was caught, and there was no use in denying it. I *did* want to speak about the children, and it was to introduce the subject that I had, skilfully as I thought, turned the conversation to Dickens. But my little ruse had been very speedily discovered.

"You are quite right," I said laughing, "I have come expressly for that purpose. I hope you will forgive me if I seem impertinent."

"No need for apology," said Mrs. Nettlefold. "I am only too thankful to know that I have a friend who cares sufficiently about me to speak out plainly. You think I am not as careful as I should be to make the children take plenty of exercise?"

"I do think so."

"And I am inclined to agree with you. Our children, the two elder ones especially, are fond of study, have been very successful and have made considerable progress, but——"

"Oh, they are very clever children, there is no doubt about that. But how sorry you will be if, in your anxiety that they should get on at school, you neglect their physical well-being!"

"I know that," said Mrs. Nettlefold, "still it is difficult to find out what is best. Every one now-a-days is subject to such a high pressure. There is so much to be learnt, and such a high standard has been set up, and the competition is so keen, that unless the children are thoroughly trained mentally, they will assuredly be left behind in the race."

"But all the more do they need to be made physically strong, to enable them to bear the wear-and-tear of life," said I. "Don't you remember the remark of a modern writer, that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal?"

"What are we to do?" said Mrs. Nettlefold. "I will confess to you that I have become very uneasy on this subject. Johnnie lately has had a weakly look. He has very little appetite. He is soon tired, and we fancied that he was beginning to be rather knock-kneed."

"Have you taken advice on the subject?" said I.

"Oh, yes; I took him to our doctor, who said at once, 'The boy wants exercise. Let him play at cricket, and football, and leap-frog, and give him plenty of nourishing food.' But this is not the time of the year for out-door games. Besides, I must say I don't admire the game of football. It is such rough play. When the season comes round, I shall certainly urge him to play cricket. But what are we to do now?"

"Johnnie is fifteen, is he not? What do you say to getting a bicycle for him?"

"We propose doing so. I believe bicycle riding is splendid exercise, though some think it dangerous."

"Then, has he any dumb-bells? I met with a gentleman the other day, who told me that when he was about thirteen, and growing fast, he began to be very delicate. To use his own expressive language, he felt 'loose,' as if he were going to drop to pieces. A friend advised him to get a pair of dumb-bells, and to use them for a quarter of an hour every morning before he began to dress, and every evening as soon as he was undressed. After persevering in this for three months he felt quite different. It 'pulled him together' wonderfully. I ought to say that he did not begin with a quarter of an hour. That would have been too much for him. At first he practised for a few minutes only, and gradually increased the time as he was able to do so."

"Then he shall have dumb-bells; and the bright days will be here soon, and we shall urge him to take plenty of outdoor exercise."

"Then I think you may hope he will soon be all right. You can but do your best now. Of course, when the weather is favourable, I would have infants and children spend as much time as possible in the open air. After two or three years, walking is capital exercise, if it is not kept up too long. It ought to be done habitually, and is so necessary that nothing but very bad weather should interfere with it. But why should we talk of walking or anything else, when we know that letting a child have plenty of play is better than all the gymnastics in the world?"

EXERCISE.

"'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,'" said Mrs. Nettlefold.

"Indeed it does. Gymnastics should certainly not be regarded as a substitute for play. The formal muscular movements practised at the gymnasium do not secure so equal a distribution of action in every part of the body as will be obtained by means of a good game at chevy-chase or poise-ball."

"Besides," said Mrs. Nettlefold, "the children are happier when they are playing, and I am quite sure that exercise in which they are interested, and which they enjoy, is sure to be more beneficial than the monotonous amusements which are gone through because they must be."

"Quite true," said I; "in saying that, you are only expressing in another way the idea of a modern writer, who said—'Happiness is the most powerful of tonics.' Formal exercises are better than nothing, but they must never be made a *substitute* for those which are prompted by nature."

"But," said Mrs. Nettlefold, "we must face the fact that, in this climate of ours, there are many, many days in the year in which the children cannot go out, and cannot have a good romp. Now, are they to do without exercise then?"

"No, indeed," said I. "Those are just the occasions when the children need to be drilled. Of course, when there are the means and the opportunity, this can be done systematically and scientifically. The regular movements, of course, are good. But independently of these a good deal might be done. The mother might begin, say at the age of four, and make her children at least once a day stand perfectly upright, throw the shoulders well back, and draw a deep breath, so that the air, which should be as cool and fresh as possible, may fill the lungs entirely. When this is done the mouth should be closed and the breath held, and the arms thrust actively up and down, backwards and forwards. If this practice is begun early and kept up every day, not only for months but for several years, it will wonderfully expand the lungs and act as a preventive to consumption and similar complaints."

"I will certainly begin that at once with the younger children," said Mrs. Nettlefold. "But there is something else your children do. What were those ropes I saw in the play-room one day? Were they not intended for exercise of some kind?"

"I am glad you mentioned that, for those ropes afford an excellent and at the same time an interesting exercise for boys and girls in wet weather. I heard of the plan from a very clever doctor, and it has proved of great service to my own children. We have two large spiral hooks firmly screwed into a beam or rafter in the ceiling. Two ropes (of uniform length) are hung from these, and at the end of each rope is a kind of holder covered with wash-leather. By using these freely young people can amuse and straighten themselves, and expand their chests, without any difficulty."

"The ropes will, of course, need to be altered in length as the children grow older?"

"No; we get over that difficulty very easily. The ropes are made to pass through a perforated piece of wood, and in this way can be made of any length. I may say that I forbade the children to use the ropes as a swing, for I consider swinging not only a useless but a dangerous amusement."

"Do your girls use these hand-swings as well as the boys?"

"Indeed, yes. Girls are constituted to need exercise quite as much as boys; why should they not have it? I know they do not often get it, but this is a pity. I suppose the teachers and parents who encourage girls to be quiet and still, are afraid that they will become unladylike if they are allowed to romp about. But I don't think there is any cause to fear this."

"I am sure there is not," said Mrs. Nettlefold. "Engagement in manly games does not prevent boys from growing up gentlemen; why should it hinder their sisters from becoming ladies?"

"Certainly. I was reading a little while ago a very clever book on education. The writer said that, in his opinion, very little needed to be said now-a-days on the importance of bodily exercise, as far as boys were concerned; people were awake to it; but that it was quite otherwise with girls. It happened that there were both a boys' school and a girls' school near this gentleman's home. The boys soon made their presence known, for every day before breakfast, again towards eleven o'clock, again at midday, again in the afternoon, and once more after school was over, the neighbourhood was awakened by a chorus of shouts and laughter as the boys rushed out to play, and this continued as long as they remained. It was not so with the girls, however. For a long time the gentleman did not discover that there was a girls' school near. At last, when his attention was drawn to the fact, he noticed them occasionally sauntering along the paths with their lesson-books in their hands, or else walking arm-in-arm. Only upon one occasion during five months did he see them chasing one another round the garden-paths."

"I can believe that without any difficulty," said Mrs. Nettlefold. "We all know that girls prefer walking together and chatting to running about."

"Yes, but it is a great pity. I would have the girls not only take vigorous walks, but also practise daily skipping (for a short time only), tossing balls to one another, playing at battledore and shuttlecock, and the use of dumb-bells; and I would allow little girls to trundle their hoops, and jump and run."

"I can tell you of a very good way of imparting a graceful gait and carriage to young ladies," said Mrs. Nettlefold, "and that is to let them walk for a few minutes every day with a bag of beans or peas, or coarse sand, balanced on the head, just as in Eastern countries women carry their water-cans."

"I am sure that is good," said I; "exercises of this kind improve the figure, and give precision and grace to the body, more than regular drilling exercises would do."

"I don't fancy," said Mrs. Nettlefold, "that we shall have much difficulty with the children when they have grown a little older. They will see the importance of taking exercise themselves then."

"Of course, it is whilst they are growing that we need to be specially careful for them," said I, as I rose to leave; "and we will do our best. I think more and more that what is wanted is for people to get to *know* what is right. The will to do well is far more general than we think. But you and I will do what we can, and perhaps some one else will be influenced to copy our example, and so the good work will go on."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

THE NURSING OF THE LONDON POOR.

IT is impossible to reside in this immense metropolis, or to read the daily papers, without feeling oppressed by the consciousness of being surrounded by thousands of fellow-creatures lacking, not merely the ordinary necessaries of life required by those in health, but that a large proportion of them labours under the aggravation of disease and accidental sufferings, creating extra necessities. To those charitable souls whose genial hearts are larger than their purses, it will be the greatest solace to be told of the machinery at work for the relief of the London sick poor by means of nursing and medical advice.

According to the list of medical officers' districts, I find that London contains fifty-nine. The most extreme poverty exists in St. Paul's, Whitechapel; St. Augustine's, Haggerston; St. Mary's, Charterhouse; St. John's, Walworth; St. Matthew's, New Kent Road; St. Matthew's, Westminster; and St. Pancras, No. 1 District; while St. John's, Fitzroy Square, is noted as the district populated by "the dirtiest poor in London;" and St. George's-in-the-East, No. 1 District, as being, of all others, "the most dangerous in London." To alleviate so much misery, and thus to effect cures—where God-blest human means can accomplish it—I find we have at present twenty-two organisations at work as nursing institutions. Some of these supply regularly trained, and in every respect perfectly efficient nurses; while others send out the partially trained; and others again, the wholly untrained, who only afford such service as personal experience, combined with earnest and unselfish devotion, may render.

A large proportion of mankind are only too willing to

"Leave human wrongs to right themselves;"

but to hear that such societies exist will not satisfy those who take to themselves the Divine command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." I should not have space to give any minute and satisfactory account of all, but will select one from amongst them as a specimen, and give as many private details, connected with both the internal arrangements of the Home and the district work, as may be interesting. Holding the

chief place amongst the twenty-two societies above-named, I will tell what I think the reader may like to know of the great Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, and the others shall come briefly under consideration afterwards.

This association has twenty-seven patrons, besides vice-presidents, trustees, and a council of fifty-five members, with the usual acting officers, Miss Florence Lees being the superintendent-general: known to the public for the distinguished part she took in the late Franco-German war.

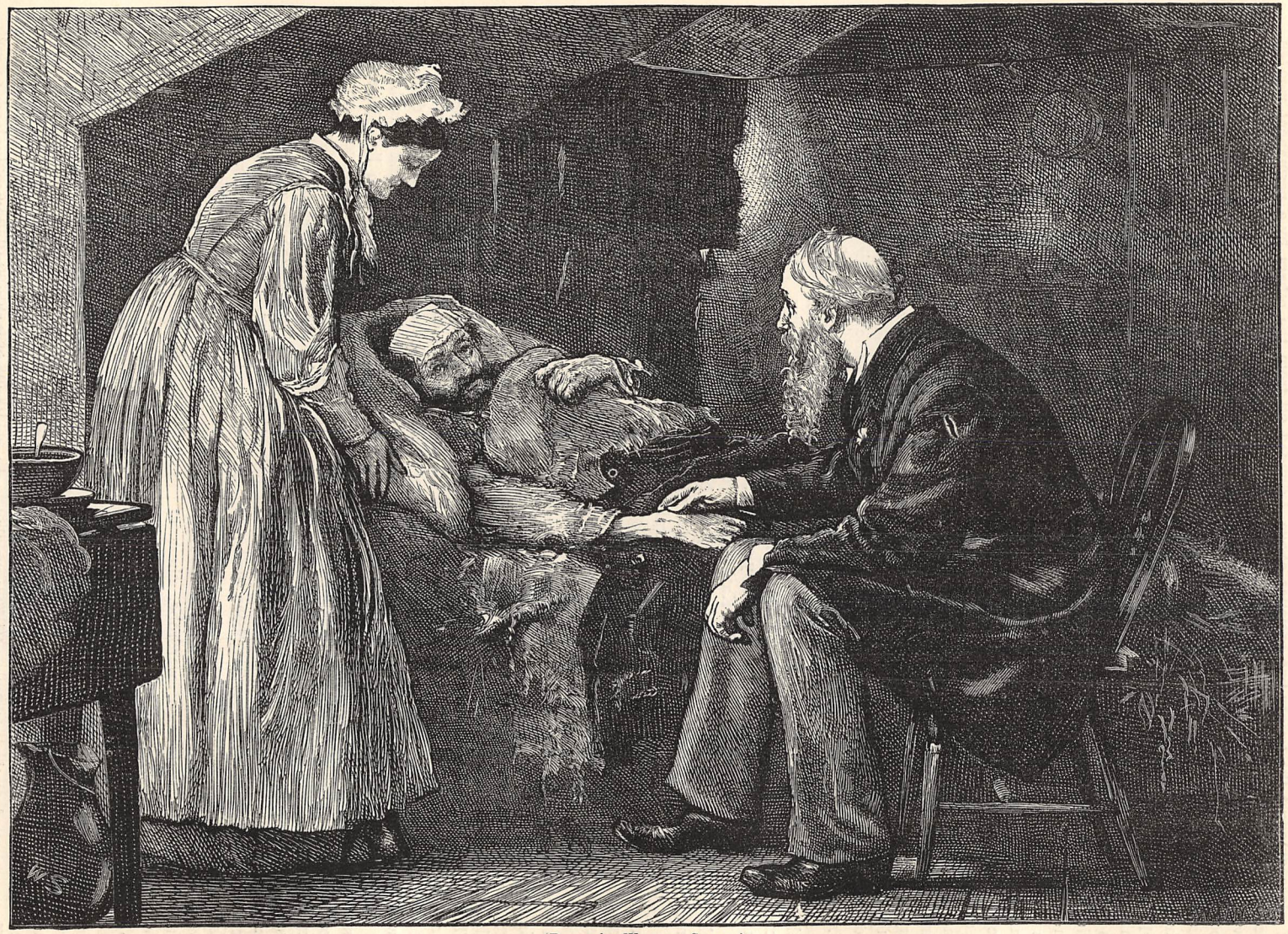
In addition to the Central Home in Bloomsbury Square, there are two branch establishments of the same society already in full work, each having its own lady superintendent, under the direction of the superintendent-general. One of these, called the Eastern District, is at 47, Philpot Street, Stepney; and the other, known as the Northern Home and District, is at 413, Holloway Road. At the beginning of November one was opened at Paddington, for that and the Marylebone District, to be called the Western Home; and if sufficient funds be raised for the purpose, another will be established in Lambeth, respecting which a meeting was recently held in the Archbishop's Palace. Besides all these branch Homes, if any grant can be obtained out of the fund of St. Katharine's Docks (intended for persons of noble birth who devote themselves to nursing the poor), a Home (the sixth) will be organised in the latter district. The Central Home was opened, under the direction of Miss Florence Lees, in July, 1875. I have just had the pleasure of inspecting every part of the institution, and thinking that the various little particulars which then came to my knowledge may prove both interesting and useful to my readers, I will escort them in imagination all over the house, and give the substance of the information which I have myself elicited.

The large dining-room is free to all the nurses for their family réunions, at meal-time, and recreation, and here visitors to the Home are received. The drawing-room, and two other apartments, belong to the superintendent-general, where she receives her friends and the nurses at pleasure. Above these rooms there are five little dormitories, comfortable and attractive-looking, where space has been economised in a wonderful manner. Simple, yet giving evidence of good taste, refinement, and common sense, the convenience and pleasure of the nurses have been evidently considered in these small apartments. Pictures, flowers, and other pretty objects adorn them. Each contains an open spring-bed, wardrobe, chest of drawers, table, an "easy" and ordinary chairs, a gas-fire, and a small bracket-shaped book-case, containing a lock-up cupboard, in which the nurse keeps her own little stores of tea, sugar, and preserves. She is also provided with a small tea-set and kettle, that she may at all times make her own tea or coffee, and give afternoon tea to any private friend in her own room.

We now ascend to the top floor, and here we find a large front dormitory devoted to the probationers, where each lady has a separate "cubicle," or a sleeping-apartment, having a window of its own, and divided off from the others by a permanent wooden screen on each side not reaching to the ceiling, and a long curtain across the end, thus allowing a free passage of air overhead, and a portion of the dormitory common to all shut in by the one door. These were likewise pleasant little apartments; and as I stood by the window in one of them, I could not help exclaiming how agreeable it would be to sit there and look out on the fine trees, and see the children playing on the grass in the large garden of the square—a sunny place, with the colossal statue of some worthy keeping guard at the gate just under the windows. At the back of the house on this floor there is a large apartment for the maid-servants, and next it we enter a smaller one, supplied on each side with a number of shelves. Here we observe all kinds of appliances for the special work of such an establishment. Heaps of old linen and calico to use as bandages, rags for wounds, or towels for the use of both nurse and patient, and some old shirts—a valuable gift, as I was informed—for use, not for the living only, but as grave-clothes for many whose friends are too poor to supply a last covering. I trust that in making this allusion to old linen, under-garments, or rags, I shall be complying, by proxy at least, with the earnest request made to me in that sadly-suggestive chamber, by putting it into the minds of others to send such-like articles to this or any similar institution, wherever located.

Passing from the Home itself to the inmates, I must now observe that the necessity for wearing a distinctive costume for the purpose of protection (by immediate recognition of the vocation of the wearer) is fully recognised. The costume of the nurses of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association consists of a short linen (I believe brown holland: at least, unbleached) dress, a large apron and bib of the same, and over-sleeves, to be worn when nursing. The out-door covering consists of a long cloak, waterproofed, of dark blue alpaca in summer, and dark blue Witney "blanketing" in winter; a black straw bonnet, trimmed with black silk bound with light blue: the form of the bonnet is changed yearly, according to the fashion of the time; and a white-frilled washing-cap, with broad white strings tied beneath the chin, is worn under it. Each nurse wears pairs of scissors, forceps, and a pincushion, and carries a small bag, containing old linen, carbolic acid, and anything else required for dressings; but when the patients can afford to pay for disinfectants, they are expected to do so. So much for the dress and equipments.

I may now give a slight sketch of the circumstances under which the nurses are engaged, and a few of the regulations of the institution, for the especial information of any lady who may seriously contemplate the vocation of a nurse as a profession for herself. Candidates are selected by the superintendent-general, and none are eligible in this institution excepting those who are unquestionably gentlewomen by birth as well as by education. It is deemed expedient that all who are living together on such intimate terms should hold one uniform position in society. Thus the intercourse



(Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.)

"NURSING AND MEDICAL ADVICE" (*p.* 118).

enjoyed by these accomplished and benevolent ladies one with another, during meal-time or the leisure hours of the evening after five o'clock, is all the more mutually agreeable.

Probationers come to the Home for a period of one month, then go to a hospital to be trained during one year; and return for three months' additional training and supervision under the head superintendent, who visits and nurses with them in turns, when they are required to take notes of each case and every day's treatment. After this period they are qualified to be sent to a district Home. Every nurse has one month's "leave of absence" in the year; and at Christmas each lady hands in to the head superintendent a paper, on which she has stated the month which it will suit her best to take her holiday. Each lady then has her wishes considered, with a due regard to the convenience of the rest of the household.

Every nurse is required to work eight hours daily in her district; she is to have as many hours for sleep, at least two hours of leisure, and, whenever possible, she has her evenings entirely at her own disposal. As regards expenses incurred on entering the Home, and the provision made for the nurses in return, together with their ultimate prospects, I must now add a few words. Nurse candidates pay £5 on admission as probationers, to cover all expenses of board, lodging, and washing during their month's trial. When sent for training to the hospital training-school (St. Thomas's), they pay £30, by two instalments, for the year's expenses—board, lodging, washing, and dress being supplied, together with all necessary instruction. On their return to the Home for the three months' extra practical training in district work, they pay £14 for all expenses, both personal and for instruction, for which they are provided with full board, and 2s. 6d. weekly for washing. Nurses fully trained and on the staff of the association receive a salary, payable quarterly, of £35 the first year, £38 the second, increasing by £3 annually till the sixth year, when it amounts to £50, and at this the salary reaches its maximum.

At the present time there are seven nurse probationers being trained at St. Thomas's, and five more are expected to enter in the course of a few months. When in the Home they have no menial work to do (excepting in the capacity of nurse), but they are required to make their own beds and their own tea or coffee.

Fully to realise all that is performed and endured by these ladies—their fatigues, anxieties, risks from infectious diseases, and all manner of obnoxious associations—the reader should see a report of the society's work, wherein extracts are made of the notes they are required daily to make; and it will be seen that no salary could be regarded as any equivalent for their self-denying labours, often prosecuted during the dreary hours of night, when we who read are comfortably housed and our eyes are closed in refreshing sleep.

In all it has been calculated that 102 of the London districts are being nursed; irrespective of the work carried on all over the metropolis by the Bible Women's Mission, who have formed for themselves a special, and not an ecclesiastical, district of enormous dimensions; and of all the nursing given by private individuals, unconnected with any society. I should also notice the fact that, where a large nursing association is stated as sending out but one nurse, or at least, but a small number, to attend the sick in their own homes, it must be understood that their chief mission is to receive them and tend them in the public home or hospital, where the full staff of their nurses is designed to work.

S. F. A. C.

KING BABY:

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

"OH, dear! oh, dear! this baby is so fretful! — what shall I do with him?"

I was getting quite out of patience, and began to feel almost angry with the little fellow, my first baby. It was the first occasion of my return to public life, and my husband, in the pride of his heart, had invited about half a dozen particular friends to do honour to the occasion. We were people of very moderate means, and the superintendence of many of the preparations devolved on me. I had one servant for the house, and a young girl to nurse baby; but somehow or other she could never keep him good for long together. However, as I often took him from her and nursed him myself, we managed tolerably well, as a rule; but to-day, when I was more than usually occupied, the little fellow had been crying the whole day, and even now, when my guests were awaiting me down-stairs, I could not still his cries. The more I tried to hush him, the more obstreperous the little fellow became, until I was fairly beside myself with annoyance and vexation. All the time my young nursemaid stood stupidly by, not offering to render me any assistance. She was, indeed, as incapable as myself.

Poor baby!

Presently my sister came running up-stairs into my bed-room.

"Do go down, Mary," she said; "William looks quite annoyed. Give baby to me."

I delivered the child over to her equally inexperienced arms, but he still kept up his passionate, noisy crying, and my maternal instinct was a little too strong for me to be able to leave him like that.

"How dreadfully tiresome!" my sister said, trying vainly to hush him; "I never knew him so cross."

"A little soothing syrup is a beautiful thing, ma'am," chimed in my nursemaid. "It soothes a baby, and sends him into a lovely sleep. Mrs. Poole" (her late mistress) "used often to give it to her baby."

"And never found it do him any harm?" I asked dubiously.

"Oh, no, ma'am. It was Mr. ———'s she used; there's no harm in that."

I sent for some, and gave the child a dose. In a little while his eyelids began to droop, his passionate crying turned to a pitiful-sounding wail, and he was soon in a deep sleep.

What a respite! I went down to my guests, and apologised for my apparently uncourteous behaviour. The rest of the evening was delightfully free from baby's interruptions; and when I went to bed, tired out, he was still in a heavy sleep in his cradle.

I took him up, and laid him by my side, but still he did not wake; and soon I dropped into a troubled, restless sleep. Many times I waked up and looked anxiously at the little face. It was so unusual for him to sleep so many hours, and this sleep was so deep and heavy that he seemed scarcely to breathe. I was only nineteen, and had never had anything to do with an infant before, and was, of course, totally ignorant.

Towards morning my baby woke up, and the thankfulness with which I again beheld his lovely violet eyes showed me how great had been my apprehension.

"I shan't give him that stuff again," I inwardly resolved. "It doesn't seem right for him to sleep so many hours."

I fed him, and tried to get him to sleep again, for it was barely five o'clock; but I soon found that if he had been fretful last night, he was twice as fretful now. And what a day I had with him! Before night my resolve was forgotten, and he was put to sleep with the "soothing syrup" again: and many a night after, but my baby did not thrive. He was cross, thin, miserable-looking, and continually sick.

When he was about eight months old, my aunt came to see me.

"Ah, aunt!" I said, "if I had known how trying babies are, I should have stayed with you a little longer. I never have a moment to myself, I can never leave home, and I get so worn out with this child that I feel sometimes as if I would pay any price for one whole week, or even day, quite away from him."

"What does your nursemaid do?" my aunt asked, in some astonishment at my speech.

"Oh, she nurses him now and then, and carries him out when it's fine, and washes for him. She certainly relieves me, but she cannot keep him quiet long together, and I never feel able to leave him entirely to her. She is young, you see."

"What wages do you pay her?"

"Five pounds a year."

"Five pounds thrown away. William spends more than five pounds a year on wine, more than five pounds a year on the little suppers he is so fond of giving, and you spend quite five pounds a year on your pet plants. Now, if you would give up any one of these things, you could give a fairly experienced nurse ten pounds a year. The extra five pounds would be all the extra expense you would be at."

"Oh, but, aunt, we can't give up seeing our intimate friends—we ask no one else; and William has always been accustomed to his wine—I am sure he is most moderate; and the drawing-room would look nothing without the ferns and conservatory."

"Unless you can afford to have the most trustworthy service for your babies, you ought to nurse them yourself; but then you do not know how, so you are really very wrong not to give up something for the sake of having some one who does. Let me tell you, Mary, you are cruelly mismanaging that child; you are ruining his health, and sowing the seeds of a rickety constitution and a miserable, discontented, and peevish disposition."

I burst into a fit of indignant tears.

"Any one would think I didn't love my baby, to hear you talk, aunt. I am sure I have borne his fretfulness till I have been quite ill and worn out. I can't help feeling tired sometimes."

"I am sure you must feel very much fatigued sometimes, my dear. You are of an excitable disposition, and I notice that when you have a few friends you are excited in anticipation, and also for some time afterwards. All that is very bad for baby, especially as he is a restless, wakeful child. It is no wonder you find him cross and fretful at such times. It is only wonderful to me that he sleeps in the evening so well as he did the other evening, when you were entertaining guests."

"He wouldn't sleep at all if I didn't give him something," I remarked, in all innocence: "———'s syrup is what I use."

"Mary!" my aunt exclaimed, in evident horror, "whoever has taught you to give your child that stuff? Don't you know how wrong and injurious it is to put a healthy child to sleep with narcotics? for that is, of course, what these 'syrups' contain. Rely on this: a healthy child, who is free from pain or internal derangement, will not want any artificial means to make it sleep. If you find him restless and uncomfortable—as he must be if he won't sleep at all—when you are excited, then I can only say you ought to avoid such excitement while you are nursing. It is bad for you and bad for the child. You need not be deprived of seeing your friends. Let them come and see you one at a time, instead of half a dozen together; but give up everything like parties for the present."

My aunt was a woman of much experience, and I knew that her advice was to be relied on. In the end I was persuaded to act upon it, and I found she was correct. It is true I was of an excitable temperament, and baby, no doubt, was the same; but I advise

any one who has been in the habit of having much excitement while nursing, and found they had a fretful baby, to try the effect of a perfectly quiet, regular life, and I venture to say they will find the result astonish them. I have come to be quite of my aunt's opinion that if it excites one, or if one has not sufficient means to do so without care and worry, party-going or giving should be forsworn. I have also come to see how important it is for every mother to be her own head-nurse. It is very rare to find a thoroughly efficient paid nurse, and one must always bear in mind that no other person can have so strong, so vital an interest in the health and welfare of the children as their own mother; but now-a-days there is so much grandeur of notion among all classes of the community, that many middle-class people are ashamed to be caught spending an hour or two in their nursery. Where there are several children and only one nurse—perhaps a young girl—this cannot be right; and indeed I hold that where there is only one child in the nursery, the constant supervision of a mother is necessary, unless she be fortunate enough to have secured the services of a really experienced, trustworthy person; and how many are there of us who can say this? There is no reason to doubt the oft-repeated tale of the Princess of Wales frequently undressing her own children and hearing them say their prayers. All honour to her for the example.

When baby was about twelve months old, I was obliged, through delicate health, to leave him a great deal to his young nurse. She was very fond of the child, so that I could feel assured that she would be kind to him so far as her light extended. As the autumn drew on, the little fellow was seized with an attack of inflammation of the lungs, which was attended with considerable danger, and left the child delicate through the whole of the winter. This illness was undoubtedly caused by my nursemaid leaving baby in his perambulator outside her mother's door, while she went inside to "have a talk." The door was open—probably a back-door at the other end of the passage as well—and thus the child was left, on a cold, windy day, exposed for some time to a fierce draught. These facts were drawn from the girl by my doctor, who gave her a pretty sharp reprimand for her carelessness; in spite of which, however, she never could nor would believe that baby's distressing illness proceeded from a little thing like that. In future I would never allow her to visit her home—which was, unfortunately, near—when out with the child, and, in order to prevent its being done surreptitiously, gave her frequent opportunities of seeing her mother. I have often found it advisable to pursue such a policy as this—to make some small concession, in order to gain a much more important point.

As I said before, baby became subject to attacks of bronchitis, which caused me great anxiety and grief. Most mothers have had some experience of this trying complaint, which, if neglected, so frequently proves fatal to old and young; and not a few have learned, like myself, to treat the early symptoms successfully without a doctor. I would, however, strongly urge that whenever the malady seems to increase instead of yielding promptly to the well-known household remedies, medical advice should be called, for many a little child's life has been lost through delay. The symptoms are well known—the wheezing at the chest, short, laboured breathing, rattling phlegm, feverishness, or, more frequently, extreme though moist heat of the body, entire loss of appetite, and—more distressing, perhaps, than all—a short, sharp, continually recurring cough.

The first thing is to keep the child in an even temperature of 60 degrees—not higher, not lower. Unfortunately I made the mistake of keeping the room too warm, and, being afraid of a breath of air, neglected to see that it was properly ventilated—a very great mistake, as I found to my cost, for when the child was recovering, the first blast of really cold air brought back the evil. It is not my intention to trespass on the province of the doctor, but this much I am entitled by my own experience to say:—In cases of mild bronchitis, do not be afraid to let fresh air into the room. It is well to do this by first opening a window in another room till it is well filled with fresh, sweet air, and then opening the door of the little patient's room for the fresh air to enter it; but not every house is built so as to make this plan feasible, in which case it is advisable to warm another room, and take the child to it, enveloping him completely in a blanket while going from one room to the other, if the weather be cold. Let the window of the room he has been occupying be opened when he leaves it. Be especially attentive to the temperature of the room in the early morning hours, about three or four o'clock, which are peculiarly trying to bronchitis patients.

In passing, I would say that I think it is much to be desired that medical men, especially family doctors, should give young mothers some practical information as to what course to pursue on the appearance of symptoms of any malady to which a child may be subject, and at what stage it becomes advisable to call them in. Persons of small means are loth to call in the doctor until absolutely obliged, principally because of his proverbial fondness for continuing his calls much longer than they are really necessary. I consider this a source of much mischief. I do not believe a doctor's practice would suffer from his giving a young inexperienced mother the advice I have suggested, and I am sure that he would be called-in in the early stages of children's illnesses much more frequently if the mother knew that as soon as the little patient was fairly recovering, and with ordinary care could not go wrong, the visits would be discontinued; and, of course, instructions could be given that, if certain symptoms occurred or recurred, the doctor should be immediately informed. I never knew but one doctor who acted in this way, and he was worked to death almost, his practice was so extensive.

Before quitting this subject of bronchitis, I would like to say a word upon the bathing of children. That their bodies should be thoroughly bathed once every

day, most mothers will admit. For myself, I prefer the morning. A good bathful of tepid water, and in cold weather a bright warm fire, and a large bath-towel are requisite. The child should be quickly bathed, the water being well sluiced over him by means of a large sponge, and when taken out enveloped in a large bath-sheet or towel, another towel being used to dry him. *It is very essential that the child get no chill.* If your child is liable to cold and bronchitis, don't trust his bath to a careless nurse. I have gone into my nursery and found my child standing naked and dripping wet, just out of his bath, while the nurse had gone to fetch the towel which she had forgotten. Of course the door was left open, and this on a cold winter day. This girl knew perfectly well that my child was very susceptible to cold, and was moreover fond of the child. You think this an anomaly. It is nevertheless true.

I am aware that where there are several little children, one perhaps a baby, it is sometimes difficult to have them bathed before breakfast, and indeed, as you will feel pretty sure that the room will not be warm, you may not think it advisable. In this case, I advise that each child should be sponged with cold water, as low as his waist, every morning. This must be done very speedily, the child being briskly rubbed afterwards. As I take it for granted that the child has had a bath the night before, he need only be sponged, and it can all be done in three minutes. A child accustomed to this treatment rarely takes a bad cold.

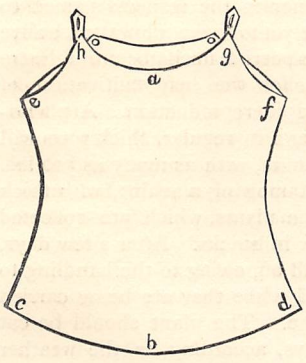
One word about bath-towels. There are loose garments to be had, made of bath-coating, in all sizes, to slip on immediately on coming out of the bath. These absorb the principal moisture, and are very nice, but they have to be slipped off to complete the process of drying, and are moreover expensive. This last objection applies to the ordinary bath-sheets, but I can give you a wrinkle. Buy a yard and a half of thick, soft, unbleached, twilled sheeting, which you can purchase for about a shilling a yard, or even less. Divide this in two where it is doubled down the centre, and you have two towels a yard and a half long and a yard wide, large enough to envelop any child. I have found this answer capitally.

My second baby was a most delicate child from his birth, but I had gained experience in the management of children, and at the end of the first year of his life he was even stronger and healthier than his brother, who had been such a fine healthy little fellow at first. Poor little first babies! How often they are sacrificed to a young mother's inexperience! My second baby was early taught to go to sleep by himself, to lie often for short intervals on a bed or cushion, which was good for his back, and his patience too. As soon as ever my nurse left me, I began to train him to take his nourishment at regular intervals of two hours, after a month or two extending it to three hours, and even four. But to do this there must be no hurry in the feeding, nor insufficient supply of milk.

While on this subject, let me utter my word of protest against the custom which gains in the present day, of bringing infants up either partially or entirely upon artificial food. I know for a fact that there are many women who can, but will not nurse their infants; and there are many more who fancy they really cannot, but would find they could, if they would give up all excitement, and lead quiet regular lives, partaking of a plain but nourishing diet. There are many articles of food which increase the supply of milk, and by a judicious choice of diet one may do a great deal. Children fed with nature's food have better constitutions, and are better able to resist the attacks of infantile disease, with which some children are so afflicted. There is no doubt that in nursing her own infant the mother is laying the groundwork of a stronger, healthier constitution than she can ever hope for him if he be artificially nourished. Can any mother, knowing this, refuse to make an effort for her child's sake? If so, she is a dishonour to her sex. And to you mothers who will not nurse your infants, I say this: You do not know the close and enthralling affection which exists between a mother and babe. Any one else can fill your place, and you cannot understand the delightful feeling of being all in all, the one necessary object to the little being who is, indeed, part and parcel of yourself. You deserve to have your child love some one else better than yourself, and it is not unlikely that such will be the case.

A mistake which I often made with my first baby was the frequent use of aperient medicine. My old nurse had a great affection for castor-oil, and used to be continually giving it to the child during the month. I thought I could not do better, and continued doing so. This is a great mistake. Castor-oil is a valuable medicine for children, but it is always better to do without medicine if possible, at any rate during the first year. Very brown moist sugar dissolved in a little water, or mixed with a little butter, will often have the desired effect, which may also be arrived at through the mother's diet; or by giving a little oatmeal with the milk and water, if being brought up by hand. A child that is inclined to be constipated should have his food sweetened with raw sugar always. As the child begins to eat solid food, great care must be taken that he is not allowed to bolt it. Some children have the most alarming proclivity for doing so, but let me tell you that this may produce no end of evil, if allowed. Bowel complaint and this bolting process always go together, and I think it is hardly too much to say that one produces the other. If you experience great difficulty in curing a child of this habit, let his meat be reduced in a pestle and mortar until you have taught him, on softer substances, to masticate properly. Do not give him much potato, and let it be well mashed. Parsnips are an excellent vegetable for children, especially for those who cannot digest potato.

Before concluding this article, I should like to say one word about an infant's clothing during vaccination. It is very desirable that the "heads" should not be rubbed, or stand any chance of sticking to the sleeves,



and thus being pulled off. To avoid this, I make the child a little flannel chemise, which fastens on each shoulder, and can be slipped over the feet. The accompanying diagram shows the shape of this little garment, which I have found fits better than any other I know of.

The size for a full-sized child of three months is—length from *a* to *b*, 10 inches, back 10½ inches; width, *c* to *d*, 13 inches; *e* to *f*, 10 inches; *f* to *g*, 4 inches; *g* to *h*, 6½ inches; tabs, 1½ inch. The sides, *c* to *e* and *f* to *d*, are joined together; the slants, *f* to *g* and *e* to *h*, being herring-boned. The tabs are put on the front, and two little buttons in the corresponding corners at the back.

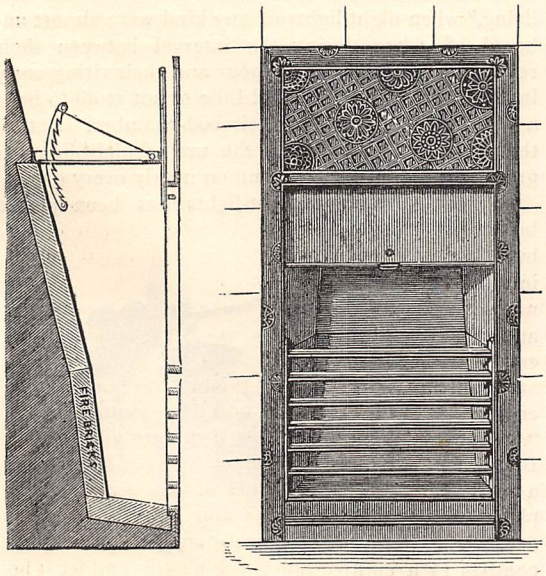
During the period of vaccination, I do not let the child wear any linen chemise, nor any more petticoats than are absolutely necessary, and I make the frock-sleeve come to nothing almost on the shoulder, cutting it quite plain instead of the ordinary puff.

For my own part, I prefer to have a child in short clothes before it is vaccinated. I am of opinion that, with ordinary care, any fairly healthy infant may be "shortened" at ten weeks, or, if it be warm weather, even earlier. The garments should be long enough to cover the feet.

THE GATHERER.

An Improved Stove.

For a long time past, we have been compelled to burn extravagant quantities of fuel in our sitting-rooms, without receiving in return a proportionate amount of heat. It is only lately that builders have considered the best means for warming our rooms in



an effectual manner. Grates are now being built nearer the floor than used to be the case, and the distance from the back to the front of the grate is decreased, while the sides are splayed out to allow a greater radiation of heat. In addition to these improvements, fire-brick sides and backs are being used in the erection of grates, instead of the iron plates which carried off most of the heat as soon as it was generated. Still, we must admit that even now our stoves are not perfect, for generally the bottoms are composed of iron gratings, which admit the air too freely just where it is not required, compelling a swift and imperfect combustion of coal. The grate shown in our illustration is one which deserves our support, as it comprises all the principles which we have advocated. This stove is manufactured at the Norfolk Ironworks, Norwich; and, as will be seen, is provided with a blower for drawing up the fire, and a damper, easy of regulation, for creating a draught. Combustion is attained by air passing through the bars of the grate, and by this means a hot bottom is maintained, so that all the cinder is consumed, which in our ordinary stove would be cooled down by the cold air and not burned. And this grate, we are told, burns only one-third of the fuel consumed by the ordinary stove.

A Hidden Quotation.

In the following lines may be found a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, one word in each line:—

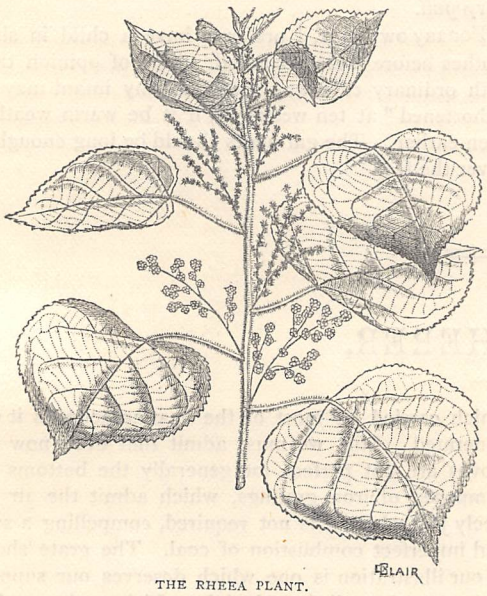
MY HOME.

A little cottage bowered in green,
With rose-bush clambering here and there
By trellised porch, and blooming fair
Round lattice-panes: can any scene
In other lands with this compare,
Or could you name a place more sweet,
Or would the flowers that bloom elsewhere
Smell half so fragrant and so rare?
Ah! roam the wide world as I will,
Sweet home! you're dear to memory still.

W.

A Substitute for Silk.

A substitute, or what it is believed will ultimately prove to be an efficient substitute, for silk and other fabrics, has for several years been favourably known to the great manufacturers of Yorkshire. This is the "dressed" fibre, to use the technical term, of the Rheea plant. Hitherto, however, grave difficulties have stood in the way of its introduction into the market on anything like an extensive scale and until some inventor



THE RHEEA PLANT.

cares to take his chance of making a large fortune, by designing a machine that will enable the fibre to be prepared for manufacture at a price that will bring it into active competition with other textile fabrics, we cannot hope to reap much benefit from this plant.

The Rheea plant, also known by its Indian name Ramie, and popularly as Chinese grass, is a member of the *Urticaceæ* or nettle family. It is found throughout the greater part of tropical or Eastern Asia, and grows to a height of about four feet. There are two types of the plant, namely, *U. nivea* and *U. tenacissima*, but the latter is far and away the better adapted for industrial purposes. The useful portion is the fibre of the inner bark, which has to be bleached and separated into threads. For hundreds of years, the Chinese have been accustomed to do this work by hand, skinning the stalk and scraping off the outer bark with a knife. But as one man can turn out only 2 lbs. a day at the utmost, this process is, of course, wretchedly slow. The raw material thus produced consists of clear ribbons of a light yellow colour. When these have been ungummed, bleached, dressed, and combed smoothly, they form the strong and brilliant staple for the manufacture of such goods as Japanese silk, a fabric of which ladies speak in terms of the very highest praise.

Besides possessing great strength, the Ramie fibre is quite as elastic as cotton, and more so than hemp or flax. In fact, it is inferior in the respects named to silk alone. But we have yet to make allowance, before exhausting the list of its merits, for its beautiful lustre and intense whiteness, for the easy cultivation of the plant, and for its rapid reproduction. A plantation where the plant grows in regular, thick rows will yield three crops per annum, with as many as 500 lbs. of fibre to the acre. A mowing-machine, with thick short blades, gathers the plants, which are collected in sheaves and then left in stacks. After a few days, the leaves wither and fall off, owing to the handling to which they are subjected while they are being carried to the dressing-machine. The plant should be cut from eight to fifteen days, according as the weather is dry or damp, before it is stripped of its bark.

In 1871 a reward of £5,000 was offered by the Government for the best machine or process for the preparation of the fibre. All the competitors save one retired before the day of trial, and the sole candidate was only partially successful, but as he received the sum of £1,500 we may fairly assume that his invention was meritorious. However, no practical use was made of it, and Government have again come forward—to their credit be it said—with the offer of two handsome rewards, one for the best, the other for the next best machine. The competition will take place in August and September, 1879, at Saháranpur, in the North-west Provinces of India, and all entries must be made by the December previous.

A Novel Night-Light.

There was a time, "within the memory of men still living," when night-lights of any kind were almost unheard of, when during the interval between their retiring to rest at a decent hour and their rising early in the morning, people cared little or not at all to have a lamp dimly burning in their bed-chamber. But all that has passed away, and the use of night-lights is growing more and more common nearly every day.

A great variety of night-lights has been placed before the public, but inventiveness in this direction is not yet exhausted, and we have to call our readers' attention to the engraving of the "Floating Oil Burner," of which a very brief explanation will suffice. The burner consists of a cup-shaped float with a convex top. A tube, the lower end of which is loaded to preserve an upright position, passes through the float, extending both above and below it. Near the upper end of the tube, a slot is cut in its side to receive the edge of a toothed wheel, by which the wick is raised or lowered. For convenience in moving the

burner, a curved handle is attached to the top of the float, in which a ball is placed, that can be shifted so as to counterbalance the heavier side and cause the float to lie evenly in the oil. The float is air-tight, and being made of thin sheet-metal cannot become saturated.

Answer to Double Acrostic on page 64.

S nar K
A l L
N eriss A
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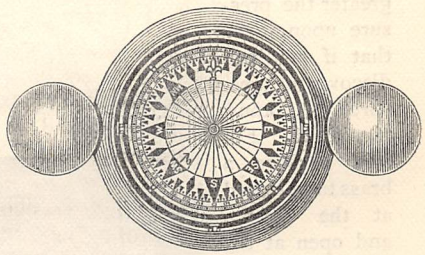
A New Heat-Generator.

Engineers have long been aware that other substances than coal might be used in steam boilers; but the difficulty has been to get anything permanently cheaper and less troublesome. The higher price of coals has stimulated the inventive genius of the mechanic with extra activity, and, as usual, our trans-Atlantic brethren have not been behindhand where it was likely "money was to be made." We hear of a boiler whose fire-box has been constructed to burn petroleum instead of coal, and the experiments made with it at Paterson, New Jersey, appear to have been tolerably successful, although the invention was evidently capable of further improvement. The principle of combustion is that of the common oil-lamp on a large scale, only instead of a cotton wick there is one of asbestos, and for oil we have petroleum, or naphtha. Now asbestos is a fibrous silicious mineral, quite unaffected by ordinary heat. Its fibres are so many delicate thread-like crystals, arranged side by side, until the mineral has the appearance which has obtained for it the name of "mountain flax." A "wick" of this kind, therefore, has all the properties of cotton in being able to continually absorb liquids by capillary attraction, and has the advantage of being incombustible.

The arrangement for the supply of heat to the boiler by means of this asbestos wick is as follows:—The boiler on which the experiment was made was a small vertical one, about sixteen inches in diameter, and four feet in height. Under it was the heating apparatus or fire-box—an iron chest eight inches long, six wide, and four and a half deep, tapering slightly towards the bottom. The sides near the bottom, as well as the bottom itself, were perforated with minute holes. This box is filled with asbestos, and at the end is a pipe leading from a small tank filled with petroleum. The asbestos is first saturated with the combustible liquid; and thus "started," it will commence burning. As fast as the petroleum is burnt a new supply is drawn from the reservoir by the capillary attraction of the asbestos wick. The flow of oil can, of course, be regulated by an ordinary stop-cock. The flame which suddenly springs up when a light is applied to the asbestos plays in and out of the numerous holes perforated in the fire-box upon the boiler. The water therein is immediately converted into steam, and in a few minutes it was found that the latter had generated so rapidly as to have a pressure of 100 lbs. on the square inch.

Safety at Sea.

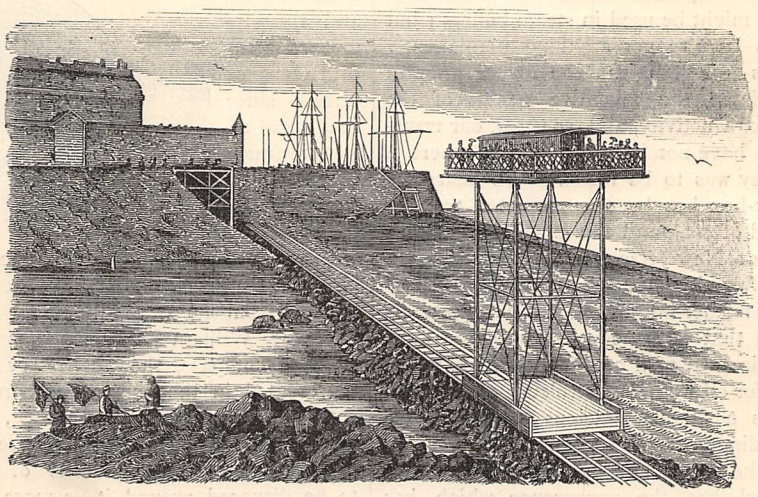
Until the mariner's compass was invented, sailors rarely ventured out of sight of land; but now, guided by the needle which points to the north, vessels can cross thousands of miles of ocean, and pass through fogs and the darkest night straight to their destination. But in voyages of such extent, when beyond all land-marks or lighthouses, and depending so much upon the compass, it is evident that the slightest error in that instrument may sacrifice hundreds of lives by running the ship upon the rocks. Ships and especially steamers are now often built of iron, and this increases the chances of error, since that metal affects the magnetic needle, just as with a toy compass which may be bought for sixpence, holding the steel blade of a pen-knife near it will cause the needle to deviate from its true direction. In order to avoid this, Sir William Thomson has invented a new form of compass, the "card" or face of which is represented in the annexed illustration. In the old compass the needle is very large, and to efficiently correct the deviation caused by the metal in an iron ship, no less than two tons of iron would have to be disposed around it—a mass so great as to be practically out of the question. Here, however, instead of a single large needle, eight small ones placed parallel to each other are employed, being suspended upon thirty-two silk threads which extend from the centre to the rim. By this arrangement the error can be corrected by two pieces of metal like cannon-balls, not more than six inches in diameter, fixed on either side of the compass. Besides this main feature there are several minor improvements. The card in its centre has a tiny sapphire, like the jewel of a watch, which rests upon a delicate iridium point, so that friction is almost avoided: friction is also reduced by the use of "knife-edges" for the bowl of the compass to swing on, and these give a great susceptibility to the magnetic current and a true level. Then, lest this delicacy should cause too much vibration, under the compass there is a vessel full of castor-oil—a viscous fluid which when disturbed soon settles again, and keeps the card steady.



Another invention of the same gentleman's, fully as important, is the patent sounding machine, the tube and scale of which are here shown. Everybody who has been fishing has sounded the depth of water from the punt with a plummet of lead attached to a

string, and this simple plan has till very lately been practically the one in use on board ship. But as a ship sails along, the line, as the weight sinks, drags out behind at a wide angle instead of dropping straight, so that the depth appears much greater than it is. To prevent this the steamer must be stopped, but as on a dark night, near shore, sounding should be taken almost perpetually, this involves loss of time, and with sailing ships immense trouble; and the inconvenience, it is feared, has often caused the precaution to be neglected, and led to terrible shipwrecks, as that of the *Schiller*. By Sir William Thomson's plan soundings can be taken while the steamer is going many miles an hour, without delay, and with perfect accuracy. It is founded on the fact that the deeper anything sinks into water the greater the pressure upon it, so that if you can discover the pressure you know the depth. For this purpose a brass tube, closed at the bottom and open at the top, is attached to the line just above the plummet. Some sulphate of iron is placed in this outer tube, and then a smaller glass one, exactly like the tube of a thermometer, is inserted—this last being open at the bottom and closed at the top, and coated within with a solution of prussiate of potash. As the apparatus sinks, the increasing pressure of water above it gradually forces the sulphate of iron in the brass tube up inside the glass tube, compressing the air within, and causing the prussiate of potash to turn a deep blue colour. This colour extends up the glass tube to a height in proportion to the pressure, or depth of water. When drawn up it is laid upon a graduated scale, and read off very much like a thermometer—the blue colour answering to the mercury, and telling the depth in fathoms. As it depends wholly on the pressure above, it is quite independent of the length of line run out by the motion of the ship; but in this machine, instead of the old rope or line, a fine steel wire is used, which offers so much less resistance to the water as to hang almost vertically under the vessel. As the bottom of the sea and depth of water are now mapped out just like the surface of the land—its hills and dales corresponding to the shoals and depths of the ocean—this machine, which can be used without the slightest inconvenience or loss of time, enables a captain to know in the darkest night how near he is to the shore. In fogs and misty weather, ships can even in this way guide themselves across the broad Atlantic, as it were, by feeling the bottom.

Sir William has also invented an azimuth mirror which can be adjusted to his compass, and facilitates taking observations of the stars; and a deflector, which is an instrument to check the compass and reveal any error that exists without the help of marks on shore, which have hitherto been necessary, and without "sights" of the sun or stars. It consists, briefly, of pairs of magnets, which are placed on the compass, and the ship being directed in turn to the four cardinal points—north, south, east, and west—these read off upon a scale what is called the directive force of the needle. If it is equal on all four courses, the compass is correct; if not, it must be adjusted until the deflector reads each way the same. All these, and especially perhaps the two first, are highly valuable aids to safe navigation.



ROLLING-BRIDGE OF ST. MALO, FRANCE (TIDE OUT).

The Rolling-Bridge of St. Malo.

It was formerly customary, when the tide was out, for people to cross over by way of the beach from St. Malo to St. Servan, two villages on opposite sides of a narrow inlet on the northern coast of France; but when the tide was in, passengers were compelled to make a considerable *détour* to reach their destination. We need hardly be surprised to find, therefore, that in course of time some more direct means of communication between the two places, which should be available at all seasons, soon became a felt want.

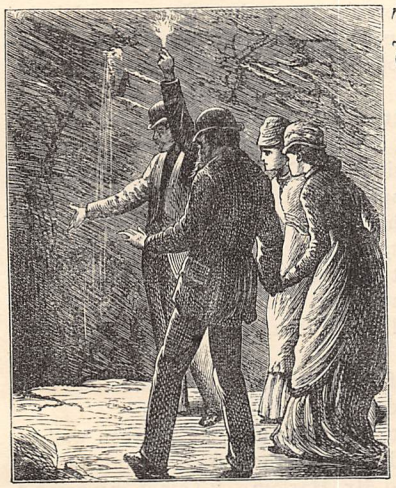
First of all, a line of rails was laid down on the beach. Next, a large carriage-platform was constructed for carrying passengers, vehicles, and cattle. This stood on long iron pillars or shafts, and was otherwise supported by a lattice-work of metal spars. The wheels were made with a strong clip that firmly gripped each rail, and prevented the carriage from being knocked over or pushed up by tempest or waves. When the contrivance was placed in position on the rails, the carriage stood perfectly clear of the highest tides and rough seas. At the St. Servan side, a steam-engine was set up, and a long, stout, endless chain connected the carriage with the engine. As soon as it was ready to start, the "prime mover" was set going, and "hauled" the carriage from one end of the journey to the other by means of the chain. The engraving is taken from the "Practical Dictionary of Mechanics."

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"Under the greenwood-tree."



THAT the sound of a footfall should penetrate through a tortuous passage of rock might appear strange, but the cavern was full of echoes, which carried sounds hither and thither—multiplying them as they went.

Cordelia's hurried steps were wafted back to Dora and Harry as the running of many feet, mingling with the murmur of the sea and the hollow return of their own voices, repeating their anxious words again and again till they died in a weird whisper.

Cordelia meanwhile reached the abrupt narrow turn where the two paths separated. It was as she feared. A man's figure, visible in the opaque darkness, was passing steadily up the broader way, with face upraised towards the roof, whence fell now—for the sun had sunk below the level of the rift—only a pale glimmer: the shadow of light, not light itself. Suddenly he stumbled and looked downwards. A narrow chasm was at his feet. It was so insignificant a rent, that it seemed a mere black thread or line laid athwart the path. He stepped easily across it; and then an instant blackness, like a wall, rose swiftly before him, checking his career as though it breathed upon him a chill and awful breath from out some dreadful silence.

It was at this instant that the gloom echoed forth a voice, ringing out his name in tones of agony.

"Edward Haslam! Stop! For pity's sake, stop!" cried Cordelia.

He turned his head in wonder, a flash of joy on his face, and then he saw her figure dimly running towards him through the gloom.

"Stand still till I come to you!" she called, quick and breathlessly.

He obeyed, and in another instant she had sprung across the chasm and cast her arms about him with trembling and tears.

He felt the warm drop of those tears to his heart's core, and the touch of her small hands clinging to him shook his soul.

"Thank God!" she breathed out very low, her voice trembling over the whispered thanksgiving.

"From what have you saved me?" he asked, bending over her and, almost unconsciously to himself, sheltering her slight form within the circle of his arm.

"Come away!" she answered, striving to lead him in the opposite direction. "Do not ask—do not look at this place. I have an unspeakable horror of it. Come away!" She held him by the hand in a tight nervous clasp, and his arm was still around her; he felt the throb of her heart against his side—it was like one of the wild mad dreams he had had at times and dismissed with a wintry smile. And now it was a reality, yet still past belief.

"But I must learn all I owe you. I must understand from what I have escaped," he said, trying gently to go forward.

He did not move one step. She held him back with a wild strength, clinging to him with both arms, as though one only had not strength to save him.

"Do you *want* to die?" she cried. "Then I shall not let you go. I shall be with you even in that death."

She was beside herself with terror; her voice had fainted away and sunk to a whisper.

"Do not be afraid," said Mr. Haslam; "I have no wish to die now."

He pressed her head upon his bosom, and his lips touched her forehead. "My love," he said softly, "my life is yours henceforth."

Echoes were floating fast upon them; steps and voices as of a multitude rolled through the emptiness, and dwindled at last to the softened sound of Dora's and Harry's voices.

"Cordelia!" he cried, in the anger of terror, "are you mad? You have crossed the chasm! The most fool-hardy explorer never ventures so far."

"She crossed to save me," said Mr. Haslam.

Then Harry and Dora, whose eyes were a little dazed by the sunshine they had left, saw him standing darkly beside Cordelia, whose figure was made lighter by her dress.

"It is well for you that you did not take a step farther," returned Harry, drawing his breath with a slight whistle. "Come over to the safe side of the Devil's Thread, as it is called, and I will show you where you were going. It is nervous work seeing you both standing there."

Mr. Haslam came towards him, but he lifted Cordelia over the black line in their path, which, though but a step for him, was a spring for her. Harry had lighted one of his wax matches, and the rent was visible running sideways across the cave.

"It looks formidable," observed Mr. Haslam, peering into it, "but still, not dangerous to cross."

"Upon my word you are a cool hand!" Harry answered. "Now you are on the safe side, just throw this stone beyond it, about three steps forward."

Mr. Haslam threw it. The stone went forward into blank space.

"Where is it gone?" he asked.

"Hush!" said Harry.

There was a dead silence of many seconds, then came a hollow sound, which the echoes rolled on into thunder, and lastly a heavy thud. It was the stone striking water after bounding from side to side of a frightful abyss.

"Now I'll light it up a little," said Harry.

He flung a few flaring matches forward, whose blaze made visible the black darkness of a huge chasm or shaft. It yawned before them for just an instant, showing its mouth stretched across the path from wall to wall—an unfathomable deep, a ghastly death.

They all recoiled. Mr. Haslam involuntarily clasped Cordelia's hand.

"You see what a delightful place you would have walked into," observed Harry, with the vanity of a cicerone.

"That was what a Preventive Service man did once in his search for kegs of smuggled brandy. I thought of it when I heard your steps," said Cordelia. "He was found days afterwards on the beach."

"On the beach!" cried Dora.

"Yes, there is a communication with the sea from this place. Some think the river divides here, and it is the half of it only that reaches the air and springs over the cliff, the other half finds a subterranean way for itself."

The momentary glare had died away, but the darkness only caused the ugly presence before them to be doubly felt.

"Well, I think we have had enough of it," Harry said, turning away. It was a relief to emerge into the sunlight, and here each one looked in the others' faces, and drew great breaths of fresh air. Cordelia was extremely pale; Mr. Haslam, grave and silent.

"What a pleasant change!" said Harry, stretching up his strong arms towards the sky. "After such a taste of the nether depths, one wants wings to cleave the air to the topmost cloud."

They were all walking with a quick step, as if glad to leave the desolation of the rocks and reach the soft carpet of moss, the green lights coming athwart the wood, and the flickering shadows flung daintily upon their path by the young leaves.

"I say, Haslam!" cried Harry, looking back, with his face joyous in the evening sunshine, "if a fellow wanted to commit suicide, that cave would be the place for him."

"What a ghastly idea!" said Dora pettishly. "I will not have another word said about this old wizard cavern. It begins to haunt me."

"It is an ugly place," returned Mr. Haslam; "but you all showed me the way to it. I followed the flowing of your light robe," he added, in a lower tone, to Cordelia.

"I wish you had not told me that," she answered. "It brings such a sad image to my mind. I see you walking in darkness to your death, thinking you will reach me."

"Well, it is a true image, unless you will be my light." He spoke very low, and paused, letting Harry and Dora pass onwards out of hearing; then he added gravely—

"I never thought to say to you what I have said to-day. I have fought long against love, but there is no cause now why I should do so any more—except that you know me so little, and I am a stranger."

"Not a stranger to me," Cordelia said hurriedly. "Among the poor, for more than two years, I have heard your name whispered with blessings on it. I know more of you than you think. Your charity and goodness——"

"No," he interposed; "the goodness was on the side of the poor, and the charity is not worth counting. Shall I win you, Cordelia, through the good words of the simple?"

He held out his hand; with one quick, shy glance, she put hers in it, and they stood an instant together in silence, heart to heart, her sweet face upon his shoulder, his lips pressed on her bowed head.

"For all your life, Cordelia," he said, "through good and evil?"

"For all my life, for good or ill, till death shall part us," she answered.

They were virtually alone now, for a green wall of tangled hazel and birch hid them from the others.

"So be it," said Mr. Haslam. "This is my amen," and he laid a kiss upon her lips.

Then they walked on a step or two without speaking. Cordelia was troubled in her joy, and he was thoughtful.

"My darling," he said, presently, "you are the gem of your home. How will your father bear to hear this? Shall I wait a little before I speak? Shall I try to gain his friendship before I startle him by a demand for his dearest and best? Tell me; I will be guided by your wish entirely."

Cordelia hesitated. Her wooer was a man who, as it appeared to her, had hidden his worth from all but herself, and had shown to others his rough side and a certain morose reserve, which had made him unpopular. Now, if he would throw this manner off and win her father's liking, difficulties would be smoothed away which would certainly at present meet him at the rectory.

"I think what you propose would be wise," she said, "and yet I do not like it. I have never had a secret yet from my father and mother."

"There shall be no secret. I will not ask for the touch of your hand until I have your father's sanction. I shall come as a friend and see you sometimes: that will make me happy. Meanwhile, I will alter all my tactics and cultivate my neighbours, and especially I will lay siege to your mother's heart and win her over to my side. You will consent to this, Cordelia? Without it, what hope have I of success? And hope is very dear to me now; I cannot lay it down, and take up my old burden again."

The tone of his voice touched her strangely, it was like the echo of some hidden chord in her own heart, full of sadness. Pity and tenderness gave no room to prudence; she yielded to his proposal for delay, and, for the first time in her life, burdened herself with a

care of her own. Hitherto her sorrows had been those of others.

"It will only be a short delay," she said. "I am sure you will soon gain the liking of all at the rectory."

"You will help me to succeed, Cordelia?"

"Yes," she said with a heavy sigh.

There was silence again, save for the note of the wood-pigeon cooing by the nest of his love, and the fluttering whisper of many leaves scattering shadows on them as they passed. He took her hand and placed it on his arm, and thus they walked on beneath a quivering green roof, between whose noble fret-work there gleamed blue glimpses of heaven.

He did not drop her hand till they came suddenly upon a little open glade, where a fire was built up, whose crackling flames and waving smoke made a weird picture among the green.

A kettle swung, gipsy fashion, over this fire, and Rachel was on her knees before it, blowing needlessly at the embers with a breath of roses from two ripe-red lips. Eugene Maberly, with the utmost gravity, was helping her, feeding the fire at times from a pile of broken sticks.

Mr. Musgrave was counting his catch of trout beneath a tree.

"Four dozen and one!" he called out, with an air of triumph. Then in his upward glance he saw Mr. Haslam and Cordelia, and the bright cheeriness of his face changed so suddenly that for a moment he looked quite old.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Dora, bursting in through the wall of bushes on the other side. "And we have had an adventure. We have been to Warewood Cave, and Cordelia has saved Mr. Haslam——"

"From walking into Tregeagle's Kitchen—that is the name, I believe, the common folks give to that pleasant hob-goblin hole," interpolated Harry.

"Mr. Gwynne, not having experienced the danger, can speak of it laughingly," observed Mr. Haslam. "But as for myself, when I saw what I had escaped I felt my nerves shrink up like the leaves of a sensitive plant."

"And how did you escape?" asked Mr. Musgrave.

Harry told the story, ludicrously as the young will do; for to youth death and danger are only words or shadows, to be met with a laugh.

Mr. Musgrave listened gravely, with an earnest gaze fixed on Mr. Haslam.

"You have to thank Miss Gwynne for your life," he said.

His words struck Cordelia's ear in a new, strange way. She had never before heard him speak of her as Miss Gwynne.

"You are not vexed, I hope," she said wistfully, "because I took Dora to the cave?"

"Oh, no! she is old enough now not to be scared by an ugly freak of nature. But, as children, I never allowed my girls to see the place, or hear any of the wild superstitious legends told of it."

"Old Joanna is great in that line," said Harry. "She used to make my hair stand on end when I was a boy."

"I should like to hear some of her stories," observed Mr. Haslam.

"Come and have a talk with the old lady, then," said Harry. "Nothing will delight her more than to get a listener. Come to-morrow, if you like."

"Thanks; so I will." Mr. Haslam's eyes smiled at Cordelia as he spoke. Somehow the smile pained her. It was so new to her, in her frank simple life, to have a feeling untold, a pleasure unshared, that the joy dwindled in the knowledge of its being narrowed to herself only.

"Good people, please to seat yourselves!" cried Rachel, rising from her knees. "This is our drawing-room, and we are going to have tea. Is it not a grand room?"

"It would be rather better without the ant-hills," said Harry. "Here, Dora, this is your seat; and I warrant it free from ear-wigs."

They sat down with happy laughter, but Cordelia still stood; her eyes caught Mr. Musgrave's, and he read them well. He had watched her grow up from a child: there were few shades on her calm sweet face that he could not decipher. Perhaps he held down a great sigh that would have burst from his heart but for that better love which became his years well; as it was, he smiled at her.

"I am glad you have brought back Mr. Haslam with you, my dear.—Haslam, you are a welcome addition to our party. Cannot you find a seat?"

Cordelia was the only one who observed Mr. Musgrave's late welcome to his uninvited guest.

"Tea is waiting," said Rachel.

"Are you all seated?" cried Eugene Maberly. "I am coming round with the tray."

A merry shout of laughter rang up to the topmost tree; a startled thrush among the leaves stopped his song to wonder at it, the breath of it touched the fire with a brighter look, the echo of it broke a little cloud, through which the sun glinted down and cleared away the shadow which had made Mr. Musgrave's face seem grey and old.

And so the day came to a close with joy and laughter—a bright spring day—a day of wonders, in which a life was saved and a life given away—a day to be long cherished at Warewood, and remembered at Boscombe till day should rise no more.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"———To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might."

THE rectory had its shadows in the morning after the Warewood picnic. Cordelia's happy laugh was not so ready as usual, and Harry had a decided cloud upon his brow.

When he walked through the window to the garden, his sister followed him, and the two stood together, looking across the glen and the rushing river which lay between Boscombe and Warewood. The grey mansion glistened in the sun, the green of the long beech avenue glowed and quivered with arrowy lights, and on the short crisp shadows of solitary trees the

browsing sheep sheltered themselves from the noon-day heat.

"What a jolly thing it would be if we could throw a bridge across this glen," said Harry. "We should be at Warewood in about ten minutes then. I shall fish round that way, I think. Good-bye."

Cordelia's hand was on his shoulder and stayed his steps. "You sent Dora a letter this morning, and you are going for the answer," she said.

"Well, yes, I am. And I know what it will be," he answered, his eyes smiling, though not his lips. The air of happy conceit about his handsome face and figure was easily excused by his admiring sister, yet she gave one little sigh to it.

"I think you would have done well to wait a little," she said.

"But suppose I can't wait?" said Harry. "Suppose I have reasons for haste?"

"Then I hope you have told them in your letter. For Rachel's engagement will have a sobering influence on Dora; she will think of her father, and not be too anxious to follow her sister's example."

"If this is to be a sermon, I had better sit at ease under it," observed Harry, throwing himself on the sunny grass. "What have you seen in Dora? I thought yesterday she behaved a little oddly, did not you?"

"It was natural she should be rather grave. And to tell you the truth—I think she will be harder to win than Rachel."

"Eh—what?" and he raised himself on his elbow to give her a laughing glance. "Why, she is won! I have only to ask and to have. Dora's love for me is no secret. She got up at the small hours yesterday and ran half a mile just to catch a passing glance of my sun-burnt visage. After that, would you have me carry a faint heart with me to-day?"

"A faint heart is better, perhaps, than a boastful one," said Cordelia. "And if you were to hear Mr. Maberly say that Rachel met the coach to see him, you would think he was bragging."

"So I should. Rachel is not the girl to do it; she is as cold as snow. I have heard Maberly say so often."

"Yes, when he first knew her. Let me entreat you to be cautious, Harry, and never repeat his early impressions of Rachel. You would make a breach between them if you did. And, you see, he has quite altered his opinion."

"All right," said Harry, stretching his free limbs, and rising with elastic spring from the green earth. "I see it; and I see, too, how easily you women exaggerate things, and worry yourselves over gnats and shadows. Rachel ought not to mind one bit what Maberly said about her three years ago. Well, I'm off now, and when I come back I shall have something to tell you."

"About Dora?"

"Well, yes, I hope. And about myself too. The truth is, I have held in a piece of news that will not be very welcome, I fear. I believe I am going on foreign service, 'Delia. No, we will not talk of it now, or I shall not catch a fish to-day."

Away he strode, walking swiftly over long sunny slopes and short shadows, while his sister watched him with wistful eyes till his lithe young figure disappeared within the glinting verdure of the wood, which beneath the changing sky brightened and darkened all the hill-side up to the home of the two sisters.

Meanwhile, Dora sat in a mood of thought as changeful as the day. Harry's letter was on her lap, and on a little table spread before her were a dozen photographs. Since she had to choose one from among them, it was clearly wise to choose the best. At the same time, it was rather absurd and conceited in Harry to suppose she cared so much to have his carte, and this thought hindered the selection from being made quickly. Then, too, the letter required much cogitation. It was delightful, but embarrassing. And coming so soon after Rachel's engagement, it had an air of hurry about it which struck the girl in a ludicrous light. People would laugh, and say she had not endured a day to see her younger sister engaged before herself. She wished Harry had waited. She might in time find courage to broach the matter to her father, but she could not do it now. How selfish it would look in her to be in such haste to copy Rachel and leave him to a lonely old age! No, she could not do it. She would make Harry wait a long, long time for an answer—perhaps six months. That would be quite soon enough to grieve her father with the news that both his children were ready to quit him for other homes. It would be cruel to do this to-day, when already his eyes had grown wistful when they fell on Rachel, and the lines upon his brow had deepened.

Thus, with the shadow of thought upon her bright young face, Dora sat in the window of a pleasant room, sheltered by a verandah, flower-lined, and took no note of time.

"Dora!" cried Rachel's voice suddenly. "Have you forgotten how much there is to do this morning?"

"No," said Dora absently.

"No!" returned Rachel, with some impatience. "You really do not look, Dora, as if you remembered anything. I am sure you have sat for an hour with those ridiculous photographs spread out before you, and that letter lying idly in your lap."

"Well, and what then?" said Dora, her colour rising a little.

"Why, then, I think you are neglecting all your duties. Mr. Haslam dines with us this evening, as papa told you, and Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne are to meet him. And you have not yet given a single order about the dinner."

"Really, Rachel, you give one no peace. Any one would think you were the elder, and I the younger, to hear you."

"I believe I *feel* older than you," said Rachel; "and I know I am a great deal more careful and more anxious than you when I am housekeeper."

"And that does not make us one whit more comfortable: papa often says so."

A deep colour spread itself over the fairness of Rachel's face; the old jealous thought that her sister

was better loved than herself had made her heart beat faster.

"I am sorry papa spoke so unkindly, Dora. He does not know how often, when it is your month to manage, as it is now, I do half your work for you. It is certain if I did not, every one would be uncomfortable."

"That is only in your opinion, Rachel. And there is no necessity for you to interfere with my work. You only do it because you are over-anxious, and apt to worry yourself unnecessarily. If you took things more easily, as I do, they would get done all the same."

"I doubt it. And to sit down the whole morning, reading over and over again one stupid letter, is not the way to accomplish anything but the wasting of time."

"It is not stupid!" cried Dora, flaming up in defence of her letter. "And I think I do quite right to take time to consider its contents. I am not in such a hurry to accept a lover as you were!"

"Dora!" exclaimed Rachel, striving very hard to keep calm, while her face paled and her lip trembled, "you might, I think, have spared me that speech."

Then, white as snow, she turned and left the room. Flushed, angry, repentant Dora gazed after her, with tears springing to her eyes, and heart beating fast against her side. "This is the first quarrel I have had with Rachel since our dear mother died. What would *she* say to it? And Rachel is right, as she always is. I have neglected everything to-day. And now we have quarrelled—we who promised that a

"'DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF, MISS MUSGRAVE,' SAID HARRY GWYNNE" (*p.* 134).

quarrel between us should never, *never* happen. It is all the fault of these foolish things."

With one sweep of her hand, down went the letter and the photographs from the table to the floor. It was but the impatient outbreak of her contrition, a mere passionate impulse, to which she yielded in the first sting of her remorse, but the act and the gesture were not flattering to her lover. In a second she had repented, and stooping, she began to gather up the cartes which lay upon the carpet.

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Musgrave!" said Harry Gwynne's voice, in a tone startlingly new to her ear. "What is flung away at one moment can scarcely be worth picking up the next, because the unfortunate owner happens to present himself unexpectedly. I need not ask for a reply to my blundering letter; you have given me one sufficiently explicit. Your face was very expressive. I ought to thank you for bringing me back to my senses, but the shock, I own, was rude." With a forced laugh, he took off his hat, and remained standing in the verandah, looking through the open window on the girl, who, with white face, looked back on him, speechless and amazed.

"If you wish to know the real feelings of your friends, you must come on them unawares," he continued, still wearing a fixed smile, and still keeping his bantering tone. "It was a very pretty picture, and would make a splendid caricature, in which, of course, I should stand for the conceited and deluded swain. Upon my word, I feel I have played a poor part. What a fool I have been!" he muttered inaudibly between his teeth.

Pale as death, and with his letter still lying at her feet, Dora gazed at him in perplexed grief.

"You are mistaken!" she said, in hurried, broken voice.

"Do not trouble yourself to soothe my wounded feelings," he resumed, growing harder and colder in his manner. "There is no necessity; I assure you I am not killed. And words would be so useless now. What a man sees he believes. The expression upon your face was withering to all my old conceit. A few words cannot undo that."

"I repeat, you are mistaken," Dora said again, steadying her voice by a great effort.

"And I repeat that seeing is believing," returned her lover, bearing himself, as he thought, with triumphant courage, whereas in reality it was his wounded vanity holding him up. "However, there is no need to quarrel, and make ourselves ridiculous. The mistake is over, that is all, and it is not worth talking about any more. Suppose we discuss something else. Do you know, I have only come down here to say good-bye to my friends."

"To say good-bye!" repeated the girl, fixing her frightened eyes on him, full of shadowed tenderness.

He did not look at her, but pushing the window a little wider open, he entered the room, and sat down with careless ease.

"Yes, to say good-bye. Is there anything very surprising in that, considering I am a soldier? My regiment is ordered suddenly to India. I have not told my people of it yet. They will be a little astonished, no doubt, at my short stay. I am going this evening by the coach."

A passing spasm shook his lip here, but he held it down, and kept his eyes fixed steadily on the window; thus he never saw Dora's face, and the pain, dismay, and wonder shining whitely on it, as if the shadow of some ghastly spectre had fallen on its fresh and rose-like beauty.

The green trees waved to him from without, the long lights upon the meadows glanced and quivered, the blue sky looked down in pitiless calm: all this he saw; but the love of his life passing away from him he had closed eyes for, and a heart hardened even by its own pain.

"Going this evening!—going to India!" Dora repeated. And, breathless with bewilderment, she could say no more.

"Not to India this evening, but to London. I have so much to do before I start. I have quite a fortnight's hard work, and then I believe we sail." He thought he had hit upon a brilliant idea when he talked thus carelessly of his own departure, and feigned so much indifference in his farewell. And truly he had, for Dora now began to lose patience, and thought it time to call her own dignity to her aid.

"And are you going like this?" she said, tightening the clasp of her hands on the chair upon which she leaned.

He pretended ignorance of her meaning, and with a forced laugh said again he was going by the evening coach.

"And you wish for no explanation?" Dora returned, standing now without a stay, and holding her head erect.

"I thought we had quite finished with that subject. I should be very sorry to trouble you to make any excuses to me. I can only regret I ever wrote a letter that called up so much disdain; the best thing to do now is for us both to forget it."

"You are insulting me!" the girl cried, keeping her tears back resolutely, and pulling eagerly from her finger a little turquoise ring she wore. "We were never engaged, Mr. Gwynne; but lest you should think this somewhat of a pledge between us I return it to you. I presume all your rude speeches only mean that you wish to leave England quite unshackled."

"I am perfectly willing to take back a gift that I now perceive must always have been worthless in your eyes," he said, his brown face growing a shade paler, but his voice keeping its careless tone. "I am thankful to have my eyes opened before my departure instead of afterwards. It would have been hard to leave England deceiving oneself."

"I am very thankful too for this explanation," said Dora, putting the ring on the table close to his hand. "I am glad to clear my life from the painful blunder that of late has been quite a burden to me."

He rose, stifling with indignation. "There you spoke out, Miss Musgrave, and spoke the truth! In those words I recognise the spirit in which you trampled on my unfortunate letter. Thank you for your candour. Hard as it may be to bear, it is better than the

treachery and smoothness with which you would have glossed over your true feelings."

"You are extremely rude, Mr. Gwynne," said Dora, pale to the lips.

"I am sorry to lose my politeness, but I can neither envy you your cold self-possession nor copy it. We have nothing more to say to each other, I think?"

"Certainly not. I wish you a pleasant voyage, Mr. Gwynne."

"It will be very pleasant, no doubt. Good-bye, Miss Musgrave!" And without another word or look, without touching her hand, he departed as he had come, through the wide-opened French window.

"It is like a woman, to be bitter to the last word," he said, as he walked on hurriedly as a man could who is seeking to forget himself. "A pleasant voyage! Yes, she has done her utmost to make it so. Who could have believed she was so deceitful, so cruel? What shall I say at home? I meant to stay a fortnight with them all; now I shall keep my word and go to-night. When last I saw her face among the fresh dew and the shadows of leaves, I would not have believed the whole world, had it spoken against her and told me this."

So in bitterness he went on, with his broken hopes, his wounded vanity, his bewildered thoughts, all pressing on him with the weight of a new burden; but, as yet, the light which should break through it and ease his heart had not dawned. In the blundering darkness of his grief, he plunged into the wood, and in the depth of its green gloom he flung himself down upon the earth, and swore he would learn to be a man and forget this boyish dream of love.

As for Dora, everything to her seemed unreal when he was gone, and after gazing around her for one bewildered moment, with eyes full of pain and fear, and face of snow, she rushed to her own room, and fell upon her bed and wept there piteously like a child.

There, later in the day, Rachel found her sleeping, with eyelids swelled, and hands clasped together lying above her head on the pillow, as if she had lifted them to heaven, and let them fall there wearily when she knew her prayer was unheard. Then Rachel sat down and watched her, and saw the grief spring into her eyes after the first moment's forgetfulness on awaking, and wondered at it.

"What has' happened?" she said. "Surely, Dora, you have not wept yourself ill for our foolish quarrel? I never thought of it. I was not hurt at all."

But Rachel's pale face belied these words, and as she gazed on her, Dora's eyes were filled anew with tears.

"We will never say an unkind word again!" she cried. "We must be all in all to each other. I have only you, Rachel, in the wide world. Harry Gwynne has left me!"

This was hard to understand, and it was long before Dora's incoherent words made things plain to Rachel. But when she saw them clearly, she put forth all her soothing powers to comfort the poor fevered heart that clung to her for help, and soon she persuaded her that in a few hours the course of her love would run smooth again.

"I will drive over to the rectory at once," she said, "and explain it all to Cordelia, and she will tell Harry. There is no one like Cordelia for making rough places smooth. She will put us all at peace again with just a breath or two of balm from her kind lips. We need fear nothing while we have her to help us. There, try to sleep again, and when you wake I will bring you good news."

Then, with interlaced arms, the sisters kissed; and Dora's flushed and fevered face wore a smile when Rachel looked back at her from the door and waved a hopeful good-bye. But when she reached the rectory, she found consternation and grief and wonder there. Harry was already gone, and on the table lay a yellow telegram, excusing himself blunderingly for going without a leave-taking, and desiring that his luggage should be sent after him to London.

"I will write to mother to-morrow." With this the message ended; and it was strange to see what a whirlwind it had made. It had fallen in a quiet place and acted like a little earthquake, changing order to confusion, and joy to sorrow. As Rachel looked in the grieved, anxious faces of the good rector and his wife, she felt verily guilty of all this trouble.

"To think," she said to herself, "that two foolish girls like Dora and me should be at the root of all this pain! But for our quarrel, I should have found this a house of joy to-day. What can I do now? How can I make amends?"

This was a hard question to answer. Cordelia was the only one who could solve it, and she had no time now to give to her visitor. She was here, there, everywhere, her helpful hands full of work, her soothing voice cheering the troubled household and smoothing away the load upon their hearts.

Her mother, poor woman, was lost in grief, feeling blindly this message from her son hid some sorrow; feeling, too, that a grown man escapes a mother's loving hands, and there was only the shadow of a son—the memory of his childhood left to comfort her. The sight of all the pain and perplexity at the rectory magnified in Rachel's mind the significance and meaning of Harry's rash departure. She could not believe he would make so great a commotion, and create so much misgiving, for so slight a cause. She began to ponder on the matter, and suspect some deeper motive for his conduct than his quarrel with her sister. And, thinking this, she felt like an intruder on the grief she saw, and so said farewell hastily, and drove homewards with a heavy heart, putting off till to-morrow her confession to Cordelia.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"O serpent-heart, hid with a flowering face!"

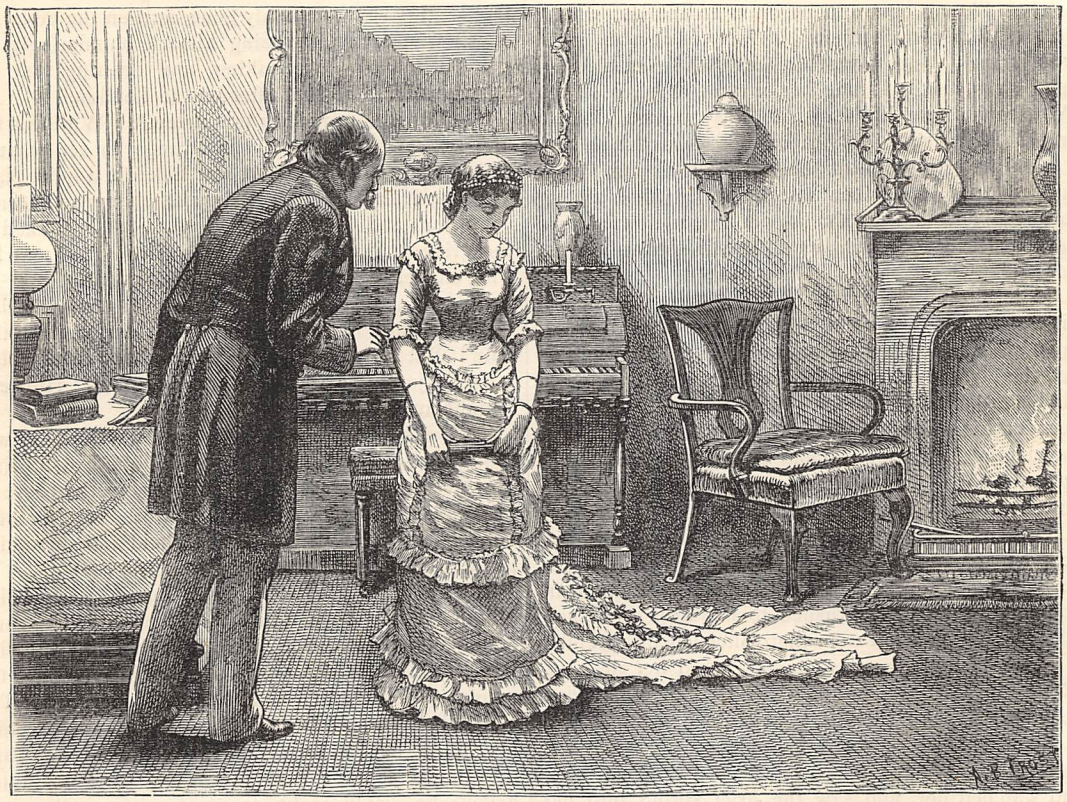
THE drawing-room at Warewood was a long low room, with panelled ceiling and Gothic windows, and upon the walls a picture or two by some forgotten hand, a case of books, a cabinet of old china, and here and there a bracket supporting some antiquated vase or Dresden shepherdess—nothing rich or rare or luxurious, but over all an atmosphere of rest and comfort,

the outbreathing of a calm and loving home. In this room the sisters sat towards the close of the day, both with a shade of sorrow on them. Rachel was anxious for Dora, and Dora was grieved that she should be so.

"There is a silver lining to every cloud," said Dora. "I shall not fret, or paint my sky as hopelessly black, because a storm has come upon it. If Harry can leave me thus, I shall say he was not worth a leave-taking. He has acted cruelly in quitting his father and mother in this rash way."

The Gothic window had no sunset rays flashing on it, for it looked east, and the light without was grey and neutral-tinted. It showed dimly the quiet village and church of Warewood, with birds flying round the steeple, and circling flocks of rooks hastening home to the great elms whose long shadows lay on road and lawn.

The beech-tree avenue was growing dim, and away to the right dark groups of evergreens sheltered the garden duskily, making a mystery of its long winding, bowery walks, its sudden sunny parterres of flowers,



"HER EYES FELL UNEASILY" (*p.* 139).

"It proves how much he felt his quarrel with you, Dora."

"It was not a quarrel; it was worse: it was a blunder—a thing naturally obstinate and harder to get over than a quarrel."

"If Cordelia could only come this evening," sighed Rachel, "there would still be time to explain it all and call Harry back from London."

"But we cannot expect any one from the rectory," Dora answered. "There will only be Mr. Haslam here, and I fear it will be hard to entertain him."

She sighed a little and fell into silence. A fire was on the hearth—for all through the summer Mr. Musgrave loved fires of an evening—and no lights were in the room except the uncertain gleam rising from the crackling wood.

and its quaint old-world arbours roofed with honeysuckle and rose.

"How early it has grown dark this evening, and how cold it is!" said Rachel.

Dora stooped and stirred the embers of the wood fire together; a flame shot up and flashed light on the sisters' faces, showing in both the same clear complexion, the honest blue eyes, the profusion of brown hair, which made them so wonderfully alike, but showing also the distinctive character of each face, which made their unlikeness. The elder had the younger, sunnier look. She seemed one who would bear sorrow bravely, if sorrow were a necessity; but if it were a groundless grief, would shake it from her soul easily.

Not so Rachel. Although her love was happy, and seemingly not a cloud rested on her path, yet

there was a shadow on her young face, and in her deep-set eyes a look of fear and pain. She rested her cheek upon her hand, and gazed out steadily through the window, and saw the beech-trees wave and the shadows in the evening sky fly silently and darkly over the waning light.

Dora followed her gaze with quickly-divining eyes.

"Papa and Eugene cannot be here for an hour yet, Rachel. It is a very long drive to Padstow; and papa had so many people to see: you know that was why he ordered dinner to be put off till eight."

"I thought it was that now: it is so dark to-night," Rachel said, removing her strained gaze from the window. "Do you know, Dora, I feel as if something terrible had happened, or was about to happen."

"And what then?" asked Dora, brightening as her sister saddened. "It is but a mood—a fancy; it will all pass when they return. I ought to be the melancholy one, not you, Rachel." And Dora laughed a tiny cheery laugh, showing her pretty white teeth in the fire-light.

"Hark! I hear them coming!" Rachel cried.

Then, with a sudden lovely colour flashing warm upon her paleness, she ran to the window.

"It is only a boy on horseback," she said, her tone dropping into weariness. And with this, she came back and sat down by the fire again.

"We had better rouse ourselves and dress," observed Dora, "or we shall have papa, and Eugene, and Mr. Haslam all here before we are ready."

As she spoke the door was opened, and the one solitary piece of magnificence appertaining to Warewood—the butler—entered.

"If you please, ma'am, here is a telegram, and the boy waits to know if there is an answer."

Dora's slender fingers tore open the yellow envelope somewhat nervously; as she did this, and spread the paper open, Rachel drew close to her sister's side, and both together by the fire-light read the message.

"There is no answer, Trewin," said Dora.

"There is nothing the matter, I hope, ma'am?"

"Nothing, I am happy to say. Only Miss Martock will arrive here almost immediately, and her usual room must be got ready at once." Dora's voice was a little unsteady. Rachel was silent; she knelt on the thick hearth-rug; the flickering fire gave her face a strange look of suffering. Old Trewin swung the door in his hand and paused a moment.

"This is rather unexpected, isn't it, ma'am?" he said, in a tone which showed he felt himself aggrieved by Miss Martock's proceedings.

"Very unexpected indeed, Trewin."

"Then people shouldn't ought to take their friends unawares: that's what I say, miss. And sartainly Miss Martock might have given longer notice."

"Perhaps not, Trewin. I dare say we shall find it is not all her fault."

With a shake of his head, the old privileged servant closed the door; and now, for the first time since they had read their cousin's hurried message, the sisters looked in each other's faces.

"It is just like Milly to be selfishly careless of any one's convenience except her own," said Rachel bitterly. "I detest the thought of her coming here now."

"Surely you are not going to be jealous of Milly?" returned Dora.

"Think what a flirt she is! think how beautiful she is!" said Rachel shrinkingly. "What are we, compared to her?"

"I have answered that question many times," replied Dora quietly. "And I tell you that Milly is the very last girl in the world of whom I should be jealous."

"Then if you were engaged to Harry, and he were here instead of Eugene, you would not mind her coming?"

"Not in the least. I wish I had the chance of showing you how little I should mind. A man who could love either you or me, Rachel, would never be fascinated by Milly Martock."

"Harry was with her for a week, at the rectory, and did not admire her, I know; but Eugene——"

"If you think him so fickle, Rachel, give him up at once," interrupted Dora, slightly impatient. "But I tell you again, that no man who had deliberately chosen you would fall in love with Milly. Why perplex yourself with fancies and jealousies? For my part, I never intend to be miserable till misery comes."

"Somehow I am so heavy-hearted to-night," said Rachel; "that is my only excuse."

Dora had picked up the telegram from the rug and was reading it again.

"Why, Rachel!" she cried, "Milly has positively arrived! She will be here directly. The telegram was sent off in the morning and has been delayed. I did not notice that before."

Rachel rose hastily from her knees and walked to the window. She was just in time to see the tall white gate at the end of the avenue swing back on its hinges to admit that ugly vehicle called a fly.

"Here is Milly arrived!" she said, speaking with all her old calm. "I shall go and dress now, Dora. I have only just time. Milly will keep me so long if I begin to talk to her first."

She left the room by a small arched door leading to her father's study, and almost at the same moment the clang of the bell and the noise and bustle in the hall announced the arrival of the new guest.

"Miss Martock!" said old Trewin, with his grandest air, as he set the door of the drawing-room wide open. Then there ran in lightly a pretty, slender figure; and a small sweet voice cried out—

"Is that Dora or Rachel? I feel like a bat fluttering here into darkness, and can scarcely make you out."

Dora came forward and kissed her cousin, and relieved her of her cloak.

"Are you very tired, Milly?"

"I am half dead, my dear. What a journey it is down to this darling old tumble-down place! Every time I come I vow it shall be the last, and yet, like Banquo's ghost, I am always appearing at unexpected times."

"That is certainly true this evening," remarked Dora.

Miss Martock laughed. "You don't mind, I hope? And I am sure my dear old uncle won't mind. How is he?"

"Papa is well, thank you. Will you have a glass of wine or some tea before you go to your room?"

"Oh, I am so tired! I will have wine, thanks." The wine was rung for, and meanwhile Milly drew nearer to the fire. The flame flashed light on her beautiful face, and danced in her gleaming black eyes. She looked round the room and smiled.

"How familiar the doldrum old place looks to me! I am glad to be here, after all: it is so restful. I wish I could stay always. Don't be frightened!" she added, laughing, as she saw the look of dismay on Dora's face. "I am not going to do it. I am more fitted to be what I am—a straw in a whirlpool."

"Do not talk so bitterly, Milly," said Dora kindly. "And I think you must go and dress, or you will be late."

"There is no need to hurry," said Milly, "and no necessity to dress much, I suppose. I dare say it is the same old humdrum ways—uncle and Rachel, and perhaps the rector. How is the dear old man? I have a big stock of gratitude yet in my heart for him, for plucking my straw of a life out of the sea."

"It was not he who did that," said Dora; "but you do right to be grateful to him."

"Well, I'll give him my thanks again to-night, and also ask for the gallant fisherman who I believe was my rescuer."

"You will not see Mr. Gwynne this evening," said Dora. "And we are not quite so humdrum as usual, either. Rachel's lover is here."

"What!" exclaimed Milly, putting down her glass in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that Rachel is engaged?"

"Yes, and the gentleman is here at Warewood on a visit."

"This is too surprising!" answered Milly. "The stately, cold, calm Rachel engaged! It takes away my breath. What an amazing event for Warewood! Who is the happy man?"

"I will not tell you until you see him," said Dora, getting warm at Milly's ways. "It is not very nice of you, Milly, to sneer at Warewood and your cousins as you do."

"I!" cried Milly, making great innocent eyes at her; "I sneer?"

"Yes; you have just been sneering at Rachel, and I won't permit it to pass without telling you I think it unfair. We are but quiet country girls, not brilliantly accomplished, not beautiful, as you are, but still——"

She stopped, for her cousin's large shining eyes wore a look of pain and were slowly gathering tears.

"It is wonderful how people mistake each other," the girl said, turning away, and fixing her gaze musingly on the fire. "If I were not in a crying mood I could laugh at the idea of your accusing me of sneering at you. There are no girls in the world whom I envy as I do you two. It is not pleasant to own this to oneself, so I laugh at you sometimes to hide it. Your lives are open as the day; mine, unfortunately for me, has many things in it that I should be glad for the night to cover. My father—but there, I will not speak of him now. You know he is not much like your father, Dora."

Dora knew it, and stooping, she kissed her cousin's cheek tenderly.

"I did not mean to vex you," she said, "but I thought you might have been more sympathetic about Rachel."

"I am full of sympathy: you shall see when we meet. And I am longing to be introduced to her intended. I hope he is worthy of her. Rachel is a good true-hearted girl. She ought to marry a good man."

This she said in a low tone, with long eye-lashes resting on her cheek, her white hands clasped on her lap.

"How happy some people are!" she continued. "All goes well with them. They have their heart's desire; they marry where they love—some worthy man; and their home is a home indeed. Dora, are you surprised I am come here so suddenly?" she asked, breaking from her reverie with a laugh.

"Yes," returned Dora.

"You shall hear all the history of my reasons for coming, to-morrow. Now tell me some more Warewood news."

"There is not much to tell. The wreck of the *Bosphorus* was our last great excitement, except of course Rachel's engagement; but that is only a few days old."

"But, no doubt, Rachel took a year to consider it?"

There was something of contempt for Rachel's coldness in this question, and Dora grew warm again.

"You are quite mistaken: it was a very sudden affair, and Rachel decided on the instant."

"Oh!"—and Milly yawned provokingly—"Then I am sure the man must be something wonderful."

"You will see him this evening, and can judge for yourself," said Dora proudly.

Milly looked grave again. "I only meant I should be grieved if Rachel had made an unwise choice. That is a bitter thing to happen to a girl."

She drew in her breath with a long sigh, and then stretched her hand out nervously towards the wine, but drew it back instantly.

"One is tempted sometimes to try wine, as men do, as a remedy for the ills of life, but it ruins one's complexion, and so I leave it to those who do not mind a reddened countenance."

Dora was silent. She felt strangely ashamed and sorrowful; she could find nothing to say in reply to her cousin's bitter words. Into the silence there broke the dull rumbling of wheels.

"They are come," Dora said, starting up to run to the door. "But no," she said, checking herself; "perhaps it is only Mr. Haslam."

"Mr. —— who? What did you say?" asked Milly, stretching her pretty head forward with sudden eagerness.

"Mr. Haslam: the gentleman who was here last winter when the *Bosphorus* was wrecked."

"But that Mr. Haslam was killed," said Milly quite coolly.

"Oh, no! it was a mistake; he was only killed in the papers."

"How very odd!" said Milly in a low voice, as if to herself. "My aunt thought he was dead."

There was the sound of voices in the hall, and on hearing them she sprang to her feet and ran to the study door.

"You will let me go this way, Dora? I am really not fit to be seen. I must dress before I present myself to the eyes of Rachel's paragon."

She was gone without waiting for an answer, and then Dora ran out to welcome her father and surprise him with the news of Milly's unexpected advent.

"Do you hear that, Maberly?" he cried. "My pretty niece has arrived."

But Eugene Maberly had heard nothing; he had run lightly up the old oak staircase to his room, intent on dressing quickly, and gaining, if possible, five minutes' *tête-à-tête* with Rachel before the others should present themselves in the drawing-room.

It was somewhat singular that Miss Martock, weary as she was, should nevertheless trouble herself to make an elaborate toilet; and without assistance, too, for her maid, according to her own account of that important person, was ill in London, too worn-out with travelling to come down to Warewood till after a few days' rest.

When she came fluttering into the drawing-room, Milly was resplendent in pale pink and roses, her black hair strung with pearls, her shining neck and shoulders dazzlingly white in the glow of fire and lamp.

"My dear uncle, how delighted I am to see you again! How well you look!" she cried, in that pretty, small, fluty voice of hers; and reaching up on tiptoe, she presented first one cheek, then the other, French fashion, for his salute. He stooped and kissed her a little gravely.

"There is no new misfortune, Milly, I hope?" he said, very low.

Her eyes fell uneasily beneath his glance, their lashes looked an inch long as they rested on her rich brown cheeks.

"There is a cause, of course," she said, "for my troubling you, unasked, with my presence; but it is too long a story to tell to-night. Other times I have come for pleasure, this time it is a duty; and I know I am welcome."

She held out her small, dainty hand. Mr. Musgrave clasped it kindly.

"Certainly, my dear; you are quite welcome to Warewood: you always are."

"And how am I looking?" asked Milly; "you have not told me yet."

She smiled in speaking, and her face flashed and sparkled with that smile into wonderful beauty.

"You are looking well," returned Mr. Musgrave critically; "but you are over-dressed, my dear. Your style might do for Paris or London, but it does not suit Warewood. Look at my girls, how quiet they are! Bless me! Where are they?"

"I am here," said Dora, peeping out, with fresh fair face, from between the curtains let down over a side window—an old-fashioned bay, a sort of nook, in which the sisters often sat. From this retreat she had listened to Milly's voice, but had not looked at her. Now as she saw her she started. She was beautiful, superbly beautiful, and in the flash of her eyes and the glow of her cheek there shone the triumph of conscious loveliness.

"Can she have dressed herself for conquest?" thought Dora. "And only Mr. Haslam coming! Oh, no! I am unjust; I always do her some wrong in my thoughts!"

She came over winningly, and stood by Milly's side.

"Now, papa, which dress do you like best? Choose between us."

"Yours, my dear," cried Mr. Musgrave in great delight. "It is all it should be: I recommend it to Milly as a pattern."

A pretty, silvery laugh rang out from between Milly's coral lips. "My dear uncle, Dora is dowdy—positively dowdy. The idea of holding up your style, Dora darling, to me as a pattern! Oh, it is *too* absurd! Why, this is one of Worth's dresses."

"Then it is not worth much," said Mr. Musgrave, pleased at his lame jest. "What did it cost you, Milly?"

This question his niece ignored. She changed her voice and tactics suddenly.

"It matters very little what Dora wears," she said; "she looks lovely in every dress, and the simplest becomes her best. Ah, what a dear old place Warewood is! It seems full of memories and quiet thoughts, all breathing peace. If I could only have lived here ever, how different things would be for me!"

She dashed her hand across her eyes as if tears were in them, and with quick change of voice asked gaily where the lovers were.

"In the library," returned Dora. "Being mistress here, I have granted them a *tête-à-tête* while we wait for Mr. Haslam. They have not met since the morning, and that seemed nearly as long to Rachel as the six months her lover was absent last year."

"Was he away so long? What was he doing?" asked Milly carelessly.

"He was travelling: he went through Italy and Switzerland."

"Just as papa and I did. How nice! we shall be able to compare notes."

The door opened as Milly spoke, and Mr. Haslam entered. There was a change in his manner recognisable at a glance: he was more cordial, more eager to please; he came forward with a quick step, but stopped at sight of the new radiant vision at Warewood standing half smiling at him.

"Mr. Haslam: my cousin, Miss Martock," said Dora, blushing slightly. "I believe it is old-fashioned to introduce people, but we always do it at Warewood."

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"Oh, Sweet! be free."

Allegretto. ♩=96. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

PIANO.

mf *dim.* *p* *ritard.*

mf *cres.* *dim.*

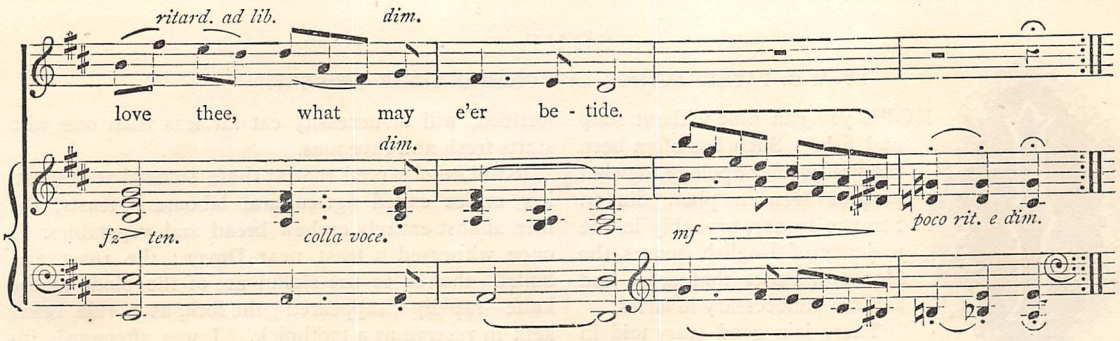
1. Oh, sweet! be free to love and go, I would not hold thee

fz *mf* *cres.* *dim.*

rall. *a tempo.* *cres.* *ral-len-tan-do.* *f*

at my side; But on - ly this— I shall be true, And

rall. *a tempo.* *cres.* *ral-len-tan-do.* *cres.*



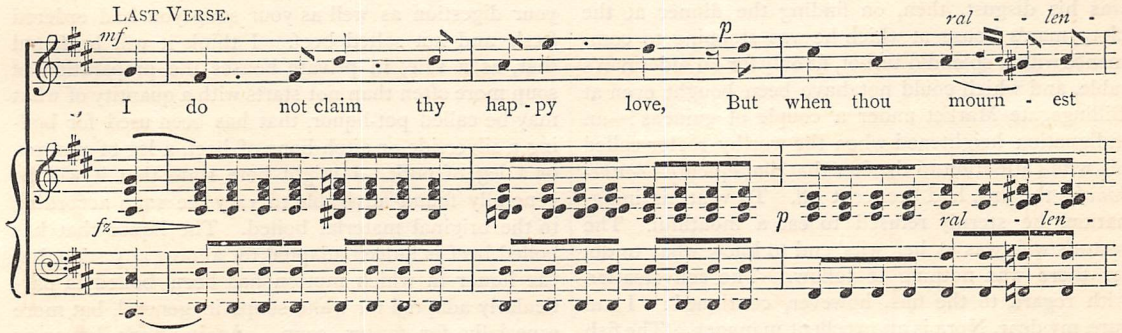
2 Oh, sweet! be free to kiss and go,
No word of mine shall make thee stay;
But only this—I loved thee near,
So I shall love thee when away.

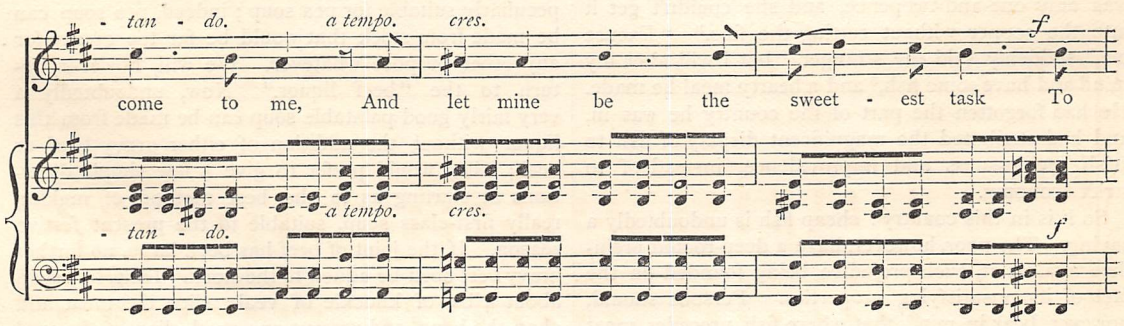
3 Oh, sweet! be free to vow and go,
I would not have a homage given
Except of thy free will—a trust
Such as a saint must have of heaven.

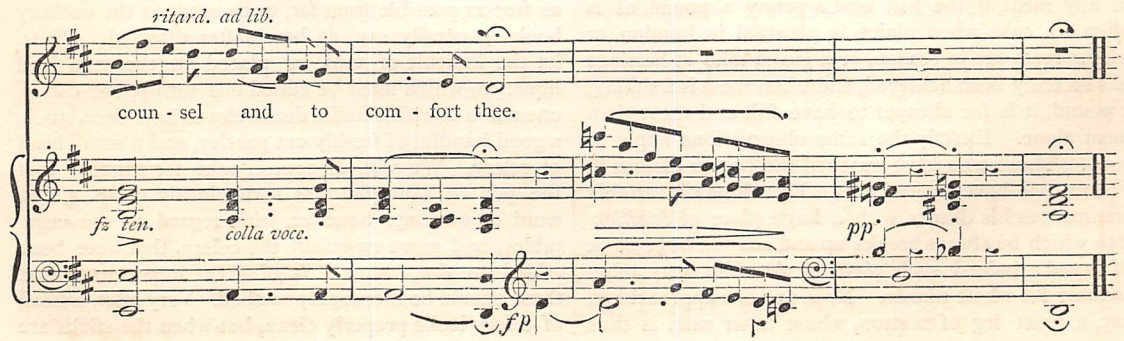
4 Oh, sweet! be free to praise and go;
If other eyes can seem more bright,
Why, love them, dear, though ever yet
Thy orbs shall be my only light.

5 Oh, sweet! be free to love and go,
But if e'er grief should shade thy brow,
Remember thou this faithful heart,
That still will love thee then as now.

LAST VERSE.







SOUP.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."

"I HOPE you can dine without soup and fish." Such has often been the half-jocular apology for what persons term a plain dinner. Strange to say, probably in the majority of English houses, the idea still exists that soup and fish are unnecessary luxuries.

There is a good story told in connection with the Irish famine of 1847–8. A hard-working practical London clergyman, of considerable experience in dealing with the poor, was sent over to the West of Ireland, to superintend the distribution of the relief fund that had been collected in this country. He had heard so much of the misery of those by whom he was surrounded, that he had naturally determined to exercise the greatest personal self-denial as regarded his own food; what was his disgust, then, on finding the dinner at the clergyman's house at which he was stopping to commence with a splendid turbot, fit only for an alderman's table, and which could not have been bought even at Billingsgate Market under a couple of guineas!—an indignation heightened when the worthy rector called his wife's attention to the fact that that epicure's *bonne-bouche*, the fins, had been cut off. To vent his indignation, he sternly refused to eat a mouthful. The rector's wife was at her wits' end to know what to do, for there was nothing to follow. The conversation with regard to the fins, however, continued: "I am sure, my dear, Nora is an excellent manager. The fish was only one-and-twopence, and she couldn't get it into the copper without cutting the fins." "Excuse me," suddenly said the stranger, "but I will alter my mind and have some fish," and a hearty meal he made. He had forgotten the part of the country he was in, and had attributed the magnificent display of fish to Irish recklessness and improvidence, instead of to strict economy.

So it is in this country: cheap fish is undoubtedly a saving. The poor, however, have a deep-rooted prejudice against it, such prejudice being founded on the fact of its unsatisfying properties. Persons should, however, bear in mind that where fish precedes meat in any meal, if the fish cost a penny a pound, as is often the case when plaice is plentiful in London, or when sprats are in season, or a grand take of herrings has recently been achieved, and when meat is a shilling a pound, it is far cheaper to have fish and meat than meat alone. Exactly the same observations apply to soup. Those who have watched the poorer classes in France, will have noticed that a Frenchman invariably commences his dinner with a large plate of *bouillon*, into which he always breaks up and soaks a huge hunk of bread: indeed such plate of *bouillon* very often forming his whole dinner. Now, any one approaching, say, a roast leg of mutton, whose inner man is thus fortified, will of necessity eat far less than one who starts fresh and ravenous.

It will be observed that at those somewhat disgusting orgies called agricultural labourers' feasts, the men almost entirely eschew bread and vegetables. I once witnessed a feast near Dover: the roast and boiled—thanks to the skilful use of the blade of the knife—rapidly disappeared; the fork, as a rule, being kept in reserve as a toothpick. I was afterwards informed on undeniably good authority that the men averaged over 2lbs. of solid meat per head. But I must not forget the practical part of my subject, which is how to make soup; nor must I forget that I am writing for private houses and not for hotels. We will therefore be sufficiently unorthodox not to commence with—"Take 40lbs. of shin of beef," &c. &c., but will "try another method." Suppose you had a boiled silverside of beef yesterday, and that for the sake of your digestion as well as your soup you had ordered fresh and not salted beef. I think it will be found that, as a rule, in private houses the preparation of soup more often than not starts with a quantity of what may be called pot-liquor, that has been used for boiling a silverside or aitch-bone of beef, a leg of mutton, or a leg of pork. I might here state that it will be generally found advisable to vary the soup according to the original material boiled. The liquor that has boiled beef is indeed adapted for almost any soup, but the liquor in which mutton has been boiled is particularly adapted for white soups in general, but more especially for oyster soup. Again, pork liquor is peculiarly suitable for pea soup; indeed, pea soup can be made from stock that would be far too greasy for any other purpose whatever. We will, however, return to the "beef liquor." Now, undoubtedly a very fairly good palatable soup can be made from this liquor without the addition of either gravy beef or veal; still I would prefer to give a few simple directions at starting as to the best method of making really first-class soup, suitable to the present festive season. If the joint of beef has been large, no further gravy beef need be added to the stock. Take, however, about 4lbs. of knuckle of veal; slice the meat and chop the bone, and reserve one good slice of the veal as free as possible from fat, to be used, as the cookery books generally say, as hereinafter directed. Next, let the knuckle of veal be placed in the cold beef liquor, to which must be added one turnip, one carrot, one onion in which half a dozen cloves have been stuck, a good handful of freshly cut parsley, and a small head of celery. We will, of course, take for granted that the pot or saucepan was scrupulously clean. One word of warning, however, with regard to the vegetables, and more especially the celery, that have been added to the soup: it is of great importance that these should be thoroughly washed. Very often a head of celery looks properly clean, but when the sticks are

pulled open or when it is sliced with a knife, mould from the garden will be discovered inside. Add salt very sparingly and do not put in any spice or pepper. Let the whole simmer very slowly and gently for several hours—say five or six—the amount of stock or soup that we intend making, considering the quantity of veal used, being one gallon. Let the whole be carefully strained through a clean cloth or sieve into a large basin. In making soup, care should be taken to keep the vessel closed as much as possible; the lid must, however, be removed occasionally for the purpose of taking off the scum that rises to the surface. Young cooks would do well to bear in mind that soup is often rendered smoky, and consequently utterly spoilt, by carelessly shutting in a little smoke in replacing the lid, or by placing the lid on the hob by the side of the fireplace. It is a good lesson for beginners to take a saucepan-lid and leave it for a few minutes on the hob of an open fireplace, and afterwards to smell the lid.

We will now suppose this gallon of somewhat colourless stock to have got cold, to have had the fat removed from its surface, and to have been poured back into a large saucepan for the purpose of being cleared. It will also be seen that I have given directions not so much in accordance with high-class cookery, as suitable to the mind and intelligence of the ordinary women who in small private houses term themselves cooks, believing as I do that as a class they are incapable of grasping the idea of boiling down stock to a glaze, and thereby making what may be termed a natural colour for the soup.

In first-class kitchens, where soup is made in wholesale quantity, cooks would be astonished at the few whites of eggs used for clearing soup. Undoubtedly the best method of clearing stock is veal itself. We here come to the slice of veal that we put by a short time back. Run this through a sausage-machine, if possible, fine chopping being of course the alternative; next, take a single white of egg, bearing in mind that half that white would be sufficient; beat it up thoroughly in a pint of cold water; add the minced veal; let the stock be boiling tolerably briskly over a clear fire; add the mixture, which will of course have the effect of taking the stock off the boil. Stir the whole up and let it boil again; then strain the whole off carefully, and your stock will probably be as bright as good Amontillado sherry.

There are numerous devices by which cooks colour soup; of course bringing the stock to a glaze is the best. Where this, however, is impracticable I think as good a method as any of attaining a little colour is the addition of Liebig's extract of meat, so long as only sufficient is added to turn the otherwise colourless stock a pale straw-colour. It now depends upon what soup you require; for instance, suppose the soup be macaroni, the macaroni must be boiled tender in separate water and added to the straw-coloured soup afterwards. Had the macaroni, as is too often the case, been boiled in the soup itself, the soup would be cloudy. The same remarks apply to vermicelli. It must be boiled separate. Again, supposing spring soup be required, boil the young carrots, turnips, leek, lettuce, &c. &c., in plain water, taking care that they have been originally thrown into boiling water, thereby preserving the colour; add these vegetables to the stock, throwing a small handful of young peas into the boiling stock itself. I might add here, in passing, that many cooks do not discriminate between spring soup and julienne soup. In the latter, the vegetables are not boiled in water, but are softened by being stewed in butter; in julienne soup, also, a lump of sugar is added. An almost infinite variety of clear soups can be made by adding various ingredients to this clear stock. For instance, sago, plain boiled rice, Italian paste of various kinds, pearl barley, of course previously boiled, &c. &c.

We will now take a very cheap and practical soup, namely oyster soup, to be made from tinned oysters. Of course, I do not for one moment mean to assert that oyster soup made from tinned oysters can in any way compare with soup made from fresh oysters; but then remember that the latter are at the very least two shillings a dozen, while a tin only costs fivepence.

We will suppose for the basis of our soup that we have the liquor in which a leg of mutton has been boiled; next take, say, two tins of oysters, strain the liquor into a basin, and add this liquor to the mutton stock, which we will presume to have been flavoured with the ordinary vegetables for making soup, remarking in passing that the flavour of onions should be used sparingly, and that this mutton stock has been reduced by being allowed to boil away till barely more than a pint has been left; add to this a quart of boiling milk. Remember that in boiling milk care should be taken, first, that the milk does not burn, and secondly that the better part of it is not wasted by being allowed to boil over. The best method to guard against this is to have a little cold milk, say a wine-glassful, ready; the moment the milk foams and begins to rise in the saucepan, remove the saucepan from the fire with one hand and pour in the cold milk with the other, which will have the instantaneous effect of taking the milk off the boil. Next, add to this mixture of mutton stock, boiled milk, and oyster liquor a brimming tea-spoonful of anchovy sauce, and thicken the whole with some white roux; white roux being, as we have already described in "Common-sense Cookery," butter and flour mixed together, and baked without being allowed to turn colour.

This oyster soup is now complete, and before serving must be poured on the oysters; it will be found that the soup itself is far better than the oysters; the latter, as a rule, being tough and insipid. A bay-leaf boiled in the stock will be found an improvement; a "suspicion" of nutmeg will add to the flavour, but then remember it must be a suspicion or the soup will be spoilt.

SNOWED UP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RACE FOR LIFE."

"I BELIEVE I am the most unlucky fellow in the world," said Bertie Tyrrel half aloud, as he tied his white tie.

"Why so, my dear fellow?" inquired a cheery voice at the door.

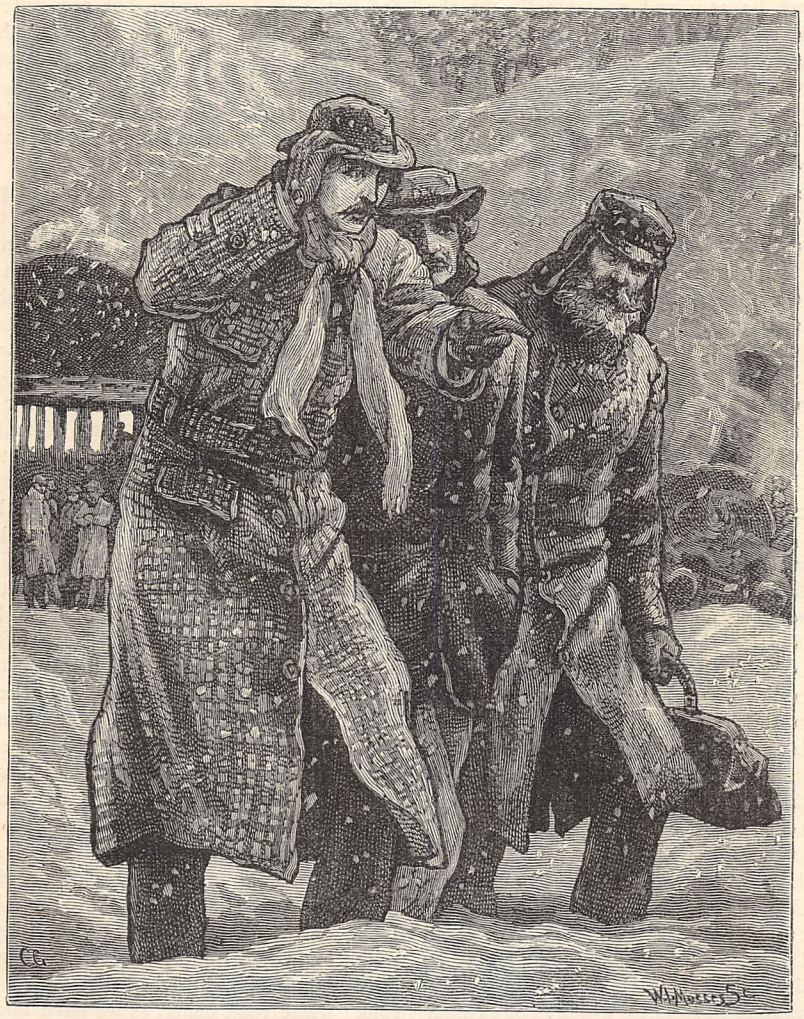
Bertie turned, still holding his *chef-d'œuvre* at his throat, and said, "Oh, Charley, is that you? Come in; I shall be ready in five minutes. Having arranged his tie to his satisfaction, he repeated, "Yes; I believe I *am* the most unlucky fellow in London, at any rate."

"What's the matter?" inquired his friend.

"Well, you see," replied Bertie, "I've just had a letter from my sister, saying that Miss Patterson is about to leave Marchmont and proceed to the South of France. (Mother's not well, I believe.) You know I intended to go down this week and put myself out of my pain. Charley, I love that girl, and, Charley, I must marry her!"

"Well!"

"But it is *not* well. Charles Fletcher, you are a fish, a cold-blooded animal. How can you talk like that when I am really, truly, and madly in love?"



"STRUGGLING AGAINST THE BLAST" (*p.* 146).

"My dear Bertie, I should wait till the lady and party come to London, and then see her and ascertain your chance."

"They do not come to London, I believe; at least, not to stay; so I am completely upset."

"It will all come right, old fellow. Are you ready?"

"Yes; it is time to be off. I do not feel at all inclined to go, though," said Bertie mournfully.

A dinner-party was given by a Mrs. Arteman, in whose husband's office Bertie Tyrrel was, or flattered himself he was, a shining light. Mr. Arteman and

Bertie's family had been friendly for years, and the young man was rapidly making his way to a junior partnership. He had the credit of being very trustworthy and quick at business—qualities which he took care to cultivate.

Many people came in the evening also, and just before the carriages were announced, Mr. Arteman entered the room and gazed anxiously round. For some minutes he was unable to descry the object of his quest, but at last found him out, and touching young Tyrrel on the arm as he sat in a corner of the room, beckoned him aside.

"MR. PATTERSON CAME HALF AN HOUR AFTERWARDS" (*p.* 148).

Hastily apologising to his fair companion, Bertie rejoined Mr. Arteman in the empty dining-room.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Bertie, I am afraid there is. Read that."

Mr. Arteman put a telegram into his junior's hands as he spoke.

"This looks serious," said Bertie as he returned the paper. "What do you intend to do, sir?" How can we restore confidence in the Manchester office?"

"By sending you down," replied his chief quietly.

"But to-morrow will be too late," said Bertie.

"Therefore you must go to-night, my lad."

"To-night—go to Manchester to-night!" exclaimed Tyrrel. The thing's impossible!"

"Oh! dear, no," replied Mr. Arteman coolly. "I have had your bag packed already. I took the liberty to send Collins to your lodgings for your morning dress. I have a cab at the door. Here are ten pounds in gold. Run up-stairs and change—take a bit of supper first though. The Pullman train from St. Pancras starts at midnight."

"And it is now eleven," said Bertie, looking at his watch. "What sort of a night is it, Collins?"

"Snows fast, sir," replied the man.

"Snows, does it?" exclaimed Bertie. "Better fill up the flask then, and put a half-dozen cigars in my coat-pocket—and, I say, Collins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Cut me a couple of ham sandwiches while I dress."

In fifteen minutes Bertie had received his last instructions from Mr. Arteman, and was bowling along the Euston Road to the Midland Station.

That immense terminus looked warm and comfortable in comparison with the wet and chilly night outside. The Pullman train was at the platform, ready to start. There were very few passengers. Bertie took a sleeping-car ticket, and without loss of time tucked himself up comfortably in his berth. The train started soon after this, and Bertie Tyrrel was rapidly whirled into the land of dreams.

But his dreams were pleasant dreams, and if he had not been conscious of the penetrating cold, he would have enjoyed a good night's rest. He shivered and awoke. The lamp was burning dimly. The steady "whirr" of the fast-flying wheels told him that the train was rushing still on through the stormy night. Something fell on the lamp—there it was again. It came in through the lattice over his bed. It was snow!

"Pleasant night!" thought our traveller. "I'll have another nap."

Easier said than done. No efforts of his could induce Somnus to pay him a second visit. The chill feeling he had before experienced compelled him to put on all his wraps. Then he got up, took a sip of brandy, and went out upon the platform of the carriage to smoke.

Oh, the cold nipping wind, how it darted in between the carriages! Bertie had to hold on to the hand-rail tightly. But what a scene it was! A vast white sheet had been spread o'er Nature's face, and she lay as if dead beneath it. Every now and then a gentle swell or undulation in the surface looked like a heaving breast as the fiery monster hurried past. The invisible flakes fell thick and fast, and borne upon the angry blast the white veil closed around them. They knew it not, but as surely as the clouds were overhead, the mighty engine was rushing into a trap laid by Winter, and the pure, white, gentle flakes of soft snow.

As the train flew along the track, little snow-storms came up from all the wheels in clouds of powdered dust. Bertie was fascinated. Past sleeping towns and villages, past black chimneys rising into the murky sky from white unsullied roofs, past close-shut windows 'neath whose sashes the yielding but resistless snow wormed itself like herring-bones, and hung outside in slow-dissolving flakes for King Frost to weld closer. Past a huddled heap of humanity, beneath the shelter of the embankment, on which the merciless though tender falling winding-sheet was surely wrapped. Past all these, and many more sights, did the Pullman carriage rush and scream, and yet no stopping for the train.

But ten miles farther on the trap was laid. In a deep cutting, the northern wind and drifting cloud conspired to do battle with the boasted power of man. Lie closer still, O drift! blow fiercer still, O wind! Ye wait the daring monster who boasts he can outstrip the wind, and rattle wildly o'er the snow-clad fields.

A roar through a tunnel—Bertie had once again turned in—the train emerged: it slackened speed: a long deep whistle. The engine stopped dead short, and pushed up a six-foot mound of snow, melting it for one brief half-minute; the water dashed at its enemy fire, and hissed its vengeance in its burning ears. The fiery foe collapsed, the mighty monster lay imbedded in the drift, harmless as a fettered giant, but still noisy in its protests.

Clouds of steam anxious to be free from that fatal cutting rushed upwards and disappeared, or unable to escape, fell in warm tear-drops on the virgin snow-white carpet. The engineer let the boiler run empty, and sent his fireman back to the last station for assistance. Man was powerless against the snow.

The soft, the gentle snow!

The passengers awoke, and shivering came one by one out at the end platform of the train, asking questions and not waiting for replies. No need to ask what was the matter a second time. The helpless lighted train glowed like a long lighthouse beneath the snow-clad embankment. A bank in front, a tunnel behind yawning darkly like an immense hole cut in white paper, a biting wind and driving snow, told the tale all too clearly.

SNOWED UP! Not a doubt of it. When could assistance arrive? Were there any ladies in the train? No ladies; only twenty-two travellers, and all men.

An hour passed. A scout who had gone ahead reported the drift almost impassable even on foot, and the wind at the end of the cutting rendered progress highly dangerous. They must camp where they were till day-light, at least. Better in the Pullman sleeping car than upon the slopes of that fatal snow-drift, that winter night.

But Bertie was due at his Manchester office at nine o'clock that morning. It was now about a quarter to four. He must get on, and he expressed his determination aloud to his fellow-passengers.

"I will accompany you.—Where are we, guard?"

"Atween Ambergate and Matlock—but don't know where though, gentlemen, exactly. Ask Ben."

"Ben," the engine-driver, informed them that they were about an hour and a quarter's run from Manchester, and added a word of caution. But Bertie was determined to push on and, accompanied by two other passengers, he started on his venturous expedition.

Once out of the cutting they trusted to be free. Surely the stoppage of the line would be telegraphed by this time and, perhaps, a train in waiting to take them on. So they stepped manfully out, sinking deeply at every step, but still making progress.

The snow had ceased; the sky was clearing fast, and frosty-looking stars peeped out to view the desolation. The wind was bitterly cold. Every now and then the snow would be dashed in their faces, as by handfuls caught up by spirit-fingers to obstruct their progress.

For awhile they kept side by side. Struggling against the blast they pressed on till, unknowingly, they mounted the side of the cutting, and wandered far away across a level field, and over the distant hedge, covered up with newly-fallen snow.

The sudden ease with which they stepped now had the very opposite effect to what might reasonably

have been expected. They knew they had strayed. Where was the railroad? They must regain it at any risk. But the two older travellers determined to remain where they were, sheltered comparatively behind the hedge, in only a foot of snow, till daybreak. Bertie rashly made up his mind to return in his tracks, which were plainly discernible, and against the advice of his comrades he acted upon his resolution.

His one idea was to reach Manchester. If he did not succeed in averting the impending crash there, all his prospects would be ruined. His hopes of ever winning his lady-love would be completely shattered, and what was life without love? He must succeed, though he perished in the attempt; he would do his duty, whatever happened.

So he manfully struggled on — at times up to his knees in snow; once completely buried in the drift: he fell down, down, until nothing but a small star was visible overhead. The snow kept closing in. He breathed hard upwards towards the hole. (His hands were fastened to his sides by pressure of the drift.) By breathing hard at the tiny hole it became larger and larger. The snow melted, and he got a hand free. At length he got his head out, and after a severe struggle he fell forward, half insensible from cold and nervous exhaustion. He rolled over the harder snow for a space; down, down—it seemed as if he would never stop—a hard substance received him — a crash of glass, or ice, a moment afterwards fell upon his half-unconscious ears, and he lay insensible on the ground. A light was burning steadily over his head.

* * * * * *

The spirit remained in the body, but the clay tenement refused to acknowledge the presence of the master. Sense lay wrapped within the brain and behind the sullenly closed lids. Speech was there, but somehow it could not force its way through the stubborn lips. The ears were open to catch the slightest sound, and eagerly they drank it in; but the shaken nerves refused to listen, or at best only grudgingly as yet.

And thus lay Bertie in a trance—dead, and yet alive; ready to speak, dying to utter his thoughts, and yet dying because his speech was locked; the pressure on the brain was not yet unloosed, and Bertie lay there almost as he fell, it seemed to him.

But yet things were curiously mixed up around him. He could move his hands, and could feel he was lying upon soft cushions. Dull to his ears arose the sound of those horrible whirring carriage-wheels. It seemed to him as if he were back again in the railway carriage, *en route* to Manchester.

Still people were about him. Feminine fingers ministered to him — that gentle touch just now was very different from the other tender finger-tips of some good Samaritan, probably a doctor.

The subtle odour of a lady's presence clung sweetly around Bertie as he lay sensible to what passed, but unable to form a word, or look his thanks, or even recognise the gentle care.

Once he essayed to open his eyes, and, oh! how the vision of that one fair face he loved hung over his half-conscious brows, and was for a second photographed upon his brain! No—it was gone—a moment more and the dull whirr of the revolving wheels, the even motion of the Pullman car, all seemed to hold him in thrall as he lay supine on the soft cushions.

But this could not last. By slow degrees the brain resumed its sway. He opened his eyes. Things were very dim to him, and the cold, chill hand of Death apparently was on him. He could not move his head, but as he gazed with dull half-open eyes, the vision of his love rose up to bid him welcome. Oh, lovely vision! it came nearer and nearer—it would touch him! yes, it bent down, and breathing a soft petition for his recovery, vanished.

Whirr—whirr—whirr!

Did he dream still? No; voices distinctly fell upon his ears. Where was he? A shrill whistle broke the monotonous sound: the undulating movement of the car he had felt, or fancied, seemed to cease.

"Hush!" some one spoke. Bertie opened his eyes. He was dreaming still. . . . . He lay upon a cushioned berth in a Pullman palace car. The lamp burned very dimly overhead. Daylight penetrated the curtains round him. He felt very weak and very cold, but he was not dreaming. How had he got there?—what had happened?—where was the snow?

He called out. A gentleman entered softly. "Where am I?" inquired Bertie faintly.

"Hush, hush! quite safe; do not agitate yourself," replied the doctor, as Bertie fancied the new-comer to be. "We have got you round nicely."

"But where am I?" persisted Bertie.

"You are at Ambergate Junction."

"I must go to Manchester at once. Help me up, please."

"My dear sir, it is quite impossible to move you. You have had a very severe fall, and must be kept quite quiet. We have telegraphed particulars to Mr. Arteman. You cannot be moved."

This was decisive, and the doctor left the berth. Yet, as soon as his back was turned, Bertie made an effort to rise. With difficulty he repressed a scream: the pain was acute. He at once perceived that movement, even in bed, was out of the question at present, so wisely he determined to await events. His thoughts naturally dwelt upon the happy vision he had seen, and he foolishly accepted this as an omen favourable to his ultimate happiness. At length he fell asleep.

He awoke very hungry, and saw the doctor at his side. He put out his hand, which Bertie took and clasped warmly in his own. The kind doctor made a careful examination of his patient and then said—

"You are much better this evening, I am glad to tell you, and as soon as the stiffness wears off you will be all right again. I may tell you now that we have had a telegram from Mr. Arteman. He is at Manchester, so your natural anxiety may be allayed."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," exclaimed Bertie, with fervour. "You have indeed put my mind at ease."

"I was enabled to tell him there was no danger, so he went on this afternoon. He saw you while

you were asleep." Bertie stared, as well he might. "Yes," continued the doctor, "you have slept for thirteen hours."

"Indeed!" was the patient's only reply. "But I say," he added, "how did I get here? I remember being in the snow, and I think I fell——"

"I should think you did," replied the doctor. "You came plump into this car—rolling in snow."

"I am afraid I am still confused, doctor, for I do not understand you now."

"You rolled down the embankment into the windows. We were snowed up in the great cutting on the up-line. Another train, yours probably, was at the other end. You in your excursion tumbled into our windows. It was very fortunate for you that you didn't roll over the parapet into the river, my lad."

"And very lucky," said Bertie graciously, "that you happened to be in the train, doctor."

"You have not to thank me so much as Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, sir; and they telegraphed to Mr. Arteman."

"Mr. and Mrs. who?" exclaimed Bertie, sitting up quite regardless of his bruises. "Patterson did you say?"

"Yes; do you know them? They did not appear to recognise you."

"Yes—no—I know a Miss Patterson—I——"

"Whew!" was all the doctor's answer.

"What! Is there a Miss Patterson? Is she here? Is she—was she in the train? Alice is her name."

"That is the lady; she nursed you until I came. Her mother is an invalid rather. They were caught in the drift last night like yourself."

"Where is she, doctor? Did she leave a message?"

The doctor's eyes twinkled. "Well, not exactly, but she gave me special directions to let her papa know how you were. This is the address."

He took an envelope from his pocket-book and handed it to Bertie, who read—"Harvey Patterson, Esq., at ——— Hotel, London, till Friday afternoon."

"What's to-day?" inquired Bertie hastily.

"This is Thursday. It is seven o'clock p.m."

"Doctor," exclaimed Bertie as he recalled the vision of the day before, while he lay half insensible, "I shall go to London to-morrow."

The doctor smiled. "What, and leave Manchester business! But seriously I think you scarcely fit to travel. Well—well, we shall see," he continued, as Bertie moved his head impatiently. "We shall see. Keep quiet now, and I dare say you will be well enough to go to London. Good night."

"Good night." And then Bertie resigned himself to blissful thoughts, and happy anticipations for the morrow.

Two o'clock was striking at Westminster, when Mr. Bertie Tyrrel's card was taken into a private sitting-room at the ——— Hotel. There was only one occupant of the spacious room—a young lady whose good, sensible, and bright face lighted up with a softer expression as she read the name of her visitor.

"Show him in, please," she said calmly, yet the palpitation beneath the well-fitting travelling-dress to a woman's eye would have betrayed a secret.

The waiter ushered Bertie in and quickly retired. The young man waited till the door was closed, and as Miss Patterson stood up with outstretched hand, he clasped it warmly. No word of greeting did he speak. He only gazed for one moment into those eyes of liquid blue—the eyes grew tender and then the shading lashes trembled, but only for a second. But Bertie could read.

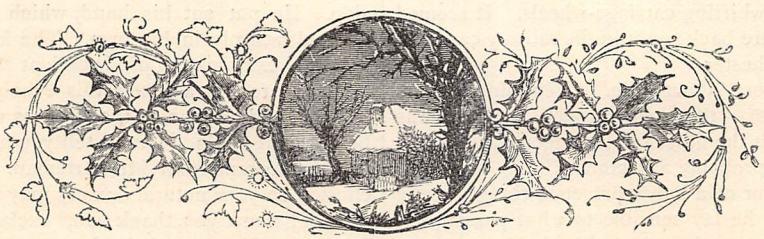
Without a word, he clasped Miss Patterson in his arms. "My darling!' was all he said.

She struggled to free herself, strongly at first; but as he whispered something in the crimson shell-like ear close to his trembling lips, the pretty head sank upon his shoulder, and the silence that gives such sweet consent told all the rest!

When Mr. Patterson came half an hour afterwards, he found a prospective son-in-law seated on the sofa, holding his daughter's hand.

Explanation ensued; the upshot of it being that Bertie's health required a change to the south of France. He was married in the ensuing summer; and he always considers that he owes his present happiness to having been SNOWED UP.

HENRY FRITH.



THE GATES OF OLD CARLISLE.

THEY rode to battle down the street,
A widow watched them go;
He stooped from his horse to kiss her sweet,
His mother who loved him so.
"He is all I can bring for country and king,"
She said with a proud brave smile,
As they rode to fight in the morning light,
Through the gates of old Carlisle.

And all day long the battle roared;
She watched from the castle wall,
And marked the gleam of lance and sword,
And horse and rider fall.

Is that his steed? That headlong speed!
That empty saddle-bow!
With loosened rein he scours the plain,
And plunges 'mid the foe!

* * * * *

They brought him through the evening mist,
Blood-stained and cold and torn;
White, oh! white was the face she had kissed
In her happy pride that morn.
"He was my son, my only son!"
And then she knelt awhile:
"God's will be done! Now have I none
In all thy ways, Carlisle!"

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

HOW WE MOVED FROM CAMBERWELL TO KENSINGTON.

AS my husband's business was turned into a company, who paid handsomely for it, moreover making him the working manager for some years, with a liberal salary, we began to think that our old home at Camberwell was hardly suitable to our altered circumstances. But as we came to look about us we discovered it was not quite so easy a matter to find a new home as we had anticipated. We had been accustomed to a good garden and large rooms, and though we were prepared to pay double the rent, that seemed to help us very little. We answered the advertisements in the papers with persevering industry, and, as a rule, the more they tallied with our wishes the less the house did. The several agents supplied us with orders to view in any abundance, and with little discrimination, for it frequently happened after an expedition unusually long and tiresome, the house we had gone to see had been let a week or so. In time our circle of research narrowed, and for several reasons we decided to live at South Kensington. Brooks, considering it a rising neighbourhood, thought a house there a better investment than elsewhere, and to me it seemed the only place where you could get a really nice abode in a fashionable quarter at a tolerably moderate rent; for what was the use of leaving Camberwell for Bloomsbury or the Regent's Park? Brooks wasn't one to sink his money in a premium, and these seemed invariably to be required for any house in a good London square or street.

We didn't fix upon a house even at South Kensington in a minute; but I am sure there are plenty to choose from in every state of progress, for whole squares and streets are still in the workpeople's hands, and I expect are likely to be for some time. When we did at last decide on one it was a mere carcase, with no internal decorations whatever; but that enabled us to choose our own papers and finish it according to our individual taste, and all at the builder's expense, who undertook to do anything and everything we wished. Neither Brooks nor I knew much of modern fal-lals, but, of course, we wanted to have things like other people; and in a short time I flatter myself I knew as much about dados as any one else. Of course we had dados up the staircase as well as in the drawing-room and dining-room, and there were so many consultations and pros and cons about my boudoir that I left it at last to the decorator, who was well up in the mysteries of high art, and as he promised to make the same arrangements for me as he had successfully carried out for an illustrious princess whose artistic taste is proverbial, what could I wish for more?

Time glided by: at first everything was forgotten in the delight of having really found a house to suit us at last, and we were very busy, what with daily visits to the new abode to see how things progressed, and the overhauling our possessions at home to decide what was to be kept and what disposed of. Everything we did keep, which had looked well enough in its old quarters, was said to require renovating. Ours is the good old-fashioned furniture people like now-a-days; but polish and gilding were wanted everywhere, though I didn't have half done they said ought to be. Elbow-grease and the following recipe did wonders with wardrobe, chairs, and tables:—½ oz. Castile soap, 1 oz. beeswax, 1½ oz. white wax, ½ pint of turpentine. The wax and turpentine first melted, then the soap boiled in a pint of soft water. When melted and cold the whole were mixed together and stirred till of the consistency of plain cream.

Brooks' taste was always rather artistic. We had a store of what I call rubbish, made to harbour dust and nothing else, though I don't tell him so—old arms, antlers, &c. All these we thoroughly cleaned. The old Louis XIV. marqueterie clock, of which he is not a little proud, became quite bright and beautiful when rubbed with some very diluted oxalic acid; and our iron umbrella-stands and scrapers we made as good as new by painting them over with Berlin black, which costs only a shilling or two. It is astonishing, if you will take the trouble, how much you may do in the way of successful renovation at a very little cost. From what I have seen of workmen lately, I have come to the conclusion that they have an easy time of it; if we were let into a few of their trade secrets we should spoil their market considerably. Poor women, what a hubbub there is about their employment! Most of them work twice as hard as the men, and how rich they would think themselves if they earned sixpence an hour, instead of the masculine tenpence!

What with deciding about cleaning chintzes and carpets, gilding frames and cornices, polishing furniture and parting with some, my hands seemed full. I disliked the selling part the most; it really did disgust me to let things go for a few shillings which had cost pounds, knowing if they had to be replaced they would cost as many pounds again. The system these men have! They look at all you wish to sell, state no special price for any article, and then make you an offer in a lump sum, which, when you come to look through the list of what you propose parting with, you find is about one shilling apiece for everything all round, or some equally ridiculous amount. But buying and selling are two different things, and you have, as a rule, to make the best of the bargain.

What a useful article gas-piping proved, too, painted

and cut to the room, with small brass acorn mounts at either end! It looked well, and saved us the expense of brass picture-rods, and we did without cornices by advancing the architrave on either side of the windows an inch or so, and adding a transverse piece at the top, between which we placed a piece of gas-piping for the curtain-rings to run upon.

Getting out of the old house was bad enough. What a heap of rubbish we had accumulated in the course of time, and how loth we were to part with it! As long as you are stationary it fits into its place and is forgotten; but once move, and it assumes Brogdignagian proportions. And the accumulation of dirt! I consider myself a careful housewife, and never all my life neglected spring and autumn cleaning; but when the large pieces of furniture were moved the dust clung to the wall like beeswing to old port, and I felt almost ashamed the workpeople should see it.

"Three moves are as bad as a fire," they say, and I feel quite sure it is true. Though the people who undertake the business are always at it and up to their work, it is astonishing how little information you get as to the best way of proceeding beforehand. I think we adopted the best plan for a move to a long distance such as ours. We made our selection from several estimates sent in by different firms for a lump sum for the job, which included packing, removing, and re-putting up beds, &c. If we had only moved a street or two, I should have done a great deal by hand and paid so much for each waggon. The men came days beforehand, with crates and cases, and packed the china, &c., and all they did arrived safely; but in the scramble at the last the servants put a little together themselves, most of which was broken; which taught me a lesson for another time (though I hope there will never be another time for me of that kind), viz., to make the packers do it all. One or two other things I learnt also. Whatever you may be told to the contrary, chests of drawers and wardrobes should be emptied; wardrobes are often too large to be taken up the staircase, and have to be drawn through the windows, and as likely as not are deposited bottom upwards, to say nothing of the increased weight, which makes the carrying and lifting all the more difficult. The several drawers in a chest are taken out to be carried up-stairs, and if heavily filled the bottoms are apt to come out. If the weather is wet, the contents run great risk of spoiling, the chance of which it is far better to avoid. It is as well to pack up all you can; sharp corners, carving, everything gets knocked about and chipped; and the more protected they are, the more the property is spared. Books should be tied up in bundles, back and front alternately, and wrapped in paper.

The expenses of moving into a new house are endless, and store is no sore; where every little thing has to be bought, many old and despised stores prove of value. We had made up our minds to new carpets and curtains in one or two of the principal rooms, but in the others we were able to turn what we had to account. The fashion of painting the margin of the floors is a great help where carpets are concerned. With a background of fresh paint and paper, it is astonishing when old things are thoroughly cleaned how well they look. Not that I thought anything looked well for a long time.

We had let our old house and were obliged to leave to the day, so we could not alter our plans, even when we found that the new one was not half ready, and that we had to deposit our goods and chattels in rooms which were still being painted, the dust flying about, and the smell of the paint overwhelming. For the latter we found our best remedy was a disinfectant placed about the rooms. Pails of water, the usual plan, will spoil the paint. How I detested our possessions for a week or two! No room was thoroughly finished, and the furniture never seemed to find a quiet resting-place, but was perpetually moved about: wearisome work! We lived in the most primitive fashion, and got to be thankful to find plates and glasses to use, a bed to lie upon, or a chair to sit on. My patience was greater than Brooks', and we both of us bore the inconveniences better than the servants, who might have been brought up in a palace all their lives, to hear them talk. We smelt paint, tasted it in the food, and we got covered with it—every dress I wore was spoilt by it. Moreover, we seemed to live in public, the workmen swarming everywhere. How impatient we were to get rid of them, and how they dawdled! Whatever meals our servants were taking, there was sure to be a cluster of them in the kitchen; and they waited about, gossiping with aggravating coolness, discussing audibly enough the political questions of the day, with a knowledge and acumen which made me wonder. I come of an old-fashioned Tory lot, and could not help thinking they would have done better to attend more to their own business; but Brooks is a Liberal Conservative, whatever that may be, and didn't approve of such sentiments on my part.

All this was only the beginning of troubles. As we got our gas-fittings up leakages were discovered, the men spoiling the wall-paper in rectifying them, and poisoning us with the smell. When at last we did fairly get the water into the house, it had a trick of appearing through the ceilings, or refusing to run off comfortably through the pipes. Whatever tradespeople we had to employ invariably left their work half done. It took days to get our blinds; the rollers arrived, but not the people to put them up—who, when they did come, looked in for an hour or two and then left, and the work half done too.

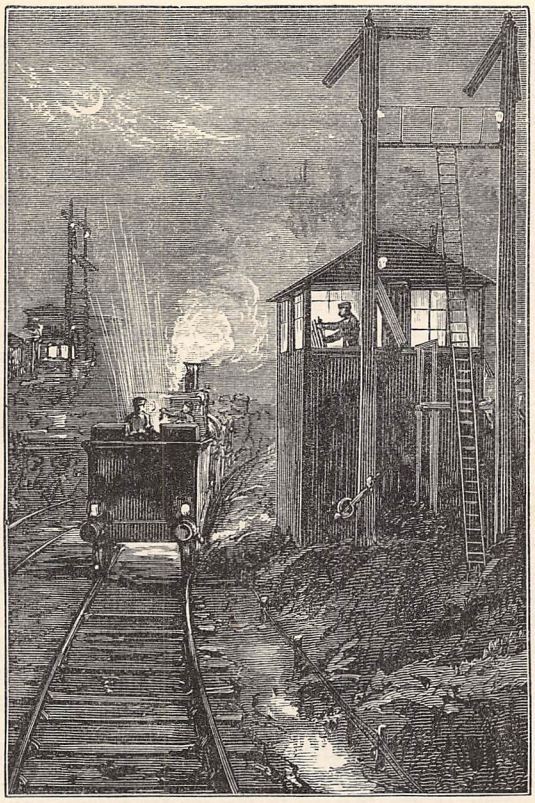
In a new house there are not any fixtures to pay for, but everything has to be bought, and you learn to realise what a number of trifles are required to fulfil the requirements of modern civilisation.

Seeing how, in the late commercial difficulties, hundreds have had no homes left at all, it seems wicked to grumble at these minor worries and inconveniences; and now that our troubles are wellnigh over we can afford to laugh at them.

To those who contemplate a removal, my advice would be—lay your plans well beforehand, and tie the builder down to some agreement to be ready to time, the infringement of which would entail a fine.

A CHERUB UP ALOFT.

IN the case in question, the guardian who "up aloft" keeps watch and ward over the life of many a "Jack" and his mate is not "little," and great as may be the regard that should be felt for the representative of a class having partial charge over the safety of between one and two millions of passengers daily, it would be scarcely fair to apply the other adjective—"sweet"—in the quotation to this particular "cherub." "Up aloft" is the first storey of a building—the only habitable room, indeed, for the basement is a dark lumber-room. The abode of the cherub is a marvel of lightness — the sides are nearly all of glass instead of brick, and the door which affords entrance from the stair-head is also glazed. The roof is open, and timbered—rafters and boarding being painted a light and cheerful colour. The small piece of wall is whitewashed, and it and the framework of the windows are ornamented with sundry choice specimens of literature. The apartment is nearly square; there are in it a couple of chairs near a brightly-blazing fire; a few plants are resting on one of the ledges of the many windows — vigorous shoots of fuchsia and geranium —and a watering-pot dangles from the roof; but beyond these and a few volumes the contents of the apartment are professional. After an almanack, and an engraving, the handwriting on the wall tells of notices of special trains, and other allied matters; bright-coloured "working time-tables" are there, mystic railway regulations, instructions, cautions, and rules abound, and it does not need the long row of variously-coloured levers to tell us that we are in a signal-cabin. From the windows we may see it plainly: before the eye finds the relief of trees that hem in the lines, it has to struggle through a mass of signal-staffs, with ugly arms extending, of lamps, of telegraph-wires, and other railway-side scenery.



"A CREAKING OLD SHUNTING ENGINE."

Still more plainly is the fact told by the apparatus in the cabin—dull-painted gongs, magnetic instruments, and telegraph index. One side of the apartment is almost entirely occupied by the row of levers we have named—painted in various colours, and bearing brass labels lettered with what at first seem mysterious words, such as "main dist.," "siding out," "junct. down," and others which acquire a meaning as the contractions are guessed at. The cherub, in short, is a stout able-bodied signalman, and his habitation is a signal-box at an important junction—or, rather, an important level crossing on two great lines of railway. Running over each other at right angles, and bearing a mixed traffic — now goods, then passengers, and anon minerals—there is a frequent succession of trains, over the order of whose going this signalman is dictator.

It needs some time and a little observation to understand the movements of the signalman. Now there is a sounding on the gong, and in a few moments he has pulled back one of the levers; then he waves from an open window a coloured or white flag; now he reverses the lever, and pulls back another; and intermingling with this there is the sound of the tinkle of the bell, the puffing of passing engines, and the occasional boom of the gong. Now there rumbles by heavily and slowly a long goods train; then an express will rush past, and next a creaking old shunting engine will pant and snort along. All the time the arms of the signal-posts seem to be performing gymnastic feats for their own satisfaction, falling stiffly by the sides, rising horizontally, then falling part of the way, and always moving with them the coloured glasses which front the lamps that are now unlit. Patient investigation and a little homely explanation solve the mystery. The signalling machinery is Saxby's: when all the levers are at rest the signal-arms are raised so that all the lines to and from the signal-box are barred, and no engine should pass. By the telegraphic apparatus, the signalman learns the departure of trains from the station, or from the next point of observation—the "signal code" making clear to even the uninitiated, from the number of strokes on the bell, the point of departure, and class of the coming train. The levers are connected with the "points," which enable the trains to be shunted from line to line, and they are also connected with the signal-arms in

such an interlocked manner, that when the "points" are moved so as to allow a train to pass, the signal-arm necessarily falls, and the remaining arms keep up—barring the path until the first train has passed. With his time-tables, the signalman knows what trains to expect; with the aid of his telegraphs, he knows of the actual whereabouts of coming trains; and with his machinery of levers and flags, he must keep the line clear of less important trains until others have passed.

It is a busy scene. From the windows, you may glance down into the carriages of passing trains, may investigate the contents of loaded waggons, or may guess by the ancient and fish-like smell at those of others, though hidden from the eye. Nor is it devoid of attraction, for along the line, creeping as it does under bridges and through cuttings, and passing over embankments and bridges, there are glimpses of scenes varying in their beauty, colour, and nature; and to these the passing presence of the brightly-painted carriages, with the fitful puffs of grey smoke to show the progress of the locomotive, adds rather than lessens. But it is at night that the scene becomes spectacular. Then, from fire and flaring gas-jets, the cabin is illuminated, and the light is flung far into the darkness. The trees that crest a hill near are in one dark and indefinable mass, behind which the occasional twinkle of light in the town beyond may be seen, as the mass sways to and fro in the wind, and moans like the sea on a lone shore. Along the course of the line, on every hand, are stars of light at regular intervals, varied in shape of combination, and varied in colour—white, red, and bluish-green—forming the points of triangles, squares, and perpendicular rows; far off, long lines of light, equi-distant, pointing out the platform and the station. A river-side manufactory throws from its many windows a gleam of light down on the dark waters; whilst from the rolling-mills there spreads a halo of light, throwing into bold relief the cottages near, and rendering spectral in their greyness the ascending streaks of smoke. Through this scene there dashes a stream of traffic: mail trains, lit until every compartment shows the sides to us as plain as in the day; slower-travelling "parliamentary" trains, with noisier cargo, excursionists venting their impressions of popular tunes; and less visible but, perhaps, more audible goods trains; engines, flying by like riderless steeds, and leaving fiery gleams in their track, long and dark lines of mineral waggons—are each in some shape grim reminders of the vast traffic which is ever rolling on across the narrow steel rails, in apparently endless confusion, but each marked, its time and turn assigned in the working time-tables, and each gauged, controlled, and directed over the domain he has charge of by the signalman. Still more shrilly, in the quiet night-time, rings out the tinkle of the bell; still louder seems to sound the boom of the gong, and the very rattle of the handles or the name-plates of the levers, as they rise and fall, convey a greater idea of their importance.

From conversation with the signalman, it appears that the cabins are divided into ranks, classified according to their importance as defined by the number of trains, or the amount of traffic; and this determination affects the pay of the signalmen, and the hours of their labour. In the typical cabin we have visited there are three signalmen employed, who divide the twenty-four hours equally, and so arrange their respective "shifts" of work that night-work comes equally to each of the three once in three weeks. As the number of trains of all sorts passing the signalman's cabin and needing his attention is, on the busier days of the week, close upon 300 in each "shift," the work of eight hours is by no means light—even physically. It does not vary much between day and night, the falling off in the passenger traffic at night being counterbalanced by the increased amount of heavy goods and mineral traffic. The post, therefore, of the signalman is none the less onerous because it is unseen, and the "cherub up aloft" has no sinecure.

HIGHER EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

IF we were asked to give one of the great signs of the progress of the modern age, perhaps we could not do better than point to the present education and intellectual status of women. If in imagination we take even the most cursory glance at the education of women towards the close of the eighteenth century, and compare it with that now existing, what a contrast is at once apparent! What man of our forefathers a century back could ever have imagined that in the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-eight women would be competing *with* men on equal terms in public examinations, would in many instances wrest prizes for intellectual superiority out of their very grasp—aye, and in some cases work their way to the front ranks in the learned professions? Yet so it is. The dame-schools for the girls of the poorer classes, where they learnt to spell, and knit and sew; the home education of the middle and higher classes, with its elementary instruction, and its modicum of accomplishments—these are things of the past, and their place is now taken by Board schools in the first instance, and in the second by high-class seminaries and high schools, colleges—aye, and universities also—where lectures are delivered to women by learned professors representing the highest intellects of the day.

But it is with one feature only of this great change that we now propose to deal—the Higher Examinations for Women—excluding also all consideration of

those more special examinations which women must pass who wish to enter the medical profession; these may, perhaps, be dealt with in another paper.

Already in a paper on "Local Examinations" (published in the August, 1877, Part of this Magazine) we have fully considered a number of examinations—all high-class in their way, and open in most instances to young people of both sexes alike; what we have now to discuss is a series of still higher examinations, more especially designed for women of an elder growth.

Foremost among these are the examinations for degree-certificates granted at Girton College, Cambridge. As with University degrees, they are conferred only on students resident in the College, who have kept the requisite number of terms extending over three years, and who have attended the regular courses of lectures, &c. The certificates are held on the same conditions as those in force for degrees in the University of Cambridge, and as a matter of fact are equivalent in value to a degree, the examinations being held in the same papers. Candidates for admission to the College must, except in special cases, be not less than eighteen years of age, and they are required to pass an entrance examination. The inclusive fees, for board, lodging, and instruction, amount to a hundred guineas a year, and this too for a College year of six months only. The expense, therefore, of a Girton certificate is by no means slight, though the cost to young ladies of high attainments and industry may be lessened by the acquisition of scholarships, and prizes.

The Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, for persons of both sexes over eighteen, have already been discussed in the Magazine (Vol. III., page 570); we, therefore, pass on to those held by the sister University for women *only* over eighteen years of age. The second of these examinations will commence on Monday, May 27, 1878, and will consist of a Preliminary and a Further Examination. Candidates who satisfy the delegates in the Preliminary may proceed to the Further Examination at once, or may postpone this latter to a subsequent year. But no candidate will be admitted to the Further Examination unless she has passed the Preliminary or some other examination accepted by the delegates as equivalent.

For the Preliminary every candidate will be required to satisfy the delegates in—

1. English Composition.
2. Any two of the following languages:—Latin, Greek, French *or* Italian, German.

   N.B.—Candidates will be expected to answer questions on the grammar of the languages selected, and to translate a piece of easy English into Latin, French *or* Italian, and German, as the case may be; furthermore, in Latin and Greek special authors must be brought up, as, *e.g.*, for this year:—Latin: Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.*, I. and II.; Virgil, *Æneid*, I. Greek: Euripides, *Alcestis*; Xenophon, *Anabasis*, I. and II.
3. Arithmetic.
4. (*a*) Euclid, Books I. and II. (or the portion of Geometry treated therein), or (*b*) Algebra to Simple Equations, inclusive.

The Further Examination consists of a Pass Examination, and an Examination for Honours. The Pass Examination consists of six sections, as follow, of which the candidate must satisfy the delegates in Section A, and in one at least of the other sections:—

A. Languages. Those prescribed for the Preliminary Examination, but of a higher character. A pass in two languages required.
B. Ancient History, Greek and Roman.
C. Modern History. English History of a specified period, and French or Continental History of some stated period.
D. Mathematics. Algebra, including Quadratic Equations, and the simplest properties of Ratio and Proportion; Euclid, Books I.—IV.; the Elements of Mechanics.
E. Physical Science. The Elements of Physics, including Mechanics, and either Heat, Light and Sound, or Magnetism and Electricity; the Elements of Chemistry. Candidates have also the option of offering *in addition* the Elements of Biology and Geology.
F. Logic and Political Economy: the Elements only.

The Examination for Honours includes eight sections, and candidates may offer to be examined in one or any two of these sections at the same examination. Successful candidates are divided into three classes in each section. The eight sections are:—1. English. 2. Latin and Greek. 3. German, French, Italian, and Spanish—the first language and one, at least, of the remaining three. 4. Mathematics, Pure and Mixed. 5. Ancient History, with Latin and Greek Texts. 6. Modern History, with Original Texts. 7. Mental and Moral Philosophy. 8. Physical Science: Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology—one or more of these. It is, of course, impossible to give in our limited space full particulars of the scope of each of these sections. Suffice it to say that they are all of an advanced character, and that full particulars may be obtained on application to the Rev. S. Edwardes, Secretary to the Delegacy, Merton College, Oxford.

The fee payable for the Preliminary Examination is £2; and £2 10s. for the Pass Examination, and for *each* section of the Examination in Honours.

The University of London holds two examinations for women over seventeen years of age:—I. A General Examination once a year, commencing the first Monday in June, the fee for which is £2. II. Special Examinations for certificates of higher proficiency, open free of charge to all who have passed the General Examination, and commencing the third Monday in June.

For the General Examination, which is in all respects similar to the Matriculation Examination of the University, candidates will not be approved unless they show a competent knowledge in *each* of the following subjects:—

1. Latin. A specified Latin subject, Latin Grammar, easy Latin Composition, and Roman History and Geography, so far as applies to the specified author.
2. Any two of the following languages:—Greek, French, and German. Consisting, in the case of the Modern Languages, of translation into English, and Grammar; and in Greek, of a specified Greek subject, Grammar, and Greek History and Geography, so far as applies to the specified author.
3. English Language, English History, and Modern Geography.
4. Mathematics, consisting of Arithmetic; Algebra to Simple Equations, inclusive; Euclid, Books I.—IV.
5. Natural Philosophy—the Elements of Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Optics, Heat.
6. Chemistry (Elementary).

For Certificates of Higher Proficiency, candidates may be examined in any one or more of the following subjects, either in the same or in different years:—1. Latin. 2. Greek. 3. French. 4. German. 5. Italian. 6. English. 7. Mathematics and Mechanical Philo-

sophy. 8. Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. 9. Botany. 10. Human Physiology. 11. Geology and Palæontology. 12. Political Economy. 13. Logic and Moral Philosophy. 14. Harmony and Counterpoint. In each of these subjects the examination is of an advanced character. Full particulars, together with all regulations, may be obtained on application to the Registrar of the University of London, W.

The University of Edinburgh also holds examinations for women twice in every year, for certificates in Literature, Philosophy, and Science. These, however, are only open to those students in the classes of the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association, who have previously passed the Local Examinations of Edinburgh, Oxford, or Cambridge.

Candidates who have attended any three at least of the classes sanctioned by the Association and approved by the Senatus Academicus, may, if they have passed any of the aforesaid locals, present themselves for examination in the subjects taught in the said three or more classes, and on passing in not less than three subjects will receive a University Certificate in Literature, Philosophy, and Science.

The certificates are of two grades — Pass and Honour, the latter being awarded to those who, having passed a satisfactory examination in at least three subjects, have exhibited high proficiency, to be tested by a special examination for Honours, in *one* of these subjects, selected by the candidate. It will not be necessary to give further particulars, beyond stating that the fee for the Pass Certificate is £2 2s., and that no additional fee is required for an Honour Certificate.

Trinity College, London, in addition to the Local Examinations in Elementary Musical Knowledge, of which mention has been made in a previous paper, has lately decided to hold Higher Musical Examinations for Women, twice in each year, at Midsummer and Christmas; these examinations are open to all, without respect to age, and afford the only opportunity at present available to women for obtaining a recognised musical diploma.

The subjects of examination, which may be entered for separately, are as follow:—1. Harmony, in not more than four parts. 2. Counterpoint, in not more than four parts. 3. General Musical Knowledge, including Musical History. 4. Pianoforte-playing, or the Organ. 5. Vocal Music. Certificates of two classes will be granted in each subject, any one or all of which may be taken at a time. Any candidate taking *three* first-class certificates is eligible as a candidate for a further Honours Examination in Music.

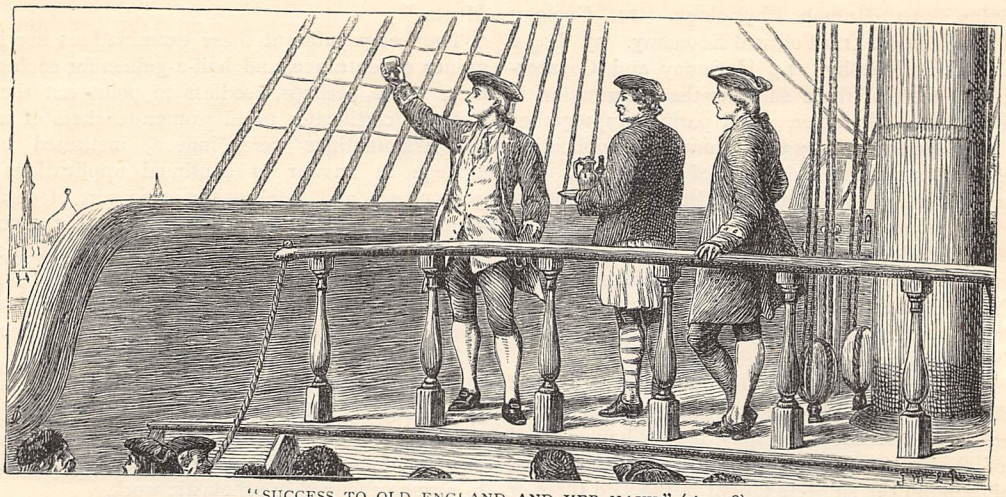
The fees payable at these examinations are half-a-guinea on entrance, and half-a-guinea for each certificate. It is, perhaps, needless to point out the value of these certificates to all women-teachers of music; the examinations were, indeed, instituted by the College in answer to continual applications from governesses and teachers for some sort of certificate which should be awarded solely on the results of examinations open to all comers, and yet which should have a recognised value as a guarantee of musical proficiency. The full regulations for these examinations may be obtained on application to the Secretary of Trinity College, London, W.

Examinations for teachers are held half-yearly by the College of Preceptors, for the diplomas of Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow. These are open to persons of both sexes alike, and are of decided value to women engaged in scholastic work.

According to the prospectus issued by the College, "the qualifications required for the grade of *Associate* are somewhat higher than those required by the Committee of Council for certificated teachers of the first class; and those for the grades of *Licentiate* and *Fellow* correspond as nearly as possible to those required for an Ordinary Degree and for an Honour Degree in Arts, respectively, at the principal Universities of Great Britain and Ireland." In one respect these diplomas have a practical value for teachers, as they certify to some extent the holder's ability to teach, as well as her actual knowledge, for the "Theory and Practice of Education" is an obligatory subject of examination for each grade. The fees are as follow:—For all three grades, £1 1s. for each examination for which the candidate is entered; and for the Associateship, Licentiateship, and Fellowship, £1 1s., £2 2s., and £5 5s. respectively, when the diploma is granted. All further information may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the College, London, W.C.

Such, then, are some of the chief Higher Examinations for Women now held annually throughout the country, and forming so important a factor in our educational system. The ground which had lain fallow for so many years is even now but freshly turned, and the real practical value of the work which has been begun will therefore be more plainly evident in a few years' time. But already there is an abundant crop, and present tangible results can be pointed to as earnests of golden harvests of good in the future.

G. W.



"SUCCESS TO OLD ENGLAND AND HER NAVY" (*p.* 158).

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE DARDANELLES:

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR OF 1770.

"CAPTAIN, what you propose is impossible."

"Admiral, it's possible enough to any man who has pluck."

With these bitter words on their lips, two men stand facing each other on the quarter-deck of the Russian flag-ship *Vladimir*, as she lies at anchor off the coast of Asia Minor. The one, who wears the uniform of a Russian admiral, is a man of colossal stature and proportions, but with a broad, heavy, unmeaning face, which shows that his intellect is not on a par with his bodily strength. The other is a short, square, muscular figure, with a firm mouth and keen grey eye—formerly Lieutenant Elphinstone, of the British navy, but now in command of the frigate *Yekaterina* in the Russian Black Sea fleet; and the superior to whom he is speaking so unceremoniously is no other than the imperial admiral himself, Count Gregory Gregorievitch Orloff, the first and basest of the countless favourites of Catherine II.; a man whose worthless name has been rescued from oblivion by one great crime—the murder of Peter III.

It is the morning of July 8th, 1770. The bright blue waters of Tchesmé Bay are cumbered with half-burned spars and masses of shattered timber; the warm dreamy summer sky overhead is blotted with drifting smoke; and along the surrounding hills, bare-legged men in white turbans are hurrying to and fro with looks of dismay, and muttering to each other that the Padishah's war-ships have been destroyed by the "Giaours" of the North. Last night, with a single fire-ship, this short, keen-eyed, blunt-spoken captain burned every vessel in the Turkish squadron; and he is now vainly urging his phlegmatic admiral to follow up the victory by a dash through the Dardanelles upon defenceless Constantinople.

"I tell you, Englishman," growls Orloff, "that I will *not* send the Empress's fleet to certain destruction in attempting an impregnable passage, just to please *you!*"

"And *I* tell your excellency," retorts the other, "that what you fear to attempt with the whole fleet, I will do with one vessel. I'll run my ship through this 'impregnable passage' of yours, and drink the health of the British navy in front of the Sultan's own palace. Good morning!"

Arrived on board of his own vessel, Captain Elphinstone musters his crew—a motley mixture of sallow broad-faced Russians, squat yellow-haired Finns, big-boned beetle-browed Esthonians, and slim wiry Greeks, with two or three brawny, red-whiskered English sailors looking down upon their comrades with a grand compassionate disdain, as creatures whom an inscrutable Providence has doomed to be foreigners, thereby cutting them off, once and for ever, from all chance of becoming good seamen. The captain eyes them all, as they come aft, with the look of one accustomed to judge men at sight, and then speaks, briefly, but very much to the purpose.

"My lads, I'm going to run through the Dardanelles, and fly my flag in the face of those lubbers at Constantinople; if any man's afraid to come with me, let him stand out and say so!"

But not a man moves. The crew are all picked men, who have followed their present leader through many a hot fight, and many a heavy storm; and they have long since learned to know him as the real soul of the fleet nominally commanded by their incompetent admiral. At the very mention of Constantinople, there is a sudden light in every eye which the veteran is at no loss to interpret.

"All right," says he, with a grim smile; "if you're game to poke your heads into the fire, I'm not the man to baulk you. Mr. Dugdale, serve out a double ration

all round, and then set every stitch of canvas on her, and away we go!"

* * * * * *

It is a beautiful summer morning, with a fresh breeze from the south-west, when the devoted ship comes up to the mouth of the terrible passage through which no hostile vessel has ever ventured before. The sun is just rising over the Anatolian Mountains, and in its dazzling splendour the wood-crowned islets, and rocky shores, and green sloping hill-sides stand forth in all their beauty. All around, the blue sparkling sea; all above, the rich summer sky. To the west, the little purple island of Tenedos stands watching their advance, as it watched the coming of Agamemnon's fleet against doomed Troy, 3,000 years ago. Far to the north-east, hanging like a snowy cloud upon the sky, towers the great white dome of Mount Olympus. On the right, beyond the wide belt of level plain on which Greek and Trojan battled in the old fighting-days, the distant mountains loom out, blue and shadowy, along the eastern horizon; while, right in front, the deep narrow channel of the famous strait curves outward to the sea, between the bold ridges that flank it on either side.

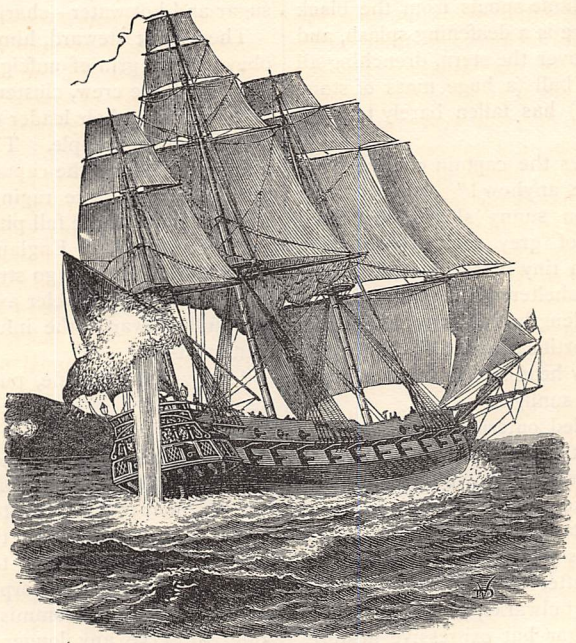
"We're lucky with the wind, Mr. Dugdale," says the captain to his English second in command, as cheerily as if he were going on a picnic, instead of into the jaws of a naval Balaklava. "This breeze is just what we want, for there'll be a pretty strong current against us inside."

"Mr. Turk seems to have taken the alarm already," answers the lieutenant, with a chuckle, pointing to a group of hurrying figures just vanishing over the hill-top, on the right. "Do you think, sir, they'll be able to hurt us much?"

"Can't say," replies the veteran coolly; "but I should think not, myself. You see, when they made these batteries, they didn't arm them with regular guns, but tunnelled holes in the rocks themselves, and crammed *them* with powder and ball,* like a pack of greenhorns as they are; so, if we don't come right into the line of fire, they can't alter the range to hit us—that's one good job. It's only the *movable* guns that we need be afraid of.—Starboard!"

"Starboard it is!" responds the deep voice of the steersman; and the gallant ship sweeps rejoicingly into the fatal channel, whence, if the Turkish batteries be such as report speaks them, neither ship nor crew will ever return.

Had the daring band any leisure to take note of the surrounding landscape, they would be well repaid, for every mile of the beautiful scenery which they traverse in this headlong race with death is rich in world-renowned memories. On yonder round grassy knoll, which projects from the steep ridgy outline of the European shore, King Xerxes sat enthroned, ages ago, to watch his motley millions pouring over the Hellespont bridge into Europe. This wide green plain, dotted with tiny white hamlets, which stretches away to the eastward in the glory of the morning sunshine, could tell many a tale of Miltiades, and Cymon, and Lysander. Upon this strip of flat dusty beach, where the tall flat-roofed houses and huge yellow *lazaretto* of Dardanieh now stand massed together, Darius and his few remaining warriors cast themselves down to rest, and to breathe freely for the first time since the commencement of the fatal retreat in which, amid hunger, cold, sickness, crushing fatigue, and the relentless pursuit of a savage enemy, ended their vaunted invasion of Scythia. And yonder, where the green sunny hills fall away suddenly into a deep curving hollow, two small white forts, almost level with the water's edge, stand facing each other across the swift smooth current—the castles of Sestos and Abydos, where Leander looked his last from amid the roaring waters upon the familiar light far above, and where a yet sadder and darker story was one day to become famous for ever through the genius of Byron.



"A TORRENT OF WATER BURSTS OVER THE STERN" (*p.* 158).

But both captain and crew have other things to think of, for the storm of war which they have defied is now gathering around them in earnest. All along the hills on either side, red-capped soldiers are hurrying to and fro, bayonets glittering, sabres flashing, artillery-wheels throwing up clouds of dust, while cries of mingled rage and terror come faintly to their ears as they sweep by. But the crash of cannon-shot which they are momentarily expecting never comes. Turkish neglect has done its accustomed work. Honeycombed guns, rickety carriages, crumbling earthworks, sanded gunpowder, balls that will not fit the bore of their pieces—what can be done with means like these? And if the Turkish squadron be destroyed

* Some of these curious natural batteries may still be seen furrowing the rocks between Dardanieh and Sestos; but they have long ceased to have any value except as antiquarian curiosities.

(as it must be, or the Russian flag would not be flying *here*), what resistance can *we* make to the enemy's whole fleet?

So argue the faint-hearted among the defenders; but there are men there of another cast—men for whom it suffices that the enemy is before them, and that they are Turkish soldiers. As the adventurous ship sweeps round the sharp curve that hides Abydos from sight, Lieutenant Dugdale, looking up in his leader's face, sees it harden suddenly like congealed metal, as the ready spyglass turns upon a huge grey mass of bare rock that looms out some distance ahead of them.

"See those red caps bobbing in and out of the rocks like rabbits? They're going to give us a shot in passing, sure enough. That's one of the tunnel-batteries I spoke of, and if one of those 300-pound shot hits us, to the bottom we go, every man! Set the stunsails, boys—we'll run past, and chance it."

Onward sweeps the noble vessel before the freshening breeze; but keen eyes are watching her from behind those frowning crags, and, just as she comes opposite the fatal spot, the match is applied to the powder. For one moment the life of every man on board hangs by a hair; but the discharge "baulks" an instant, and that instant is sufficient to save them. The next moment comes a crash as if the earth were rent asunder—a sheet of flame spouts from the black yawning mouth—then there is a deafening splash, and a torrent of water bursts over the stern, drenching all who stand near it. The ball (a huge mass of stone weighing over 300 pounds) has fallen barely ten feet behind them!

"Near shave, that!" says the captain coolly; "but a miss is as good as a mile, anyhow!"

Away, away, past green sunny slopes checkered with massive buttresses of grey rock; past steep crumbling ridges, on which tiny black goats are hanging like flies; past cool sheltered inlets sleeping in floating shadow; till at length the straggling white streets and tumble-down fortifications of Gallipoli start up suddenly along a grassy headland in front of them, in the glory of the evening sunlight.

A wild clamour of mingled outcries along the shore—a passing vision of dark fierce faces and hurrying figures, and weapons brandished in vain menace—an ineffectual crackle of musketry from the nearest angle of the wall—and then the last peril is past, and before them lies the open sea. As they round the point, the English cabin-boy—a lad after Captain Marryat's own heart—springs up on the bulwarks, and, putting his thumb to his nose in a vulgar but expressive gesture, shouts to the baffled assailants—

"Good-bye, Johnny! Any message for Constantinople?"

And the daring band, echoing the taunt with a shout of laughter, sweep by towards the point where, opening out broad and bright between the receding shores, lies the smooth surface of the Sea of Marmora.

Night overtakes them as they enter it; but Captain Elphinstone is not here for the first time, and he holds his course unswervingly through the darkness, with but one thought in his mind—to reach Constantinople. All night the brave south-westerly wind fills their sails, as if cheering them on; and with the first gleam of sunrise they pass the green curving shores of "Prince's Islands," and see before them, outspread for many a mile along the blue shining sea, the serried roofs, and tall white minarets, and stately mosques, and countless palaces of imperial Constantinople.

At this early hour but few persons are yet abroad; but the sight of the terrible Russian flag suffices to rouse the whole capital. Not a gun mounted on the seaward batteries—not a regiment in fighting order—the enemy's first ship already in sight, and the rest doubtless close behind—well may Constantinople tremble! Within less than half an hour, every street leading down to the harbour is one roaring swarm of struggling figures and convulsed faces, livid with fear or black with rage; and a mingled uproar of cries of dismay, savage curses on the "Moscov," wild prayers to Allah and the Prophet, and bloodthirsty yells for the heads of the Grand Vizier and his officers rend the very air.

And then, in the midst of all the maddening din, are heard the quick, stern tones of Captain Elphinstone's voice:

"Nikolai! bring me up a bottle of rum, and some sugar and hot water—sharp!"

The Greek steward, himself an old privateersman, obeys with a grin of unfeigned delight on his scarred face; and the crew, clustered on the forecastle, bend forward to see their leader drink his toast in the teeth of all Constantinople. The grog is mixed with an unfaltering hand; the captain rises from his seat, and, turning towards the raging thousands that line the shore, shouts, at the full pitch of his mighty voice—

"Success to Old England and her navy, and may every Turkish lubber go straight to the bottom!"

He drains the tumbler as he speaks, and, flinging it scornfully towards the infuriated Turks, calls to his lieutenant—

"Now, Mr. Dugdale, put her head about, and off we go again."

"What! without giving 'em even one broadside, sir?" says the surprised officer.

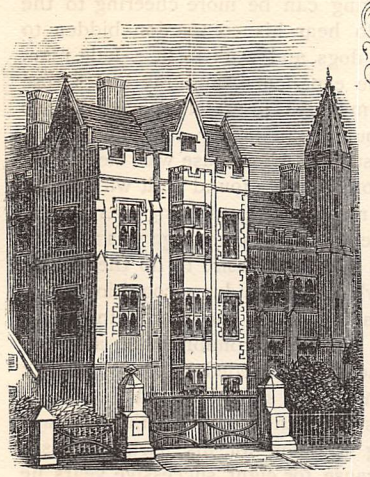
"What's the good of killing poor beggars who can't resist?" answers the stout-hearted sailor; "besides, d'ye think I'm going to do the Russians' work for 'em, if they haven't the pluck to do it themselves? The minute I see that old porpoise of an admiral again, I'll just chuck my commission in his face; I'm not going to serve any longer with a pack of lubbers who daren't take a good chance when it's offered them!"

Captain Elphinstone kept his word, and the Russian navy saw him no more. Little did the simple-hearted hero think that he had done a deed whose fame should endure for ever; and as little could he foresee that it would be surpassed, a century later, by another seaman on the opposite side of the world, whose name was ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

D. K.

MY ATTENDANCE AT THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

BY AN OUT-PATIENT.



I AM well now, but five years ago I was a not very promising "case" at Brompton Hospital. There was no manner of doubt as to my eligibility for admission, for I had suffered many things of many physicians, and had no prospect but that of struggling hard for life whilst almost cut off from the means of living. Yet a beneficent law of compensation has provided for such as I was. Our sheer inability to pay the family doctor renders accessible to us the treatment of the highest specialists, and we tax even their utmost skill. Very few consumptives, indeed, come out scatheless from the unequal combat between science and disease. But the same rule of counterbalancing good consoles them still. Denied the more active pleasures of the robust, the valetudinarian is fitted by his sensitive nature to relish all the more keenly whatever of joy may come in his way. Knowing only too well the insidious character of his baffled foe, he views his restoration itself as a glad surprise, and many more than the scriptural tenth of those healed here long to return something beyond the formal letter of thanks which is required of every patient when his visits cease. Let me, therefore, describe the common cause for our unutterable gratitude, and at the same time indicate how great a national blessing Brompton Hospital has become, by telling somewhat of the place and its frequenters.

As climatic conditions have great influence in chest disorders, it was a wise choice which pitched upon mild and salubrious Brompton as the site of this institution, and an equally judicious selection was exercised in the adoption of a handsome architectural design for the building, which, being surrounded by its own grounds, is as pleasant-looking as though it were a nobleman's mansion. It is now in the thirty-seventh year of its useful existence. Its patients come from every part of the kingdom; its physicians have such opportunities for studying the disease as did not exist before this hospital was established; and its success has led to the starting of three similar institutions in other parts of London specially devoted to cases of consumption. The learning of years gained here has, no doubt, helped to revolutionise the method of treatment everywhere. For the fashion of medicine changeth. Dr. Sangrado's favourite remedy, which he prescribed unsparingly and indiscriminately for all the ills that flesh is heir to, was warm water and bleeding; and phthisis has probably sometimes been doctored about as rationally. Now, however, instead of exhausting the patient they build him up. A generous diet and a course of well-proved medicines and cod-liver oil, and, above all, pure air and plenty of it, are the means of cure which the highest science approves; and, after a tolerably long trial of them, I should be sorry to return to the old system. The governors of Brompton Hospital call consumption the most frequent and destructive malady in existence; and when we find that last year nearly 43,000 cases were treated at the four London consumption hospitals, of which Brompton and Victoria are the chief, we anxiously ask what has been done to mitigate the ravages of this national scourge. The reply is reassuring. The *poitrinaire* has an infinitely greater chance of recovery than he had in days gone by, and we learn that it is in keeping with the experience of Brompton Hospital that, if medical science be ever destined to achieve the great triumph of removing this fatal malady, or to effect the humbler good of arresting its progress with certainty, the hour of such improvements must surely be hastened by the establishment of an institution which affords ample means for deep and sustained investigation of the disease. It is with the out-patients that I am most concerned, and I find that the number of new cases in this department last year was 12,603, all of whom come with a letter of recommendation entitling them to advice and medicine free for three months. For the disease generally takes two years to run its course, whatever be the result. As to the in-patients, they long ago outgrew their accommodation in the original building, and many of them are now quartered in the villas on the opposite side of Fulham Road, the whole establishment containing 257 beds. There is, in addition, a home at Chelsea for probationers and convalescents, and a valuable charity, affording temporary relief to destitute patients, called the "Rose" fund, in honour of Mr. Philip Rose, the honorary secretary, a great benefactor and practically the founder of the hospital. To crown all, this great work was started in dependence on voluntary help, and so thoroughly has its beneficent mission been recognised that funds have always been abundantly forthcoming.

One day at Brompton is very much like another. The first is the worst, and in my case it happened to be especially trying to one unused to the sight of collective suffering. It was a glorious midsummer day. The greensward around the building was looking its freshest, and the leafy trees overhead were musical with the joyous twitter of birds, escaped from the smoke of the City. These were advantages, indeed; but the worst of it was that every inmate who could possibly

crawl out did so, and every out-patient who was due did not fail to pay his appointed visit; so that the scene irresistibly reminded one of the congregation of impotent folk at the Pool of Bethesda. The resemblance was more than an outward one, as I found on entering; for, despite the official precautions, the stronger patients did not scruple, in a few discreditable instances, to take a mean advantage of the more feeble, in order to step first into the physician's presence. One could sympathise with the feelings of David Muir, the young Scotch poet, even if by no means inclined to follow his example. He, poor boy, once essayed to enter Brompton Hospital; but his heart failed him as he approached its portals, and he fell back despairingly to his native hills—and died there. But courage! This has been the starting-place of deliverance for many a despairing sufferer, and it will be so to many more. Who can tell which of us may be among the fortunate?

The gate-porter of my day was stout, ruddy, and of a cheerful countenance, and he smiled a genial smile as he handed to each comer a card permitting him to see the doctor. Two eminent physicians attend daily, and their tickets are given out alternately. Perhaps a good deal may depend upon the colour of the bit of pasteboard one receives at his first visit, since that decides under whose care he shall remain as long as he goes there. The patients think so; for example, the men on my side fervently congratulated me on having the advantage of seeing Dr. A, the cleverest physician of all, and I have no reason to question the justice of their praise; but I was quite as confidently told by those on the other side that they considered themselves especially lucky in being under the care of Dr. B. And so, doubtless, one principle of science, as well as one heroic spirit of devotion to their arduous duty, and one unfailing sentiment of kindness, guides the actions of the whole of the medical staff.

As you enter, your name is registered by the secretary; for the doctors' time is precious. Perhaps there are a couple of hundred patients for each to see; and, in order not to take up valuable minutes needlessly, you must go early and give the secretary several particulars, which he will write down for your physician's guidance. Then you make up your mind to wait. It is only half-past eleven; your doctor will not arrive till one; and, if you happen to have a high number on your ticket, you may reckon upon a four hours' stay. You sit down, therefore, on a narrow and exceedingly hard, high-backed form, and note your surroundings, and chat with your neighbours. There is no need of formal introduction here. Community of suffering establishes a sort of freemasonry which ignores conventional restraints. You find that some of the healthiest faces around you belong to men who have been in-patients, and who exhaust their superlatives in speaking of the benefit the institution has been to them. It has lifted care from them; taken them from homes where the poor wife was worn out with watching and nursing, where the wolf was peeping in at the door; surrounded them with every necessary comfort and anticipated their wants; given them a present of money and clothing if they were absolutely destitute; and sent them on their way rejoicing. They are looking forward to complete recovery; and nothing can be more cheering to the new patient than to hear his companion bidden to throw physic to the dogs and walk forth a hale man. I had this agreeable experience, and my hopes rose accordingly. But my next impressions were not so satisfactory. A young man at my elbow was talking to an unhappy sufferer whose case was clearly not hopeful, and who consequently found fault with everything. It was but rarely that grumbling was heard; for we knew that every possible advantage was afforded us, and the officials showed a desire to do the utmost they could for us, which elicited due recognition. Yet who can wonder if some forlorn one, merely in having to nurse his pain in relative discomfort while awaiting treatment which had not succeeded in bringing back vigour to his fading form, should feel that circumstances were against him, and complain that fate was cruel? The young stranger, for his part, expressed perfect content, because for eight successive years he had come here, ceasing only for brief intervals, and each time had derived more benefit than before. Eight years! What a martyrdom to be thankful for! His feeling, however, was truly expressed. He had learned in the school of suffering the great lesson of life. He did not choose his lot, but he made the best of it. My neighbours were poor, some even to squalor; but many had been better off, and had come here as a last resort. Not a few had come too late. None of them dreamed of trying quack remedies. No; the poor and the ignorant cannot be the chief supporters of the "medicine men" who promise to work miracles. Their victims must surely be the well-to-do people who can afford to pay. I had seen something of the mischief wrought by such pretenders, and was delighted to hear the expressions of honest contempt which greeted a reference to gentry of that sort. But one cannot continually talk, more especially when the conversation is interrupted by fits of coughing. And you cough more at Brompton than anywhere. A loud cough from one patient is sure to be followed by a sympathetic chorus from all the rest. Happily, there are other means of passing the time. Benevolent souls have furnished the tables with old periodicals and illustrated newspapers, which are very welcome. The advent of an unexpected visitor caused a diversion. It was a respectable-looking woman, leading a little boy by the hand. Her presence was a surprise, for between the sexes there is a hard line of demarcation drawn, the females being quartered in the corridor and we in a separate waiting-room. I happened presently to be seated nearly opposite the new-comers; and, looking at the child, I thought that the mother had been quite needlessly scared in believing his case a fit one for the hospital. But she was dressed in deep mourning, and probably had good cause to be anxious. I think so especially because, when a remark was made about the curability of consumption, she broke in with the observation that, if she were the Government, she would have the disease

stamped out. I was curious to know how. "I would make it a crime for a consumptive man to marry," was the resolute reply. We did not pursue the subject further, for at that moment the bell rang, and she was ushered into the consulting-room, whither I soon followed. The interviews here are of the briefest kind. Behind a screen the physician "sounds" the fresh cases, and at his table questions the others. How thoroughly the calm, sympathetic manner of the great doctor wins the confidence of his patients! Some of them, indeed, would fain pour out a long story of their symptoms; but the physician's trained eye sees more than many words can tell him; and, the prescription completed, the conversation has to be closed. Then we go to the dispensary, there to be supplied with medicines in champagne-bottles, and forthwith march out of the hospital.

In this way does each visit pass off, until the time comes for a change, either by reason of renewed health or of improved circumstances. And as one passes out for the last time, his heart softens with more than usual pity for those whom he leaves behind, still fighting with the grisly enemy from whose clutch he has wonderfully escaped. Once more he looks, as he has often looked, at the fountain whose ripple resounds ceaselessly through the corridor. And, with sights of despair before his eyes, and utterances of despondency ringing in his ears, he reads the comfortable words which the Good Samaritans have, in their thoughtful care, inscribed there to suggest solace to each, and to point out another comfort to the unhappy ones who are denied the blessing of physical relief. Over the babbling spring, where it may be seen of all as they come to cool their fevered lips, is written the promise which was revealed to the beloved disciple in his rapt vision: "The Lamb shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

SUSPENSE.

A Story. By the Author of "A Hard Case."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

FOR the last few weeks Carry's letters had been growing more and more unsatisfactory. Lionel shrank from telling his father of their engagement; and stolen interviews, smuggled letters, and all the usual hopes and anxieties such secrets bring, gave Carry doubtful happiness. That Lionel was very much in love I had no doubt; but though in her eyes he was perfection, she unconsciously gave me the impression that he was weak and selfish, and would rather sacrifice her feelings than brave an angry interview with his father.

I had for a time been so absorbed in my own troubles that I had given Carry's letters less attention than usual, and had entirely forgotten that I had looked forward to Godwin's return as likely to put everything straight; but now I remembered, with dismay, that I had cut myself off from all intercourse with him, that even upon such an important matter as this I could ask for no advice and seek for no help. The confidence Carry placed in me was absolute: she was sure her secret was as safe with me as with herself; and it would have been a very small part of the truth I could have confided to Godwin, but a hint would have been enough to make him see she wanted care and advice, and would have lightened the weight of responsibility laid on my shoulders. All I could do now was to urge her to tell him herself all about it. I had made as little as possible to her and to every one of my quarrel with him: miserable and angry as I felt, I had no wish to lower him in other people's eyes, and, above all things, I was anxious she should still be able to trust him. But Carry answered that the secret was not hers, but Lionel's, and that until he gave her leave she could say nothing about it to any one; and I must promise that, whatever happened, I would stand by her and think kindly of her, and I must remember how very, very fond she and Lionel were of each other. This letter made me uneasy, though I could not guess its real meaning, and I was totally unprepared for the news she sent me a few days later:—

"DEAREST GRACIE,—I think I am the most miserable girl in the world, and perhaps you will think the most wicked, but, oh! you don't know how Lionel and I love each other. The very day I wrote to you last Aunt Lucy found out all about it. Uncle John was ill, and was obliged to stay in bed, and we thought she was with him when she came suddenly into the drawing-room where we were. She was so angry and grieved, and she tried to make us promise we would give it all up, but we couldn't. Then, quite late that night, Lionel and I got a little talk; his room is just over mine, and he leaned out of the bottom of his window and I stood on the dressing-table and leaned out of the top of mine, and no one could hear us, and we could almost touch each other's hands. He said the only thing would be for us to run away, and he knew some one who would help us—a lady who had done just the same, and had never been sorry for it. And we must do it as soon as possible, before Uncle John knew anything about it, for we knew Aunt Lucy wouldn't bother him while he was ill. I promised I would go at half-past twelve the very next night. You may fancy what I felt like in the morning, and how I thought every one must guess; and I didn't see Lionel all day. When I went up to my room at eleven o'clock I put out all my things in readiness and packed a little bag, and then, without knocking, Aunt Lucy came in and saw them. She did not ask me anything, but said she wanted me to come and sit with her a little while in Uncle John's room; and of course I had to go, and I half thought she guessed. I sat there a long while, till after twelve, and then I said I was tired, might I not go? But she said she wanted me a little longer, and I did not know what to do. Half-past twelve came and I felt desperate. I said I was so tired I could not stay, but still she kept me; and one o'clock struck, and I heard a voice outside and knew Lionel was

come to look for me. Then I heard his voice calling softly at my door, and Aunt Lucy heard it too, and she looked at me, and I saw she guessed all about it; and then she took my hand, and we went out together and found him there, and she took us into her own little room and looked at us so sadly; but she spoke sternly to him, and said it was a wicked thing he was going to do, to make me go away like this, and that no happiness could ever come of it. And then she made us promise we would not see or write to each other without her leave. I wouldn't promise at first, but he said it was better. And then we had to say good-bye, and she just let us kiss each other, and then he went away, and she went down with him and let him out, and then came back to me. She didn't say an angry word, but stayed with me till I was in bed, and kissed me before she went away. But oh, Gracie, I wish I was dead! I am so miserable! If only you could come to me.—Your loving

"CAROLINE."

When I knew that Carry really wanted me, I made up my mind at once that I would go to her. It would be useless to ask Mrs. Martyn's leave, for she would most certainly refuse it, but I felt I had a right to judge for myself in this, and I determined to go on my own responsibility. The carriage was to be sent to Oaksford that afternoon to meet Mr. Martyn, who had been away from home, and I asked leave to go in it on pretence of doing some shopping. Just at the last moment I put my head in at the drawing-room door and said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Martyn. You need not expect me back for a day or two. I am going to London to see Carry." And—as I had expected—she was so startled that before she had time to recover herself I had driven away. I was a little frightened at what I had done, but not at all repentant; and though I had never been anywhere by myself before, I got to my journey's end without any difficulties, and was more than rewarded by Carry's delight when she saw me.

Indeed, I found the poor child was sadly in need of comfort. Lionel was forbidden to come to the house or hold any communication with her, and Aunt Lucy and her husband—though I am sure they pitied her and felt very kindly towards her—thought it right to make her feel strongly how wrong she and Lionel had been.

"There is one comfort, Gracie, *you* can't say much to me, for you yourself have run away," said Carry, with a little laugh in the midst of her tears. But though I came in for a good share of scolding, Uncle John was obliged to confess that Mrs. Martyn held me with too tight a hand, and was, after all, as much in the wrong as I was, and promised to write a propitiatory letter which should smooth matters for me, and decided that as I was there I had better stay for a few days, and see what I could do to bring Carry into a better state of mind.

Both my uncle and aunt seemed to look upon the whole affair as a passing fancy, which a little severity would at once bring to an end; but I thought very differently. Carry was thoroughly in earnest, and so, as far as I could judge, was Lionel; and though her life had hitherto been so uneventful that it was difficult to judge how long any strong feeling would influence her, I could not comfort myself with the thought that she would be easily consoled. Aunt Lucy placed great confidence in me, and discussed with me all her plans and hopes and fears, both for Carry and Lionel; but she and I took different views of the whole matter, and while I thought it very serious, she was half inclined to laugh at it all, and to believe that a very short separation was all that was needed to give Carry new interests, and bring back Lionel's wandering affections to his old love. So it was settled that she and Uncle John—who had suffered very much from the cold of an English winter after living so long in Jamaica—should take Carry to Switzerland for a few weeks, while Lionel was to be persuaded to join a friend in a trip to Norway.

I could not help feeling it a little hard that I should have to go back to solitude while these pleasant plans were being carried out, but Aunt Lucy tried to comfort me by saying, "You know, dear, you are a very important person, and dignity always brings with it a weight of care. Many people would gladly give up their own wishes for a time for the sake of such prospects as you have before you. You must only take care that you do not follow my poor little Carry's example and give your heart away foolishly, but choose a wise, good man to take care of you and your fortune." From which speech it was evident to me that she knew nothing of Godwin's offer.

Before I went back to Wilmington, Mr. Wilson came to see me. We met as old friends and with real pleasure, and with tact and kindness he managed to avoid every awkward subject and put me thoroughly at my ease. Aunt Lucy took a great fancy to him, and asked him to dinner the next evening, and confided to me her idea that it would be an excellent thing if Carry could be persuaded to transfer her affections from Lionel to him—a scheme in which I hardly sympathised. To my distress, I found that Godwin had also been asked, and strange to say, had promised to come; but how to meet him, especially in Mr. Wilson's presence, I could not imagine. I was glad to think that even Carry did not know exactly what had happened, for she had hitherto been so engrossed by her own troubles that she had scarcely remembered mine, and when she asked a few questions was easily silenced; but that we three—the accusers and the accused, who knew all about it—should have to meet as if nothing had happened seemed to me about equally comic and painful.

It was with no small satisfaction I discovered that one of Carry's pretty dresses fitted me very well, for of course I had brought nothing of my own, and I was anxious to look my best that evening, that I might not appear careless or woe-begone in Godwin's eyes. He had given me great pain, and had terribly wounded my pride, but I was determined he should not guess it, nor would I appear to dread his censures on the bold step I had taken of defying Mrs. Martyn's authority.

"I never saw you look so well, Gracie," said Carry, as she arranged the soft folds of the black crape dress she had lent me. "As for me, I don't care how I look, as my poor Lionel is not here to see me." But all the same, she brightened when Godwin came, and seemed to possess all her old fascination for him, while with me his manner was the same as usual—kind, but a little constrained; and he utterly ignored the scene at Wilmington, my angry accusations, and his own attempts to excuse himself from explanation. He said very little about my runaway visit, but gave us a comic account of the letter of distress

Mrs. Martyn had written him, and offered, if I liked, to go down with me the next day—an offer which I declined with what it afterwards appeared to me was more eagerness than politeness. And then he assured me I should find no difficulties, for he had told Mrs. Martyn it was a thing that would not happen again; and he so evidently expected me to confirm his words, that I was obliged to do so, rather against my will, for I could not feel I had done wrong, and the pleasant liberty of the last few days was worth gaining at any price. But I gave very little attention to Godwin that evening. As in old Hollywood days—which seemed half a century ago now—Mr. Wilson and I talked and sang together, and his manner was so completely friendly and un-loverlike that, though I fancied Godwin watched us uneasily, I could not believe it possible we could misunderstand each other again.

"You are not angry at my writing to you?" Mr. Wilson asked, as he was going away.

"Oh, no, I am glad."

"And I may go on writing from time to time, even though you do not answer my letters?"

"Yes, if you will. My life is always so quiet that I have little to tell."

"Write to me when you can and I shall be contented," he answered; and I thought no one had ever had so unselfish a friend.

When I went back to Wilmington, Mrs. Martyn received me as a criminal, and would not show the least interest either in Carry or in my doings. She was evidently hurt with Godwin too for not upholding her authority, and made many allusions to ingratitude and unwise indulgence; but from this time she allowed me more liberty, being apparently in fear of what I might do next if too much contradicted.

About a fortnight later, our uncle, and aunt, and Carry started for Switzerland; and with them went Godwin, on his way to rejoin his invalid friend at Nice.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"I AM sure, my dear," said Mrs. Martyn to me one day, "your aunt must find, as I do, that it is a great responsibility to have a young girl to take care of. How does she manage now about your sister's letters? does she always make a point of knowing whom they are from?"

This was such an evident *feeler* that I laughed outright. "I don't know, Mrs. Martyn; but I do not think it would be much good for her to know whom they are from if she does not know what is in them."

"That is just what I think," answered Mrs. Martyn eagerly. "It is not at all safe or right for girls to have letters which no one knows anything about. If there is nothing wrong in them, why not show them? And if there is, the sooner those in authority know it the better."

"But there are all sorts of things which are perfectly harmless, and yet one does not care for any one to see them," I answered, feeling conscious that the cause of this discussion was a letter I had received that morning from Mr. Wilson, about which I had said nothing.

"It is all very well to say that," said Mrs. Martyn impatiently, and descending to particulars, "but it is not at all proper for you to get letters so often from somebody—I can guess who; and I am sure Mr. Fletcher does not approve of it."

"I can very well do without Mr. Fletcher's approval, but, as it happens, he knows nothing about it."

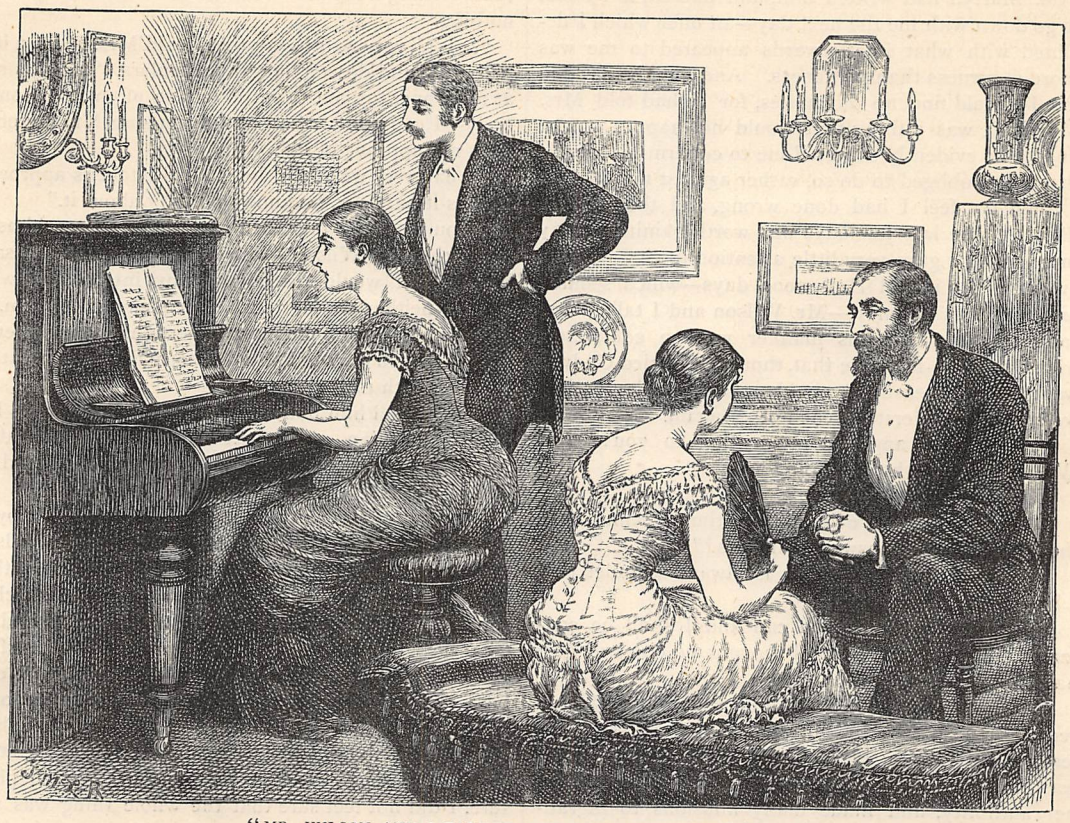
"You are quite mistaken; he wrote to me himself about this Mr. Wilson—who I suppose it is—and said he hoped I would discourage any intercourse with him, as neither he nor your father approved of him."

"Then he is just the most impertinent person I ever saw; and you may tell him I utterly deny his right to interfere with me."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind, my dear. He is your guardian, and is perfectly right to look after you; if he did it a little more closely I should be better satisfied."

The idea of Godwin's interference at once destroyed a little plan I had lately made for making Mr. Wilson understand that he wrote rather too often. Not that there was generally anything in his letters to which I could object, for he was very careful and guarded in what he said about me; but with respect to himself he gave me so full a confidence that it was almost embarrassing, delicately implying that I was the only person in whom he could confide; and though it seemed selfish and ungracious to refuse sympathy, which cost me nothing and gave him so much pleasure, I did not feel sure that the whole thing was not a mistake.

The letter which was the immediate cause of Mrs. Martyn's lecture was different from usual. Mr. Wilson commenced by reproaching me for the very slight confidence I gave him in return for his; then he humbly apologised, and said he ought to be more than grateful for my writing to him at all; then, with slight incoherence, he entreated me to tell him whether it was possible for me ever to be happy in my present surroundings. This letter worried me, for I could not tell what to make of it; but I felt I had indeed shown want of confidence in him, for, though I had sometimes answered his letters, I had been almost silent about myself, and it was no wonder he was dissatisfied with so one-sided a friendship. Perhaps the irritation of knowing that Godwin had tried to interfere between us made me additionally inclined to be confidential; anyhow, that night, before I went to bed, I wrote Mr. Wilson a long letter, telling him a great deal about Wilmington and my life there, a great deal about my dulness and want of occupation, but also of my firm resolution to bear it all in obedience to my father's wishes, and my hope that after a time I might find it more endurable. It was not a discontented letter—I read it carefully over to assure myself of that—but I could not help its being a sad one, and it was only to so well-tried a friend that I could have written it. When it was really gone I was half sorry I had spoken so unreservedly, but yet I felt no mistrust of his simple friendship.



"MR. WILSON AND I TALKED AND SANG TOGETHER" (*p.* 163).

More than a fortnight passed, and I was beginning to wonder that my confidence should remain unnoticed, when an explanation came. Mr. Wilson wrote me a long letter, which he begged me to read patiently, to give all the advantages of careful consideration, and above all things to remember that he wished to take no advantage of my friendless position. If there was any one whose opinion I trusted, to whom *I* could go for advice, and *he* could explain his position and circumstances, he should be only too glad to do so, and should look upon my permission as a little gleam of hope which at present he knew he had no right to feel. Then he asked, Was it quite impossible that I could reverse my former decision against him? He had never wavered in his love for me, though for a long time he had been utterly hopeless. He had had many misgivings as to whether he could honourably come forward under my changed circumstances; but it was not to me as an heiress that he came, for my fortune depended on my guardian's approval of his suit, and this he believed he should not get. But now his own prospects had changed. He was offered an appointment on the Continent, with a high salary and in a delightful situation. He felt that he was not asking me to exchange a happy home for poverty and uncertainty: he was offering life-long devotion to the one love of his life, a good position, and a pleasant home—in a foreign country, indeed, but I, with so few friends to leave behind, would, he trusted, feel that to be but a slight disadvantage.

To me the whole letter seemed eloquent, but above all unselfish. I did not at first think it possible I could accept his offer (it seemed such a little while since I had written that letter to Godwin, which he had never read); but even then the thought that he still loved me was very precious—loved me for myself, too, for he knew it was no heiress he would win. My chance—such a poor one, after all—of gaining this fortune seemed to me at that moment insignificant. I knew so little of the power and worth of money. I had never known its want, but neither had I ever felt its value. That part of the question appeared of such small importance as scarcely to be worthy of consideration. The question over which I anxiously pondered was this. If I threw away this love which was offered to me—this chance of happiness—what was I leaving myself? I was separated from my sister, I had lost my faith in the man whom I *had* thought the best in the world, I was lonely and unhappy. I yearned for sympathy, companionship—all that I should gain by taking this honest love which it was, oh! so likely would never fall to my lot again.

Mr. Wilson said that if he did not hear from me on the fourth morning, he should come to Wilmington. The first day I hesitated; on the second I was fully

convinced my answer must be "No;" but on the third I changed again, and wrote him a hurried note, asking him to come to me. I *could* not throw away this true love, this happy life, and leave myself more friendless than ever. But even when the letter was written I hesitated to let it out of my hands. When once it was gone there could be no drawing back, and I felt as if I were wronging him by taking his love and giving so little in return.

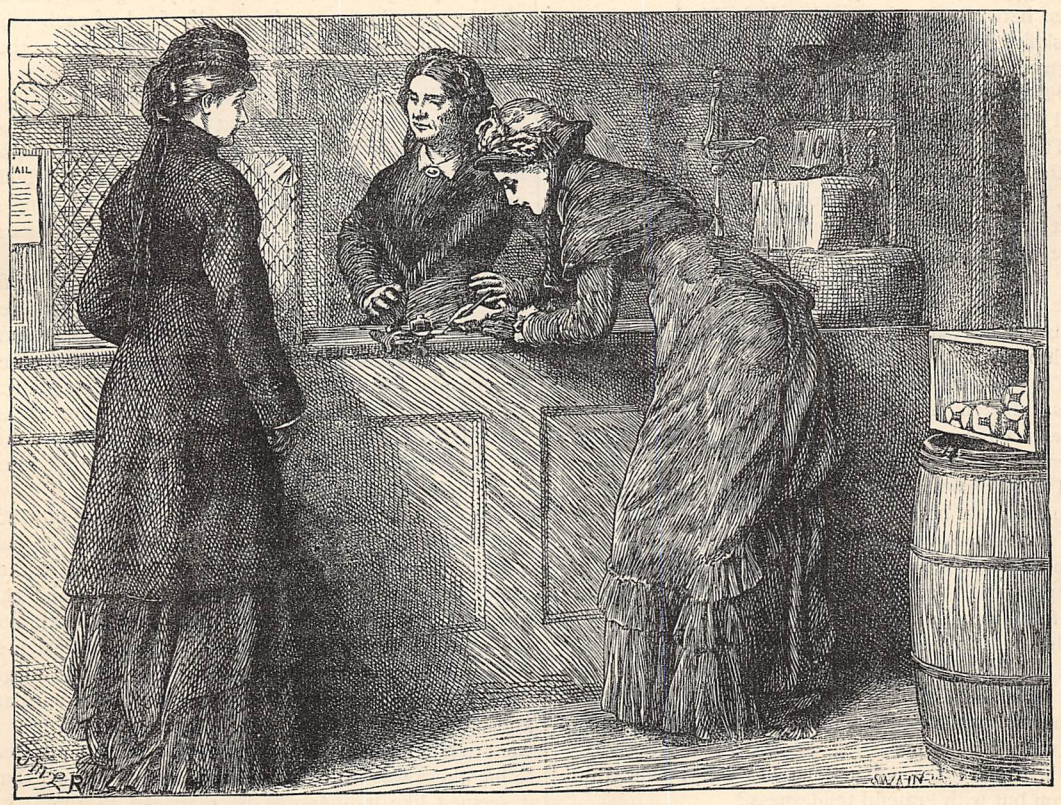
But perhaps the thought of what Godwin would say gave me the most uneasiness. It must be from me he should hear it first. Over and over again I thought of the letter I should write and the effect it would have upon him. Would he be grieved? Was the love he professed wholly false, or true enough to make him feel some of the pain he had given me? His face haunted me. Even in my sleep I could not rid myself of it, and I had dreamed of my wedding-day, of an awful stillness in the church, and Godwin's voice saying, "I forbid this marriage." Then I woke with his words, which till then I had half forgotten, ringing in my ears: "You will not always so misjudge me, Grace." But although the thought of Godwin's disapproval sometimes gave me pain, at others I could not help rejoicing in the thought that he would know I was loved and sought for, for myself alone; for I, like Mr. Wilson, fully believed my guardians would disapprove of the marriage.

Wilmington was an out-of-the-way place, and the post went out immediately after luncheon, but by walking a couple of miles letters could be posted as late as five o'clock. I had often taken advantage of this, and glad of any reprieve, I intended to do so on that day. But about three o'clock some visitors from a distance came to call—a tall, formidable Mrs. Dane, who intensely patronised Mrs. Martyn, and two meek daughters, so excellently disciplined and so dependent on their mother's will, that they were considered the very best possible models for me, and Mrs. Martyn sighed for the day when I should resemble them.

"I dare say, Grace, my dear, your young friends could be persuaded to take off their bonnets and shawls and spend the afternoon with you," said Mrs. Martyn presently. She always said bonnets and shawls, though in this instance they were very broad-rimmed hats and very short jackets. I was in despair and incapable of saying a word. Time was getting on fast, and yet I scarcely knew whether I had courage to send the letter that still lay in my pocket. Ten precious minutes were spent in discussing the question of going or staying.

"It is such a pleasure to Grace, to have young people to talk to; and your dear girls are such charming companions," said Mrs. Martyn; and thereupon Mrs. Dane was graciously pleased to say she would stay.

"I am very sorry," I said hurriedly, "but I must



"I WROTE A FEW LINES" (*p.* 166).

go out for a little while. I will be back as soon as I can."

Mrs. Martyn looked at me in surprise. She had never known me to have an engagement before; but she said nothing.

"Oh! pray don't let us interfere with anything," said Mrs. Dane loftily. "My dears, I think perhaps your papa will be expecting us home."

I had no time to be civil, it was already four o'clock. I ran up-stairs and put on my things, and then sat down for a moment to consider. What *should* I say? A few words would change my whole life; and what a life it was! Its full dreariness seemed to come up before me. I could not bear it any longer; my letter should go.

I set out with Charlotte, and we had barely time to catch the post. She made remarks to me, as usual, while we went along, and I suppose I answered her, but I scarcely heard them. The thought was busy in my mind all the time—"I don't love him, how can I marry him?" The walk came to an end far too soon; I wish it had been miles longer. When we came to the post-office I dropped my letter into the box, and then in a moment I would have given all the world to recall it.

Charlotte had gone into the little shop, and she came out to me and said—

"The box is cleared, miss, but the post-mistress is going to open the bag for your letter."

With a sudden impulse, I hurried in and snatched up my letter, which lay on the counter; a door was open between the shop and a little kitchen, where a brisk fire was burning: I flung my letter in and it was burnt in a moment.

"Dear, dear!" said the post-mistress. "What a pity, and with a stamp on it too!"

Then standing at the counter, the postman waiting at the door, and Charlotte and the woman watching me, I wrote a few lines. I told my true, unselfish lover that what he asked me I could never do, that I could give him no love that was worthy of his, and could not be happy in its absence. I begged him to forgive me and think kindly of me, but I said it would be better that he and I should say "Good-bye" to each other.

Then I walked home with Charlotte in silence. Mrs. Martyn met me at the door with voluble reproaches for my rudeness, which she believed had offended her friends past forgiveness, but being tired and sad I only answered her by bursting into tears as I hurried past her.

For several weeks I heard nothing of Mr. Wilson; then he wrote me a short letter. He said little of his disappointment and entirely absolved me from blame. He felt I was right in saying our friendship must end, for he was no longer capable of it. He was to start in a few days for his new home in a foreign country, and he said "Good-bye" to me, with the last earnest wishes for my happiness he should ever have an opportunity of offering.

Oh, friend! through a long life can I ever think of you but with grateful tenderness?

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

TWO years passed away, bringing with them little pleasure and little anxiety. Over and over again I had tried to persuade myself that the monotony of Wilmington, and the impossibility of finding interests and occupations for myself there, would justify me in leaving it; but as often I felt that my father's wishes, even more than if they had been commands, bound me to endurance of a life which, after all, was more dull than unhappy.

To Carry, however, these years had been more eventful than to me. Aunt Lucy's wisdom had not been at fault when she decided that change of scene and society were the chief things needed for bringing forgetfulness to the lovers: for before very long Carry began to see that it was impossible to persist in her engagement in the face of steady opposition, and that a lover of whom she saw and heard nothing was of little worth; while Lionel, after some thought, felt that his conduct had been foolish and dishonourable, and was chiefly anxious that no word of it should reach Miss Manners or her father. For more than a year now he had been back in Jamaica, working steadily; and Carry assured me that when she heard the day was fixed for his wedding she had felt no regret. And now, to my great joy, she was herself going to be married. There was a certain Robert Kenrick, with whom Uncle John had had a slight acquaintance in the West Indies, and who from his first introduction had, from Aunt Lucy's account, been bewitched by Carry's pretty face. He was everything that was desirable, and they seemed so really fond of each other that no one was inclined to put difficulties in their way.

"Oh, Gracie dear!" Carry wrote, "I am very happy, and Robert is everything that is good and nice; but there can't be the least bit of romance about it all, for he is very fat and very nearly forty." But though she pretended to laugh at him, Robert was everything to her, and I was heartily rejoiced to think she was so happy and well cared for.

The marriage was to take place very quickly, for Robert was obliged to go to the West Indies for a few months, and wished to take Carry with him. If Aunt Lucy could have had her way, I should have taken Carry's place with her; but though the decision was apparently left to me, Godwin so plainly showed me that, in his estimation, I should be wrong in leaving Wilmington, that I felt that, hard as it was, I must make up my mind to stay.

For some time now I had seen a great deal of Godwin, but when first he returned from abroad he had seemed almost like a new acquaintance. He was neither the cousin and friend I had known at Hollywood, the guardian I had respected after my father's death, nor the unworthy lover whom I had indignantly rejected. It is true he was again apparently my friend, though there was much reserve between us, and my guardian and adviser, though it was seldom and unwillingly I went to him for help; but of the old Godwin it appeared to me there was little left. With tact so perfect that it seemed like indifference, he managed to avoid the

slightest allusion to that painful scene at Wilmington. Only once had the subject been mentioned between us.

"I have no intention of bringing up the old story," he said. "It is better for both of us that for the present it should rest, but I want you to understand that I hope it *is* only for the present. No, Grace, you need not interrupt me; I will not say a word to offend you; but this I must tell you—I mean to try to win your confidence, to make you trust me sufficiently to believe that I am incapable of the dishonour you suspect me of. I am only your cousin and guardian, remember, till you can so trust me, but if that happy day ever comes I mean to try again to be something more."

I would gladly have answered him, have told him that, as my cousin and guardian, I could like and respect him, but that nothing else was possible, but he would not hear me, and neither then nor at any other time had I an opportunity of making him understand me; indeed, he was so scrupulously careful that I should have no such opportunity, that the hardest task in the world would have been more easy to me than to begin upon the subject uninvited. He was now only waiting till Carry's marriage put an end to his guardianship over her, to go abroad again for a few months; for his invalid friend had died abroad, and Godwin had promised to take the mother and sister to see the grave. He had often spoken to me of this sister—Miss Becher—of her gentleness and intelligence, and of the love and friendship between her and her brother. She was now, since his death, heiress to considerable property; but she had taken a dislike to the place which had become hers through so sad a loss, and spent most of her time in travelling, in which her mother was her willing and constant companion.

With this Catherine Becher, of whom Godwin had told me so much, I was for ever contrasting myself. She was sweet-tempered and gentle, I hasty and bitter; she was sought and welcomed by many friends, and fitted to shine in society, I was almost friendless and quite ignorant of the world and its ways; she was a firm friend through evil and good report, I was ready, even against my judgment, to be influenced by every breath of suspicion. It was not that Godwin ever suggested these comparisons, but my own conscience told me how natural it would be that he should so compare us; and knowing how much he thought of her, and how closely this journey, with its many common sympathies, must draw them together, I could think of but one ending: that she would win and prize what I had thrown away, and that, in spite of his assurances, he would soon weary of being faithful to the girl who had slighted him.

Carry's wedding was to be very gay, and I, of course, was to be chief bridesmaid; and also, to my great delight, I was to be with her for a fortnight beforehand. But long before that time came, she and Robert had proposed a plan so delightful that I seemed to know from the first it was too good to be realised. They asked if I would go with them to the West Indies for six months, and neither they nor I could see any reason why I should refuse. It would shorten these dreary years of suspense which weighed heavily upon me; it would give me my sister's society, for which I often pined; and it would also give me new interests, new thoughts, perhaps new friends; and every day I grew more anxious that something new should come into my life, and keep me from dwelling too much on the thought of what the end of these five years would bring me.

Sometimes lately I almost feared I was learning to care too much for the fortune which might some day be mine. The idea of being rich and my own mistress, of wandering about the world when and how I liked, fettered by no vexatious commands, was intoxicatingly delightful; and yet, in the midst of my brightest dreams, I knew that there might be conditions which would make this wealth a burden, this liberty a misery; and I trembled at the thought of the mystery which overshadowed my otherwise commonplace life. Often, too, I wondered and speculated about what would become of the property if I forfeited my part in it. I felt a vague jealousy and dislike of my unknown rival, but, for the most part, I was inclined to believe that some good work, some great charity, would be the result of my loss. But whatever happened I felt that the gain of new interests, wider experiences, and even little every-day scraps of knowledge of other people's lives, would be infinite. Of people in general I knew nothing; and of the very few whom I fancied I knew, I believe now I took a warped and fanciful view, half derived from the novels I had read, and half from my own ignorantly formed yet very definite ideal of what they ought to be—an ideal which I had plenty of time to form and elaborate from the very narrowness of the world in which I lived. Of course, I expected to meet with great opposition from Godwin in carrying out this delightful scheme, but I was too excited to care for that. Indeed—it was with shame I afterwards remembered it—I was ready to set aside his good opinion, my chance of a fortune, and even my father's wishes, for the sake of those few months of happiness. Give me these—first to live in and then to look back upon—and I could bear anything. I should know what change and liberty could bring me; I should know the value of the daily sympathy which my sister, and her husband, for her sake, would give me; a wider experience would make me better able to judge of Godwin's truth, and would help me to a fresher and clearer judgment, not of him only, but of everything which surrounded me.

I wrote and told Godwin my wishes and all about it, and asked him to come down to Wilmington and talk it over with me; and he answered me very kindly, without a word of disapproval, and promised to come the beginning of the following week.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

FEBRUARY is often one of the coldest months in the year, and a good time for buying furs, for the light is bright, and such new purchases are seen to advantage. There are many novel modes under this head now. Fur-lined cloaks of several forms are fashionable, but more than anything else seal-skin paletots, long enough to reach to the feet, and made double-breasted. They have deep hanging sleeves, and are shaped to the figure somewhat, and are altogether most becoming. Some are trimmed with bands of otter, chinchilla, fox, or some other fur, but not necessarily, as they are an expense, and this naturally adds to their cost. A revival of old modes is the fur cape or pelerine, which reaches to the shoulders, and has long ends in front, just as was worn some fifty years ago. Every month these find more patrons. So do the old-fashioned boas, now made flat and lined with silk, swan's-down being worn in the evening. Those who have preserved these old treasures have cause to be thankful. The new fur stoles are so called from their resemblance to a clerical stole; they have a similar band, which falls with double ends in front. They are always lined with a bright-coloured satin, and fastened with satin bows, and are sold with deep cuffs ornamented in the same fashion for evening wear. They are a warm and dressy addition in light fox or ermine. With regard to muffs, they are either very large or very small; the small ones have fur tassels, and bands of a distinctive fur at the sides. A Parisian vagary is a small bouquet in the centre, often peeping from amid a lace rosette, but satin bows are less fantastic. The large Merveilleuse muffs are a Parisian introduction. With regard to the class of fur to select, beaver and seal have been much worn in Paris; Alaska seal is the most durable, Shetland the finest. On black silk mantles and dresses, light-coloured furs are used, for both are alike trimmed with fur, black silk being about the only plain silk now worn, and with this chinchilla, silver fox, and skunk look best. Skunk is still well worn, but then there is skunk and skunk—some as common and inferior as the other is good. For chinchilla, the Areca is the best kind, and Bolivian the worst. Labrador, now fashionable, is a durable grey fur. Russian cat, not unlike skunk, is used for lining, and of course squirrel. Bison is an old lady's fur; Astrachan, the best suited for mourning. Fox is most varied: white, blue, and black, all are used; and silver fox is the most *distingué*. Sable will always hold its own, and, next in favour, fisher-tail, which resembles it closely. Besides these. lynx, black marten, and mink are worn. In fur, as in most things which require to last, the dearest is the cheapest in the end, and good fur is an heirloom.

We have very little inkling as yet of spring fashions. Short dresses are to be the correct walking costume, and the dresses of the year take considerably less stuff than heretofore. In materials that are forty-five inches wide, five yards may be considered enough for a Princesse polonaise well draped at the back; twelve yards for a complete costume. A little calculation will give the quantity required for woollen materials ranging from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches wide. Though silk has, in a great measure, given place to woollen fabrics, with which when used it is nearly always trimmed, and less stuff is necessary, the prices of dresses appear not to be one whit diminished; the trimmings are all so costly, and on nearly all beads appear. "Jais," which we translate "jet," is the general term for coloured beads of all shapes, colours, and makes, their name being legion.

In the matter of sleeves there seems to be more change than in other items. They are small and have elbow-seams, and show off to advantage the deep Louis XIII. cuff of old lace, which is much affected. This style is most suitable for every-day wear; for balls and demi-toilettes, there are the Duchesse and Marquise sleeves. The Duchesse covers two-thirds of the arm, and is finished off with frills of the dress material and lace—a most becoming style to a pretty arm. The Marquise only reaches to the bend of the arm, and is also trimmed with lace, sewn on narrow in the front, where it is caught up either by ribbon bows or a spray of flowers.

We have been for some time wearing pockets in most impossible places, and always temptingly disposed for the pickpocket. They have been as useless as they well could be, and calculated to hold as little as possible, for some time; but we have not been able to do without them quite, and now we are returning to the old and sensible plan (at all events in the Princesse dresses) of inserting them in the side seams; the straight or bias opening is trimmed with revers, bows, gimp, cords, and tassels. The pocket itself is differently cut from what it used to be, but is stitched flat to the skirt, and hidden beneath the drapery. The cuirass bodices are made with the so-called fish-tail at the back—viz., elongated at the back of the waist, heavily weighted, and very generally finished off with loops and bows. There is still a decided disposition to copy old styles in dress, and any fairly good-looking woman, with a correct knowledge of the becoming, might revive a garb of centuries back without much fear of being unduly remarkable, and with a certainty of more or less success. There is no excuse for wearing anything that is not individually becoming; the styles are so varied; there is an abundance to choose from.

Fancy balls were never more rife in England than during the present winter, and they have many patrons in Paris. The chief difficulty is to find a costume that is really a fancy one, such as would look inappropriate on an ordinary full-dress occasion. With the extravagance which characterises the present day, people are adopting the plan of changing such costumes two or three times, necessitating several handsome dresses instead of one. Masked balls are likewise making way in England. The masks and dominoes merely conceal the costumes until twelve o'clock. For the benefit of those among our readers who may require such things, the masks should be of silk, satin, or velvet; black is the best, as is also a black silk domino, but the latter are also made of silk, calico, cashmere, and merino in quite light shades. They should be long and loose, with wide hanging sleeves; a cape and large hood, which is drawn over the head, meeting on the face round the mask. Dominoes are costly things to hire, but are easily made; there is but little cut in them. Some have a yoke, but most of them are gathered into a straight band, to which the cape and hood are attached.

The trains of evening dresses increase in length, and this makes it all the more difficult to support them properly, so that the underskirt may float with them gracefully. For this purpose a train balayeuse is preferable to the balayeuse flounce so long worn; it is made with plaits and kiltings of muslin. A string is sewn to the dress train, and two to the balayeuse, on either side; by this means the two follow the same line. Some of the train supporters are made of horse-hair cloth, the veritable crinoline of long ago. A new mode of cutting evening dresses for married ladies is with the bodice and skirt in one at the back, a cuirass in front. When well arranged this is very queenly in style, and admirably suited to tall majestic figures.

Winter petticoats, for day wear, are made in light soft materials, all wool, the foundation plain shades, with one broad band of several colours going round, or applied as stripes; they form a good contrast to the now fashionable neutral tints in dresses.

The new fans are of a medium size and reversible, the two sides of a distinct colour, both painted. Many have the family seat, or some favourite place, sketched upon them, as well as the family arms, crest, and monogram.

Curled hair is still in vogue, and some brightly polished curling-irons have been brought out, with ivory handles to prevent them becoming too hot to hold. They should never be made red-hot, for they become rough, and before applying them to the hair they should be well tried on a piece of paper, which keeps them smooth. A new bandeau for old ladies dispenses with ribbon and springs, catgut interlaced with the hair foundation giving the necessary firmness, and instead of the ribbon the bandeau is secured by means of a small piece of the hair which is attached to the back. No very great change has been effected in hair-dressing, but hats are generally adopted, and the coiffure is arranged to accord with them.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

GERMANY is pre-eminently the land of learning, of philosophy, of investigation into nature and man; and in the German universities during the past century has the learned research of that great nation been especially concentrated. These great institutions are centres of intellectual force, from which new ideas have penetrated into all parts of the European world. No matter on what subject a student is engaged, be it theology, philosophy, science, philology, jurisprudence, he is certain to find his text-book studded with references to German works, written for the most part by university professors. "It is," says Mr. Carlyle, "a blessing that in these revolutionary times there should be one country where abstract thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower, and to the raging struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cow-horn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen:* in other words, tell the universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is." This is not, perhaps, quite so accurate a description of Germany at the present day as when Mr. Carlyle wrote it forty-six years ago. Germany has since then been engaged in more than one great war, her political struggles have been very intense, she is now erected into a brand-new empire, and her peace is broken by Jesuits, Socialists, Particularists, and her philosophic calm has been disturbed by the tempests of political strife. But it may still be truthfully said of Germany that learning is generally valued for its own sake more highly there than in any other land, and that in no country are so many learned books written, or so purely an intellectual life led by so many people.

In Germany has arisen that new criticism which, in half a century, has completely revolutionised our historical knowledge, and our conceptions of the ancient and mediæval world; and from Germany have proceeded those philosophical ideas which, for evil or for good, have exercised so vast an influence on the historical and literary thought of England. It was the German mind that first gained an insight into the unique genius of the works of Shakespeare, and the best commentary on Shakespeare is still that of the German professor, Gervinus. It was German research that first laid bare the origin of England's political institutions. It is to German industry and genius that we are mainly indebted for the great modern science of comparative philology. And in all these various departments of human intellectual activity, it is not only Germany, but especially the German universities that have led a way and cleared a track for the thinkers and workers of other and less original nations. A few words about the German universities may, therefore, be of interest.

There are in the German Empire twenty-two universities, from the great seats of learning and science at Berlin and Leipzig, with their 3,000 students, and about 200 professors apiece, down to such small and comparatively insignificant institutions as Rostock or Erlangen, neither of which contains more than 200 or 300 students, with a proportionate number of professors. Some are situated in very beautiful and historic cities, as Munich, Heidelberg, Strasburg, and Bonn; some in rather dull and uninteresting places, as Breslau and Rostock. The greater number are to be found in comparatively small towns, which, however, are rendered interesting by reason of the events that have occurred in times past within their walls. Such are Marburg, where an angry conference took place between two of the great leaders of the Reformation, Luther and Zwinglius; Munster, where the Anabaptist insurrection endangered the Protestant cause in Germany; and Jena, where Napoleon triumphed over the Prussian hosts in 1806. A German university is a very different institution from our English universities; indeed, it rather resembles those of Scotland. A visitor who walks through Oxford, and is told that such a building is Christ Church, that this other is Baliol, and that again is Exeter, finds it difficult to conceive of one university at all. The colleges are everywhere; the university, although possessing a name, seems to have no local habitation; it is intangible, and only to be grasped by the imagination, while the college is a solid reality embodied in brick or stone. In the German universities there are no colleges; there is simply one institution, represented by one large pile of buildings. The difference, therefore, between Oxford and Berlin, for instance, is very similar to the difference between the simple government of Great Britain and the complicated federal empire of Germany. In consequence of the non-existence of separate colleges within a university, the German student lives in the town, like his Scotch brother, destitute of proctorial or tutorial supervision.

There is something to be said for each of these systems. Life is certainly more pleasant in the English university; the college being a kind of club, where easy social intercourse, free from restraints, can take place; but few can doubt that under the German system more real work is done. The German system, again, is by far the less expensive; but an Oxford college life does undeniably confer upon many men a culture which we may seek at Leipzig or Gottingen in vain.

In the German universities there are three classes of teachers. These are—(1) The ordinary professors, consisting of those who are regular members of the faculty, who receive a fixed stipend from the State (each university being regarded as a State institution), and are eligible for election to the senate and rectorship of the university. (2) Extraordinary professors, who have no seat in the faculty, cannot be made members of the senate, and who generally receive a smaller income than the ordinary professor. They are, however, usually promoted to regular professorships when any vacancy occurs, and may, indeed, be looked upon as professors in the probationary state. (3) Private lecturers (*privatim docenten*), who deliver regular lectures, like the professors, but have no definite appointment, and receive no salary, and are therefore dependent for support upon the lecture-fees of their hearers. These private lecturers are young men who have but recently graduated, and who hope to attain one day to the professor's chair. At Cambridge they would be private tutors, or "coaches;" here they are lecturers, although frequently combining private tuition or literary work with their more regular duties. The ablest of these young men are subsequently appointed extraordinary professors, and so ultimately reach the regular professoriate, the goal of their ambition. The test of ability is found in the number of students they have been able to attract to their lectures, this being no easy matter, as will be seen when it is remembered that such young graduates must compete with illustrious and veteran professors, whose names are known all over the civilised world. Although this professorial system is wellnigh perfect when considered theoretically, yet as a matter of fact many practical objections may be brought against it, not the least being the condition of these *privatim docenten*, who frequently undergo great hardships and privations before they can secure a permanent footing and a decent position in life. How different the lot of such from that of the prosperous and luxurious fellow of an English college! The more perfect *via media* has yet, apparently, to be attained. Until the middle of the eighteenth century, university lectures all over Germany were delivered in Latin, a practice very injurious to the development of the German language, and which probably retarded the advent of the rich German literature, which during the past century has effected so much for the culture of the human race. It is the merit of Thomasius, a professor in the University of Halle, to have broken through this pedantic system by lecturing in his native tongue. Latin, however, is still used in academic dissertations, essays, the conferring of degrees, &c. Lecturing is carried to high perfection in the German universities; textbooks being little used, the student relies on his professor, and in this way the professor himself receives a stimulus which is wanting in Oxford and Cambridge. The lectures of the German professor are thus very able and elaborate productions, and are often listened to by very large audiences. Thus the distinguished theologian, Professor Luthardt, of Leipzig, draws an audience of between 400 and 500 students; whereas our ablest English theologian, Professor Lightfoot, whose popularity at Cambridge is very great, does not attract more than 100 students to his lecture-room, and that is considered a very large audience for Cambridge, where many of the professors lecture to fewer than twenty students. These lectures are delivered in a large building, divided into a number of halls (*hörsäle*). No student is compelled to attend, each being left to his own judgment. An industrious student will hear as many as five or six lectures per day. At the beginning of the session a small book is issued, containing a syllabus of the lectures which will be delivered, the time, subject, and name of the professor. We have before us now the syllabus for the "*Sommer-Halbjahre, 1877, auf der Universität Leipzig*" (Summer Half-year, 1877, in the University of Leipzig). To many persons this would be a bewildering little book; they would marvel at the vast range of human knowledge of which the Leipzig professors are treating during the summer, and at the mental calibre of the students who can assimilate such stores of learning and of thought. The lectures begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and are continued till eight o'clock at night; very few, however, being delivered between the hours of one p.m. and four p.m. Each lecture lasts one hour.

In some universities there are meetings in the professor's house for the discussion of biblical and classical authors, the writing of essays, &c. In Tübingen the lectures are supplemented by weekly examinations, conducted by *repententen*, who may be compared with the tutors and lecturers of our own colleges. Many professors take a warm interest in students; and a letter of introduction from any well-known English scholar will always insure a hearty reception to an English student at the house of a German professor, who is, after all, not so dreadful a phenomenon as some people imagine, but who has the same feelings as humbler persons, accompanied however by an almost infinite capacity for work, which he shares with very few.

It may be remarked that German students do not wear caps and gowns, and that their mirth is very much excited by the sight of the academical costumes of Oxford and Cambridge. Gowns, however, are worn by the professors. The students have their clubs for social enjoyment and recreation; but it seems a pity that they cannot enjoy themselves without consuming so much beer, which converts a students' party into a bacchanalian revel. Such a scene is well described in Goethe's "Faust," where some Leipzig students are gathered together in Auerbach's cellar, singing noisy songs, and drinking to the health of some fair

one who has enthralled the heart of more than one member of the company. Duels, too, are frequently fought, and a wound on the face is regarded as a mark of honour.

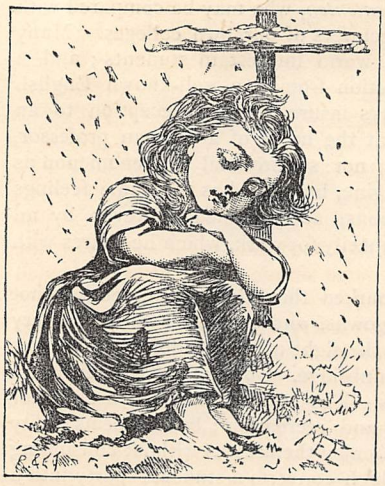
There is not, however, so much drinking and duelling as in former times; but still the amusements of the German student appear to be much less healthy and less rational than those of the English undergraduate.

Most of the German universities can boast of their great men. Just as Cambridge points to Bacon, Milton, and Newton among her sons, so Leipzig claims Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter, three of the most richly-gifted geniuses of modern Europe. Among the great men of Berlin are Neander, the church historian, and Schleiermacher, the great expounder of Plato. Jena numbers among her great men the philosophers Hegel and Schelling, who were both professors there. Hegel wrote one of his greatest works at Jena, while the great battle was raging outside the town. The thunder of the cannon and the shrieks of the dying were alike unheeded by the great thinker, absorbed in his engrossing subject. Tübingen gave birth to the school of destructive criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the foremost exponent.

At present, Berlin and Leipzig take the lead among German seats of learning, Berlin being especially distinguished by its illustrious historical professors. The names of Von Ranke, the Nestor of German historians, of Mommsen, Gneist, Ernst Curtius, Von Sybel, and Waitz, present a brilliant constellation of historical genius unequalled in the world. Berlin also boasts of Professor Helmholtz, the famous physicist, whose researches and discoveries in connection with the theories of vision, and the conservation of energy, are the pride of Germany and the admiration of the learned world. Leipzig is specially noted for Oriental studies and for jurisprudence. Among her professors are Wundt, the distinguished physicist; George Curtius, the philologist; Delitzsch, one of the greatest of living Hebraists; and Windscheid, the jurist. Jena has fallen from her high position, but can still boast of two distinguished men of science among her professors, Häeckel and Gegenbaur, the zoologists. Göttingen is another university which has declined in public estimation, but among her professors are the eminent physicist and psychologist, Hermann Lotze, and the famous historian, Dr. Reinhold Pauli, whose name is well known in England as the author of the Life of Simon of Montfort, and who is probably as well acquainted with early English history as any living Englishman, excepting Professor Stubbs and Mr. Freeman. Halle counts among her teachers the theologian, Julius Müller, and the well-known *savant*, Volkmann. Among the Bonn professors are Dr. Lange, the theologian, and Dr. Nasse, the famous author of the work on mediæval land tenure. The most eminent professor at Heidelberg is Dr. Bluntschli, the jurist, and author of a code of international law. Philosophy does not occupy the supreme position in Germany which once fell to its share, but some very able philosophical teachers are still to be found; among the most distinguished are Professor Erdmann of Halle, the Hegelian, and Dr. Zeller of Berlin, the exponent of Plato and the Greek school generally.

A BELGIAN DAY-NURSERY.

BY LADY GEORGINA VERNON.



THERE are so many kind-hearted people interested in the subject of day-nurseries for our little ones, that few apologies are needed for bringing the subject again before our readers. A visit that I paid this summer to one or two of the largest nurseries at Brussels was so full of interest, that I think others might be glad of some of the hints I gained on various little points of management, and some of which might be engrafted on the rules of our own now rapidly increasing day-nurseries. The largest and oldest establishment of the kind at Brussels is situated in the Rue de l'Abondance, a wide airy street, away from the principal thoroughfares of that gay and busy city. This Crêche is often denominated La Mère Crêche, as it is not only the largest but the oldest one in Brussels; it has now been founded thirty-two years, and is one of the first that was established anywhere. I believe the Belgian Government has not in any way taken up the subject of *infant* training or teaching, therefore all this work is necessarily left to charitable people who are willing to devote money and time to this good object. This large institution of which I speak has accommodation for nearly 400 children, and there are combined under the same roof the Crêche for infants and L'Ecole Guardienne for the elder children, as they are received here from fourteen days old up to seven years. It is all under the supreme control of a directress, who appears most thoroughly to carry out her work, keeping a mother's eye on the babies, and intelligently superintending the training of the elder ones. In many ways this combination of infant-school with day-nursery is a great advantage, and especially so to the

poor mothers, who on their way to their daily work can leave both the baby and any other little ones, who are too young for school, to safe guardianship. It is also advantageous for the children, who are passed on gradually from nursery to partial tuition ; and so on, step by step, till at seven years old they are launched out into the world of real school life.

But I think a short description of each department of this excellently managed home will explain some of its various advantages.

A large cheerful room up-stairs is the infant-nursery, and the head nurse, who is a stout good-tempered-looking Belgian peasant, sits by the great stove which occupies the centre of the room, warming the toes of one tiny specimen of humanity, while her left arm holds another wee baby wrapped tightly in the uncomfortable-looking swaddling-clothes still used among the lower orders in Belgium. The nurse only speaks Wallon, and shakes her head with a smile when I ask her in French about her charges. The directress points out the neat cribs all round the room ; they are swinging iron cots, each furnished with the whitest of white curtains and snowy sheets ; in some of them one sees little downy heads resting on the soft pillows. Over each bed is a metal ticket with the name of the *donor* or *founder* of the cot : each cot seems to have been given by a friend of the institution ; some with touching inscriptions showing they are given in memory of some precious child that God has taken, such as "*Au mémoire de Jules;*" "*Au mémoire de ma bien-aimée Suzanne;*" some given by happy children, rich in all that makes childhood happy, and taught to share their blessings. The sum of thirty-five francs will buy and furnish one of these little cots.

Besides the head nurse there are several younger women, cheerful-looking and good-tempered, amusing or nursing some of the numerous babies. I learnt that the mothers of all the babies in this ward are compelled to come at midday to give them the breast; and at other times of the day, according to their age, they are fed with milk, or some simple farinaceous food, such as semolina and milk.

"THEY WERE A HEALTHY, THRIVING-LOOKING SET OF CHILDREN" (*p.* 174).

From the infant-nursery we passed through a most important room, namely the bath-room, which is neatly fitted up with small zinc baths, and is supplied with hot water from a boiler like a very large kettle, on a stove in one corner of the room. There are baskets for holding the clothes of each child during the bathing process. The directress informed me that every child had a bath every other day ; and those who show any sign of weakness or rickets are given daily, by the doctor's orders, cold or lukewarm baths. To this system may be attributed in great measure the healthy appearance of the children, and particularly their immunity from

skin diseases, which often prevail owing to the want of soap and water!

Next to the bath-room comes a spacious room, with large windows opening out on a broad covered and asphalted balcony, where a great part of the day is passed, when the weather is fine, by the children crawling about in the fresh air. In this room were about sixty children, being all those from one and a half to three years old. Neat cots, the same as in the infants' room, are ranged round the walls; but at the time of my visit they were not occupied, as all the little ones were seated on low comfortable benches, which run back to back down the centre of the room; these benches are provided with backs, and some that are for the use of the smallest children are divided into little arm-chairs; a long low table is placed in front of each. Nurses were busy hurrying up and down the rows, tying on bibs under each little chin; many an impatient hungry child was hammering its spoon on the table, while some were chirping away like little birds in a nest, with half-open mouths waiting to be fed, when the door opened and in trooped a whole set of elder girls, bright rosy maidens from five to seven, constituting the "girls' upper class," who are allowed daily at this hour to come up and assist in feeding the babies. Closely following them came a strapping cook, carrying a huge shining copper casserole of steaming *soupe grasse*; this was speedily ladled out into litttle basins, and each girl knelt on the floor opposite the one or two babies she had to feed, provided with a basin of soup and a spoon. "*Ayez soin de ne pas brûler les enfants*," was the watchword from the careful, motherly directress, whose eye seemed to glance over at once and take in each individual little one, as she stooped here to arrange a crooked bib, there to kiss some loving little face held up to her, then to taste the soup, and see it was good and not too hot. It was a *home-like* scene, such as is not often met with in these establishments; but this was like one large family with the mother and elder sisters; they were a healthy, thriving-looking set of children, plump, rosy, and clear-skinned. Leaving this apartment, we wended our way down-stairs to the class-rooms, three in number, all opening out on the little garden. In the largest, about eighty children were ranged in rows on comfortable benches with low desks: some weary heads lay fast asleep on small arms, and they were suffered to remain undisturbed; the same motherly, gentle treatment, combined with all necessary discipline, seeming to pervade the whole. But most of the bright eyes were fixed on the mistress, who, with a wooden rattle in her hand, called their attention and bade them sing; and a merry infant-song, with plenty of action, was gone through with much spirit. From there to the next room was but a step, and here there were only a few boys; the elder girls, who are taught in the same room, being still up-stairs, attending on the infants.

Still one more room, and we have seen all; and this last is full of earnest, attentive little learners; one small flaxen-haired child of about four years old recited a fable with wonderful accuracy, and it was pretty to see how she kept her blue eyes fixed on her teacher's face all the time, as if reading the words in her kind, sympathetic look. During the whole time I spent at the Crêche, I neither saw a symptom of nor heard the name of "punishment;" and the most marked features in each department of this large establishment were the beautiful cleanliness and order, and also the brightness and cheerfulness pervading all. There is another smaller institution of the same sort, under the direction of "La Société Protectrice des Enfants," containing about 120 children; there they are received from three months old up to seven years. Much the same system is carried on as in the larger Crêche. The teaching of the children appears particularly good and thorough, and the singing is quite above the average. One little girl of four was lifted up on a high bench, and told to take the second to a song that another tiny girl was singing, and it was marvellous to hear the sweet, accurate bird-like voice chiming in with a perfect second. It made a pretty picture that I have carried away in my memory, that dark-eyed Thérèse, and little Marie with her curly head (which had somehow escaped the ruthless scissors that generally leave the little heads so bare), standing side by side, wee pink hands moving to give emphasis and expression, and heads bowing in time as the clear voices rang out, "*Bon jour, mes voisins, bon jour!*" while all the other rows of little brown closely-shaven heads behind were nodding grave approval.

These children had their little refectory up-stairs, and one arrangement pleased me greatly: a set of pigeon-holes all round the room contained each one a small tin basin and sponge, belonging to each child.

The usual amount I found paid by the children at the various Crêches in the town was about sevenpence a week in our money, if they had their dinner; those who went home for dinner paying fourpence a week; but at some it is as low, including dinner, as a halfpenny a day; this, of course, cannot nearly cover the expenses of the establishment; and it appears to me a much sounder principle that the sum paid should be sufficient to make the Crêche self-supporting, which can generally be done, as I have endeavoured to show in a previous paper. Those who send their children to the Crêche are not generally of the pauper class, but poor respectable working women, who, without the help of this nursery, would have to pay *much more* for having the child looked after at home, or else lose their daily employment. Besides this, there are few poor homes, and especially in a town, where little children could have the benefit of such cleanliness, good air and food, and care as in these well-managed establishments.

(Drawn by W. SMALL.)

"GLOUCESTER ACCOMPANIES HER ON THE VIOLIN."

A DREAM OF THE WESTERN WYE.

YES; there can be no doubt about it. Winter has arrived. The bleak, blighting north-easter heralds with its blast the advent of rheumatism, dear coals, and fireside felicity. Outside all is wild, and wet, and windy. The skies wear the blackest crape, and are weeping over the grave of Autumn. The black, bare boughs of the trees shiver with cold. The faded leaves, chased by the wind, are huddling themselves together in close corners, as if to seek mutual warmth; but the Spirit of the Storm ever and anon with a shriek bids them "move on," just as the great-coated policemen do the poor outcasts who starve upon the stony steps in the streets of the Great City. It is a withering wind, laughing derisively at the most voluminous ulster, and mocking the warmest woollens: a vicious wind, sneering at you through the window-panes, and sending a spiteful message of wet down the chimney to damp the geniality of the friendly fire.

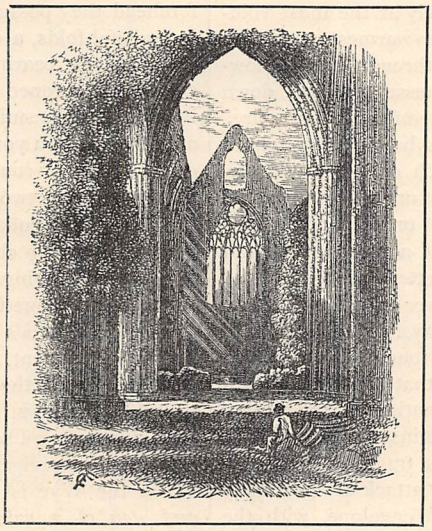
I have a bundle of old letters before me; I have been turning them over in search of a lost address, and, although discovering the most unexpected epistles, cannot meet with the missing one. Only a pile of old correspondence, yet what a store of mental wizardry it enshrines! Faded letters are embalmed memories. Their talismanic power transports you to far-away scenes, and to bygone days. The sight of an old letter will bring back "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," and will unite friends severed by wide continents and raging seas. That small envelope contains the record of a comedy, and this relates a life's tragedy; that perfumed *billet-doux* recalls an early attack of the lunacy of love; while that exaggerated envelope, with the pen-and-ink caricature of the postman, is from the facetious friend with whom I spent a bright holiday in the illusive morning of life. Here is an epistle from my friend Gloucester; it is a mere invitation to "come down, old fellow, and see this part of the country;" yet the law of association links that letter with the most glowing memories. It touches the ever-sensitive strings of memory, and they respond in a sympathetic strain. It calls forth sweet odours from the flower-garden of recollection. It makes this common-place communication like unto the simple sea-shell which retains the refrain of the singing sea, though years ago exiled miles away from its native shore. "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!" Rain, leaky leaden clouds! I defy ye. This letter bears me away on paper pinions to the bosom of a bewitching river, which brightens a Western landscape. Fleecy clouds fleck the fair sky; a soft wind is the bearer of messages of scent from forest flowers; I hear the music of tremulous trees; and all around there is a silver shimmer of summer colours, and tender effects of light and shade.

It is just as summer is melting into autumn that we embark on the waters of the Western Wye. The "we," ladies and gentlemen, includes my aforesaid friend Gloucester; his good wife, whom we will call, if you please, Queen Mab; his sister Sylvia; the Ancient Mariner; and, lastly, your obliged and obedient servant, myself. Mab is a merry little wife, who can make either a pun or a pudding with equal ease. Sylvia is a winsome Western wizard, who brightens the boat like a sunbeam. Dulcet eyes divinely dark; a pretty, pale face, which when animated is suffused with flushes that the blossoms of her beloved orchard country might covet; just one dainty wave of hair stealing over an intellectual brow, but none of that affected "Grecian fringe" with which modern "girls of the period" strive to hide what little forehead they possess; a black camlet dress clinging in graceful folds, a dress relieved by narrow bands of black velvet, bearing a delicate embroidery of gold-coloured silk toned down with olive-greens and sober browns, a dress sufficiently modern in *mode* as to hint at the grace of a youthful figure without displaying its every outline of rounded beauty; a small knot of gay ribbon, holding two roses and a spray of fern, closes the plain white collar at the dainty throat; round the neck is a shining chain of silvery hair, a memento of a loved and loving friend—add a crimson wrapping-shawl and a coquettish hat;—but there! my attempt at painting Sylvia's portrait is only a qualified success. As for the Ancient, he is a brawny, bronzed boatman, who knows all those treacherous currents, and impassable shallows, and reefs of sunken rocks, that spell disaster, and sometimes death, to the novice who attempts the navigation of the Wye.

For the Wye is a dangerous river. It is the *sine quâ non* of a safe boating tour down the wooded reaches of the "English Rhine" that you should be piloted by a native waterman. This bend in the stream has its Scylla, and the next its Charybdis. Here you play an exciting game of hide-and-seek with a ridge of sunken rocks; there the sport is changed to pitch-and-toss among the impetuous rapids. The river is wonderfully rapid, although in the deep passages it appears as placid as a sheet of burnished glass—so rapid that the Ancient says that boats cannot well make headway against the stream. On the upward journey they are either towed, punted with poles, or brought back by land. But how clear the water is compared with the inky liquid of our Northern streams! How refreshing its olive-green colour to one accustomed to that Styx at Manchester, the Irwell, into which a man recently tumbled, and escaped death by drowning only to die from the effects of the poisoned water he had unwittingly swallowed during his immersion! How pleasant must be the Wye's crystal purity to a Leeds man whose knowledge of English rivers is confined to the Aire, the sullied depths of which supplied ink black enough to write a memorial to Parliament respecting the "Purification of Rivers!" How grateful and gladdening these reaches

of liquid light, mirroring the hanging foliage, to the sad Sheffielder from the dirty Don, and its sickly patches of blackened grass pining for a coat or two of green paint!

We are now leaving behind us the tranquil town of Ross, with its memories of John Kyrle, Pope's "Man of Ross." Our water-sprites, Mab and Sylvia, are seated on the cushions at the stern of our roomy craft. Gloucester and myself have been permitted to smoke. Yonder is all that is left of Goodrich Castle, looking down upon the windings of the Wye from a cliff to our left. A salmon jumps out of the water at our bows, and tumbles in again with a splash like a stone, leaving a legacy of silver scales on the boat-side. The Ancient is full of legends of heavy baskets of fish made by this and that "judicious hooker." A little cry of delight from Sylvia, and I know we are at Symonds Yat, where the scenery grows so romantic that it is doing it a gross injustice merely to describe it as picturesque. The river takes a serpentine course between hanging banks of billowy foliage, or rather great walls of changing green, that rise sheer from the water's edge to mountain heights, diversified here and there with the grey colour of a limestone crag. A new railway, that runs down to Monmouth, somewhat discounts nature's charms; but nowhere could you find a richer ridge of wooded heights, or more sylvan stretches of river. It is a subject for mutual congratulation that we have chosen this "Indian summer" season to pay our homage to the Western river-queen. The Wye Valley is picturesque enough under any conditions—in winter, when the trees are covered with a fantastic fretwork of frost; in spring, when there is the scent of opening buds, and the sound of joyous birds; in summer, when the precipitous rocks are clad in a dress of radiant green, and the glad sunlight gives a new glamour to glancing water and gleaming wood. But autumn lends to the scenery a new enchantment. The foliage assumes glowing tints. The eye is not wearied with the monotony of green. There are now more gradations of colour than are dreamt of in Winsor and Newton's philosophy—flaming scarlets, sober russets, burnished browns, dark greens, fading yellows, bright bronzes. There! shut in by the towering banks of foliage, Sylvia has started a quaint old song. Gloucester accompanies her on the violin. The echoes are playing at shuttlecock and battledore across the water. "I can govern a state, but cannot play the fiddle," said Pericles; and there is certainly something to be said in favour of Gloucester's art, which seems to throw either the heart's melancholy or joy into music. And so we float dreamily down to Monmouth; the sun sinking slowly behind the hills in a spectral saffron light; the boat floating on its own shadow; the hanging bushes throwing dark reflections on the rippling river; the "banks" of foliage acknowledging the evening "notes" of a nightingale; and the approaching town lying in a purple haze. The westering sun expires in a melodramatic burst of blood-red radiance. The King of Day has abdicated his fiery throne, and now the pale Queen of Night, with her retinue of stars, reigns over the whispering water. The plash, plash of the oars makes the stillness noticeable; the banks now are but black shadows; Gloucester's cigar burns through the darkness like a danger-signal; a tender flood of moonlight falls on Sylvia's shoulders, investing her fair face with a saintly fancy; beyond, the lights of Monmouth glimmer through the gloaming.



TINTERN ABBEY.

We sleep at an hotel which was once honoured with the patronage of Charles II., and the royal favour seems to be charged for in our bill. Sylvia is in the breakfast-room when I get down-stairs. We agree upon a short walk before partaking of the eternal coffee and ham and eggs. Monmouth at its briskest is a sleepy, picturesque old place, but in the early morning it is simply sepulchral in its deep somnolence. Perhaps Sylvia's presence adds new charms to the brightness of the morning, but it is a morning that does credit to our much-maligned English weather—a serene, sunny morning, to be recalled when we suffer from the coffee-coloured fogs of November, from December's atmospheric aberrations, and January's meteorological miseries. It is pleasant to wander about the old-fashioned Monmouth streets, to gaze at the tree-covered hills that tuck in the town on every side, to watch the sun-lit river rushing through the sturdy stone arches of the antique bridge with the turbulence of a mill-sluice, and to follow the water until it is lost amid the hanging woods and stretching meadows beyond.

The fresh morning air is a capital tonic, and the coffee and ham and eggs were very acceptable after all. The Ancient is waiting for us at the slimy acknowledgment of a pier; and now we are dropping down with the tide Chepstow-ward. Yesterday we seemed to attain to the perfection of the picturesque, but this morning there awaits us a succession of sweet surprises in scenery. We skirt pleasant pastures where the cud-chewing kine survey us contemplatively, and stately swans sweep majestically towards the river-reeds, and a family of young ducks are paddling unwillingly to school. Presently the banks contract, and a towering tract of forest closes the stream on either

side. A cluster of young oaks grows from a submerged island in the centre of the river; Sylvia shows me a shooting-box high up on the dark-wooded hill; and the Ancient tells us the name of an old-world village which is mixed up among the fading foliage yonder. Wilder and steeper grow the wooded banks. Now you think you are land-locked, when, lo! a sudden opening reveals a fresh reach of river, and a richer vista of russet woodland. There is a soothing serenity in the solitude of the stream, which belongs to the sublime. Not a single angler is misplacing the confidence of the rising fish; not a solitary artist is transferring the wooded grandeur to canvas; no child is climbing in quest of the wild flowers and ripe blackberries and hazel-nuts that abound; and no tourist from toiling town is sharing the enjoyment of the stream with ourselves. It seems selfish to monopolise such sylvan scenery. It seems as if we were intruding in Nature's presence-chamber. We moor the boat to the margin of the stream and, getting out, expect to drop upon classic naiads and water-nymphs at their revels. But we only disturb two gossiping moor-hens, who gravely paddle off to see after their husbands' dinners. We land in what is surely

> ——"the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

The trunks of the trees rise like the pillars of some solemn cathedral. The roof of this temple "not made with hands" is of transparent green and gold; and the carpet is a tangled mass of fallen leaves, and ferns, and wild flowers, and fir-needles. One or two dead leaves fall with a musical sigh. Some tall beeches hang right over the Wye, and cast a trembling tracery of tinted leaves upon the gliding water; and there is a mountain-ash which leans over the current and is mirrored leaf for leaf, scarlet berry for scarlet berry, beneath.

> "I found the poems in the fields,
> And only wrote them down,"

says John Clare, the poor pastoral poet of Northamptonshire, and here on the Wye are surely the choicest pages of Nature's poetic volume. With a ripple at the bows, and just a wake of white foam at the stern, we again drift down the wooded water-valley. The sweet cadence of Gloucester's violin once more is echoed across the water, and somebody, whose name modesty forbids me to mention, is attempting a German song, when we catch our first glance of Tintern Abbey.

Dinner at the "Beaufort Arms Hotel," a quiet, quaint hostelry overlooking the ruined abbey, and the river wandering through its wooded paradise. A sunny afternoon in the exquisite ruins. We climb a worn spiral staircase, and gain the top of the mighty chancel-wall. The great window-arch, bereft of its coloured glass, is the frame for a picture whose beauty it is difficult to imagine, and impossible to depict. A wealth of waving woodland climbing skyward, with a *chevaux-de-frise* of pines on the topmost ridge; the Wye winding almost at the foot of the great grey abbey-walls; a meeting of the mountains, and a convergence of several verdant valleys; and immediately below, the sacred floor, covered with a carpet of soft grass, emerald-green. It is a trite but true remark that the pious founders of our mediæval abbeys made a happy choice of locality. The scenery surrounding these grey old piles is invariably the most picturesque in the district, and in most cases the site selected is near a fish-stocked river. Bolton and Tewkesbury will serve as instances, but the situation of Tintern Abbey is perhaps the best illustration of the artistic eye possessed by the monks of old. The Wye in the whole of its course is nowhere prettier than at Tintern. Tintern Abbey! Within the limits of this article how dare I describe the honoured, hallowed pile? How shall I speak of the majesty of its architectural proportions? To what extent shall I relate its interesting history? Even in space less restricted, how could I hope to say anything new respecting a place which has so often been described, but which has never been described, and never will be described? When one of our popular writers was staying at the Falls of Niagara, he appended as a foot-note to one of his admirable letters the remark: "There are some waterfalls hereabouts, which are said to be pretty." I must avoid attempting to describe the indescribable, by penning a similar postscript concerning Tintern. Ruins so ravishingly romantic are calculated to drive the most prosaic pen into guide-book raptures, and I have to rein my Pegasus for fear she—uncertain steed!—should rush recklessly into notes of admiration and super-superlatives. I cease to wonder now at so many acres of painter's canvas being covered with the walls of Tintern Abbey, and at the reams of paper the poets have spoiled in the apotheosis of the fine old fabric.

The afternoon is wearing on. We have no desire to see Tintern Abbey by moonlight. Sir Walter Scott himself never beheld Melrose by moonlight, and he laughed a lady friend of his out of the idea of indulging in that sensation, by telling her the result would be rheumatism. Barry Cornwall, the author of "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea," was never on the waves but once in his life, and then he suffered so much from *mal-de-mer* that he had to be prematurely taken ashore. "It is just the same if you say you have been down," said Sheridan to his son Tom, who wanted to go down a coal-mine; and we regard things from the Sheridan point of view as we sail down the Wye from Tintern to the Windcliff, a brief transition of two or three miles. The Windcliff is a steep hill, a towering crag, overlooking the Valley of the Wye. It is a stubborn climb to the summit, now along steep serpentine paths among the trees, and through a tangled thicket of brambles and bushes, ferns and fox-gloves, and then up sinuous stone-steps seemingly as unceasing as the everlasting boards of the tread-mill. It is a stiff climb, an Avernus-ascent which would have taken all the wind and aspiration out of the impatient youth who wanted so to "get up in the world" in Longfellow's "Excelsior." It is "bellows to mend" before we are half-way up, yet I am sorry when the summit is reached, for I have no longer an excuse to retain

Sylvia's hand, and can no longer feel the warm pressure repaid with a greater interest than the exigencies of our Alpine climb demanded. This, mark you, my dear madam, is quite *entre nous*. Gloucester and Queen Mab have been seated at the summit several minutes, enjoying a panorama which justifies all the perspiring exertions of the ascent. The Windcliff is an observatory from which you can see half a dozen counties—a watch-tower with a wider sweep of view than had Herr Teufelsdröckh from his garret eyrie. Immediately below is the wooded steep up which we have toiled—a rippling expanse of colour; the white streak of turnpike road intervenes; then comes the Wye, stealing between limestone crags and hanging woods; anon a stretch of pastoral landscape; yonder, glistening in the hollow like a pearl, is the town of Chepstow, from which Sir Walter's "stout Clare and fiery Neville" rode; beyond are the sombre sands of the Bristol Channel, where the tawny waves come up to meet the Wye and the Severn, to show them the way to the sea, which is a pale plain in the dreamy distance. The opposite coast lies in a purple haze.

It is several miles by the Wye from the Windcliff to Chepstow. The tide is coming up from the channel, and the chill darkness will soon be settling down. Gloucester shares one of the oars with the Ancient. Mab and Sylvia are wrapped up in shawls and each other. I take a cigar and the rudder-lines. The sun, a shield of fire, is dropping down behind the cliffs. The rushing water and hanging trees become enchanted in their Turner-like effects of light and shadow. The rosy rays of the fiery disc slant on the river with a golden radiance, and the hugging banks look spectral in the waning light. The silence is rendered musical by the swirl of the current and the dip of the oars. Anon the pale sickle of the moon glints through the umbrageous wall of wood, and a fleecy cloud sails through the water like an argosy of pearl. The wind's mystic fingers gently stir a moaning harp of pines, and then we sing together the "Canadian Boat-song." We arrive at last at Chepstow, famous for its great railway bridge built by Brunel, its general depression, and its rich black river-mud.

Mud and depression recall me from my reverie, and to a consciousness of the withering wind and cheerless rain outside. Some one, whose finger wears a golden fetter, and who looks like Sylvia, is assisting the fire to a little more coal. She says that I have been an unconscionable time in finding that lost address, and begins to go through my letters herself, thinking she may be more successful in her search.

E. B.

HARMLESS REQUISITES FOR THE TOILET.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THIS paper, gentlemen readers, is dedicated to the fair sex. It is written expressly for the ladies, although, to be sure, I have no objection to your reading it. Figuratively speaking, you may if you choose come and hear the lecture, so long as you come into the hall on tiptoe, with your hats beneath your knees, and take your places modestly and quietly in one of the back seats, the front rows being reserved for your sisters. For once in a way, if never again, I would have my audience exclusive; for once in a way I would be surrounded by beauty. Now, beauty is the birthright of a woman. It is not only her privilege, but her duty to be lovely if she can, and at all times to make herself appear to the very best advantage. I shall try in this paper to show how this can be best accomplished without risk and with simplicity; and, mind you, this last is something to be aimed at. In the practice of my profession, I have at times the privilege of getting a peep at a lady's toilet-table. I shouldn't for the world think of telling tales out of school, but I cannot help remarking here, that female loveliness is not always proportionate to the multiplicity of the different articles to be found on the dressing-table. Indeed, it is more often quite the reverse.

Before sunrise, upon May mornings, in a county that I am acquainted with, little maidens may be seen tripping fieldwards to bathe their faces in the dew from the grass. They tell me it makes them beautiful, and I don't doubt it. Just such a toilet, you may be sure, as mother Eve made. We have grown more fastidious in our tastes since her day. We will not cull our cosmetics by Nature's fount; we must have them brought to us in our rooms, and brought to us, too, from the uttermost parts of the earth. There would be small harm in this, were it not for the fact that a large proportion of the articles used for the toilet are useless, and many injurious and poisonous. Now, if any lady were to ask me the question, "Can I improve my looks?" or, "Can I make myself look better than I do at present?" I should put my gallantry in my pocket and answer, "Yes, decidedly you can *if* there is room for improvement in your general health, for health is at the foundation of all beauty; and there is hardly any one living who takes all the care of herself or himself that might be done." If you want to look well, then, you must feel well, and to do this you must live regularly and temperately, and take a due proportion of sleep and exercise.

Now, the first great requisite of the toilet is water, pure, soft, and in plenty. Rain-water is the best both for the skin and the complexion, both for the bath and the basin.

I have been asked more than once by readers of this Magazine, if it is safe for every one to indulge in a cold bath every morning. With the exception of the very delicate, and those who are afflicted with heart complaint, any one may use the matutinal tub with benefit and safety; and even the delicate may do so if they take it first with the chill off, and day by day lower its temperature till the mercury points to fifty or sixty. It ought to be remembered, however, that the reaction which follows a cold bath, is much more pleasant and speedy than that from a tepid, and more invigorating too, to say nothing of the prophylactic effects of the former, against colds and the hundred ills that cold induces. The kind of soap one uses for the toilet is a matter of some moment, for some soaps denude or otherwise injure the cuticle. I know many ladies who dare not use glycerine soap even. Good soap for ladies' use should be white, tolerably hard, non-transparent, and most delicately perfumed. Dyed soaps are an abomination, and they are at times dangerous as well. The use of warm water to wash the hands and face, it may not be amiss to mention, is not to be counselled, as it tends to relaxation of the capillaries; but if warm water be used at the toilet it ought to be followed up by cold.

The hair, with most people, is a subject of anxiety sooner or later. I wish I could give a recipe for keeping it on the female head and off the female lip; to keep it always glossy and bright, and prevent it from turning grey. I cannot do that, however, but I can remind you that the state of the health exerts a wonderful influence over the appearance of the hair. This is best seen in the lower animals. In the dog, for example, a harsh dry coat is sufficient to tell the skilled veterinary surgeon that there is illness about the animal somewhere. And in the human being an unhealthy appearance of either hair or scalp, cannot exist with perfect salubrity of body. We all know that some strong and sudden affections of the mind, such as grief or fear, are capable of whitening the hair in even a single night; we know, too, that the worry and tear of life bleach the hair by a slower process; but it is more difficult to believe that hair once whitened, unless by age, often regains a portion at least of its colour without the aid of artificial means; but this, I think, has been proved.

Now, all that is required in order to keep the hair beautiful, with a healthy person, is occasional washing, using eggs instead of soap, and the use of a good though not too hard hair-brush. It is not the hair itself that is capable of being acted upon by these means, but the scalp—the soil, so to speak, in which it grows.

If you ask him, almost any chemist can compound you a lotion or ointment for dandruff. I confess to a belief, however, that the troublesome complaint is dependent upon some derangement of the general health, and consequently prescribe some simple internal remedies in addition to the local means. Ten drops thrice a day of the dilute nitro-muriatic acid, in one ounce of the compound infusion of gentian, makes a very useful medicine for such cases. It is best taken about an hour before meals, and for a fortnight at a time. The scalp should be wetted every morning with the following lotion: borax in powder one dram, lead lotion four drams, glycerine one ounce, eau de Cologne one ounce, and pure water sufficient to make half a pint. If an ointment is preferred, or a pomade, ask your chemist to mix with that you daily use, a fair proportion of the diluted nitrate of mercury ointment. The rosemary hair-wash is good when the hair is getting thin. Equal parts of glycerine and tincture of cantharides, say half an ounce each, mixed with three ounces of water and one ounce of eau de Cologne, form a good hair tonic. So also is this: take one ounce of pure olive oil and the same quantity of solution of ammonia, and mix in three ounces of good rum and three of rose-water.

Let me warn the reader against the use of so-called depilatories; the only safe and certain depilatory is the razor. The tendency of hair to grow in situations where it is not natural for it to appear, may be corrected by keeping the health well up to the mark, taking abundant exercise and occasional tonics, such as iron and dilute phosphoric acid.

The best tooth-powders are the simplest. Many people use nothing but plain carbonate of soda; it is both cleanly and efficacious. Precipitated chalk, with one-fourth its bulk of orris-root and a little camphor, is a safe and simple tooth-powder. If the gums are at all spongy, or apt to bleed, a portion of borax and of powdered myrrh should be added, and proves of great service. If you trust to your own chemist to prescribe your tooth-powder, ask him to give you something that contains neither acid, sepia, nor pumice-stone, any of which will tend to destroy the enamel of the teeth. It is a capital plan to make a habit of using the tooth-brush after every meal. A little bottle of tincture of myrrh should stand on every toilet-table; a few drops in half a wine-glassful of water may then be used at any time to rinse the mouth and strengthen the gums. If it is certain, however, that the latter is occasioned by disorder of the stomach, charcoal ought to be taken as well, internally. During winter and spring, the lips are very apt to get cracked and dry; any chemist will supply you with lip-salve, but it is well to know great relief may be obtained by bathing the lips well in alum or borax water, before applying the scented unguent. The proportion of the alum or borax to the water is a tea-spoonful to about eight ounces.

Sal ammoniac, as much as will lie on a florin, mixed with two pints of warm water and a little toilet vinegar, makes an excellent bath for the hands when it is wished to whiten them. It should be used for fully ten minutes at a time.

The face is the mirror of the mind, I suppose, or at least it ought to be, just as the eyes are the windows of the soul. We cannot much improve the eyes, however, although I know that belladonna has often

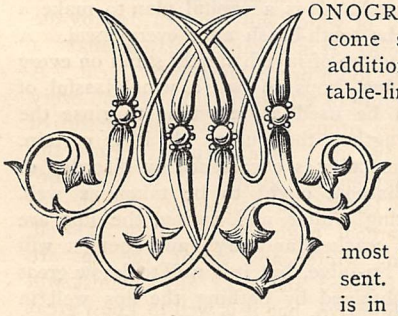
been smeared around them, for the purpose of enlarging the pupil, and giving a languishing, far-away look to the optic. I only mention the practice in order to condemn it, as it is likely to lead to blindness. The eyelashes may be improved as to length by simply tipping them with a pair of small scissors.

Perhaps the disease known to medical men as acne, and to the uninitiated as pimples, is the most destructive of any to female loveliness. And acne is rather difficult to get rid of. Simply using lotions or ointments is of little use; we must go a little deeper than that, and try to get at the cause. The blood is usually some way or other in fault, and perhaps a course of iron and arsenic may be needed; the diet, however, should be the most nourishing that can be thought of, and plenty of exercise should be taken. This, combined with a course of acid tonics with vegetable bitters, and the external use of what I am about to mention, generally succeeds in getting clear of the disfigurement. Wilson recommends the use of the compound hypochloride of sulphur ointment. It should be rubbed on at night, and washed off again in the morning. I have found the following of great service; label it poison, however. It is simply a grain and a half of the bichloride of mercury, dissolved in an ounce of eau de Cologne or lavender-water. After washing the face, night and morning, the painful spots are to be touched or wetted with this lotion.

There cannot be a better summer beverage than buttermilk, and I believe that it exerts a cooling and purifying influence on the blood. However, it is a celebrated remedy in some parts of the country for removing sunburn. The face is simply bathed with it at night, and it is allowed to dry in. The milk is better when somewhat sour, and better still if one ounce of freshly-grated horseradish has previously been steeped in it for some hours, say in a quart. This not only removes the sunburn, but clears and beautifies the complexion. Another remedy for the same thing is a wine-glassful of lemon-juice to a pint of rose-water. The face may be wetted with this several times a day. A little alum, half an ounce of glycerine, and a pint of camphor-water will make still another nice lotion for face and hands.

A young lady whom I know suffers severely every summer with the disease called *Epichrosis lenticula*. "Dear me!" I think I hear you exclaim, "does it hurt much?" No, not much, madam, for those two terrible-looking words are preposterously used by medical men, to express that little facial failing which others call freckles. Now freckles all across the bridge of one's nose may not cause very much bodily anguish, but they are certainly not ornamental. The best plan to get rid of them is washing the face two or three times a day with carbolic acid lotion, and afterwards using a lotion of two grains of bichloride of mercury to one ounce of bitter almond emulsion. Old Celsus gives a remedy, which may be worth trying should mine fail. It is this: galbanum and carbonate of soda rubbed down with vinegar to the consistence of honey. The paste is smeared upon the face and allowed to remain on for a few hours, then washed off again.

MORE ABOUT DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.



MONOGRAMS have become so essential an addition to house and table-linen, that I give for the initial letter of my second article on the subject one of the style most in vogue at present. The embroidery is in satin-stitch, and may either be coloured or white, the latter being perhaps the most elegant. Coloured ingrain cottons are, however, extensively used, and the choice between the two is a mere matter of opinion, now that fashion has introduced the use of colour in house-linen: a great improvement, there can be no doubt, as we were obliged to resort to coloured glass as a means of supplying the needful relief to the spotless, cold-looking white of the table-cloth. The initial letter of the family name is sometimes doubled, as in the present sketch, to make a pretty monogram. The coronet is one of those fancy coronets frequently seen in France, and used merely as an additional ornament; the dots, both in the coronet and the monogram, may be worked in red, yellow, or blue cotton; a little shading

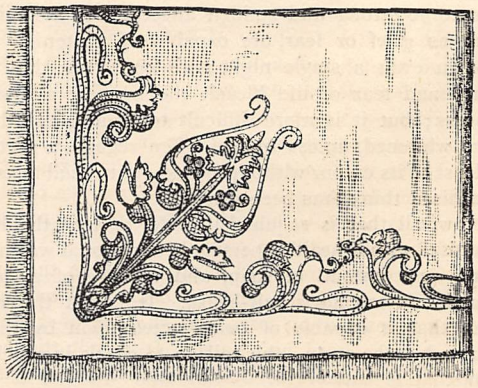


Fig. 1.

of either of the colours chosen may also be put in where marked on the design.

The modern "institution" of afternoon or five o'clock tea has added another item to the list of

house-linen in daily use. But so many are the flights of fancy in this direction, that both space and time forbid me to mention the various styles of decoration applied to the cloths in use at that most pleasant refreshment. Crewel-work in flowers, and other designs, has been long a favourite mode; the most recent application being the outline-stitch, which was illustrated at page 89, in a former article on this subject — "Embroidered House and Table-Linen." Fig. 1 represents a corner of a five o'clock tea cloth, being a charming adaptation of an initial letter from one of the precious MSS. in the British Museum. It is the work of the clever Hon. Sec. of the new School of Dressmaking, who kindly lent me the cloth itself to copy, in order to show the stitch as clearly as possible. The idea of the stitches is taken from the old Anglo-Saxon embroidered work, also executed on linen, some of which may be seen in the South Kensington Museum of Textile Fabrics. The outline-stitch, which I have mentioned, is used to trace the pattern twice in lines about half an inch apart. The flowers are outlined and then worked in the centre with cross-barred lines of crewel, caught down with a stitch at the points where the lines meet, and kept firmly in place to form a little lattice-like pattern. The design on the table-cloth I copy from was in two shades of blue, a dark and a light, like the old blue china of the well-known willow-pattern. The embroidery is done by the ladies in the Art Embroidery Work-room attached to the School of Dressmaking. Small fringed serviettes, generally embroidered with a pattern to match the table-cloth, are used at five o'clock tea. The design is traced in the centre. One of the most recent ideas for these is the figures of rhymed stories, or nursery tales, which are outlined in black.

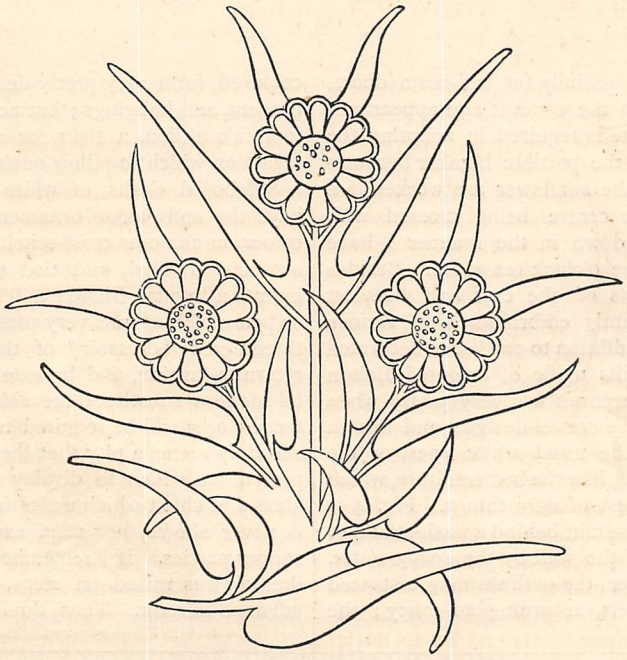


Fig. 3.

The School of Art Needlework at South Kensington has been famous for some time past for the outline figures, done mostly on linen, and intended for wall decorations, which have been executed from the designs of Walter Crane, William Morris, and Burne Jones. These figures are life-size, and sometimes larger, the colour of the outlines being one or two shades of brown. In a smaller way, these outlined figures are used for the borders of mantel-pieces, brackets, and cupboard-fronts; the ground being an unbleached linen, of a darkish shade, the outlines done in blue filosele. For these borders,

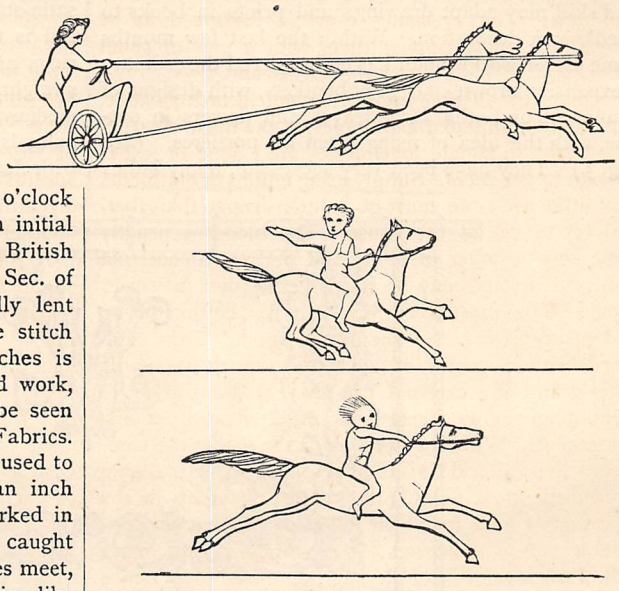


Fig. 2.

Greek, Mediæval, or Anglo-Saxon figures are the favourite designs; a central figure of a monarch, or a Greek temple, with attendants bearing gifts, or worshippers offerings, on either side.

The effect is very good, and the outlines easily worked when once traced on the material. A wedding present, recently made for a gentleman of sporting propensities, was a mantel-piece border and fire-place curtains in grey unbleached linen, the outline embroidery executed in two very near shades of blue filosele. They were intended for the decoration of a smoking-room in a country house. The designs, taken from a cornice in the Public Baths of Pompeii, represent a chariot-race of Cupids, and Cupids on horseback. The first is repeated several times on the border, and the two little figures on horseback between, which are likewise used as powderings, and dotted over the curtains at intervals.

Fig. 2 gives the designs, diminished considerably in size, however, to suit the letter-press. This idea shows how easily any one possessing a little taste and skill may adapt drawings and prints in books to needlework decoration. Within the last few months some clever workwoman has embroidered the ordinary inexpensive brown and grey blankets, with designs of sunflowers and other large leaves and flowers in outline, with the idea of using them for portières. (See Fig. 3.) They have been very successful, many ladies having adopted them, especially for bed-room doors, where they add to both the comfort and appearance of the room. Some taste is required in adapting the colours, as if too bright the portière blanket becomes vulgar. The leaves of the sunflower are worked in a kind of satin-stitch, the centre being crossed with threads of crewel held down in the manner I have described in the blue five o'clock tea cloth. Besides these, the white blankets of the best and heaviest manufacture are constantly embroidered in various ways, and a very recent addition to our list of decorated house-linen are the quilts made of coloured Bolton sheeting. These counterpanes are very pretty when embroidered with effective crewel designs, and form a pleasant change from the usual white ones, or the coloured chintz coverings, like the bed furniture, which are surely the very ugliest of ugly things. Fig. 4 is a design for a hanging curtain behind a wash-stand, to prevent the splashing of the wall by the soapy water. The material used is linen, the outlines may be traced in brown or blue crewels, according to fancy; the linen itself is ravelled for the fringe, and a line of fancy coral-stitch may be worked entirely round the curtain. The monogram may be executed either in satin-stitch or in outlines. A small brass or wooden rail is fixed to the wall behind the wash-stand, and rings are sewn to the curtain. It should hang quite straight, without fulness or plaitings. We owe to mediæval taste the present passion for mixing up animals, birds, imps, and monsters in our embroidery with flowers and leaves. Birds, when well drawn and coloured, form very pretty designs for antimacassars, borders, and hangings; but nothing would induce me to think a lion, a tiger, or an elephant a pleasant object on which to pillow one's head.

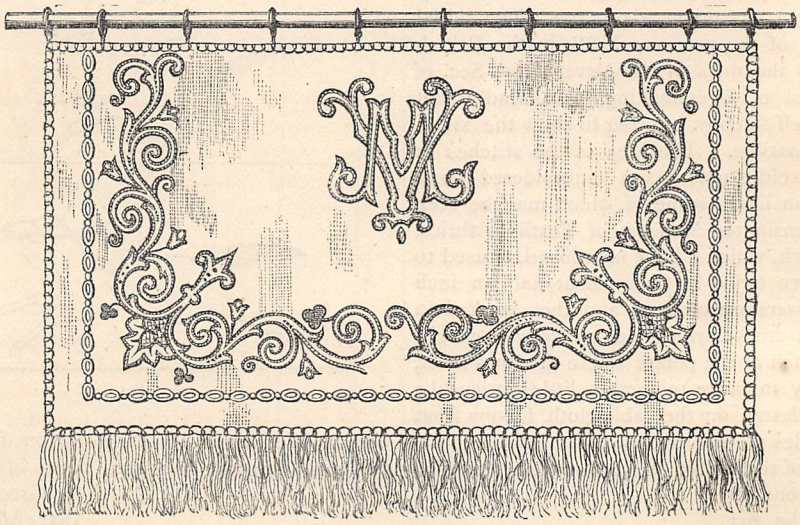


Fig. 4.

Sideboard cloths, of white damask or fine linen, have the ends alone ornamented with embroidery, in colour, in chain or cross-stitch. The ends are fringed-out and divided, and tied at regular intervals, to imitate a regular fringe; a few bands of drawn work or hem-stitching are very pretty also. If the two or three-tiered "dressoir" of the Middle Ages should return to fashion, and be extensively used in place of its modern substitute the sideboard, two or three of these cloths will be required to dress it properly. It certainly seems a pity that there should be no place at present on which to display the store of handsome glass and china which exists in most households, and is never shown, nor used except at large dinner or supper parties. If I remember rightly, the mediæval dressoir was raised on steps, each step denoting an advance in rank. Thus, three steps were allowed to

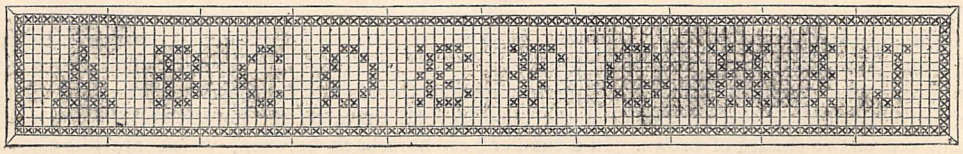


Fig. 5.

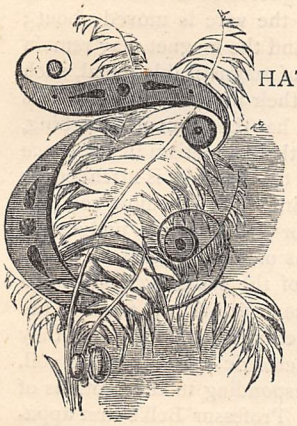
the royal family, two to the nobility, and one denoted the ordinary gentry. I have recently seen some towels copied from mediæval models, executed for the Imperial Crown Princess of Prussia. They each consisted of a simple length of fine diaper or huckaback, hemmed at each end. A row of a cross-stitch pattern, very similar to the one given at page 90 of this Magazine, was worked in blue ingrain cotton at one end, while at the other, in the right-hand corner, were the initials, the number, and the date in cross-stitch marking, with the same-coloured cotton. The effect was very pretty and quite novel. Now that marking with cotton has been so long out of fashion, I think a few instructions on the art may be requisite to help my readers to do it themselves. Children are best taught to mark on canvas, and should have a sampler, which may be from six to eight inches square. Two threads are generally taken each way, one thread being left between each letter of a large-sized alphabet; and one thread only, with one thread between each letter, for a small one. The canvas used should be fine, not "Penelope canvas" on any account, the division into squares of threads rendering that kind unsuitable. In marking on linen, two or four, or if very fine indeed, eight threads should be left between the letters. The old method of arranging the marks was to place the number of the article at the top, and the initials on the centre line, the date following last, thus:

8.
E. A. B.
1878.

The first initial stood for the gentleman's Christian name, the second for the lady's, the last for the surname of both. Modern taste prescribes the initials of the master of the house only, or the initial letter of the surname alone.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

THE TELEPHONE.



THAT one person should be able to talk in his natural voice to another person tens or hundreds of miles away was a consummation which, we believe, did not even enter into the remarkable foresight of Old Mother Shipton. But it is well known that this apparently impossible feat is now an everyday event. The first rumour of the existence of an articulating telephone, or, as we may call it, a speaking telegraph, reached us from the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1875. There had been previously a variety of telephones for transmitting simple musical notes or melodies, and even simple harmonies, over a telegraph wire by means of electricity, but no telephone capable of conveying speech. The mere idea of a speaking telephone had, however, been thought of many years before by an ingenious Frenchman, just as the idea of an electric telegraph was conceived by an ingenious Scotchman years before it was practically accomplished.

But the Frenchman's idea had been regarded as a dream and forgotten, until the actual speaking telephone of Professor Graham Bell recalled it to the mind of the student. Sir William Thomson, who first introduced this instrument to the notice of English people, justly characterised it as the crowning marvel of the electric telegraph, and one of the most interesting inventions ever made in the history of science. Simple as it is, it sums up in itself the powers of all previous telephones, however complicated, since it can transmit noises, or single and blended musical notes; and, in addition, it crowns the whole by transmitting the infinitely varied modulation and quality of human speech.

The first attempt to transmit musical tones by means of electricity was made by Professor Page of Massachusetts, in 1837. He found that when a discontinuous current of electricity was circulated in a wire round an iron needle, the needle emitted a faint "tick" at every interruption of the current. When the current was rapidly interrupted these ticks merged into a continuous hum, to which he gave the name of "galvanic music." Herr Reis in 1860 transmitted tones by causing the tone vibrations to interrupt a current, and reproducing them by means of Page's discovery. Since that time Varley, Gray, and Lacour have transmitted a number of tones at once, by employing vibrating tuning-forks to interrupt the current and to reproduce the tones. They have even made the tones record themselves in ink, so as to telegraph a number of messages at once.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the speaking telephone, was born at Edinburgh in 1847. He comes of a family of teachers, his grandfather having taught elocution in London, his uncle in Dublin, and his father, Mr. Andrew Mellville Bell, the inventor of visible speech, in Edinburgh. Five years ago Professor Alexander Graham Bell accompanied his father to Montreal in Canada, and was there engaged in applying his father's system of visible speech to the teaching of deaf mutes to speak as we do. Deaf mutes are mute because they are deaf, not from any defect of the vocal organs; and Mr. Bell's system instructs them through the eye how to actuate the vocal organs in uttering language, and to read what another person is saying by the motions of his lips. The system was so successful in America, that the elder Bell was invited to introduce it into a large day-school for mutes at Boston; and he procured the transfer of the post to his son, who soon became famous in the United States.

for his success in this important and interesting work; and we believe that mainly through his efforts there are now some 3,000 deaf mutes in America who can speak almost, if not quite, as well as those who hear.

Even while he was in Scotland, Mr. Graham Bell had turned his attention to telephony, and in Canada he designed a piano which should transmit its notes to a distance by means of electricity. At Boston he carried on his researches in this field, and aimed at

producing a telephone which would not only send musical notes, but speech itself. In the course of these researches he independently invented the musical telephones of Varley, Gray, and Lacour, even to the point of causing them to mark telegraph signals in ink. But he went beyond these inventors in discovering a principle which rendered an articulating telephone possible. This principle was the employment of what are called *undulatory* or wave-like currents of electricity. All merely musical telephones involve currents of electricity which are merely intermittent—that is to say, they involve only a uniform current rapidly interrupted by the vibrations of the body emitting the sound. They are therefore only capable of transmitting to a distance the *pitch* of a note, since pitch depends entirely on the frequency of the vibration of the sounding body. They are incapable of transmitting to a distance the lowness and loudness—in a word, the *intensity* of a note, since that depends not on the number of vibrations per second, but on the *amplitude* or swing of the vibrations; a greater swing in the vibrations of the sounding body corresponding to a louder sound. It is clear that to convey speech a current must be capable of transmitting not only the pitch of the voice, but the loudness, and in addition to that the changing of the voice from a low to a loud sound, and from a low to a high pitch. The current must be capable of fitting the voice like a glove, so to speak, and an undulatory or wave-like form of current can be made to do so. The succession of the waves can be made to transmit the succession of vibrations or pitch of the voice, and the size of the waves can be made to transmit its intensity. There need be no break or interruption of a wave-current; the waves have only to follow the modulations of the voice.

Having discovered the principle, it still remained to put it into practice. The practical problem was how to cause the voice, or any other source of varying sounds, such as a musical instrument, to generate these sympathetic wave-currents of electricity. It is well known that magnetism and electricity are intimately connected, and that magnetism can be converted into electricity, and electricity into magnetism. For instance, if a magnet is moved about near a wire, a current of electricity will tend to arise in the wire, and that current will vary in strength according to the motion of the magnet. When the magnet is approached to the wire the current will increase in strength, and when it is withdrawn the current will decrease in strength. In this way by the to-and-fro motion of a magnet it is possible to set up undulatory currents in a wire. These currents are due to the magnetic changes in the space around the wire, and it is not essential that the magnet itself should be moved. The magnet may be still if the wire is moved about; or, further, both the coil and the magnet may remain at rest together, if a piece of magnetisable metal, such as iron, is moved about in their neighbourhood. This piece of iron moving about has the effect of disturbing, and stirring up as it were, the magnetism in the space about the wire, and this disturbance is attended by electric currents in the wire. We can now see how it was possible for Professor Bell to create undulatory currents in a wire by means of the mechanical effects of sound. If the motions of the sounding body could be communicated to a piece of iron free to move in the neighbourhood of a magnet and a coil of wire, they would produce a series of electric currents in the coil, of a wave-like form, corresponding to the motions of the sounding body itself. Professor Bell's first apparatus constructed on this plan was intended to transmit musical tunes. It consisted of a series of magnets with coils of wire round them, and in front of the magnets were placed a set of short iron rods like the teeth of a comb. These rods were tuned to give out different notes when plucked, so that it was possible to play a tune upon them as on a harp. It will be seen that when a rod was plucked it vibrated to and from a magnet and coil, thus disturbing the magnetic space about the coil and setting up corresponding wave-currents of electricity in the coil. By connecting this coil in the circuit of a telegraph wire these currents could be carried to a distant place and made, by a precisely reverse process, to evoke a similar note from a similar iron rod there. Thus it was possible to send musical tunes "by wire."

Professor Bell had now accepted the Professorship of Vocal Physiology in the Boston University, and was engaged in training teachers to instruct deaf mutes in articulation; but whilst his days were given to this work his nights were devoted to invention and research. At this stage of his telephonic efforts, he desisted from them for a time in order to carry out another idea which had occurred to him in connection with his

daily duties. He wished to find out a mode of graphically recording the sounds of speech, so that it would be possible by its means to teach deaf mutes how to articulate at a glance. He employed the phonautograph for this purpose, and succeeded in causing the membrane of this instrument, when vibrated by the voice, to delineate its vibratory motion on a plate of smoked glass by a long wooden stylus. The undulatory line scrawled on the smoked glass was a linear representation of the vibratory motion of the membrane. Professor Bell was struck with the similarity of the phonautograph to the human ear, and he conceived the idea of constructing a phonautograph modelled on the ear; but at the suggestion of his friend Dr. Clarence Blake, the distinguished Boston aurist, he was led to employ the ear itself. With a human ear, having the stapes bone removed, the membrane moistened with glycerine and water, and a stylus of hay attached to the incus or anvil, he obtained a series of beautiful wave-lines corresponding to vocal sounds uttered beside the ear.

While engaged in these experiments the subject of telephony was in abeyance, but not forgotten in Professor Bell's mind, and it is interesting to note that this side investigation inspired the idea which crowned his telephonic work with success. He remarked with surprise the wonderful disproportion between the mass of the membrane of the ear and that of the bones vibrated by it, and at once it occurred to him that "if a membrane as thin as tissue paper can control the vibrations of bones which, when compared to it, are of immense weight and size, why may not a larger and thicker membrane vibrate a piece of iron in front of an electromagnet?" If it should prove to do this, the harp arrangement of steel rods could manifestly be done away with, and a simple piece of iron attached to a vibrating membrane put in their place. He prepared a membrane of goldbeater's skin, and attached an iron spring to it so that its vibrations would be communicated to the spring, which was placed very close to a coil and magnet. The spring here took the place of a rod in the harp arrangement. On trying this contrivance by speaking against the membrane, Mr. Watson, his assistant, at the remote end of the wire employed, thought he heard a sound; but Professor Bell failed to hear it himself. He next reduced the size of the spring and glued it on to the membrane, which he brought very close to the coil of wire surrounding the magnet. The first trial of this modified form was made between a room of Professor Bell's house at Boston and the cellar. Professor Bell in the room held one instrument in his hands, while Mr. Watson in the cellar held another, the two instruments being connected by a wire so as to form a complete telegraph circuit. Professor Bell spoke into his instrument, "Do you understand what I say?" and we can imagine the inventor's delight at hearing the piece of steel spring on his instrument reply, "Yes, perfectly."

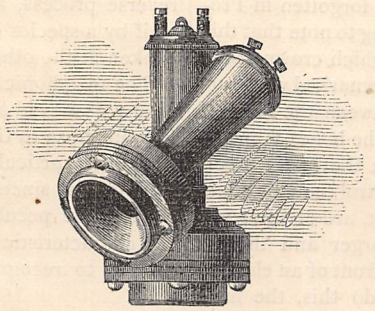
The articulation, however, of the telephone in this primary form was not very satisfactory, and it was subsequently modified into the form which it now has, and which is so extremely simple that any one knowing the elements of electricity is able to understand its action. As now made, the telephone is composed of three parts—a thin disk of soft iron, a small coil or bobbin of silk-covered copper wire, and a small bar magnet about four inches long. The bobbin of wire is placed on one pole of the magnet, so that the wire is as it were *steeped* in the magnetic space round the pole. The iron disk or diaphragm is placed with its face very close to the pole and the bobbin, so that when it vibrates in front of the pole, a series of wave-currents will be set up in the coil of wire on the bobbin. The whole is encased in mahogany, and a mouthpiece is provided for speaking against the diaphragm. The coil of wire on the bobbin is of course connected by its two ends into the circuit of a telegraph line, and the instrument is ready for use, no battery or other apparatus being required. On speaking into the mouthpiece the membrane vibrates with the sound, and generates corresponding wave-currents in the coil, which travel to the remote end of the telegraph line and pass through the coil of an exactly similar telephone there, setting its diaphragm into vibration by a reverse process, and causing it to give out to the ear, as if by a species of ventriloquism, the original sounds spoken at the other end.

The telephonic voice is small and elfin—an epitome of a voice—and as yet only to be heard when the ear is quite close to the mouthpiece. It is, however, very distinct, its articulation being superior to that of many individuals, since it does not even drop its "h's." A remarkable peculiarity is its faithful reproduction of the characteristic quality of various voices, so that it is easy to recognise a familiar voice, even the first

time one hears it through the wire, and though the wire be a hundred miles in length. Yet the speaker's natural voice is changed in a slight degree; it sounds as if he spoke from a great distance.

The present form of telephone was first publicly exhibited on the 4th of May, 1877, at a lecture given by Professor Bell in the Boston Music Hall. "Going to the small telephone-box, with its slender wire attach-

ments, Mr. Bell coolly asked, as though addressing some one in an adjoining room, 'Mr. Watson, are you ready?' Mr. Watson, five miles away in Somerville, promptly answered in the affirmative, and soon was heard a voice singing 'America.' . . . . . Going to another instrument, connected by wire with Providence, forty-three miles distant, Mr. Bell listened a moment, and said, 'Signor Brignolli, who is assisting at a concert in the Providence Music Hall, will now sing for us.' In a moment the cadence of the tenor's notes rose and fell, the sound being faint, sometimes lost, and then again audible. Later, a cornet solo played in Somerville was very distinctly heard. Still later, a three-part song floated over the wire from the Somerville terminus, and Mr. Bell amused his audience exceedingly by exclaiming, 'I will switch off the song from one part of the room to another, so that all can hear.'" Since that time, the capabilities of the telephone to transmit sound have been variously tried. Experimentally, it has been found to operate through a great length of wire; but the greatest length of actual telegraph line hitherto spoken through is 258 miles, from Boston to New York. The breathing of a man has been heard 150 miles. It picks up and transmits all extraneous noises with the same facility as speech—a gratuitous accomplishment which, in a noisy city like London, is rather against its legitimate function. It requires to be placed in a quiet chamber. Another result of its sensitiveness is that electric currents in neighbouring wires, by *induction* on the telephone wires, cause the diaphragm to vibrate and to emit peculiar noises. For instance, if the telephone is connected in circuit with one telegraph wire of a series on the same posts, and the ordinary telegraphic currents are passing in the other wires of the series, the telephone wire under the induction of these currents will cause the telephone to emit sounds like the pattering of rain on a window-pane. On one occasion an attempt was made to speak 125 miles on an ordinary telegraph wire running beside several other busy wires, and the noise heard utterly drowned all speech, and resembled nothing so much as the hammering of a boiler-maker's riveting shop. On another occasion where two telephonic wires crossed each other, the electric echoes from one wire were heard in the telephones of the other 200 miles from the point of crossing. This disadvantage can, however, be overcome, and with solitary wires it does not appear at all.



THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone is by nature unfitted to act through long submarine cables. It has been predicted by various newspaper authorities that the time is at hand when Madame Nilsson will be able to enchant opera-goers in St. Petersburg, Paris, London, and New York by telephone without leaving her boudoir, and that in a very short time we shall be able to converse in whispers through the Atlantic Cable; but these sanguine and rather reckless prophecies are by no means to be taken in earnest. The phenomenon of *induction*, which retards so seriously the ordinary signal currents in a long cable, would entirely confuse and blend the delicate undulatory currents of the telephone. It is shown by theory, and has been found by experiment, that 150 miles of the Atlantic Cable would render the telephone completely dumb. Through 100 miles of cable its articulation is muffled and husky, as if it had caught a cold in the throat.

An instrument such as the telephone is certain to become useful in a multitude of ways, the most patent being private communication between persons without having recourse to a third party. Its simplicity of use is greatly in its favour for this purpose, since any one who can speak can operate it. For business transactions, however, it is necessary to have written orders, such as are supplied by ordinary telegrams. For this reason partly, and partly from its slowness of action as compared to other fast systems of telegraph, the telephone as it is will not mainly affect existing systems of working. By the automatic, the duplex, and quadruplex systems of sending from 300 to 500 written words a minute can be transmitted over a single wire, a result beyond comparison with the rate at which we speak. For private lines between offices and works, branch and central offices, city and suburbs, and for postal telegraph lines over which there is little traffic, the telephone is likely to be largely employed. Its use is being rapidly extended in America and Europe.

The first practical application of the telephone was made by the Water Board of Cambridge, Mass., in May, 1877; and already more than 500 houses in New England hold telephonic communication, and over 3,000 telephones are at work in the United States. Mr. Brown, in the city, informs Mrs. Brown in the suburbs that he is going to bring Messrs. Jones and Robinson home to dinner at six o'clock, and directs his clerk in charge at the wharf by the river, without leaving his desk-chair. The telephone has been introduced into the mines of Pennsylvania and the Far West, and it has been recently adopted in some of our own mines, so that the pit manager on the pit-head can communicate with the foremen in the galleries below ground; and by an ingenious device the anemometer for measuring the quantity of air ventilating the passages of the mine can also be made to register itself in the manager's office. From its small size it is likely to prove useful to the diver, since it could be easily fixed into his helmet so as to enable him to speak with his assistants above water.

In Germany, where there is no patent for the telephone, it is being very quickly adopted. Messrs. Siemens and Halske, the well-known electrical contractors of Berlin, employ 100 men doing nothing

else but making them. The study of Prince Bismarck in his favourite castle at Varzin, Pomerania, is connected to the Chancellor's office at Berlin, 230 miles distant, and the Prince gives his orders and receives reports by telephone. The wire along which the Chancellor speaks is an ordinary air-line erected on posts, and when we consider the state secrets which may pass over it any day, and how easily they could be tapped by another telephone, one is tempted to become an eavesdropper to the great statesman's momentous utterances.

In England the telephone is not making way so fast as in Germany or America, partly owing to the heavy royalty added to the price of the instrument under the English patent. A telephone can be made for a few shillings, and with its alarm-bell and battery need not cost more than thirty shillings; but the proprietors of the patent have fixed the purchase-price for a pair of telephones with call-bell at from £25 to £35, and the rental price at £5 and £10 per annum. Notwithstanding this somewhat exorbitant charge, hundreds of telephones are, we believe, being sold in England; and there can be no doubt that if the price were reduced, as we trust it will be, to a much lower figure, the sale would be immense. The call-bell accompanying the telephone is an ordinary electric bell, rung to call the attention of the auditor at the other end of the wire when a conversation is desired; the voice of the telephone being too feeble in itself for this purpose. The complete equipment for each end of a telephone wire consists in the call-bell with its battery, and two telephones—one for holding to the ear to listen at, and one for speaking into. One telephone, however, is sufficient for both operations when shifted from the mouth to the ear. The telephones and bell are fitted up on a neat little writing-desk, where the oral communication can be written down as it arrives.

The speaking telephone is so entirely novel that it is impossible to say what further forms it may yet take, or what further inventions may spring from it. Manifestly the next advance beyond a speaking telephone is a *telephonograph*, or instrument whereby vocal and other sounds can be graphically recorded at a distance; and quite recently the invention of such an instrument has been reported to us from America. Mr. Edison, a distinguished American electrician, and the inventor among other things of a telephone which speaks almost as well as Professor Bell's, but is more complicated, has contrived a means of making the air vibrations of speech and music record themselves on paper in such a way, that from the paper record it is possible to reproduce the original sounds. In this way a man can speak to-day and be heard to-morrow, or 100 years hence. As described by his assistant, Mr. Edison's apparatus consists of a mouth-piece, a vibrating diaphragm to which is attached a chisel-like stylus, and a strip of paper with a raised Λ-shaped boss running along its middle. This strip of paper is caused to pass quickly under the stylus, and when one speaks into the mouth-piece the diaphragm vibrates under the voice, and the stylus indents the boss on the running paper. The indentations of the boss are the permanent record of the speech, and by a similar apparatus they can be made at any future time to reproduce, by a reverse process, the vibrations and the sounds which caused them. It follows, also, that if the diaphragm of the reproducing instrument be that of a speaking telephone, the speech may be transmitted to a distance. The invention is in its infancy yet, but we are told that Mr. Edison has already obtained all but the finer inflections of speech, and that within a year a speech made in the Senate Chamber at Washington may be recorded in New York, and by means of speaking telephones re-delivered in every editorial sanctum of that city. This reads a little like Madame Nilsson's boudoir concerts, and Atlantic Cable whispering, but it would be unwise to repudiate any invention which is correct in principle, as Mr. Edison's is. Should his future success justify his present expectations, the telephonograph will work quite a revolution in our present ways of corresponding. Letter-writing may become a thing of the past, since it will be possible to dictate a letter to the phonograph and send it by post, to be read aloud by the twin phonograph of the person who receives it, in the sender's natural voice; or, if a telephonograph is used, it may be sent direct by wire, and not by post at all. Its advantage over a telephone will lie in the permanent record it produces. Three-volume novels may be sold in the form of phonograph slip, and "The Course of True Love" may be related in the natural accents of the authoress. By a little ingenuity the characters in the novel or the play may be endowed with characteristic voices, so that the soft tenor of the hero may be heard making love to the sweet contralto of the heroine, while the deep bass of the villain mutters vengeance from his lurking-place. Every one will be able to have his own parlour opera. The orations of past orators will be familiar in our ears, and instead of treasuring autographs we will treasure the actual sayings of our best-loved friends, and our most worshipful heroes. Another fruitful field of thought and sentiment will have been taken from the poet, since it will be possible to hear the utterances of lips that have fallen to dust and "the sound of a voice that is still."

J. MUNRO, C.F.

THE GATHERER.

Self-Watering Flower-Pots.

If it were not for the trouble of tending them, we might reasonably expect flowers and plants to be reared indoors to a far greater extent than is at present the case. The love of nature's jewels is innate, let us hope, in every human being; but most people, we are afraid, have also an inborn dislike of what they call "bother." It will, therefore, be gratifying to many to know that a species of flower-pot which waters itself has been invented, that so completely minimises the labour of tendance as to remove all cause for complaint or excuse on the score of inconvenience.

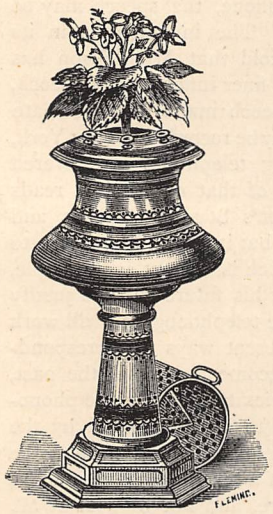


Fig. 1.

The "parlour-garden" form (Fig. 2) is made of terra-cotta, sheet metal, or other material, and in any desired shape. The upper portion is pierced with openings, and the lower contains a reservoir for water. The earthen pots are perforated with several holes and are provided with projecting collars. They fit exactly into the apertures of the cover and stand within one or two inches of the water underneath. The top of the pot has a segmental cover with openings in the centre, through which the stem of the plant protrudes. Summer's heat or the room's warmth in winter causes the water to evaporate and, the outer casings being water-tight, to condense on the sides of the flower-pot. Thereupon the earth absorbs the necessary moisture through the holes, and the rest drips back into the reservoir. The segmental covers prevent the water from evaporating from above, and should there be excessive dampness, one or more of these covers can be raised. The water constantly passes to and fro, from the reservoir to the earth, and is thus kept pure and sweet and seldom needs renewing. Flowers that are grown in these miniature winter-gardens will, it is said, remain fresh and green with very little care.

Fig. 1 represents a more ornamental design on the same principles.

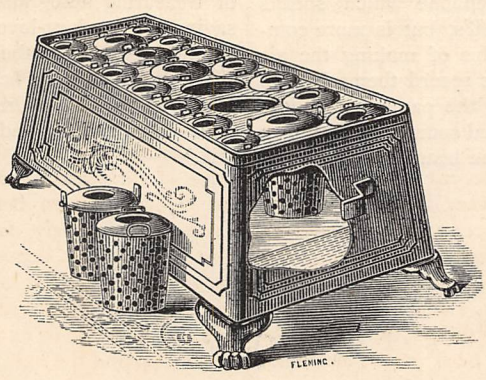


Fig. 2.

The Little Moons of Mars.

The moons which have been recently discovered circling round Mars are satellites of extremely limited dimensions, smaller indeed than any which have hitherto been discovered. The distance which separates us from that planet, 35,000,000 miles or more, renders it impossible to speak with certainty as to their size, yet it is thought that their diameter is probably about ten miles; so that could a vigorous Englishman be transplanted for a day on to one of these moons, he would walk across and round it easily during the course of the day, and even be prepared for further exercise when he had concluded his promenade. The two moons are thought to be situated at a distance of about 12,000 and 3,500 miles respectively from the surface of the planet—one making its revolution in 30¼ hours and the other in less than 8 hours. Thus an inhabitant of Mars would not only see the moon rise and disappear, but would see it rise again in the course of a single night.

Novel Application of the Screw-Press.

American inventions, if they are not always useful, are at any rate always novel; but a recently patented appliance seems to combine both features in a high degree, and ought to be found a really valuable adjunct to the stock of kitchen utensils. By its means brawn can be thoroughly pressed, fruit effectually crushed, and even sausages capitally made at home, each process being done ever so much better than by hand. The machine consists of an enamel-lined cylinder for holding the ingredients, and of a strong screw for forcing a plate (technically called the "plunger-head") down upon them. In making the last-named article, by the revolution of the screw the "meat" inside the cylinder is gradually pushed out at the nozzle into the skin, which is drawn over the mouth of the spout. This operation is considerably facilitated by the fact of the bottom of the cylinder having a uniform descent from its circumference towards the spout. When it is desired to crush fruit for jelly, &c., a tin strainer (which should have a cloth inside to prevent the egress of pulp or seeds) is placed in the cylinder, then the screw is revolved as before, and the juice escapes by the nozzle into the dish prepared for its reception. The cylinder is kept upright by a spring-bolt at the side, which acts much in the same way as the screw that adjusts a looking-glass to any required position.

By pushing the cylinder back it can be easily filled, while by tilting it forward and withdrawing the bolt, it can be taken out and cleaned or emptied of pulp, &c. Each machine has two plunger-heads—one for stuffing, the other for pressing. It is better to use the enamelled cylinder, stuffer, and plunger-plates, because they will not stain the fruit, are readily cleaned, and will not rust. The whole apparatus is made of iron, yet is as light as is compatible with the necessary amount of strength, while the screw has a power equal to that of any ordinary screw-press.

The Earth's Population.

The population of the world is rapidly increasing. In 1876 the combined populations of every nation exceeded those of the previous year by about 27,000,000; and according to recent careful computations, the number of inhabitants is 1,423,917,000, or twenty-eight persons for every square mile.

The following table shows the populations of the great divisions of the globe :—

Europe	309,178,300	Africa	199,921,600
Asia	824,548,500	Australia	4,748,600
America	85,519,800		

Sea-water as a Beverage.

Visitors at the sea-side who out of curiosity have sipped a little of the salt water, will easily understand the intense thirst generally caused by its continuous use. This thirst is the chief torture endured by persons who have taken refuge from a foundering ship in a small boat, and find themselves without fresh water on the open ocean. Many instances are on record of men, thus exposed, being driven mad by resorting to sea-water to quench their intolerable craving for something to drink : and in works of fiction this great horror of shipwreck has been frequently depicted. Yet it appears that upon some of the coral islands of the Pacific Ocean there exists a race of men who actually use sea-water as their daily beverage! These islands are situated at an immense distance from the mainland, surrounded by the boundless ocean ; they are of small size, and being elevated only very slightly above the level of the waves, and without vegetation except a few cocoa-nut trees, contain no streams or springs of fresh water. If wells are sunk they yield a brackish liquid, little differing from that of the ocean. The inhabitants are therefore obliged to drink from the sea, and they do so constantly without ill effect. So extraordinary a circumstance has caused much conjecture as to whether these men are constitutionally different in some manner from others ; or whether they have gradually accustomed themselves to its use at times when cocoa-nuts were scarce, and the milk that they afford unavailable. Perhaps the ability arises from both causes, since now and then instances have been known of sailors drinking from the sea on board ship, at first from partial necessity and afterwards without hesitation, while their companions could not touch it. So that it would seem to require a peculiarity in the constitution, developed by exercise. In one case, a sailor who drank sea-water found his complexion become yellow. The human body appears capable of accommodating itself by degrees to the most poisonous substances : even corrosive sublimate is stated to have been taken safely by some persons. The particular places where these sea-water drinkers are found are the Paumoton Islands, and Easter Island, in the Pacific.

Some Busy Workers Underground.

It is not generally known to what extent we are indebted to worms for the productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found, by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist, that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been made. The mould of our gardens, and fields too, is improved to an almost inconceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its body its own weight in mould, and the soil thus produced is fine and light, and extremely helpful to the growth of plants. When it is remembered that there are in every acre some 34,000 worms, and that in addition to forming every day about 37 lbs. of fine mould, they open up the subsoil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought-of little workers.

Some Effects of Gaslight.

Though you will occasionally meet with people who of their own free will have a decided predilection in favour of paraffin or other oil-lamps, it can scarcely be doubted that for all household requirements—in kitchen or drawing-room, bed-room or study—gas is the best means of illumination. It may be true of the coal-derived vapour that, like fire, it is a good servant and a bad master, but ordinary care and common sense ought to prevent it from ever gaining the upper hand. However, leaving the general subject, let us say a few words about the interesting question of the influence of gaslight upon persons reading or working by its means.

Eminent oculists tell us that experience and experiments both show that when the eyes are protected from the direct action of the bright flame, no injurious results follow. Globes of ground and milk-like glass and shades will serve the purpose of protection, but those of clear glass should certainly not be used, for the obvious reason that they do not intercept the flame. The entirely dark tin shades are said to be absolutely hurtful, because they keep the eye in total darkness and make it look upon a glaring strongly-lit surface, which dazzles and irritates the eye. The main point to be borne in mind is that the flame ought to be broken up and the light equally diffused.

Another important fact in connection with gaslight has reference to its heat. The burner should be kept at a good distance from the head, as the radiant heat is apt to cause headache and even, in some instances, congestion of the brain. Where several persons use the same flame the source of light has to be raised, and there is then less likelihood of danger from the radiant heat, but assurance will be made amply sure by the use of a funnel-shaped globe of milky glass, closed beneath with a plate of the same material, which will scatter the downward rays and deprive them of their intensity. By this means, also, currents of air are prevented from causing the flame to flicker, and a steady light is thus secured. Where the eyes are particularly sensitive, a chimney of a deep blue colour may be used with advantage.

Double Acrostic.

THE WHOLE.

Two opposites—the first as light as air,
Quite immaterial; the second, *au contraire*,
Matter without a soul, that makes the vulgar stare
Since 'tis oft moved to act with delicacy rare.

I.

For something common, this the learned name,
That hath in light and cleanliness a part;
No house without its most benignant aid
Can either be endurable or smart.

II.

A town whose country is, if we may take
Poetic licence, apt on any day
To hungry Englishmen to fall a prey.

III.

A weapon in disuse, that yet might be
A lover that no dame would care to see.

IV.

What we object to when our wish it crosses;
Yet we all wish to see it joined with losses.

V.

It may be cattle, it may be men;
Try till you find out again and again.

VI.

'Tis everywhere where you can find
Spectators, if you are inclined
Before the world to stand.

VII.

What, though we separate and set aside, yet we,
If we add "s," ne'er out of wish to be.

VIII.

The title of a nobleman,
Which if you add a letter to, 'twill make
Another title that men often take.

IX.

A piece of money, 'tis not of much worth,
Used in the European portion of the earth.

J. G.

A Vegetable Hercules

No one who has seen a tree strike its root through a stone wall, or displace' by the mere action of its growth the most solid masonry, can doubt the extraordinary power which vegetable life, in its higher forms at least, can at times exert. But that a simple fruit, the slender stem of which is too feeble to bear it, and therefore acts as a mere feeder or conduit pipe to convey nourishment, should be capable of developing an energy many times greater than that of any animal of equal size, is even more remarkable. The pumpkin, the water-melon, and the gourd are, it appears, reservoirs of unsuspected strength, actually as well as relatively greater than that of the most muscular of the mammalia.

The curious experiment on the growing force of a pumpkin, carried out by Mr. W. S. Clark, president of the Massachusetts College of Agriculture, in his own garden, resulted, as will be seen, in a complete victory for the vegetable combatant. The fruit, a fine young specimen of the pumpkin tribe, twenty-two inches in circumference, was fitted with a sort of oval mask or crown of bent iron bars, surmounted by a long bar of iron acting as a lever, and at the opposite extremity of which a weighing apparatus registered the various weights which were to be applied to the pumpkin. Care was taken that the monstrous fruit should have fair play. The slim stalk, lying on the earth like a soft green rope, was kept free of all pressure, which would prevent the healthy flow of nourishing sap. And in this respect the pumpkin was better treated than many a starving human victim of our English *peine forte et dure*, some century and a half ago.

The Pumpkin in the Iron Mask got, after all, the best of the battle. On the 15th of August, 1876, the experiment had commenced. By the 31st of the month, the growing gourd supported the almost incredible weight of two tons and a half. On the ensuing morning it was found that the vegetable tissue had forced itself between the bars and round the mask, that the apparatus was dislocated, and the balance out of gear. There then, of course, was an end of the trial.

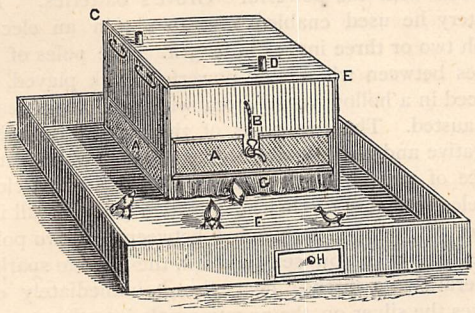
To estimate the extraordinary power which the vegetable victor in expanding put forth, we must compare its exploit with other developments of force. To lift a hundredweight in each hand is quite enough for any but the strongest man. A troop-horse of heavy cavalry carries about 250 pounds of dead weight. In the East, a fair camel-load is 1,000 pounds, the dromedary bearing but half as much, and the elephant from 600 to 900 pounds. Five camels, then, would be required to bear the load which pressed so lightly on the elastic energies of a pumpkin.

Answer to Hidden Quotation on p. 125.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."
Shakespeare.

Rearing Chickens by Water.

One reason why our Gallic neighbours have left us far behind in rearing chickens, is that they have not hesitated to avail themselves of several mechanical appliances for hatching, which have made them independent of the services of those capricious sitters, the brood hens. We are, however, becoming alive to the value of this method of obtaining chicks at all seasons, and an appliance known as the Hydro-Incubator has been already used with considerable success. Moreover, we have gone a step farther than this.



An ingenious inventor, Mr. T. Christy, jun., F.L.S., has patented an artificial mother, who, without sense or sensibility, rears the chickens that have been artificially hatched. Surely the only thing now wanted is a machine for laying the eggs.

Singular to say, these chickens, who have never known a mother's tender care, grow up strong, healthy birds, and—so far as we have been able to ascertain—decent members of gallinaceous society. We publish a portrait of the Hydro-Rearing Mother (for such is her name), and we shall now give a brief description of her person. In other words, the chicks are reared—to put it broadly—by hot water, and this is how it is done :—

F is an enclosure or tray, in which the "mother" C E is placed. Before putting her in position, care must be taken to lay down for her a bed of soft hay or straw. The mother is heated by pouring in at D water raised to a temperature of 170 to 175 degrees, which is to be maintained by supplying boiling water twice a day, say ten or twelve quarts each time, or more if necessary. As soon as the chicks are hatched they may be put under the mother by lifting the curtain G. They will dry, and in a few hours come out in search of food, which should be ready for them in a feeding-trough. The perforated metal slides A are used to keep the chicks under the mother, but they should always be raised during the night; for the youngsters, in the event of feeling cramped for space or too warm, should be able to go outside into the fresh air. After three or four days the chicks may be accustomed to the open air, for a short time at first, but gradually for longer periods, until they can bear complete liberty. As they grow up, the apparatus must be raised periodically by means of wedges. When the Hydro-Rearing Mother is done with, all the water should be drawn off at B, and it should be turned upside-down until again required.

The New French Military Map.

Our own excellent ordnance maps, hitherto surpassed only by the results of those costly surveys of the Rocky Mountains and western territories of which the Americans are so justly proud, seem likely to be outshone by the new map—or rather set of maps—which has recently been undertaken at the expense of the French Government. France, when the late disastrous war began, was poorly provided with maps of a handy size, which a mounted aide-de-camp or infantry captain could carry in his pocket. So great was this want that, at the outset of the campaign, French columns repeatedly lost their bearings on a French road, and staff officers were reduced to the humiliating necessity of asking their way, like so many mediæval pilgrims, from one village to another.

It takes much time, and infinite pains and patience, to produce a really good map ; and the French military engineers, or *génie*, as our neighbours style the branch, have travelled, sketched, and surveyed, have plied rule and compasses, and have called the photographer to their aid, before they could get ready the fine map of France, of which the first four sheets, or about one quarter, have now been published. Had it been brought out entire, its size, about eight feet by six feet six inches, would have rendered it very unwieldy and cumbersome ; but as it is, the fifteen divisions, with an extra leaf for useful indications as to marks, measurements, and foreign mileage as compared with French, will occupy but moderate space.

Geologically, M. Elie de Beaumont, a great authority on this point, has served as a pioneer to the new chart. The gigantic mural maps of the French staff corps, one of which is on the colossal scale of one to eighty thousand, have also been made available, so far as plane drawing is concerned. The exact condition of the earth's surface, with hill, table-land, mountain, valley, and watercourse, will be depicted with almost the fidelity of an embossed plan. Many colours are employed, and as each colour entails fresh printing, a great deal of delay has been thereby occasioned. Town, city, village, and hamlet are printed in black ; black, too, are the highways and cross-roads, the border-lines, and the limits of departments. Woods and forests are green. Land, arable and pasture, is painted brown, while rivers and canals are blue.

The new military map is on the handsome scale of one five hundred thousandth of the surface portrayed. It deals with France, reckoning from Utrecht, in Holland, to the mouth of the Spanish Ebro, and from Frankfort on the east to the lonely isle of Ouessant in the west. The same minute care to omit no important detail which characterises the purely French portion of the map, belongs likewise to that part of it which refers to districts beyond the frontier. And, in fact, a pedestrian in Switzerland, or a tourist in the Belgian Ardennes, might find his way from place to place with the assistance of the new French map.

Safety at Sea.

A new method of lowering boats at sea on a sudden emergency has been planned by Mr. Godfrey Laurence. The advantage this invention has over others of a similar nature, is the immunity which it insures against risk of collision between the lowered boat and the hull of the rolling ship. Each extreme of the curved davits is fitted with a head resembling that of a bird, and the davits themselves are hinged at the lower ends to the side of the vessel. The heads have protruding and fixed upper jaws, the lower jaws working on a pin at the base. A clever contrivance provides for the free motion of these heads, at the time when they are required to release their grip, and also for their firmness when they are required to hold fast. There is a very compact winch (the invention of the late Mr. Douglas) fixed on the deck between the standards, and to this winch the chains used for working the boat and davits lead. A powerful break controls the winch. The operation of lowering the boat at any angle of the ship is in this way performed with wonderful rapidity, certainty, and ease. This is yet another of the many clever inventions which, when brought into common use, will provide us with additional safety in travelling by water.

Electro-plating Extraordinary.

There are few of the applications of practical science which have been more generally and unobtrusively beneficial than that of electro-plating. A new art immediately sprang up when it was invented. All the ornamentation and cleanliness of gold and silver became the property of the nation at large, instead of being monopolised by a few. The young housewife could pride herself, if not on silver, yet on silver-*plated* articles. But useful and efficient though the present process of electro-plating has been, it is threatened with speedy extinction. It is not unaccompanied with danger to the operators, whilst the new process promises so far to be innocuous. Many of our readers are aware that goods intended to be silver-plated are immersed in a bath, wherein the metal to be deposited is in a state of solution. An electric current is now passed through the solution, which causes the dissolved silver to be precipitated. The degree of silver-plating can thus be carried on to any relative thickness. When the object thus coated is taken from the solution, the new metallic surface has to be burnished. It is evident, therefore, that effective though the process now in use may be, it is somewhat tedious and trying.

Within the last few weeks an entirely new method has been discovered—a method which may be said to be the first practical application of scientific research. It has been known for some time (thanks to that wonderful instrument the spectroscope, which enables us to tell what is going on and what is present in the most distant star) that most, if not all the metals we are acquainted with on the earth, such as iron, copper, &c., exist in the sun in the state of metallic vapour. This is owing to the intense heat which prevails on that luminary. Now vapours of any kind can be condensed when they come into contact with a cold surface, just as we know the vapour of water is on a pane of glass on a cold night. Reasoning thus, Professor Wright, of Yale College, has found it possible first to volatilise all kinds of metals—gold, silver, copper, iron, &c.—by the intense heat given out from an induction-coil in connection with the powerful "Grove's batteries." The battery he used enabled him to obtain an electric flash two or three inches in length. The poles of the wires between which this powerful spark played, are placed in a hollow vessel from which the air is nearly exhausted. The two poles of the battery are called negative and positive, and to the negative pole a small piece of metal, say silver, is attached. The article to be electro-plated on this new system (we will call it a sheet of glass) is suspended between the two poles. The battery is now set to work, the electric spark is generated, its intense heat almost immediately dissolves the silver on the negative pole into the state of metallic vapour. This vapour fills the whole of the vessel as air would, but is condensed immediately it comes into contact with the surface of the suspended glass, and leaves thereon a most beautiful uniform coating of silver. The process of volatilisation can be witnessed, and the spectroscope shows that the silver is actually in a state of vapour. Of course, if there be metallic vapour enough, there is no limit to the number of articles which could be so placed in the vessel as to have a coating of silver deposited upon them. Gold, or copper, or iron may be vapourised, and then deposited on any object, in exactly the same way. We think that this speedy and effective method cannot fail to be soon utilised in the arts. Professor Wright has already proved that he can produce the most resplendent mirrors from quite a number of metals. The metallic film can be deposited to any degree of thickness, from one-fourth the wave-length of a red ray of light, or something under the one-millionth part of an inch, upwards. Metallic *colours* can also be obtained by this process; for it is well known that, owing to the power of absorption and reflection of light differing with their degrees of thickness when spread out in films, metals are capable of producing the effects of various tints and colours. There can be little doubt that Professor Wright's discovery will prove of service to those engaged in the careful and exact study of physics, by providing them with another method of investigation. The simplicity of the process, and the light it throws on the highly heated condition in which the incandescent atmospheres of our sun and the "fixed stars" must be, are most interesting. We expect before long to see practical results from it, both scientific and commercial.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"———It is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers."

MILLY stood upon the hearth-rug with the fire-light flashing over her, all her beauty lit up with glory, and her shining coils of hair crowning her like a diadem. She gave Mr. Haslam one glance—a glance of keen curiosity and interest; then her eyes drooped, and she bowed to him, with an odd smile quivering on her lips.

"I have heard your name mentioned by my aunt," she said. "I presume you are the same Mr. Haslam whom she knew so well in her young days."

"The same," he answered, shortly. His voice was cold; his face had changed; it wore its hardest expression; he was showing himself at his worst, and Dora felt sorry for it.

"It is a pretty story spoiled," she said to herself. "It is a pity those two should be grim to each other. I should like to see Milly grateful to him."

But at this moment Milly was far more inclined to be sarcastic. She was laughing one of her pretty silvery laughs, showing between coral lips an even range of little white teeth.

"It is such a surprise to see you in the flesh," she said; "it is like a leaf out of a romance to meet you living, after hearing you spoken of for six months as a dead man."

"I should scarcely have thought the error could last so long," returned Mr. Haslam, his voice slightly cynical. "It was very early corrected in London; all my friends there soon became aware of my continued existence."

"But the happy news did not reach your friends abroad," observed Milly, lifting her eyes suddenly to his face. "It was really cruel of you to keep them lamenting in sack-cloth and ashes. I cannot reckon up what mischief may come of your silence."

Her tone and her manner, half bantering, half serious, threw a deeper shade of annoyance on Mr. Haslam's face.

"I think it is easier to reckon up the mischief made by silence than that caused by the tongue," he answered.

"Oh, I will not generalise, or philosophise either!" cried Milly. "I confine myself to this particular case. Are you aware my aunt is going to be married, Mr. Haslam?"

"I had heard of it," he replied quietly. "Indeed, I thought the marriage had taken place."

"No, not yet." And Milly looked down and smiled meaningly.

Her cool ease and self-possession, and the little air of mystery she threw around her words, were all very provoking. Dora's eyes were fixed on her in vexed wonder; Mr. Haslam looked at her intently, as though seeking to pierce beyond her light speech, and failing in this, he walked to the other end of the room and addressed Mr. Musgrave.

Again Milly's glance followed him, then she gave the tiniest shrug possible to her white shoulders, and left him in peace.

"I am so disappointed in Mr. Haslam," she said, in a low voice, to Dora.

"And why?" Dora asked the question almost angrily, for she was thinking of Mr. Haslam as he lay at the edge of the surf, bruised and battered, having nearly given his life for this light girl.

"And why!" repeated Milly. "Oh! he is so different to what I imagined him to be. I thought to see quite a hero."

"Perhaps you do," said Dora drily. "Make sure that your eyes can see rightly before you judge him."

Milly yawned a little behind her fan.

"I am afraid he would prove a dull subject to dispute on," she said, in the same low tone. Then raising her voice, she called out merrily—

"I begin to think, uncle, the lovers have forgotten there is such a meal as dinner. They are feeding as the gods do—on love."

"Dora, my dear," said Mr. Musgrave, "it is past eight."

Dora was having a whispered conference with old Trewin at the door.

"I fear, papa, Eugene found some ill news awaiting him in his letters this evening. Trewin says he has ordered his portmanteau to be packed."

"Oh, it is only to go to the rectory," Mr. Musgrave answered.

"Eugene!" repeated Milly. "Is that his Christian or surname?"

No one replied, for at this instant the lovers entered together: he tall, handsome, sunburnt; she slight and fair, her cheeks softly flushed, her eyes anxious and tender, and over her whole demeanour a sort of timid happiness, carrying a shadow of sorrow with it.

"Mr. Maberly: my cousin, Miss Martock," said Dora's clear voice, doing the honours again as hostess, alive to all her duties in her usual quick, bright way; all thought of Harry and her own sorrow being kept beneath the surface of her life to trouble only herself.

Milly was still standing by the bright wood fire, and in spite of its ruddy light shining on her, she looked strangely pale as she and Eugene Maberly met face to face. The ready smile and word were wanting to her lips, but from out her eyes there shot a glance of fire into his. What did it say? Was it defiance, or fear, or passion, or was it a prayer? The look was too quick and sudden for any one to read but him: he certainly understood and obeyed it. One moment only he remained irresolute, his hand outstretched; then it dropped, he drew back and bowed as to a stranger; but the smile that shook upon his lip as he turned away was not the smile with which a gentleman greets an unknown lady.

Rachel's hand had fallen from his arm, and she stood gazing at Milly's fearful beauty, half admiringly, half angry at its dazzling power. It was not kind to dress so well and look so lovely now Eugene was here. She had done it purposely to outshine her and Dora. She knew quite well they could not vie with her, therefore it was cruel to bring this toilette fresh from Paris into this worn room, where all looked so old and faded to strangers' eyes. It was crueller still to press thus upon her lover a comparison between her and them. Her bright beauty paled theirs into homeliness, and her ready speech flowing light and silvery, unbroken by their shyness and inaptness to the world, might well charm duller ears than Eugene's.

As these painful thoughts rose swiftly in Rachel's jealous mind, Milly stooped and kissed her.

"What a happy girl you are!" she whispered rapidly. Then she took both her hands and looked her in the face.

"Happiness has made you beautiful," she said, softly, beneath her breath. Uneasy under her scrutiny, Rachel drew away her hands hurriedly, and stepped back a pace or two; the repelling action raised a slight flush on Milly's cheek.

"Always the same cold heart," she murmured half aloud; "the same self-righteousness and pride. Well, well, I shall not ask for mercy there.—Uncle!" she cried, "I think Rachel is positively grown and much improved since I was last here."

"She is no taller than she was a year ago," said Mr. Musgrave, "but she is perhaps a little more of a woman."

"I vow she is taller!" Milly cried. "Let us measure, and you gentlemen shall judge between us. The last time I was here we were the same height, but now I am sure Rachel has shot above me!"

Before Rachel could demur Milly had placed herself by her side, shoulder to shoulder, and with charming grace and half-raised eyes, which seemed to plead with childish innocence for approbation, she called on all to look at them and pronounce carefully who was the taller.

Rachel stiffened suddenly into cold calmness: she was too proud to move. She had probed Milly's motive, and despised it. She was even willing to give her this triumph to her vanity: it seemed to her such a small thing.

In such close proximity with her brilliant cousin, Rachel's fair beauty was dimmed; the rich colouring of the glowing brunette paled her softer tints, and made them seem faded and neutral. The grave and slightly weary look upon her face added also to the contrast between them, enhancing Milly's sparkling beauty as much as it took from her own.

The men's eyes were on them both. Mr. Musgrave looked smilingly, pleased with his ownership in the loveliness he was admiring: no thought of comparison entering his mind. Mr. Haslam looked critically, with memories of another face, which like a shadow flitted over Milly's, and seemed to grow out of it as he gazed. Eugene's glance followed his and rested long on Milly, as though glad of an excuse to search her face for some expression missing to it.

Whether by hazard or by choice, seeing she was strange to them, it was certain Milly drew all glances and fixed them on herself, while Rachel stood unnoticed, very grave and calm, that slight look of weariness sitting like a shadow on the fairness of her face. But Milly glowed beneath this fire of masculine eyes, and her beauty beamed and brightened with new life and grace, just as a river sparkles in the sun. No English girl accustomed only to English ways could have borne this scrutiny with the charming ease and pleasure that Milly did.

"There can be no question about your height, my dear," said Mr. Musgrave: "you are still taller than both my girls. But for all that, they are just the height that pleases me."

He did not like to praise his niece without giving a kindly word to these simpler, dearer girls. And his cheery face turned on them as he spoke with a commending smile.

"They are as high as your heart," said Eugene; and his eyes fell here on Rachel, but hers had drooped and she did not meet his glance. At this moment she shrank from it; she feared he would read her thoughts; and she could not bear that he should see the uneasy, angry pain that she was hiding.

All this time, while Milly was playing her pretty comedy, old Trewin was at the door announcing dinner with all his might.

No one heeded him but Dora.

"If you have been admired sufficiently, Milly," she said at last, "I, for one, should be glad to go down to dinner."

"Bless me! is it ready?" cried Mr. Musgrave. "My dear, won't you take Eugene's arm?"

He spoke to Rachel, but she did not know this; and while she stood silent and irresolute, Milly, quick as lightning, flashed her white hand on the arm stretched out so near her.

"Oh, thanks, uncle!" she cried. "It is very good of you to give me an escort, gentlemen in this lonely corner of the earth being such a rare blessing. And it is doubly good of you, Rachel dear, to give up your right and title for once in my favour."

What could Eugene do? He could not shake her hand away; he could only smile, and yield to the gay impertinence which had taken him captive. So he escorted Milly to the dining-room, and allowed the

girl he loved to go down the great staircase coldly and alone.

Mr. Haslam took Dora. "Is your cousin going to make a long stay?" he said, as they walked on.

"I cannot tell you," Dora answered. "She is so erratic that it would not surprise me if she left us to-morrow."

"You did not know she was coming?"

"No: we had not the least idea of it till her telegram arrived."

"I wish I had known of it," he said. Dora looked at him a little wonderingly, and would have asked him why, but her father's voice broke on her ear somewhat querulously.

"How is it Eugene took Milly? She should have come with me. And where is the rector? Do you know he is come after all?"

"I am here, Musgrave, near the dinner, as I should be," Mr. Gwynne called out laughingly. "My womenkind, you see, persuaded me to come, and being late I marched straight to the dining-room, expecting to find you all here."

"Very sensible of Mrs. Gwynne and Cordelia to give you such good advice. I am much obliged to them. It is useless, you know, to fret over a young fellow's vagaries: Harry will be back again next week."

While this welcome was being given to the rector, and amid the bustle of shaking hands, Rachel heard the voice of Eugene, very low.

"Surprised?" he said. "Yes; I nearly lost my self-possession."

Milly turned on him an eager look—one of those looks which betray a community of interest or of memories, or perhaps the mutual possession of some secret.

"But you have told them nothing?" she murmured, almost in a whisper.

"How could I dare? I thought, too, for your sake—" said Eugene.

"Hush!" Milly interposed. "Say no more now: we shall make so much mischief if not careful. You have been very good——"

She stopped, for the lights on the dinner-table were flashing on her face, and Rachel saw that the look which had made her heart stand still was gone—vanished in a pretty smile, as, with conventional thanks upon her lips, she took her seat as gracefully at ease as though she were a queen.

"She plays her part well!" Rachel thought bitterly. "But I am no coward. I can act too, and with stronger purpose."

Having placed his lady in a chair, Eugene turned and saw his love,

"Rachel!" he said anxiously.

She made him no reply, but groped for Dora's hand, and grasped it blindly. Her face had grown white and cold. Yet she knew not what had happened; she knew not what she feared; she only knew she was afraid. All her happiness was quivering, shaking, falling down before her eyes into some gulf of darkness unknown.

Dora gave her hand one tight clasp and then released it.

"Rachel!" she said firmly.

The clear, round, full voice, warm with kindness, brought back her readiness and sense. She took her seat at the table with a wan smile, but not by her lover's side; she sank into a chair close by, with the rector at her right hand.

There had been a slight bustle at the table owing to the necessary changes made by Mr. Gwynne's arrival, and thus no one noted her desertion of her old place, except Eugene himself. He bit his lip; he was vexed; perhaps he thought her cold, or a little unreasonable to be angry with him for so slight a cause as escorting Milly. So a shadow of misunderstanding fell upon him, and throughout the cheerless dinner her chair stood vacant by his side, and he never turned his eyes upon it, seeming not to miss her once—she whose heart was aching for him. But he talked eagerly to Milly, and she answered him with ready lips and sparkling eyes, and face kindling into radiant beauty. Seeing all this, Rachel shrank more and more into that cold calm silence with which she so often shielded the real timidity of her nature, and which had gained for her the epithets of cold and unloving.

Dora had her share of sorrow likewise in this trying repast, for the good rector talked of his son, and was full of bewilderment at his abrupt departure, grieving chiefly because the lad had grieved his mother.

"Cordelia would not leave her," he said; "otherwise, I should have persuaded my dear girl to come with me and sun herself a little in your bright faces."

His eyes looked straight into Dora's eyes, and she gave him back a smile. She was neither dull nor cheerless: no cloud from her hidden care fell upon her guests.

The dinner to Rachel seemed interminable; yet it came to an end too soon for Milly. Twice Dora had to beckon before she chose to see the signal, and flit away reluctantly.

In the drawing-room with the girls alone, all her vivacity departed; she was overcome with weariness, and stretched herself composedly on the large old-fashioned sofa.

"I am more tired than a bird of passage," she said. "It is such a journey down to this dear old place! I am aching for sleep."

"Would you like to go to your room?" asked Dora.

"Oh, no, I will sleep here, if you will let me. I am longing for a talk with you two, but you see my eyes will not keep open."

She murmured these few words softly, with half-closed lids, while the quiet sisters sat by the wood fire, watching thoughtfully the red embers die down into grey ashes.

They scarcely answered when she spoke, being bewildered, not knowing if she were friend or foe. They would have loved and tended her had they dared, but they were held back by some instinctive fear, some curious force of repulsion, which Milly herself silently exercised against them.

Soon her disjointed murmured words ceased, and

silence reigned in the dimly-lit room. Then Dora turned and looked at her cousin. She had laid her pretty head down calmly, and was sleeping like an innocent child rosy in its cradle.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"Now, what is love? I will you show:
A thing that creeps and cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro."

"OH, Dora! what can it mean?" asked Rachel feverishly. "Have you seen how strangely they have both behaved, as if secretly they were old friends or—or lovers?"

Dora held up a warning finger, perhaps not quite believing in the soundness of Milly's sleep.

"Let us wait patiently," she whispered. "I think to-morrow Eugene will explain it all. Do not let us talk now; it is better not."

So they sat silent, and Dora took her work, but Rachel interlaced her hands nervously and listened for coming steps. As the men's voices floated up the wide stairs, and the door was opened, Milly awoke, with a warm soft flush upon her cheeks, and starting up, she asked of the first eyes that met hers whether she had not grown frightful in her slumber.

"Frightful?" returned the rector, for it was he whose look she first caught. "I would sleep for a month to wake up with such a colour as yours."

Mr. Haslam glanced at the fresh rose flush upon her face, the new soft beauty sleep had given her, and owning her very fair, he yet turned away, and gave a happy thought to the face he loved. But Eugene's eyes lingered on her figure anxiously, even pitifully.

"Are you well enough to give us some music?" he asked with eagerness.

"Oh, no! I am much too tired; I can only listen. Do entreat my cousins to sing; I shall enjoy that."

"Yes, girls, give us some music," said Mr. Musgrave.

Obedient to their father's wish, the sisters sang together, and their young fresh voices filled the room with sweet sound. Mr. Haslam turned the pages of the music, for the rector dozed, believing he was listening, and Mr. Musgrave read the local paper. Milly had walked to the deep bay-window, where the heavy curtains, half drawn, almost hid her from view. Eugene followed her, and both talked softly. It was singular, if this girl was a stranger to him, that he should be so interested in what she said, that his cheek flushed and his manner grew nervous and excited; stranger still that when each song ceased he waxed impatient, and asked eagerly for another and another, although he had not listened to any.

It was hard to sing with a tortured heart, but Rachel in her pride was turning into stone, so she sang on long after Dora had thought it well to cease.

When tea came, Eugene drew away from the window abruptly.

"I will not take any, thanks," he said. "I think a cigar would do me more good."

"I'll have one with you," returned Mr. Musgrave. "What do you say, Haslam?"

"Directly: I'll join you by-and-by. I will have some tea first."

So the two other gentlemen rose, and in passing Rachel, Eugene laid his hand upon her chair lightly.

"Do not sit up, Rachel, longer than you like. I am a sad fellow to smoke. I will say good night now; shall I?"

"Certainly," said Rachel, in cold calm tones. "Good night."

She was fast changing to ice. He must have felt her coldness, for he lingered a moment, though Mr. Musgrave called him; and Dora, who was sitting opposite, saw more upon his face than his words betrayed. It was sorrowful and stern, and his eyes were filled with pain. His lips moved and trembled with some word unuttered, for Mr. Musgrave called again, and with one look he hurried away. Rachel had not lifted her eyes; she let him go without a glance, so she saw none of this. She held her head droopingly over the book upon her lap, and when his hand closed the door a tear or two fell sparsely on the pages, which she proudly shook away. Then rising, she walked to the bay-window and looked out upon the soft May night, and grew coldly calm again.

Meanwhile, Milly was talking brightly to Mr. Haslam of the foreign lands both had visited. Once or twice Lady Martock's name was mentioned; and at last he asked the question, the breath of which had touched his lips many times, and yet passed unspoken.

"When does your aunt's marriage take place?"

"Next week, I believe," returned Milly; "but she is so uncertain, so odd, no one can dare venture to predict whether she will not change her mind, and refuse to marry even on the wedding-day."

Mr. Haslam pondered an instant, and then asked another question. "Are you going to the wedding, Miss Martock?"

"Oh, no; there is a little tiff between me and my aunt. And I do not like the bridegroom at all. He is a marquis of the old *régime*, delightful in manner and cruel at heart."

"Is Lady Martock going to marry a Frenchman?" asked Dora in astonishment.

The tone of her voice made Milly laugh.

"Yes," she said. "And a happier fate for her, too, than to marry an Englishman."

"No doubt," returned Mr. Haslam gravely. "If she marries at all, it is better for her to marry out of England. There is no serious quarrel between you and your aunt, is there, Miss Martock? Excuse me for asking."

"Not very serious. Only we are not on speaking terms at present," laughed Milly.

"Nor writing to each other?"

"Dear me! no; that would be absurd between two people who have quarrelled. When I want to be friends again I shall write and tell her I have met you. She will be so astonished and interested that she will give me an invitation instantly, I am certain."

"You had better keep your news till after the wedding," returned Mr. Haslam.

There was something in his voice that struck Rachel

ominously. She let her eyes rest on his face with a scrutiny rare in her, and she saw in him a suppressed emotion, which made the muscles around his lips quiver.

"Perhaps I had," Milly answered carelessly. "Do you want me to promise that I will?"

"TORE IT OPEN WITH AN ANGRY HAND" (*p.* 202).

"Yes," he cried eagerly; and stretching out his hand, he caught hers in a sudden clasp.

Milly looked surprised, and then laughed and withdrew her hand. "Well, I promise," she said. "I assure you it is not at all likely that I shall seek a reconciliation with my aunt just at present. Good night. I am really dead tired."

With such a hint, however sweetly spoken, Mr. Haslam could do no other than retire.

"The tiresome man!" said Milly, when he was gone; "he has quite spoiled the little chat I thought to have with you two. I do believe he is in love with my aunt still. He was so curious about her."

"Was he ever in love with her?" asked Dora.

Milly yawned, and shrugged her shoulders in her pretty French way.

"Oh, yes; it was a desperate attachment, I believe."

"But he does not care for her now," said Rachel in a calm, incisive voice. "I am certain of that."

"How can you possibly be certain?" asked Milly sharply.

"Because he cares for some one else; he likes Cordelia."

Milly burst into a laugh. "Why, she is quite an old maid, and as plain as—as a mile-stone, except for her eyes."

"She is only twenty-seven," said Dora quietly, and to those who know her she seems beautiful—and she

is beautiful," added Rachel, in a tone which admitted of no dispute.

"Oh, well! have your own way," replied Milly mockingly. "'She is all your fancy painted her: she is lovely, she's divine.' And Mr. Haslam is her devoted admirer! This will be news indeed for Aunt Letitia."

"I cannot see why Lady Martock should be in the least interested in the matter," Rachel said, in a tone which betrayed her hidden anger and indignation. "And I think, considering all the kindness you received at the rectory, Cordelia is not the person you should select to injure and ridicule."

"Here's a lecture!" cried Milly good-temperedly. "Injure is too strong a word: a little laughter may be forgiven me. I must laugh or die. And at whom can one laugh but at one's friends? Moreover, I assure you Aunt Letitia will be intensely interested to hear that Mr. Haslam is in love."

"It can be nothing to her: she is on the eve of marriage with some one else," observed Dora. "And I hope you will not forget your promise to Mr. Haslam, Milly."

"What was it?" she asked. "Oh, I remember! Well, I'll keep it if I can."

"A promise of yours to Mr. Haslam should be sacred," said Rachel.

"And why?" demanded Milly, making great wide-open eyes at her. "I see no reason why I should keep my word to Mr. Haslam more than I should to any other man."

The sisters were silent. For a moment both had felt tempted to divulge the truth—that it was to Mr. Haslam she owed her life; but Cordelia had earnestly requested them to respect his wish for silence on this point, and they had given their promise they would do so. They could not break this promise lightly; they felt they had no right, without Mr. Haslam's permission, to make known a fact which he wished to keep secret. So Milly's speech died into emptiness without an answer.

"But you would keep your promise, any way, would you not?" asked Dora, after a short silence.

Milly lifted her black eye-brows wearily, as if tired of the subject. "I suppose I should; but in this case it cannot be of much consequence whether I do or not."

"But Mr. Haslam looked as if he felt it would be of consequence," observed Rachel.

"Oh, I was thinking of myself. If I were on terms with my aunt I should be tempted to tell her—it would be a good card to play; not being on terms I am not tempted. The village idyl may go on as far as I am concerned. I shall not help my aunt to put her shadow between the lovers."

"But could she?" Dora asked anxiously.

"I believe she would try. There is some romantic story between her and Mr. Haslam, but I never got at the whole of it; my aunt is too reticent. At all events, they were much attached once, and of course she behaved badly to him. She could do no otherwise: that is her nature."

Milly looked at the grey dull ashes of the dying fire ponderingly, and a shadow came over her face.

"Who shall say whether people can help what they do? Sometimes I believe that everything is hereditary. You have thought me very mean in saying I would play a good card for my aunt's favour if needful, but you two happy girls little dream what it is to be placed as I am. All the virtues are yours by hereditary right. You can afford to be noble and romantic. You have a home; you have love, honour, safety. I am a straw upon the waves. I do not know where I shall lay my head to-morrow."

Her eyes filled with tears; she dashed them away and laughed a little wildly.

"Milly!" cried her cousins pitifully.

"Oh, I am happy enough," she answered, recovering herself. "I amuse myself at times with a bitter word or two; they mean nothing. But I do wish that gallant fisherman had never dragged me out of the surf. I hate him for it. Had he left me alone, I should be at peace now. I am talking foolishly—and it is nearly midnight, is it not?"

"Yes," said Dora gravely. "And I think you will be better for some sleep, Milly. You are over-excited and weary."

"I am indeed," she answered.

Yet she did not move. She stood with eyes bent still upon the fire; then raising them she scanned the sisters' faces with a quick but searching glance. The frank innocence and simplicity she read there closed her lips: not to them could she speak out. They, too, felt some unseen barrier, and did not ask for her confidence. Questions relative to her and Eugene had risen in their hearts, and trembled on their tongues unspoken. Rachel was too proud. If Eugene himself would not explain his conduct, she, at least, could not condescend to question and cross-question another woman concerning him. She would rather yield him to her than so degrade herself. And Dora was too pitiful for her sister to broach the subject in her presence. Moreover, her bright hopeful nature prompted her to wait with cheerful patience for the solution of the mystery. Thus for the space of a second or two they sat silent; the silvery chimes of the hall clock broke into the stillness, sounding twelve strokes musically. As it ceased Rachel held out a shrinking hand to Milly.

"Good night," she said. "This is very late for us."

Milly turned suddenly towards her and caught both her hands.

"Have I made you jealous? I am so sorry. Has not Mr. Maberly told you that he and I are old friends? Last August we travelled through Switzerland together. Then, always in the same party, we went on to Florence, Venice, Rome. No; he has not told you?"

Rachel had released her hands, and stood before her flushed, but with whiteness gathering round her lips.

"He has not mentioned you as a friend," she said.

"How foolish of him! I should not have cared had he told it all. We came back through the Tyrol," continued Milly. "Oh, such a happy, happy time!—a time never to be forgotten."

Suddenly, as though out of the fulness of her heart

and memory, she burst into a gay song, clapping her hands together in time to the quaint Venetian air:

"'Old loves, new loves! what are they worth?
Only a song! Tra-la-la-la.'"

That wonderful soprano voice of hers trilled and whirled upwards, as though the music were mad with glee; the room was filled with mocking joy while her momentary song lasted; when it ceased the ear ached for her voice again: it was a sound divine.

"Give me credit for some generosity. I did not sing to-night, although Mr. Maberly asked me. Why should I eclipse better girls than myself?

"'———Ah! what is love worth?
Only a song! Tra-la-la-la!'"

She sang again, softly this time, as if to herself. "There, that is my good night. All further confessions reserved till to-morrow." And kissing her hand to the sisters, she danced away.

"Was this strange night a dream, and would they be happier to-morrow?" Rachel asked herself, as with shrinking eyes her gaze followed Milly's vanishing figure.

"That is not real: it is too theatrical for joy," said Dora. "Rachel, through that flimsy veil I saw misery on her face. I fear there is something wrong to-night. Why did not Eugene tell us that he knew her?"

"Wrong!" Rachel answered. "Oh, Dora! it is all wrong—all a dreadful, a bitter mistake! He does not love me! He has only come to me in recklessness, perhaps for consolation—perhaps hoping to forget. They are old friends—you heard her say it—they had travelled together through lands of which I have only dreamed. What memories they must have in common! How could they help loving each other—and she so beautiful? Oh, Dora! pray for me that I may have strength to set him free!"

Her voice broke, but her eyes were dry, and shining with a great light.

"I will not give you any counsel to-night," Dora said, putting her arm around her sister. "Remember we are in darkness now; a few hours of patience and this cloud may be lifted away."

"But if to-morrow I become certain—if I have assured proof that he loves her—that his older love for her is greater than his love for me—you would not advise me to hold him to his word?"

"No, no, not then; I would help you to do what was right. But in the library, this evening, what did he say when you told him Milly was here?"

"I did not tell him. I had not time. He was troubled about his letters. Mrs. Maberly, his aunt, you know, is in grief, and has asked him to come to her at once. He was in dismay at this, and talked of nothing else. He seemed so sorry then to leave me." Rachel wrung her hands tightly together, and turned away; she could not bear to let even Dora see the anguish on her face.

"And what is the trouble at his home?" asked Dora.

"I do not know; he seemed unwilling to tell me, so I would not press him with questions. He talked of—of leaving Warewood to-morrow. Oh! that our last evening together should be like this!"

There was just one low cry, one sob, and her face fell on her clasped hands, but the next instant she had raised it, and stood erect and firm.

"I am ashamed to be so weak. Ah, Dora! you have a braver heart than mine."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

"Rest is in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.'

THE sound of soft foot-falls and of closing doors had ceased; Warewood had sunk into the deep quiet of night and sleep.

Rachel's room looked out upon the green glory of the avenue, the shadow of the first huge beech fell at sunrise on her window. This now was slightly open, and through it poured a broad stream of ivory light from the high May moon.

Rachel slept, but woke suddenly to the sound of words which had mingled in her dreams:

"Old loves, new loves! what are they worth?
Only a song! Tra-la-la-la!"

She was at Venice in a gondola alone; the oars swung to the light unfeeling music. It was Eugene singing; his voice floated away over the water; he passed her with Milly by his side, and she went on beneath the Bridge of Sighs into shadow, and awoke.

Hark! the clock is chiming. It is this which had struck upon her dreaming ear, and brought a foolish vision with it. After the chimes fell the stroke—one. She listened for a second, but none came.

Only one! Had Sleep been so unmerciful that he had granted her scarce an hour's oblivion of her sorrow? And now thought rushed on thought, following Milly in her last year's pilgrimage with Eugene through classic lands, and banishing sleep from her heavy eyes.

In her waking visions the dream scarce seemed a dream. It was too true a reality. It was thus he and Milly had passed through the dream-city of Venice, floating onwards, doubtless, to the music of this very song:

"———What is love worth?
Only a song!——"

Rachel started up and sprang from her couch. It was no fancy of the night this time—no dream; it was a real sound, breathed low, yet sweetly, in a mellow voice—not a woman's.

Could it be Eugene? The song floated in through the open window. Perhaps he was restless and unhappy, and had walked out in the soft night air to ease the fever of his heart, filled to overflowing with the old love, which the vision of Milly had made new again, and from out his teeming memory there had sprung unconsciously to his lips her song.

The thought was bitter, and lest it should be too cruel, too unjust to him, Rachel stole softly to the window, flinging a shawl about her as she went, and hoping against hope that she was dreaming still.

Down upon the lawn there stood a solitary figure.

There was no need for him to lift his face upwards and let the ivory moonlight fall upon it in a shower of pallid silver: she knew him at a glance. After a long, slow look, a look revealing pain and weariness, fixed upon a window—not Rachel's—he moved away, and the shadows of the beech-trees hid him.

It was true, then—he was strolling through the night, too restless to seek rest; and this music, born in the sleepy sea of Venice, where he had sailed with his love, haunted him, and broke from his lips in anguish.

With what fierce misery he must be battling, thus to walk like an unquiet spirit in lonely places! Was it for the sake of honour, of conscience, which bound him to her, that he thus suffered? If so, he should never endure another night of restless pain for her. In the morning she would set him free; his heart being gone from her, she would not hold him by his honour.

With this thought her eyes sought him among the shadows yearningly. Never again could they dare fill up with love, looking on him. But as her seeking gaze caught the sight it longed for, she put her hand upon her heart and fell upon her knees. In the faintly-lit avenue, among the sparse shadows of young leaves, stood two figures, and one a woman's!

By the graceful head poised like a statue's, by the tall slight figure, by the sheen of the robe glittering in the creamy light, Rachel knew her cruel cousin. But her heart did not break. A fever of passionate indignation seized her. A sudden revulsion of feeling turned her love to anger. It was an insult to have clandestine meetings at night beneath her very window. Her father's guests might at least have considered him, and spared his daughter this.

She drew her curtain close and shut her window: she would not look on those two again. The sight had changed her love to gall. And in her secret heart she pitied Milly, and felt her veins glow with indignation against the man who could persuade her to such an act as this.

"She is my father's niece, and I his daughter, and here beneath his roof—an honoured guest—this man can play this double part, and be treacherous both to me and Milly. Oh! I never could have loved him! The mistake is mine."

Rachel was worthy to-night of the character some gave her. She hardened into stone beneath her own thoughts—she grew cold and calm as marble. In a few moments she had dressed herself in a morning-robe, and retiring far from the window, she lighted a taper, and wrote with firm fingers these lines:—

"I will not wait till to-morrow to set you free. All I ask is that you will leave Warewood at once, not seeking to see my face again. That I cannot and will not suffer.

"I know now that our engagement was a mistake, our love a folly. On my side it is quite gone and vanished. You will not be surprised at this when I tell you that the story of last autumn, which you have hidden from me, has come to my knowledge. Once I would never have believed such a thing of you. Now I say that an event like this would break off our engagement even if my cousin had no connection with it. You forget she is my father's niece; you forget that Mr. Martock is his sister's husband, and he is bound to defend the honour of that name. Surely, after your journey in Italy with Miss Martock and her father, you should never have come to Warewood. Your best course now is to leave it for ever. I have no mother to write this for me; I force my own shrinking hand to make a last request. Quit Warewood with the morning light, making what excuse you will to my father, and I promise on my part never to grieve him with the truth. You spoke to me this evening of ill news which called you away: this will be reason enough for your hurried departure. The last kindness you can show me is to spare me the misery of meeting you again. Farewell!"

When this was written and sealed, Rachel hesitated, yet only for an instant, for in that time she drew the curtain back and saw those two figures pacing the avenue still, with silvery lights and weird shadows falling on them as they walked. Then the curtain was dropped, and her heart grew to stone again. She left her room and went down the corridor with silent but resolute tread. At her sister's door her step slackened, and she half put forth her hand, but drew it back.

"No; why should I wake Dora and trouble her with this? It has to do with my life only. And she has sorrow of her own. I will let her sleep on in peace. She herself said but an hour ago that if I had proof, if I knew him false, I should do right to set him free. If she gave me further counsel now, I might reproach her in the time to come. I will carry this out alone."

Her swift feet brought her ere she was aware to the door of a small study, given up to Eugene's use since his stay at Warewood. She turned the handle of the door and entered—not fearfully, knowing he was beneath the beech-tree shadows with Milly. Yet when within the room a startled shyness mantled her face with crimson, and she looked around with frightened eyes. All was quiet. The reading-lamp burned on the table steadily, and his writing-case was here, and the flowers she had gathered for him in the morning, when the sun shone and her love was happy. Now their sweet fragrance filling the air made her faint. With hurried hand she put the letter down where the light shone on it, and then fled.

In her own room she fell upon her knees and prayed—not without tears, though the cold hardness of pride and bitterness still kept a heavy hand upon her soul. But she did not repent; she had done her duty in setting him free: the wrong was on his side, not on hers. Yet none the less did she cry to her heart that life was over, and the sun had gone down in early day.

It is youth's error to take the first cloud of sorrow for the setting of all joy. She did not know that even tears are but the rain of hope. The aged, who have ceased to hope, do not weep or cry out against grief and pain. These are a part of life, and for life's sake they have heart to bear them.

Even while Rachel wept, sleep, that sweet blessing of her young years, came to her, and flushed her cheek softly, and breathed balmy rest about her, folding her in peace like the wings of a seraph.

Ah! even in their sharpest woe, youth and innocence have still in their veins that wondrous elixir of life which surely the human soul first drank in heaven. Hence in rest the strange peace of that better land shines about them like a halo, while in the old and the world-weary it has faded away.

* * * * * *

Dora heard it all in the early morning from Rachel's lips. She was more shocked than Rachel at Milly's

treachery and lightness. A year or two makes a difference in a girl's thoughts, and this nocturnal interview of Milly's with Eugene struck the elder sister with amazed pain. She shrank from speaking of it to her father: Milly was his sister's daughter; it would grieve him terribly to hear this of her. So Dora agreed with Rachel to keep Milly's secret, and not vex their father's ears with it.

"Doubtless, Eugene has obeyed your wish and is gone," she said; "and we must suffer Milly's presence kindly for a few days. When we tell her we know all her treachery she will hasten to leave Warewood."

"And you think that I have done right?" Rachel asked wistfully.

"You could do no other," Dora answered. "And *if* he is blameless, then he is still here, and will explain it all. If he is *gone*, we shall know that he too felt you were right."

Rachel did not speak again; her trembling lips, white and cold, had no strength for words.

The prayer-bell had just rung when the sisters went down the stairs together, hand in hand. All the orderly household was assembled in the morning-room; Mr. Musgrave held open before him the great and Holy Book, which gives us the promise of a life without tears and without pain. Dora darted one glance round; Rachel did not raise her eyes; Eugene was not there.

All knelt, while words of peace and comfort, and consolation, poured over their troubled hearts and soothed them. Dora brushed away tears when she rose, but Rachel was only a little paler, a little calmer than when she had knelt down.

Old Trewin went out into the hall, and came back with a letter in his hand. "I waited, sir, till prayers were over to give you this."

Eugene's writing had flashed before Rachel's eyes. She did not ask a question; she could not say, "Is he gone?" She sat still, hiding her face with her hand, and listening.

"Why, what's this?" cried Mr. Musgrave. "Dora—Rachel! what does this mean? Maberly is gone without a leave-taking! He says ill news from his home has called him away. But that is folly! There is some other cause to make him leave as he did in this strange fashion, in the night or the early morning, I know not which. What does it mean, children?"

"It means, father," said Dora, "that Rachel thinks she will not leave you. It was a mistake, this sudden engagement of hers with a man of whom we know so little. She sees that now: so she has said farewell, and the sorrow is over. Let us forget it."

"This is very strange, very unexpected to me," said Mr. Musgrave, turning to look upon his daughters' faces. "I cannot approve of it. Rachel knew young Maberly well enough—has known and liked him for three years——"

"Not all that time, father; he was away last year," Dora broke in, a little eagerly.

"Granted, my dear. Three years then, say, off and on; long enough surely not to call an engagement made after such a period of acquaintance either ill-advised or sudden.—Rachel, your attachment to Eugene Maberly is not a thing of yesterday; it did not grow out of your short engagement: that was but the natural result of your affection, was it not?"

This question addressed straight to Rachel forced her to speak. She looked up, and her father saw the grey, worn aspect of her face, and the shadow in her eyes deep as the grave of her love.

"If you would believe, father, that I have acted rightly and done for the best, and would not ask me why, but would trust me, I should be very, *very* thankful. I did love Eugene—I cannot deny it; I loved him very much, but I do not love him now. I would not take him for a husband for the whole world. I would rather die than become his wife."

The steadiness of her voice amazed Dora; its firmness astonished Mr. Musgrave.

"Are girls so fickle?" he asked; and he turned towards his elder daughter and spoke earnestly:—"You two have no mother. I scarcely think it is right, this sudden breaking of a solemn troth. Dora, remember there is no mother here—she would have told me. I ask you, as the elder, is this right?"

"Right as truth and sunlight, father," she answered. "Do not fear for Rachel and me. We have you; we have a kind, good father. We shall try always to do the right, that you may not feel us motherless."

Dora's voice broke a little, but it was brave to the last; she clasped both her hands on her father's arm, and rested her face a moment on his shoulder. When she raised it, she met his eyes with a smile.

Rachel asked for no support, no tenderness; she looked on a little wistfully at Dora's more loving ways, which always gained for her a sympathy for which she never had to ask; but Rachel too, when her father turned to look at her, reassured him with a smile. What a sad, wan smile it was! But he had something dim about his eyes just then, and if the grief he saw touched his sense, it was mingled with the shadow of another sorrow—all his own, and never to be told to these two motherless girls.

"So you stand by your decision, Rachel, and send your lover away with a smile? I ought, I suppose, to tell you what a good match you lose. But if you do not mind it, I don't. You will never be poor; I have enough for you both, and whoever of you two stands by Warewood shall have Warewood. Dora, I presume, will forsake it one day for Harry Gwynne; so you and I, Rachel, will stick to the old house together."

It was not unnoted by Rachel that Dora uttered not a word in answer, that no shadow of her own grief stole in upon them, no knowledge of it broke upon her father's sense. Yet Rachel knew that when Dora leant her head upon her father's shoulder and received his kiss, she took comfort for it to herself without grieving him.

"We three, father," Rachel said: "you, Dora, and I will keep by dear old Warewood; we will not part with her to any Harry in the world."

"No, no, I will not have both the lovers' hearts broken. Poor Maberly! I fear he will feel this very much. You have been hard on him, Rachel, I fancy."

This was said in a gay tone, and Rachel kept her tears back, but dared not answer, lest speech should break into a wild wail and betray all her anguish.

Dora stooped over her with kindly hand, bearing a cup of coffee.

"Drink this," she said; "it will do you good.—Come, father, we must not neglect breakfast any longer."

Then she whispered in Rachel's ear, "Courage! I hear Milly coming."

It was not Milly, but a frightened maid with anxious face. She beckoned to Dora, and stood silent and bewildered.

"What is it?" Dora asked.

"If you please, ma'am, I think there is something the matter. I have knocked ever so many times at Miss Martock's door, and can get no answer."

Terror fell upon them as the girl spoke. Both sisters felt that foreboding of the heart which tells of deadly evil. Cold and faint, Rachel sank back in her chair speechless, but Dora started up and left the room.

A few short moments of suspense, and then the truth was known.

Milly was gone! Wickedly, selfishly, without a thought for others, she had fled, leaving her cruel shadow to haunt the pleasant glades and mar the peace of tranquil Warewood.

There was dire dismay in the sisters' hearts, anger and bewilderment in Mr. Musgrave's. He called the servants together and poured question on question; yet his spoken conjectures were guarded, and he never once let slip the dreadful suspicion that had dawned like an evil light upon his own mind.

In the midst of their confusion and doubt, there came slouching up the avenue a man from Warewood Church-town, a certain Nathaniel Sobie — always shortened to Nat—who owned the single village fly, and was so greedy of gain, that it was said of him that he overcharged his mother for the use of his vehicle at his own father's funeral. This man was the bearer of a letter from Milly.

Mr. Musgrave tore it open with an angry hand. It was but a slip of paper, and it told nothing :—

"Do forgive me, dearest uncle, for my rash departure. I will write from London and explain everything. All my hopes in life depended and still depend on my catching the first train—but for this I would have stayed to say good-bye."

"Poor young lady! she did cry terrible," observed Nat from his post of observation at the door. "I hope she got to London in time to see her sick friend."

Rachel looked up scornfully. Milly's falsehoods banished pity from her heart.

"I hope she did," said Mr. Musgrave. "I suppose she caught the train, Nat?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Maberly, he sat on the box with me, and made me drive like the wind. When he came to me this morning at two o'clock, and said he wanted the fly for Miss Martock, I was struck all of a heap, and I says to him——"

"That you expected to be well paid for your trouble, as doubtless you were, Nat. And you carried down the luggage from the rooms, too, I suppose?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Maberly was uncommon particular not to wake the household. But as he'd said the fly was only for Miss Martock, I was took aback rather when he put his own portmanty in and got on the box with me. I hope it's all right, squire, and I haven't done nothing to lose the goodwill of Warewood."

"It is all perfectly right," said Mr. Musgrave in a strong voice. "Make yourself easy on that score. Mr. Maberly was quite as anxious to catch the train as my niece was. I know all about it, and he was willing to escort her on her journey. Yes, yes, it is all right, Nat. You see, they had to start at that early hour to catch the six o'clock train."

"Yes, sir; but Mr. Maberly didn't go by the same train as the lady: she caught the express, and he waited for the slow train. I heard him say the express didn't stop at some station he wanted to go to. I have had a long drive. I suppose, squire, you'll kindly give me a bit o' breakfast. I'm fainty like, I'm so leary with hunger."

"Go into the kitchen," said Mr. Musgrave, "and eat —the cook, if you like!"

His patience was gone. Rachel gave ugly Nat Sobie a sign and the man retired, with a scared look upon his cunning countenance.

When he was gone, Mr. Musgrave took Milly's letter from the mantel-piece and cast it into the fire, and watched it burn silently. His daughters knew then that he looked on her as ungrateful and treacherous, and he had flung her from his heart for ever.

When the flaming paper had died quite into blackness, he started as from a reverie, and turned to Rachel.

"My poor child, I understand it now. You have done all that is right. This travelling by separate trains is, I fear, only a subterfuge. They are married, doubtless; I feel sure of it. I am glad you take it so well. You have been braver than I thought."

His voice faltered, his hands were out-stretched towards her; Rachel sprang forward, and as her father's arms were cast about her, all her coldness melted away in a burst of warm, loving, grateful tears.

She had lost Eugene Maberly, but the shadow that had sometimes threatened to fall with chilly touch between her father and herself was lifted never to return.

Lovers were gone: they were far away on distant roads; but the father and daughters were nearer to each other than ever, and there was sunshine still at Warewood.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

HOW GREAT MEN WORK.

ONE of the most interesting chapters in literary history would, undoubtedly, be that which should record the whims and eccentricities of men of genius when engaged in the active pursuit of their calling. First, because it is always pleasant to know how works, which have taught and delighted whole generations of readers, have been produced; and secondly, because such little personal traits, if not directly instructive, are, at any rate, suggestive and curious. But, strange to say, this chapter remains unwritten; and among all the "curiosities of literature" these, the greatest of all its curiosities, are by some inadvertency passed over unnoticed. Such an omission is very much to be regretted, for the author possessed singular qualifications for the task, as well from his enormous reading as from his custom of collecting and noting down such minutiæ when he encountered them in scattered biographical or autobiographical notices, where alone they can be found.

The methods of authors in the course of composition have been singular, and though no two of them have worked alike, they have, most of them, illustrated the old proverb that genius is labour, and that few great works have been produced which have not been the result of unwearied perseverance as well as of brilliant natural powers. Some men have undoubtedly possessed astonishing facility and readiness both of conception and expression, as we shall presently see; but, as a rule, the writings of such men, except in the case of Shakespeare, are not so valuable as they might have been, and are marred by crudities which might otherwise have been finished beauties, by deformities which should have been graces. First among the sons of literary toil stands Virgil. He used, we are told, to pour out a large number of verses in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in pruning them down; he has humorously compared himself to a she-bear, who licks her cubs into shape. It took him three years to compose his ten short Eclogues; seven years to elaborate his Georgics, which comprise little more than 2,000 verses; and he employed more than twelve years in polishing his "Æneid," being even then so dissatisfied with it, that he wished before his death to commit it to the flames. Horace was equally indefatigable, and there are single odes in his works which must have cost him months of labour. Lucretius' one poem represents the toil of a whole life; and so careful was Plato in the niceties of verbal collocation, that the first sentence in his "Republic" was turned in nine different ways. It must have taken Thucydides upwards of twenty years to write his history, which is comprised in one octavo volume. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his work three times before he could please himself; and John Foster, the essayist, would sometimes spend a week over one sentence. Addison was so particular that he would stop the press to insert an epithet, or even a comma; and Montesquieu, alluding in a letter to one of his works, says to a correspondent, "You will read it in a few hours, but the labour expended on it has whitened my hair." The great French critic, St. Beuve, expended incredible pains on every word, and two or three octavo pages often represented a whole week's incessant effort. Gray would spend months over a short copy of verses; and there is a poem of ten lines in Waller's works which, he has himself informed us, took him a whole summer to formulate. Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Hume, and Fox have all recorded the trouble they took. Tasso was unwearied in correcting; so were Pope and Boileau. Even Macaulay, with all his fluency, did not disdain the application of the file; and there are certain passages in the first chapter of his history which represent months of patient revision. There is a good tale told of Malherbe, the French poet, which illustrates very amusingly the elaborate care he took with his poems. A certain nobleman of his acquaintance had lost his wife, and was anxious that Malherbe should dedicate an ode to her memory, and condole with him in verse on the loss he had sustained. Malherbe complied, but was so fastidious in his composition, that it was three years before the elegy was completed. Just before he sent it in, he was intensely chagrined to find that his noble friend had solaced himself with a new bride; and was, consequently, in no humour to be pestered with an elegy on his old one. The unfortunate poet, therefore, lost both his pains and his fee. So morbidly anxious was Cardinal Bembo about verbal correctness, that every poem he composed is said to have passed successively through forty portfolios, which represented the various stages towards completeness. The great Pascal affords another instance of similar literary conscientiousness. What he especially aimed at was brevity. He once apologised to a friend for writing him a long letter, on the ground that he had had no time to make it shorter—and the result is that his "Provincial Letters" scarcely yield to Tacitus, or to the "Letters of Junius," in concise epigrammatic brilliancy.

Some authors have rapidly sketched the plan of their intended work first, and have reserved their pains for filling out the details. The great French novelist, Balzac, followed this method. He sent off to the printer the skeleton of the intended romance, leaving pages of blank paper between for conversations, descriptions, &c.; as soon as that was struck off he shut himself up in his study, eat and drank nothing but bread and water till he had filled up the blank spaces, and in this way laboriously completed his book. Godwin wrote his "Caleb Williams" backwards—beginning, that

is to say, with the last chapter, and working on to the first. Richardson produced his ponderous novels by painfully elaborating different portions at different times. Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" the great scholars Barthius and Turnebus; Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" Locke; Fuller, the "witty" divine; Bishop Horne, Warburton, Hurd, and many others kept common-place books, which may account for the copious and apposite illustrations which enrich their volumes. Sheridan and Hook were always on the alert for bits of brilliant conversation and stray jokes, which they took good care to jot down in their pocket-books for future use. The great Bentley always bought editions of classical authors with very broad margins, and put down the observations which might occur to him in the course of his reading—which is the secret of his lavish erudition. Pope scribbled down stray thoughts for future use whenever they struck him—at a dinner-table, in an open carriage, at his toilet, and in bed. Hogarth would sketch any face that struck him on his finger-nail, hence the marvellous diversity of feature in his infinite galleries of portraits. Swift would lie in bed in the morning, "thinking of wit for the day;" and Theodore Hook generally "made up his impromptues the night before." Washington Irving was fond of taking his portfolio out into the fields, and laboriously manipulating his graceful periods while swinging on a stile. Wordsworth and De Quincey did the same. It would be easy to multiply instances of the pain and labour expended on compositions which to all appearance bear no traces of such effort.

But it is now time to reverse the picture, and to mention meritorious pieces produced against time and with extraordinary facility. Lucilius, the Roman satirist, wrote with such ease, that he used to boast that he could turn off 200 verses while standing on one leg. Ennius was quite as fluent. Of Shakespeare we are told, "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we (the editors of the First Folio) have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." When the fits of inspiration were on Milton, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with the fast-flowing verses; but we must remember that the poet had been brooding over his immortal work for years before a line was committed to paper. The most marvellous illustrations of this facility in writing are to be found in the two Spanish poets Calderon and Lope de Vega. The latter could write a play in three or four hours; he supplied the Spanish stage with upwards of 2,000 original dramas, and Hallam calculates that during the course of his life he "reeled off" upwards of 21,300,000 lines! Of English writers, perhaps the most fluent and easy have been Dryden and Sir Walter Scott. In one short year Dryden produced four of his greatest works—namely, the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," his share in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "Religio Laici." He was less than three years in translating the whole of Virgil. He composed his elaborate parallel between poetry and painting in twelve mornings. "Alexander's Feast" was struck out at a single sitting. Indeed, he says himself that, when he was writing, ideas thronged so fast that the only difficulty he had was in selection. Everybody knows the extraordinary literary facility of Sir Walter Scott—how his amanuensis, when he employed one, could not keep pace with the breathless speed with which he dictated his marvellous romances. If we can judge from the many original MSS. of his novels and poems which have been preserved to us, it would seem that he scarcely ever recast a sentence or altered a word when it was committed to paper. The effect of this is that both Dryden and Scott have left a mass of writings valuable for the genius with which they are instinct, but defaced with errors, with grammatical blunders, and with many pleonasms and tautologies, the consequence of their authors not practising what Pope calls—

"The first and greatest art, the art to blot."

Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Horace Walpole wrote nearly all the "Castle of Otranto" at a sitting, which terminated not by mental fatigue, but by the fingers becoming too weary to close on the pen. Beckford's celebrated "Vathek" was composed by the uninterrupted exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, during which time the ecstatic author supported himself by copious draughts of wine. What makes the feat more wonderful is, that it was written in French, an acquired language, for Beckford was of course an Englishman. Mrs. Browning wrote her delightful poem, entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a long elaborate romance in a difficult metre, in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. It is comparatively easy to understand the rapidity with which these compositions were produced, because, being works of imagination couched in a style essentially bold and free, choice phraseology, careful rhythm, and copious illustration were not so much needed; but when we learn that Ben Jonson completed his highly-wrought comedy of the "Alchymist" in six weeks, and that Dr. Johnson could throw off forty-eight octavo pages of such a finished composition as his "Life of Savage" at a sitting, one is indeed lost in bewildering admiration, and perhaps half-inclined to doubt the author's word. However much we may wonder at feats like these, we should not forget Sheridan's witty remark, that very easy writing is generally very hard reading; and comfort our common-place selves with the thought that, in nine cases out of ten, genius in literature is like genius in practical life, little else than honest indefatigable labour fortunately directed. The wise Lord Bacon has observed that prodigies, of what kind soever they may be, belong to what is monstrous in nature, and as they are not produced in accordance with the laws which determine man's condition, ought neither to be sought out nor imitated. But we must turn now to our third point—the strange circumstances under which celebrated works have been produced.

It is curious that two of the greatest historical works in the world were written while their authors were in

exile—the "History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides; the "History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon. Fortescue, the Chief Justice in Henry VI.'s reign, wrote his great work on the laws of England under the same circumstances. Locke was a refugee in Holland when he penned his memorable "Letter concerning Toleration," and put the finishing touches to his immortal "Essay on the Human Understanding." Lord Bolingbroke had also "left his country for his country's good" when he was engaged on the works by which he will be best remembered. Everybody knows Dante's sad tale, and his miserable wanderings from city to city while the "Divine Comedy" was in course of production. Still more melancholy is it to review the formidable array of great works which were composed within the walls of a prison. First come the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote;" the one written in Bedford Gaol, the other in a squalid dungeon in Spain. James I. (of Scotland) penned his sweet poem, "The Kynge's Quhair," while a prisoner in Windsor Castle; and the loveliest of Lord Surrey's verses were written in the same place, under the same circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was composed in the Tower. George Buchanan executed his brilliant Latin version of the Psalms while incarcerated in Portugal. "Fleta," one of the most valuable of our early law works, took its name from the fact of its having been compiled by its author in the Fleet Prison. Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," De Foe's "Review" and "Hymn to the Pillory," Voltaire's "Henriade," Howel's "Familiar Letters"—to which we have recently directed attention—Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts," Grotius' "Commentary on St. Matthew," and the amusing "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," all these were produced in the gloomy cells of a common prison. Tasso wrote some of the loveliest of his sonnets in a mad-house, and Christopher Smart his "Song to David"—one of the most eloquent sacred lyrics in our language—while undergoing confinement in a similar place. Poor Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, is said to have revolved some of his tragedies in lucid intervals within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Plautus fabricated some of his Comedies in a bakehouse. The great Descartes, Berni the Italian poet, and Boyse the once well-known author of "The Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Hooker meditated his "Ecclesiastical Polity" while rocking the cradle of his child; and Richardson slowly elaborated his romances among the compositors of his printing-office. Byron composed the greater part of "Lara" while engaged at his toilet-table, and his "Prologue at the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre" in a stage-coach. Moore's gorgeous Eastern romance, "Lallah Rookh," was written in a cottage blocked up with snow, with an English winter roaring round it. Burns dreamed one of his lyrics, and wrote it down just as it came to him in his sleep. Tartini's "Devil's Sonata" was another inspiration from Morpheus; and so also was Coleridge's "Tubla Khan."

Such were the extraordinary circumstances attending the composition of works which have amused and instructed thousands of people; such have been some of the methods, and such some of the habits of authors. Various and unintelligible often are the forms in which human genius will reveal itself; but quite as various, and perhaps quite as unintelligible, at first sight, are the ways in which it has surmounted the obstacles which opposed it, asserted its claims, and effected its development.

THE FUTURE OF MY BOYS.

A GREAT writer has said that "a child should be treated as a live tree, and helped to grow, not as dry dead timber, which is to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain mouldings grooved upon it." This is true enough, but the difficulty for parents is to find out what is the *kind* of tree. It is said that when Dr. Watts was a child he was exceedingly fond of verse-making. His father, a stern and rather strait-laced schoolmaster, was very much annoyed at this, and did all in his power to keep the boy from indulging his taste. According to the well-known story, on one occasion he threatened to flog him severely the next time he found him making rhymes, upon which little Isaac fell upon his knees exclaiming—

"Oh, father! do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

Yet the son followed his bent, and has come to be regarded now as one of the first of English hymn-writers.

Numberless instances might be given of the same sort of thing—fathers and mothers failing utterly to discover their children's peculiar bent.

Kepler, the astronomer, was brought up as a waiter in a German public-house; Shakespeare is supposed to have been a wool-comber, or a scrivener's clerk; Ben Jonson was a mason, and worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn; Lord Clive, one of the greatest warriors and statesmen that England can boast, was a clerk; Inigo Jones, the architect, was a carpenter; Turner, the greatest of English landscape painters, was a barber; Hugh Miller, the geologist, was a

bricklayer; Andrew Johnson, the late President of the United States, was a tailor; Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator, was apprenticed to a haberdasher; Bewick, the father of wood-engraving, was a coal-miner; Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, was educated especially for a musician; Michael Faraday, the philosopher, was apprenticed to a bookbinder; Jeremy Taylor, the poetical divine, was a barber, as was also Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny; and Cowper, the poet, was brought up to the law, but hated the profession with a perfect hatred, and never, when he could help it, opened a book that bore upon it.

In reading these records, one cannot but wonder how much richer the world would have been if these men had found their vocation earlier. Of course each one in the cases cited possessed more or less of that genius which is inborn and cannot be created; but who shall say how much greater their influence would have been, had their start in life been in a more congenial sphere? The lesson for us should be to study the inclinations and tastes of our children, so that if we cannot make them men of genius, we can at any rate put them in a position where their talents will be best fostered and developed. But for this we shall require both sympathy and insight—sympathy to encourage the exhibition of the powers, and insight to "discern the signs," and form an idea of their signification.

It is just this kind of insight that we parents need with regard to our children. Look at the boys. We know what is in them at present. There is little doubt what faculties they possess now. They have a very decided one for mischief. They can kick off the heels of their boots, and wear holes in the knees of their trousers, until the mother (and especially the mother who is not sure where the money is to be found for a new pair) scarcely knows what to do. They are noisy and fond of play, perhaps like a good many of their elders preferring it to work. Yet they are the men of the future. They have their work to do. And a large number of them have already given indications of the kind of stuff of which they are made.

I expect these same mothers know as much about this as any one. They have noticed the special characteristics of each, and like one of old they have "kept them in their hearts." The danger with them is not that they will disregard these signs, but that they will rank them too highly, regard them as too full of promise, and fall into the old-fashioned error of looking on their geese as swans. To them Tommy possesses exactly the judicial qualities which fit him for a seat on the woolsack; and Fred has such a genius for arithmetic, he was born to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; while Jacky, in his frock-coat and short trousers, will be a worthy successor to Professor Huxley, or whoever else is to be regarded as the greatest scientific man of the day.

It is, of course, pretty certain that Fred will never be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but if he has a taste and a liking for arithmetic he possesses a most valuable qualification, one which, if cultivated, will give him method and accuracy in business, and will teach him the proportions and relations of one thing to another. Was it not Mr. John Bright who said, "If a boy understand arithmetic thoroughly he is a made man?" All industrial activities are guided by the rules of number, and Fred possesses a talent which will go a long way towards making him a successful commercial man.

Children are by no means alike in these likes and dislikes. The misanthropical old bachelor tells us all babies are alike, and that the best plan of expressing admiration for one of them is to say, "What a baby!" They are no more alike than a Gloire de Dijon rose is like a Reynolds Hole. Nature never makes two things in the same mould. The mother would choose out her own among all the babies in the world. And neither are children alike. They all possess their own individuality, which needs to be studied and directed.

This is found out easily enough by watching the children, and noticing their ways when they do not know that they are observed. Take any number of children anywhere. Give them a box of bricks or cubes to play with. All will be delighted, but it is probable that only one will have an idea what to do with them. After a time it will be found that in playing with them this one has become the presiding genius. He directs affairs, plans the railways, makes the bridges, fashions the tunnels, and builds the houses. The others can imitate him, but they cannot originate the ideas as he can. If left to themselves they do nothing but put one brick on another in an aimless sort of way. Surely our little builder possesses powers which if developed would make an engineer, or an architect, or a surveyor.

Now give the same children a box of paints and some brushes. Our engineering friend is nowhere here; he only makes a daub, and spoils his clothes. That little boy in the corner, who could only do what his brother told him as far as the bricks were concerned, takes the lead now. He is interested directly, and if you will but give him a few hints he will take them in at once, and soon make quite a pretty picture. He possesses artistic power.

Now take the children and read to them a pathetic poetical story. If you look up after a time you will see one of them with his eyes full of tears. Perhaps presently he will beg you to stop reading; he cannot bear it. The others look at him wondering; they cannot see what there is to cry about. Ah! that boy is more highly gifted than any. He possesses an affectionate heart, and the divine gift of imagination. To him it will be given, to use the words of the German poet, "to see a burning flame in every bush, while others sit round and eat blackberries." He will need the most judicious training of any, or his sensitive feelings will soon be blunted and hardened past redemption.

It is so with everything else. One child has an aptitude for one thing, and another for another. Every one has some faculty, which, if rightly directed, will help him to do good, useful work in the world.

It is no use grumbling because one is not like the others. Say that my boy does not get on at school as well as yours. Never mind, he can do something else. Perhaps books are not his particular line; but I do not doubt he has a line of his own, and if I can only find out what it is, and develop and direct it, I do not fear but that he will make his way and act his part. As Goethe says, "If we do our duty to our own minds, we shall soon come to do it to the world."

One thing we must make up our minds to, and that is that not all the boys are possessed of genius. All may, however, be possessed of diligence and perseverance, and with these attributes great results may be attained even with ordinary talents. Some distinguished men have doubted whether genius is anything but common sense intensified. Buffon said, "Genius is patience." John Foster said it was the power of lighting one's own fire. Sir Joshua Reynolds believed that all men, if they would, might be painters and sculptors. John Locke thought that all men have an equal aptitude for genius. Newton said that he had worked out his discoveries by "always thinking unto them." We, perhaps, cannot subscribe to this, for we know that diligence and perseverance alone would never have produced a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Bacon, or a Michael Angelo; but, at any rate, we will acknowledge that the men who have influenced the world most have been men of intense perseverance and indomitable energy in their own particular line.

What we must set ourselves therefore determinedly to do is to find out what is the child's special bent, and his special bent is that which he takes the most pleasure in. We all do best that which we delight in most. It is no use saying all children like play. Play is a word of wide signification. What kind of play? In this the parent may find the indications of what the child's future career should be.

I think fathers are sometimes rather hard upon their sons in this way. They leave the management of the children to the mother for many a year, and expect her to do the moralising and doctoring; and as long as the boys behave in a gentlemanly way, look healthy, and are not reported badly at school or home, their fathers do not observe them very much. Then when the important moment arrives when the decision is to be made "what is the boy to be?" they know nothing about him, but allow the important matter to be decided by the boy's "inclination," an inclination which is probably the result either of a mere fancy or the chance speech of some acquaintance.

This is the reason why so many parents are disappointed in their children. It is almost too much to expect that any boy will possess sufficient decision of character, and knowledge of the world and of his own likings, to make the important choice for himself. If he is left to do it, it is more than probable that in a short time he will find he has "changed his mind" and acquired a thorough distaste for his business, and will either pursue it without interest, or, leaving it for something else, will find that one or two of the most valuable years of his life have been spent in an aimless endeavour. Far better would it be if the father would *direct* his son in his choice, and let that direction be determined by his knowledge of the boy's character and ability, rather than by his inclination.

One thing, which is most important, is too often forgotten in choosing a business, and that is the *health* of the boy. Many a young fellow has lost his life through being put to a business for which he was constitutionally unfit. Naturally delicate, he has been taken from home, where he had regular meals and a daily walk to and from school, and is kept all day chained to a desk in a gloomy, badly-ventilated office, or sent to learn his handicraft where he is compelled to work for long hours in a damp, dirty, impure atmosphere, with perhaps the additional disadvantage of poor food and late hours. Is it to be wondered at that, as the result of it all, he "goes off in a consumption?" Many a young man who has thus been condemned to an early death, might have lived a long and useful life if his natural or inherited delicacy had been considered when his future calling was determined. There are plenty of businesses which may be followed without any fear of injury to the health; but there are others which, if carelessly entered upon, are seriously riskful if not even destructive to life. These ought not to be followed by any individuals who cannot boast that they have truly "iron constitutions."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

LITTLE THINGS.

SOME little things we may not do
Will haunt the longing heart,
Sweet simple things might cause unrest,
Though far from blame apart.

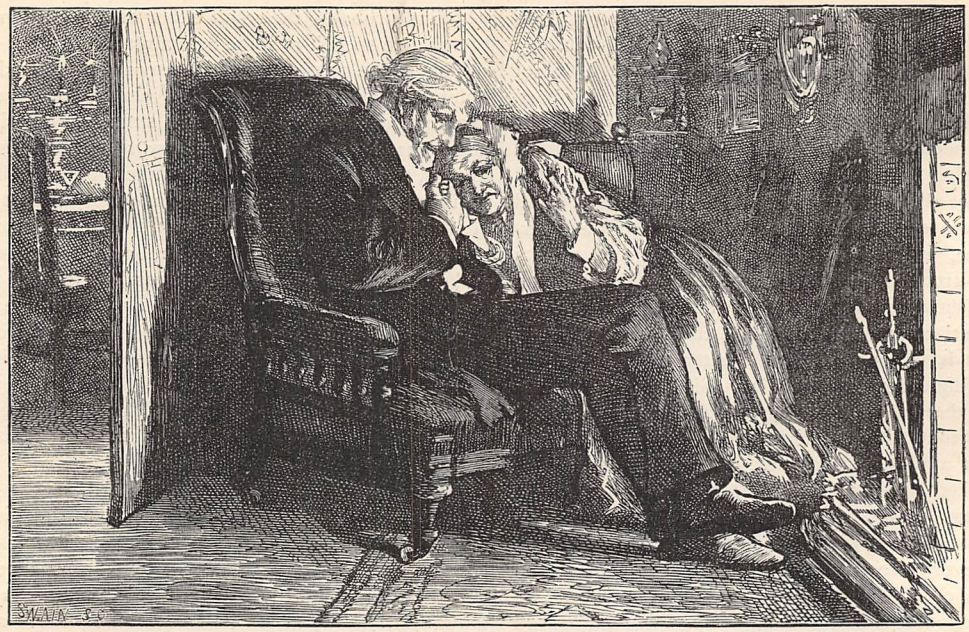
Last night a hand took mine I fain
Had held in brief caress,
But stranger doubts might have misread
The touch of tenderness.

Last night I heard a song was wont
To thrill me when a child;
Fain had I wept, but alien eyes
Had looked askance and smiled.

Last night a flower was dropped—ah, me!
My inmost soul was fain
Instant to gather up the prize,
When prudence said, "Refrain!"

But when the gala lights were out,
Love played his own true part;
I searched the darkened room, and now
The flower lies next my heart.

GERTRUDE.



An Old Man's Love-Song.

Words by FANNY FORRESTER.
(Copied from Vol. III., p. 745.)

Music by T. CRADDOCK, B.Mus., *late Organist of Norwich Cathedral.*

VOICE.

p *cres.*

1. Come to the faith ful arms Long - ing for thee!
2. Sing to me sweet and low, With thy dear voice;
3. Weep out thy sa - cred grief, Here on my heart:

Andantino.

PIANO.

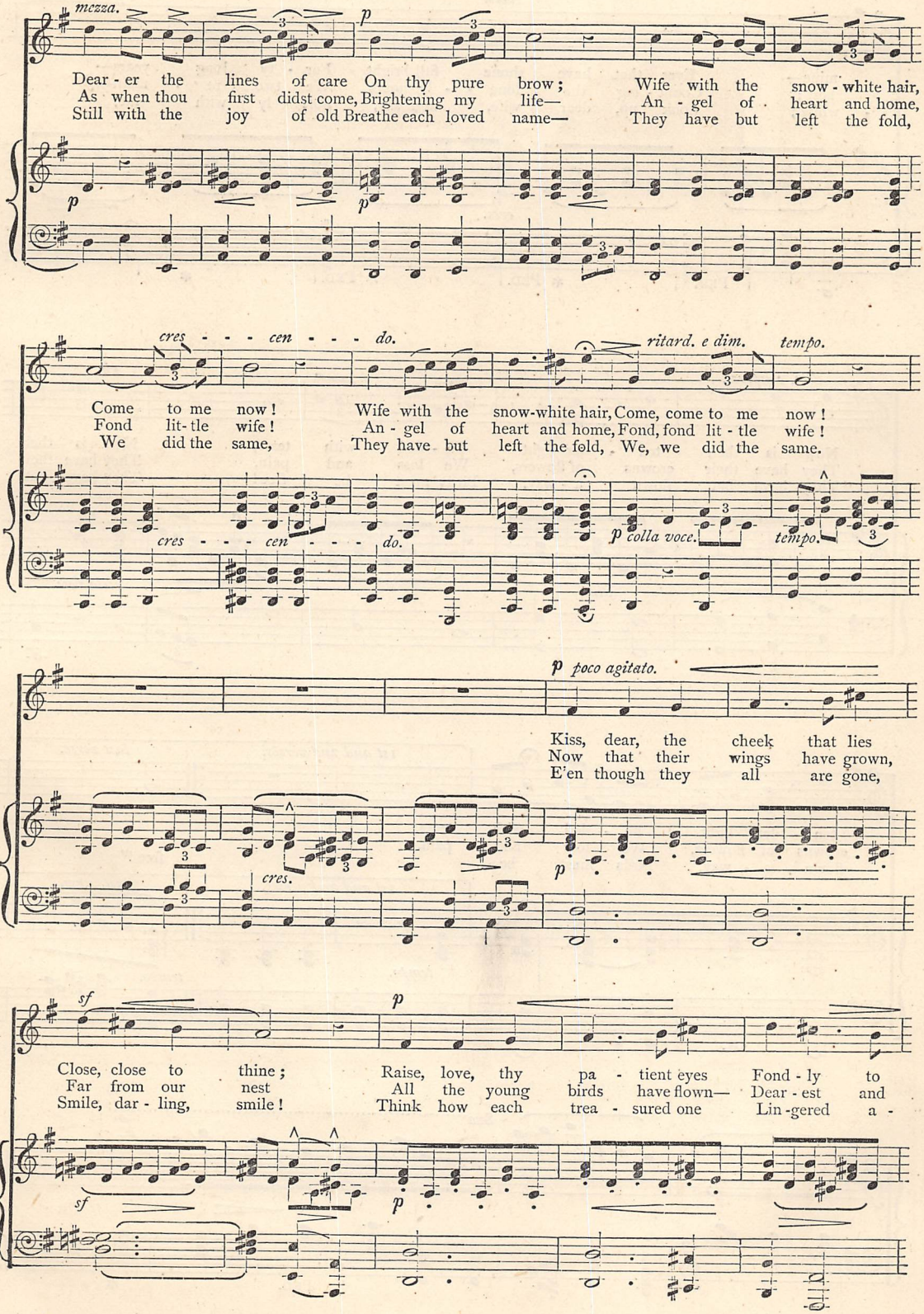
p *cres.*

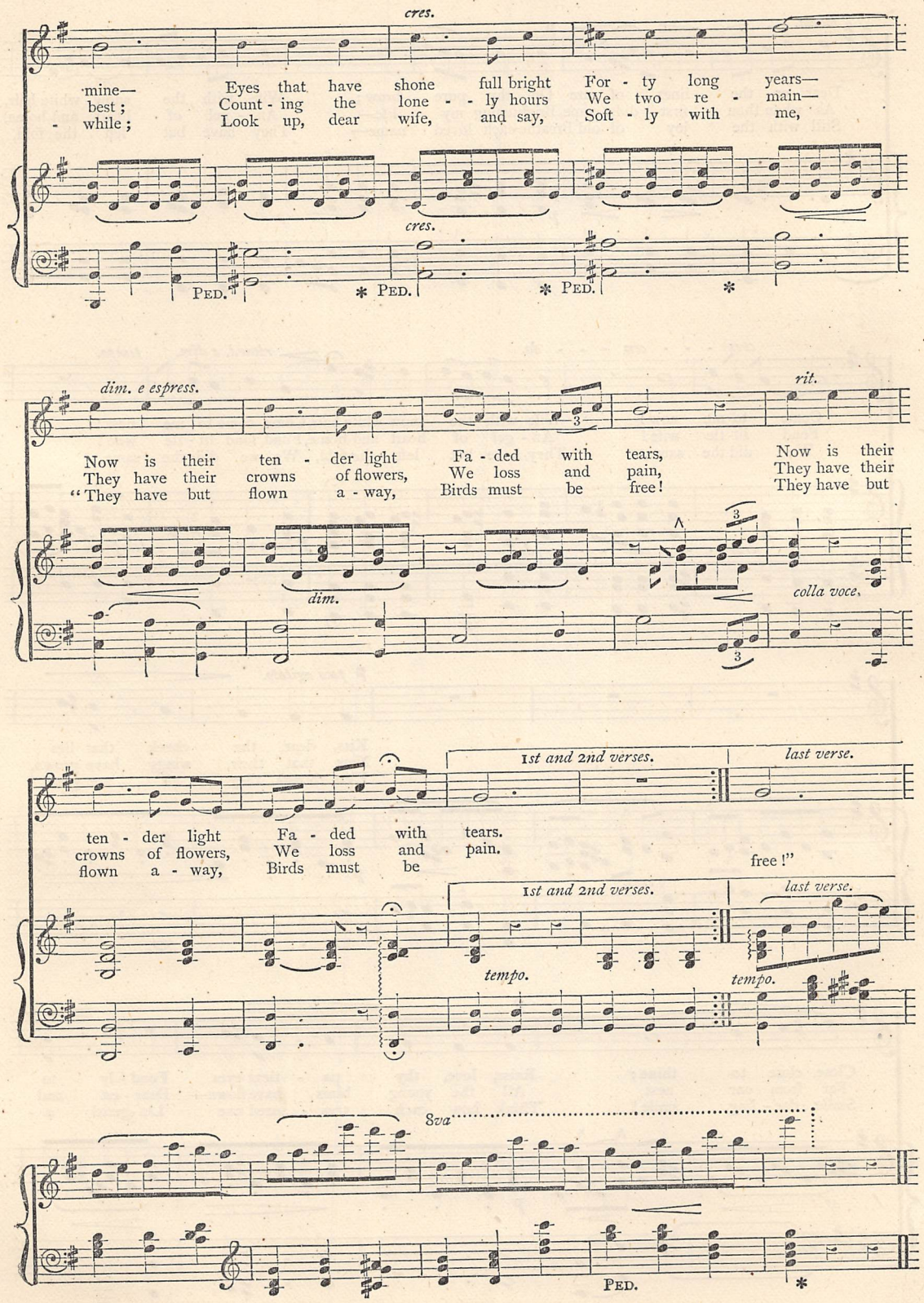
p *cres.* *f*

What are more youth - ful charms, Dar - ling, to me, Dar - ling to me?
Here in the fire's warm glow, Let us re - joice, Let us re - joice
Sweet was their stay, but brief, Soon to de - part, Soon to de - part;

p *cres.*

PED. * PED. *

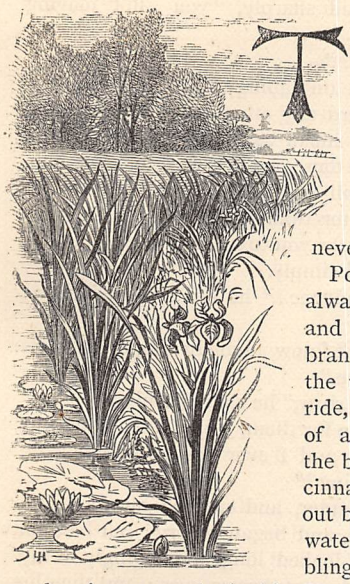

mezza.
p
Dear - er the lines of care On thy pure brow; Wife with the snow - white hair,
As when thou first didst come, Brightening my life— An - gel of heart and home,
Still with the joy of old Breathe each loved name— They have but left the fold,
cres - - - cen - - - do.
ritard. e dim.
tempo.
Come to me now! Wife with the snow-white hair, Come, come to me now!
Fond lit- tle wife! An - gel of heart and home, Fond, fond lit - tle wife!
We did the same, They have but left the fold, We, we did the same.
cres - - - cen - - - do.
p colla voce.
tempo.
p poco agitato.
Kiss, dear, the cheek that lies
Now that their wings have grown,
E'en though they all are gone,
cres.
sf
p
Close, close to thine; Raise, love, thy pa - tient eyes Fond - ly to
Far from our nest All the young birds have flown— Dear - est and
Smile, dar - ling, smile! Think how each trea - sured one Lin - gered a -


cres.
mine— Eyes that have shone full bright For - ty long years—
best; Count - ing the lone - - ly hours We two re - main—
- while; Look up, dear wife, and say, Soft - ly with me,
cres.
PED. * PED. * PED. *
dim. e espress.
rit.
Now is their ten - der light Fa - ded with tears, Now is their
They have their crowns of flowers, We loss and pain, They have their
"They have but flown a - way, Birds must be free! They have but
dim.
colla voce.
1st and 2nd verses.
last verse.
ten - der light Fa - ded with tears.
crowns of flowers, We loss and pain.
flown a - way, Birds must be free!"
1st and 2nd verses.
last verse.
tempo.
tempo.
8va
PED. *

(Drawn by D. KNOWLES.)

"SITTING ON THE TILLER AND HAVING A RIDE."

PRUDENCE GRAY.



THAT'S my name, for father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the *Prudence*, and if I was called the same he was sure there would never be a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and my earliest remembrances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great cinnamon-red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river towards the big City, where the ships lay close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was a very small billy-boy, if you know what that is—if you don't I must tell you that it's a barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, but built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge, I say, a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to compare it with those that passed us going up or down the river, and then it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away—far away—across the ocean, instead of just coasting along to Sheerness, and up the Medway, as we used to go year after year, loaded deep down in the water, with pottery, or hops, or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that I was very happy, and that I never hardly went ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left us very suddenly, and we had been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral, and were sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not wake and find that she was alive once more, as blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the same as I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that, and as a couple of years slipped by, the work on the barge fell more and more into my hands, and I used to smile to myself as I saw how big, and red, and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled whenever he went ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him to come and help with the sail.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river-mouth, I could always lock the tiller by the rope that hung on to the belaying pin, and give it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the other tack.

I must have passed half my life in those days leaning back against that tiller, with its end carved to look like a great acorn, and the name of the old barge, *Prudence*, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea, passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange squealing noise of the gulls as they wheeled and hovered, and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river, and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, the men on the different boats we passed had always a kind hail, or a wave of the hand for us, as we glided by, if we were too far off for the friendly shout to reach us.

Sometimes I'd run the barge pretty close to the great ships and steamers, inward or outward bound, so as to look at the ladies I saw on board; not that I cared to do so very often, because it seemed to make me sad, for the faces I looked on seemed to be so different to mine that I felt as if I was another kind of being, and it used to set me wondering and make me think; and at such times I've leaned against the tiller, and dreamed and dreamed in a waking fashion of how I would like to read and write and work, as I had seen ladies sitting and reading and working, on the decks of the big ships, under the awning; and then I had to set my dreams aside and have a pull at the sheet, or take a reef in the sail, because the wind freshened, and my dreams all passed away.

I don't think poor father meant it unkindly, but he seemed to grow more and more broken and helpless every day; and this frightened me, and made me work to keep the barge clean and ship-shape, lest the owners should come on board and see things slovenly, and find fault with father and dismiss him, and that I knew would break his heart. So I worked on, and in a dull heavy way father used to thank me; and the time glided on, till one day, as we were lying off Southend, with the sea glassy and not wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back against the tiller, and would not turn my head, because I could hear a boat being sculled along towards us, and I knew it was coming from the great leeboard barge lying astern.

"He's coming to see father," I said to myself at last

in a choking voice; and as a hail came I was obliged to turn, and there stood up in the little boat he was sculling with an oar over the stern, John Grove, in his dark trousers, blue jersey, and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sunburnt face, and brown arms and hands, I felt my heart beating fast, and knew he was not coming to see father, but to see me.

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had known John Grove for years now, and we had nodded and waved hands to one another often and often as we had passed up and down the river.

"Heave us a rope, my lass," he said as he came close in; and I did it dreamily, and as soon as I had done so I began to pull it back, but it was too late: he had hitched it round the thwart of his boat, and was up and over the side before I could stir; and then he stood looking down upon me, while I felt sometimes hot and sometimes cold, and as if I could not speak.

"Do you want to see father?" I said at last.

"No, my lass," he said quietly, "I want to see you."

"Me!" I faltered, with my face burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said; and his handsome brown face lit up, and he looked so manly as he laid his hand on my arm.

"Prudence, my gal," he said, "we're both young yet, for I'm not six-and-twenty, but I thought it was time I spoke to you."

"Spoke to me?" I said, with my face burning still.

"Yes, my lass, spoke to you, for we've been courting now a matter of four years."

"Oh, John!" I cried, bursting out laughing, and feeling more at my ease, "why, we've never hardly spoken to one another."

"That's nice," he said, drawing a long breath. "Over again."

"Over again? What?" I said.

"Call me John," he replied.

"Well then, John," I cried hastily.

"That's right, Prudence; but, as I was going to say, not spoken to one another! Well, how could we, always taking our turns at the tiller as we were? But all the same, my lass, I've been always courting of you, night and day, these four years, and looking out and longing for the time when the *Prudence* would come in sight, and I could give you a hail and get a wave of the hand back."

I could feel the colour coming into my cheeks again as I heard him speak, and knew how anxiously I had looked out for his barge coming up or down the river; and then I began wondering what it all meant, and soon knew.

"Prudence, my lass," he said, "I've saved up ten pound, all my own; and our owner has just given me the command of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin in as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass, I thought I'd ask you if so be as now we've been courting four years, you wouldn't come to me and be my wife."

"No," I said, "no," and shook my head. "I belong to father, and I could never leave him—never."

"But you'll have to some day, Prudence," he said, looking dreadfully down-hearted and miserable.

"No," I said, "I shall never leave him; he wants me more and more every day, and I must stay."

"Prudence," he said sharply, "you ain't playing with me, are you?"

"Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take up with any one else, and go aboard any other barge—no, no," he cried, "I won't be so mean as to ask you that. But, Prudence, dear, some day you may have to leave him, and when you do, will you please recollect as John Grove loves you better than aught else in the wide world, and is waiting for you to come?"

"Yes, John," I said simply.

"You mean it, Prudence?" he cried in delight, as he caught my hand.

"Yes, John; I don't know anybody else, and there's no one as cares for me."

"Hundreds on the river," he said sharply.

"Then I don't care for them, John," I said simply; "and if you like me, and I ever do—do—leave—oh, dear! what am I saying?"

I sat down on a fender, and covered my face with my coarse, red hands, and began to cry; but he took my hands down, and looked long and lovingly in my face, with his great, honest, brown eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but seemed to choke. At last he gasped out—

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm going away now to wait, for you'll come to me some day, I know."

I didn't answer him.

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the *Betsy Ann*, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master's a-waiting too."

He went quietly over the side and cast off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, sometimes feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at night, when I was forward, seeing to the light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stumbling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

"Prue," he cried, "Prue!"

"Yes, father, coming," I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed towards where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry, and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from; but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down worn-out to utter a moan of horror, and sob, "Oh, father! father! what shall I do?"

"Is that you, Prudence?" said a voice.

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was alongside, when John stretched out his hand and took mine.

"Quick!" I gasped, "save him, John—father—gone overboard!"

"When you shrieked out, Prue?"

"Yes, yes," I wailed; "oh, save him! save him!"

"My poor lass," he said, "that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong. I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge and you were gone."

"But father," I wailed, "father—save him!"

"My poor little lass," he said tenderly, "I'd jump into the water now if you bid me, but what can I do, you know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I did know that he must have been swept far away before then; and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night, that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had brought me there, without seeing him to speak to, only to wave my hand to him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me, and said but little; and at last his time was up, and he rose to go.

"THAT EVENING HE CAME."

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to alter the name of his barge, and it was called the *Prudence* too; and then, without a word about the past, he was saying good-bye, when I put my hands in his and said quietly—

"John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise."

"And you are alone now, Prudence, my lass," he cried eagerly.

"No, John, no," I said softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks; "I never shall be while you live."

"Never, my lass, never," he cried. "And you'll be my little wife?"

"Yes, John, yes; I promised you."

"When I come back from this voyage?"

"Yes, John, when you will," I said; and with one long hand-pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I was once more on the river, or out at sea, leaning upon the tiller, and gazing straight before me, with the gulls wailing as they wheeled, and dipped, and skimmed, or settled upon the water; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was lightly tied over my wind-ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's young wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with their captains in their gold-laced caps, and as he does so he whispers—

"Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't even change places with a king."

"And if he is as happy as I, dear John is right."

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CLERKSHIPS IN THE CUSTOMS.

IN the desperate and constantly renewed struggles between king and Parliament for the power of the purse, that portion of the revenue which was derived from the duties levied upon merchandise exported and imported was claimed for the king on several grounds. The king, it was said, gave leave to his subject to leave his dominions, and take his merchandise with him; upon the king devolved the duty of maintaining the ports and harbours, and suppressing piracy; and, finally, at a later period, it was said that he had inherited these imposts by immemorial usage and the common law, and they were termed the hereditary *Customs* of the crown. They have even been traced back to Ethelred the Unready, who levied tolls at Billingsgate on all ships entering the Port of London; but whether the bad language proverbially attributed to that locality is in any way connected with the arrangement, I do not know; it does not seem improbable. So entirely were the Customs assumed at one time to be the sole property of the reigning sovereign that he used sometimes to mortgage them, at others to farm them out; but this system was finally abolished, and Commissioners for the collection of import duties appointed in 1671. After the power of Parliament over this branch of taxation had been fully established, it still retained its old name of Customs Duties. The term now applies solely to the tax levied on imported commodities, all other branches of the national income coming under the head of Inland Revenue.

In 1671 Commissioners were appointed for the collection of Customs Duties; but the reign of Charles II. was not a favourable period for the establishment of new Government Offices. The king set the example of an utter and cynical indifference to the first principles of honesty where the manipulation of public money was concerned, and the heads of Departments did not see any necessity for being more particular than the sovereign, the fountain of honour himself. The first Commissioners were mere sinecurists, who exacted large fees for doing nothing, while the official duties were really performed by deputies and clerks; and so firm a root do abuses strike, that this one was not plucked up for nearly a century and a half, when at length in 1812 all patent offices were abolished, fixed salaries were substituted for payments by fees, and Commissioners who actually did their work were appointed. But there was still plenty of room for reform, and in 1825 Mr. Hume put his shoulder to the wheel. His task was no light one, for no fewer than 443 Acts of Parliament were repealed and consolidated into eleven.

The Custom House, like all other Government Offices just now, is in a transition state, so far as the organisation of its staff is concerned. Up to 1870, a young man who wished to be employed upon it had to get a nomination from the Secretary of the Treasury, who gave these nominations to Members of Parliament who supported his party, and the Members of Parliament in turn gave them to those electors who took a prominent part in securing their return. This system, though sufficiently open to satirical comment, was not calculated to act badly. The local magnates who busy themselves about political matters are generally the most active and energetic persons in the place, and as their children are likely to inherit their industrious qualities, the country had a good chance of being well served. We have changed all that, however, and the clerkships are now thrown open to public competition, but since this has been the case a variety of schemes have been proposed and partially tried, and we seem to be far from the final adjustment yet.

As this paper is intended principally to afford information to those who are thinking of entering the Customs, it will be better to commence with a statement of what offices there are in that branch of the Public Service, making no apology for the dryness of the details. First of all, then, comes the—

SUPERINTENDING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE BOARD.

1 Chairman, at a salary of ... ... £2,000 a year.
1 Deputy Chairman ,, ... 1,500 ,,
2 Commissioners ,, (each) ... 1,200 ,,

SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

1 Secretary, £1,200. After 5 years' service, £1,400.

	Minimum.	Annual Increment.	Maximum.
1 Assistant Secretary.....	£800 ...	£25 ...	£1,000
3 Committee Clerks (each).....	600 ...	25 ...	700
4 Principal Clerks ,, ...	420 ...	20 ...	550

CLERKS FOR GENERAL DUTY.

6 1st class (each)	£280 ...	£15 ...	£400
8 2nd class ,, ...	100 ...	10 ...	270
3 Writers ,, ...	5s. a day ...	... ...	8s. a day

(A Principal Clerk is paid £120 a year as Assessor of Income Tax, and a Clerk of the 1st class is paid £50 a year for assisting the Assessor.)

	Minimum.	Annual Increment.	Maximum.
1 Housekeeper and Storekeeper...	... ...	... ...	£200
2 Doorkeepers (each).....	... ...	... ...	100
1 House Porter	... ...	... ...	80
2 Surveyors-General (each)	800 ...	25 ...	1,000
1 Surveyor for Buildings.....	400 ...	£50 after 5 years' and £100 after 10 years' service	

DEPARTMENT OF ACCOUNTANT AND CONTROLLER-GENERAL.

1 Accountant and Controller-General	... ...	... ...	£1,000
1 Assistant ditto ditto	600 ...	25 ...	700
3 Principal Clerks, 1st sect. (each)	470 ...	20 ...	550
3 ,, ,, 2nd ,, ,,	380 ...	15 ...	450
10 Clerks, 1st class (each)	250 ...	15 ...	350
24 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80 ...	10 ...	240
27 Writers (each)	5s. a day ...	...	...8s. 6d. a day

An annual sum of £50 is also distributed among the clerks who are engaged in the collection of the Income Tax.

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.

1 Principal.....	£800 ...	£25 ...	£900
1 Assistant Principal	550 ...	20 ...	650
2 Principal Clerks, 1st sect. (each)	450 ...	20 ...	530
,, ,, 2nd ,, ,,	380 ...	15 ...	440
18 Clerks, 1st class (each)	250 ...	10 ...	340
38 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80	By £5 for 2 years, afterwards by £10	190
20 Writers (each)	5s. a day ...	...	8s. 6d. a day

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

LONG ROOM.

1 Collector	... ...	... ...	£1,000
1 Assistant.....	600 ...	25 ...	700
3 Principal Clerks, 1st sect. (each)	470 ...	20 ...	550
6 ,, ,, 2nd ,, ,,	380 ...	15 ...	450
13 Clerks, 1st class (each)	250 ...	15 ...	350
27 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80 ...	10 ...	240
10 Writers (each)	5s. a day ...	...	8s. 6d. a day

DEPARTMENT OF PRINCIPAL SEARCHER AND JERQUER.

1 Principal Searcher	£550 ...	£20 ...	£650
1 Principal Clerk, 1st sect.	450 ...	20 ...	530
2 ,, ,, 2nd ,, (each)	380 ...	15 ...	440
13 Clerks, 1st class (each)	250 ...	10 ...	340
26 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80	By £5 for 2 years, afterwards by £10	240
5 Extra Clerks (each).....			
11 Writers ,, ...	5s. a day ...	...	8s. 6d. a day
7 Writers for jerquing Free Goods in Registrar's Offices...			

WAREHOUSING DEPARTMENT—CENTRAL OFFICE.

1 Controller of Accounts	£550 ...	£20 ...	£650
1 Assistant ditto	450 ...	20 ...	530
1 Principal Clerk, 1st sect.....	450 ...	20 ...	530
5 ,, ,, 2nd ,, (each)	380 ...	15 ...	440
27 Clerks, 1st class (each)	250 ...	10 ..	340
53 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80	By £5 for 2 years, afterwards by £10	240
5 Extra Clerks (each).....			
22 Writers ,, ...	5s. a day	...	8s. 6d. a day

OFFICE FOR WET GOODS, LONDON DOCKS.

1 Controller of Accounts.....	£550 ...	£20 ...	£650
1 Assistant Controller of Accounts	450 ...	20 ...	530
4 Principal Clerks, 2nd sect. (each)	380 ...	15 ...	440
18 Clerks, 1st class (each).....	250 ...	10 ...	340
34 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80	By £5 for 2 years, afterwards by £10	240
1 Extra Clerk			
20 Writers (each)	5s. a day	...	8s. 6d. a day

OFFICE FOR TEA.

1 Controller of Accounts.....	£550 ...	£20 ...	£650
1 Assistant Controller of Accounts	450 ...	20 ...	530
4 Principal Clerks, 2nd sect. (each)	380 ...	15 ...	440
18 Clerks, 1st class (each)	250 ...	10 ...	340
34 ,, 2nd ,, ,, ...	80	By £5 for 2 years, afterwards by £10	240
1 Extra Clerk.....			
20 Writers (each)	5s. a day	...	8s. 6d. a day

The establishment of the Port of Liverpool is of the next importance to that of the Port of London, the number of employés there being 770, the pay of the clerks averaging about £10 a year less than that of those holding corresponding situations at the central establishment. Of establishments other than London and Liverpool, there are 130 ports and creeks, employing 2,147 officers. Of these, Glasgow, Hull, Southampton, Belfast, Bristol, have about the largest staffs. There are also four inland bonding towns, Manchester finding occupation for eleven officials, Bradford and Leeds for five each, and Halifax for three.

A Custom-house official is entitled to retire on a superannuation allowance at the age of sixty; if he wishes to retire under that age he must prove himself medically unfit. Then, if he is recommended, the Treasury grants him a retiring allowance after the following rate:—after ten years' service, ten-sixtieths of his salary; after eleven years, eleven-sixtieths, and so on up to forty years, but no advance on forty-sixtieths. A clerk who is temporarily disabled from attending to his duties must send in a medical certificate every week. If his illness extends to six months he is put on half-pay. At the end of a year he is called on to retire on superannuation allowance. The official hours are from ten to four; on Saturdays, ten to two in the Secretary's Department. Thirty-two days' leave of absence is granted in the course of the year. Christmas Day, Good Friday, and the Queen's birthday are fixed holidays.

Thus you see there are a good many berths in the Customs, some of them pretty comfortable; the question remains, How are you to secure one of them? Simply by going in for a public examination, and getting enough marks to make you a successful candidate.

How are you to find out when and where this examination takes place? By applying to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster. Either call at the office in person or write.

I wish I could tell proposing candidates something more definite than I can about the Examinations, but the earnest inquirer is met by this answer:—

"NOTE.—The Scheme of Examination for Clerkships, Class I., in the Civil Service, and the Schemes for Men Clerks and Boy Clerks of the Lower Division, are now in force; but the retention or alteration of all other Schemes of Examination for Clerkships must depend upon the extent to which the provisions of the Order in Council of February 15th, 1876, are carried out in the several Departments."

Now, the Scheme of Examination for Clerkships, Class I. of the Higher Division, lies before me, but it would only be confusing to give it here, for it is not, at present at least, of practical application to the Customs Service. The Lower Division Examinations apply to certain branches, and will be treated of presently; but the information which would be most useful to us is the Scheme for Class II. of the Higher Division, which is not at present settled.

The clearest way will be to designate the various Departments in the Customs, and give that information which is to be had about them.

I. Clerks in the Solicitor's Office. Age, 20 and 30.

SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION.

OBLIGATORY.

1. Handwriting.
2. Orthography.
3. Arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions).
4. English Composition.
5. Criminal Law, and Proceedings before Justices of the Peace.
6. Law of Evidence.
7. Common Law Procedure and Practice.
8. Elements of Conveyancing.

OPTIONAL.

9. Geography.
10. English History.
11. Latin.
12. French or German.
13. Mercantile Bookkeeping.
14. Equity, and Practice of the Courts.
15. Bankruptcy, and Practice of the Courts.

II. Other Clerks, *i.e.*, all those before enumerated as working in the Secretary's and other Departments. These are included in Class II., and the Scheme with regard to them has not yet been finally decided upon, Application must be made to the Civil Service Commissioners for information as to the steps to be taken for the Competitive Examination that will admit to them. Clerks of the Lower Division have received appointments in this Department, but that is an exception and not a rule. The limits of age in Class I. are 18 and 24, and the same rule might probably apply to Class II., but this is only a suggestion.

III. Draughtsmen for Tonnage. Scheme not yet arranged.

IV. Out-door Officers. Limit of age, 19 and 25.

SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION.

	Marks.		Marks.
1. Handwriting	... 200	3. Arithmetic (to vulgar and decimal fractions)	... 300
2. Orthography	... 200	4. English Composition	... 200

Fee to be paid, 15s.

V. Messengers: limit of age, 20 and 35. Housekeepers: 25 and 45.

1. Reading.
2. Writing.
3. Arithmetic (the first four rules).

VI. Watermen, Boatmen, Watchmen, House Porters at Dublin, and Quarantine Mariners: limitation of age, 20 and 30. Quarantine Boys: 14 and 16.

1. Reading.
2. Writing.

We now come to the Open Competitive Examinations for Men Clerkships of the Lower Division in the Civil Service. Limit of age, 17 and 20.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

1. Handwriting.
2. Orthography.
3. Arithmetic (to vulgar and decimal fractions).

Fee, 15s.

COMPETITION.

1. Handwriting.
2. Orthography.
3. Arithmetic.
4. Geography.
5. Indexing or Docketing.
6. Digesting Returns into Summaries.
7. Copying MS. (to test accuracy).
8. English History.
9. English Composition.
10. Bookkeeping.

Fee, 5s.

There is also an Open Competitive Examination for Boy Clerkships in the Lower Division. Limit of age, 15 and 17.

SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION.

1. Handwriting.
2. Orthography.
3. Arithmetic (including fractions).
4. Copying MS. (to test accuracy).
5. English Composition.
6. Geography.

Fee, 10s.

No candidate will be eligible who does not satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners of his competency in subjects 1, 2, and 3.

Temporary Men Copyists. Age, over 18.

SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION.

OBLIGATORY.

1. Handwriting.
2. Orthography.
3. Copying MS.
4. Copying figures and tabular statements.

OPTIONAL.

5. Arithmetic.

Fee, 5s.

Temporary Boy Copyists. Age, 14 to 18.

1. Handwriting.
2. Orthography.
3. Elementary Arithmetic.

Fee, 2s. 6d.

Temporary Men Messengers are examined in Reading and Writing, and pay a fee of 2s. 6d. They must be over 20, and must have served in the Army or Navy, or Royal Irish Constabulary, or London Metropolitan Police, and must be in receipt of a pension for life.

Temporary Boy Messengers are examined in Reading and Writing, and pay a fee of 1s.

From the above list of examinations, a detail of the one which would directly affect the majority of those who seek information on the subject is necessarily absent, as has been explained. But the General Regulations with regard to it are still in force, and had better be appended.

"1. Competitive examinations of candidates for various situations or classes of situations, in the different public Departments, will be held from time to time at such places as may be deemed expedient. Before every such examination, Special Regulations will be issued, in which the particular conditions of the competition will be specified. At each examination such a number of candidates will be selected as may be necessary to fill the situations which may have been reported to the Civil Service Commissioners as vacant up to the date at which the result of the examination is declared.

"2. These examinations will be open, with such exceptions and under such conditions as may be laid down, to all natural-born subjects of Her Majesty, being of good health and character.

"3. Persons actually serving in the Army or Navy will not be admitted to compete for situations in the Civil Service.

"4. Engineer Students in Her Majesty's Dockyards will not be eligible to compete, unless they obtain the express consent of the Lords of the Admiralty to their presenting themselves as candidates.

"5. Members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, of less than 12 years' service, will not be admitted to any open competition until they have resigned their appointments in that force, unless the Inspector-General of Constabulary shall otherwise recommend.

"6. Persons who have commuted any pension other than Naval retired pay, either alone or in conjunction with a pension for wounds, or a pension for wounds alone, either in the Naval or Military Service, will not be admitted to compete for situations in the Civil Service.

"7. Any person who, after succeeding in any examination held under these Regulations, may have declined to accept the situation offered him in accordance with their provisions, or who may have accepted such a situation, and passed into actual employment in the Civil Service, will be disqualified for admission to any subsequent competition for the same situation or class of situations.

"8. Persons already in the Public Service will not be eligible unless they shall have produced to the Civil Service Commissioners, at least one week before the competitive examination, the written permission of the authorities of the Department in which they are serving to attend the examination.

"9. Candidates who have served as pupil-teachers or schoolmasters in schools under inspection by the Committee of Council on Education, England, or by the Commissioners of National Education, Ireland, will be reported specially to those Departments; and such of them as have been trained in normal schools, at the public expense, will not be qualified to receive appointments in the Civil Service until the

consent of those Departments, given in conformity with rules sanctioned by the Lords of the Treasury, has been notified to the Civil Service Commissioners.

"10. In reckoning age for competition, the following allowances will be made, viz.—(1) Members of the Military and Naval Services (whether commissioned or non-commissioned) may deduct from their actual age any time during which they have served. (2) Persons who have served for two full consecutive years (*a*) in any Civil situation to which they were admitted with the Certificate of the Civil Service Commissioners, (*b*) in the Royal Irish Constabulary, or (*c*) as Registered Writers in connection with the Civil Service, may deduct from their actual age any time not exceeding five years which they may have spent in such service.

"11. If at any examination two or more situations—whether in the same or in different Departments—shall be offered for competition, the successful candidates will be permitted to choose in their order as determined by the competitive examination among the situations offered for competition. If there be a vacant situation for which no one of the selected candidates is duly qualified, the Civil Service Commissioners may offer it to the candidate highest at the time on the list of selected candidates, subject to his passing a qualifying examination within such period as they may determine; or they may reserve it to be filled by a subsequent open competition, or otherwise, as they may see fit."

These Regulations, which apply to the Second Class of the Higher Division, are, as has been said, liable to alteration at any time. But the Regulations respecting competitive examinations for clerkships in the Lower Division of the Civil Service are fixed by an Order in Council of February 12th, 1876.

So far as regards the eligibility or non-eligibility of candidates, they coincide with the Regulations given above; but there are other items of information contained in them, applying solely to the Lower Division Examinations, which it may be useful to specify.

It has been stated, in the detail of the subjects of examination, that no candidate can be admitted to the competition who has not previously satisfied the Civil Service Commissioners that he possesses the requisite amount of proficiency in Handwriting, Orthography, and Arithmetic. With this view, Preliminary Examinations in these subjects will be held at such times and places as the Commissioners may appoint. Application for permission to attend one of these Preliminary Examinations must be made, in the writing of the candidate, at such times and in such manner as may be fixed by the Commissioners.

The number of persons to be selected at each examination will be published as part of the notice of every such examination. A list of the competitors will be made out in the order of merit, up to this published number, if so many are found by the examination to be qualified for appointments in the Civil Service.

Each competitor thus named in a list will remain thereon until he attains the age of twenty-five years, unless in the meantime he has been appointed to a situation in some public office; on completing his twenty-fifth year, or on receiving an appointment, he will be removed from the list.

From these lists the Civil Service Commissioners, on the application of Departments having vacancies, will supply, on probation, the requisite clerks, whether for permanent or temporary duty. Selections will, as a general rule, be made by the Civil Service Commissioners according to the order of the names on the lists; but the Civil Service Commissioners may select any clerk who, in his examination, has shown special qualifications in any particular subject, if special application for such a clerk be made by any Department.

No clerk will remain more than one year in any Department, unless at the end of that time the Head of the Department shall signify in writing to the Civil Service Commissioners that the clerk is accepted by the Department. If he is not accepted, the Department will report to the said Commissioners the reasons for not accepting him; and such Commissioners will thereon supply another clerk in his room, and will decide whether the name of the rejected clerk shall be struck off the lists, as unfit for the Service generally, or whether he shall be allowed a trial in another Department.

The salaries of men clerks in the Lower Division commence at £80, and rise by triennial increments of £15 to £200: provided that in any office in which a regular attendance of seven hours a day is required, the commencing salary may be £90, and the maximum salary £250.

The triennial increments of salary will not be allowed in full without a certificate from the immediate superior of each clerk, countersigned by the Head of the Department, to the effect that the clerk's conduct has been satisfactory. In case of demerit, a part or the whole of the increment may be withheld.

Extra pay, not exceeding £100 per annum, may be attached to certain situations open to clerks of the Lower Division. Situations carrying extra pay will be conferred strictly according to positive merit, and not according to seniority.

Promotion from the Lower to the Higher Division of the Service will not be made without a special certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners, to be granted exceptionally, after not less than ten years' service, upon a special recommendation from the Head of the Department, and with the assent of the Treasury.

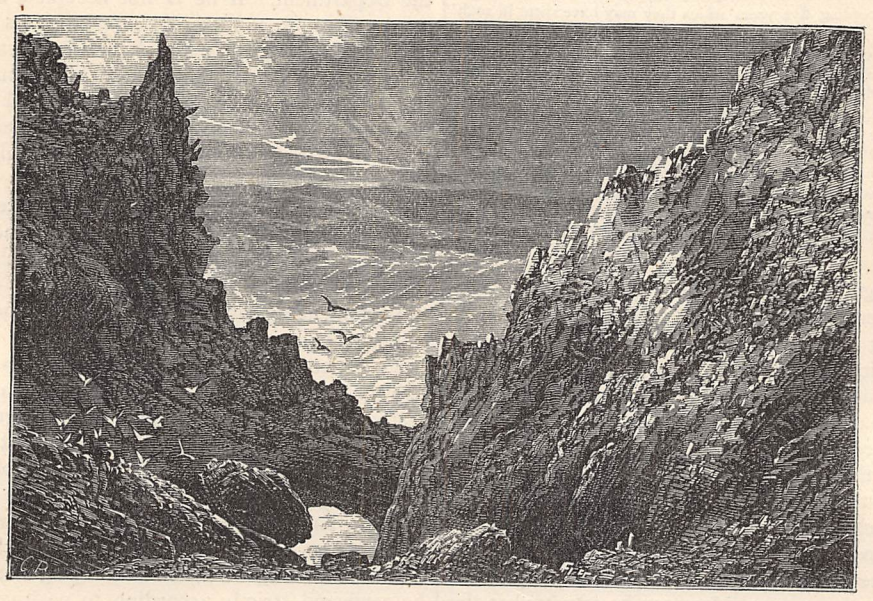
However the examination for Class II. of the Higher Division may be finally determined, it is of course certain to require a far superior education to that which would be necessary to compete in any of the examinations the subjects of which have been detailed, with the exception perhaps of that for clerkships in the Solicitor's Office.

Another method of entering the Customs Service, as out-door officer namely, seems to demand a little further notice. Out-door officers of the Customs receive salaries varying according to the port at which they may be employed. The lowest rate of pay is £55 per annum. They are eligible for promotion to higher situations after a period of approved service, either by a further competitive examination or by selection on account of merit and good conduct. An open competition for thirty-five situations of out-door officer was held in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Leeds, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Cork, Belfast, and Limerick, on October 26th, 1877.

THE DAWN WILL COME.

THE night may be dreary, and sombre and sad,
And swiftly may speed the wild rack in the sky;
The ocean may roar on the wave-beaten shore,
But the dawn of the bright golden morning is nigh!

The bitterest sorrow may gather around,
And banish the smile to give place to a tear;
But time will relieve all who tremble and grieve,
For the dawn of the sweet-smiling morning is near!



The tempest may gather, and thunder may roll,
And the frighted birds hide from the lightning's sheen;
But far in the east, from its slumber released,
The dawn of the bright golden morning is seen!

Then do not despair, O ye weary and sad,
For joy will disperse e'en the shade of a sigh;
Bright days will come back, and the night and the rack
Will flee when the dawn of the morning is nigh!

EDWARD OXENFORD.

HOW TO SING A SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

THESE doggerel lines, affixed by William Byrde to some songs published 300 years ago, are true and applicable to our times. The author gives the following brief reasons for persuading every one to learn to sing:—

"1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learnt, where there is a *good master and an apt scholar*.

"2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

"3. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

"4. It is a singular good remedy for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.

"5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

"6. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature.

"7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voices are good, and the same well-sorted and ordered.

"8. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith: and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

Quaintly as this is put by Master Byrde, one cannot help thinking of Shakespeare's dictum, "Much virtue in IF." Of course, *if* an apt scholar with the rare voice of one in a thousand study with diligence under

a good master, the result is a foregone conclusion; but believing as I do that 999 out of 1,000 people may have passably fair voices, and sufficient natural musical capacity to be able to experience a never-failing delight and solace in the exercise of singing, if properly directed, I propose to say a few words on the subject of "How to sing a song." I choose the word *song* as an inclusive term, which may be very readily understood to embrace sacred or secular song or ballad, the one condition being that the composition is some ditty for a single voice, which can be sung with accompaniment, and in some instances without; for it must not be forgotten that a great number of our old-fashioned songs, including those of Dibdin, were originally intended to be sung without the extraneous aid of an instrumental accompaniment of any kind.

It may serve to encourage those who are not gifted with *silver voices* and *nightingale throats*, to be reminded that many of our best exponents of song have possessed but insignificant physical powers, and have therefore acquired their fame and celebrity by dint of persevering vocal study and mental cultivation; and it is also equally true that many singers in every age, endowed with the most exquisite voices, have wholly failed to command attention or to ravish the ears and hearts of the listening throng, simply because they lacked refinement and cultivation. Rossini was once asked what were the requisite qualifications to make a singer, and it is said that he answered, "Three—a voice, and a voice, and a voice." This was of course true so far as it went, for without some capital or foundation to commence with, progress would be impossible. I, however, very much doubt whether the young of either sex are ever wholly deficient of musical ability; certainly our ordinary and common observation abundantly demonstrates that the voiceless are extremely rare. Of course, if people live through the bloom of youth and the prime of life without ever attempting to exercise their vocal faculties musically, they may possibly attain the unenviable condition of losing the desire and the power of attempting to join in the concord of sweet sounds. Infants have naturally the powers of locomotion, but it is only from teaching and practical perseverance that they acquire the art of walking. If, then, you have never taken the first steps in singing, and are anxious to try your powers, you will find nothing more simple or more improving than a slow scale of eight sounds, sung gently, ascending and descending. Commence on some sound easily produced, and be careful that neither the highest nor the lowest sound needs any strain or undue effort. The voice must grow naturally like a plant upwards and downwards, and it is folly to force it in either direction.

In considering the question "How to sing a song," the primary difficulty is in the choice. People go to a concert and hear some popular singer vocalise a song, perhaps a good one, and not impossibly a very bad one; and forgetful of the fact that the singer, with reputation at stake, has been studying for weeks how to "make the song go down," the listener is pleased, thinks it easy and effective, and believes that it is only necessary to buy the song and sing it, and produce an equally favourable result. How often is this done, and how often does disappointment ensue!

In choosing a song, select something with at least sensible words; the better and more interesting they are, the greater will be your chance of success. Be careful to get a song wholly within your vocal powers, for if you attempt something too high or too low you will probably subject yourself to ridicule. Having chosen your song, study the words carefully that you may fully comprehend the sense and sentiment; popular singers make it a practice to learn the words by heart—a habit worthy of all commendation and imitation. When you thoroughly understand the words, you may attempt them in conjunction with the tune or music, and in doing so endeavour to arrange breathing-places; these should be fixed so as to aid the sense, or at least not to mar the meaning and intent of the poetry. When you have decided where to take breath, mark the places with a pencil, and be careful in studying to observe those marks. As a general rule, unless a phrase of the poetry commences with the first beat of the music bar, we shall find that a bad place for breathing.

Many singers never dream of pre-arranging the places for taking breath, and this fact alone would suffice to account for much of the bad singing we hear. In one of Horsley's glees the bass voice has to sing alone the line, "Mista! black terrific maid;" and when the vocalist, as frequently happens, takes breath after "black" instead of after "Mista," the effect is truly comical, making the line sound like "Mr. Black, terrific maid."

Every word should be pronounced distinctly, even more so than in ordinary conversation. We sometimes miss the aspirate "h" when listening to a careless reader, but the loss is felt with greater force when words are allied to music. I have heard a line from "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" sound like "Before I give you a penny sweet-tart," simply because the singer had forgotten to give fully the "h" in "sweet-heart." Again, the letter "r," which we English almost ignore in common talk, should certainly be observed in singing. How otherwise are we to know, in such a song as "The Message," what is meant on the long holding notes by the word "farther?" The absence of the "r," as too commonly sung, produces "father;" and so we get the line, "I heard it float father and father." These remarks as to the words have all been made in reference to English. Of course we ought not to attempt any other language before we know that we have acquired a proper control over its special pronunciation and accent, and then we should be careful to acquaint ourselves with the meaning and sentiment of the words before we venture to sing them for others to hear, and possibly to criticise.

So much for the words; we now turn to the music, and the first caution we have to give is as to singing the notes in their integrity, not only as regards pitch and intonation, but also as regards the length of the individual sounds. A familiar instance of the unconcerned manner in which a popular song is often mur-

dered occurs to me. The charming melody from the opera *Faust*, "Quando a te lieta," is a great favourite with young ladies, but not one in ten sings it correctly. To produce the effect intended by the composer, Gounod, each note should be made exactly the length indicated in the text; but almost invariably the fair vocalists introduce numberless dots after the notes, thereby destroying all the charm of the song. Turns, cadences, shakes, and trills should not be introduced into music. The day for the display of musical fireworks is past—at least for a time; fashion, in its strange turnings, may bring them back again, but that will certainly not be for long years to come. Ornaments and embellishments which have been inserted by the composer should be practised until they can be accomplished perfectly and with ease.

All the marks of expression in the song should be carefully observed and regulated, from the softest *piano* to the loudest *forte*, remembering never to allow the latter to degenerate into a shout. In singing, the golden rule as to tone should be "*quality, not quantity.*"

Something must be said about the accompaniment for a song. We may take it, as a rule, that this will be played on the domestic orchestra, the pianoforte; and probably the singer will need to play his or her own accompaniment, and therein lies a great danger, for many a tolerably correct and pleasing vocalist utterly ruins the song and singing by injudicious, and perhaps false and vicious, accompaniment. It is indispensable that the accompaniment of a song should be studied and mastered quite independently of the song or melody. When this is accomplished, the two may be practised together, care being taken that the harmonies set down are not added to or altered in any way, and still greater care that the right foot be kept away from what is commonly called the loud pedal. This should not be touched excepting by thoroughly efficient pianists, for if it be held down during the transition from one harmony to another, the effect is somewhat similar to that produced by a school-boy who, immediately he has finished writing a copy, wipes it all over with his sleeve. The accompaniment, as its name implies, should always be subordinate to the voice. The last but not the least important requisite of "How to sing a song" is nerve. If the singer allow nervousness to get the mastery, it is impossible that the song can be well sung. Of course, some degree of nervousness is natural and desirable, as evidence that the vocalist possesses both soul and sensibility; but nervousness must be controlled, and the best antidote against it is the consciousness that the singer has well studied the song, and knows that he or she can render it competently and correctly; and I may add that the singer must not be discouraged if the first attempt at singing a well-studied song should not prove as successful as it ought to have done. The second trial will probably right matters; the old mottoes, "perseverance," and "try, try again," are as applicable to singing as to all other undertakings. I cannot better conclude than by recording a tradition of John Bartleman, the most celebrated singer of the last century. He was described as "small of stature, but a leviathan in intellect," and, it is said, used to declare that he "never sang a song in his life before the public until he had studied it, the words more especially, for twelve months." We may allow for the gradual exaggeration of the story by passing from one narration to another, and also something for the slow pace of olden days; but even then the anecdote gives us a hint which we ought not to be too dull to profit by.

THE ANSWER OF THE SEA.

SHE walked where the waves came slowly swirling,
In the deep rock-pools where the seaweed swung;
And their crests in the distance were whitely curling,
Round the wind-swept point by the rocks o'erhung.
And she watch'd with eyes of infinite yearning—
For the things that were not, and might one day be;
And her heart in the snow-cold breast was burning
For the secret kept by the silent sea.

"O sea, speak out! have you no voice given
For the thoughts that are hid in thy mighty breast?
There are thunder-tones when the rocks are riven—
The shell knows the music of waves at rest.
O sea, speak out—for thou canst discover
In the desert of waters that lies so dim,
The way that he comes, my lord, my lover,
To pluck the one rose that is red for him."

She watch'd until star upon star came smiling,
With eyes of kindness and lights of love;
And the sea, for her sweet sad heart's beguiling,
Shone smooth as the moon's pale path above.
Then she turn'd and her homeward way was brighter,
For the treacherous sea gave an omen fair;
And or ever she rested her heart was lighter
That went out to God in a pulse of prayer.

But the morning broke and the wind rose shrilly,
And scourged the sea into surf and spray;
And the waves that yestreen sighed soft and stilly,
Roared loud on the rocks that bound the bay.
And the ocean answer'd in voice of thunder,
As it swept the spars to the clouds o'erhead;
The remorseless foam left the sands thereunder—
And the sea to the living gave up its dead!

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

FROM SURREY HILLS TO THE STRAND.

WE are out for a morning walk, in clear, bracing, winter weather—our boots are thick and our feet are warm, but we have not buried ourselves in mufflers and heavy overcoats, for we are anxious to have the free use of our limbs that we may "take a fence," or throw a stick or a stone at any target that may attract us. The sight of hounds in full chase would so affect the late Canon Kingsley, that in his enthusiasm he would run a couple of miles. Most of us have feelings of the same sort, and if we have not leisure to carry fishing-rods or guns, nor money enough for stables and hunters, we can satisfy ourselves in a small way by a jump over a ditch, or a furtive aim at a bird on a bough.

We are starting this morning from Purley Downs. The Surrey Hills stretch around us for miles, wooded here and there, and almost as wild in their aspect as parts of Dartmoor. Some of the gorse-bushes have bits of yellow, that stand in strange contrast with the chalk that now and then shows itself above ground. There are mighty, thick-trunked trees, some of which may have shaken summer leaves over the heads of Queen Elizabeth and her gay followers, in times when the politic queen came down here to talk over Church affairs for a little while with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in those days had his palace, not at Addington, but at Croydon. The sturdy old trees still make beautiful nooks in the hot months of the year for such of the holiday folk as may be fortunate enough to obtain permission for their picnic here; but on this winter morn their boughs are bare, and the leaves they have lost lie on the ground, making a crisp and pleasant noise as we pass over them. We meet no people here, nor can we see a building of any kind; and yet within twelve miles is the great wilderness of buildings, with the crowds that are continually surging about them.

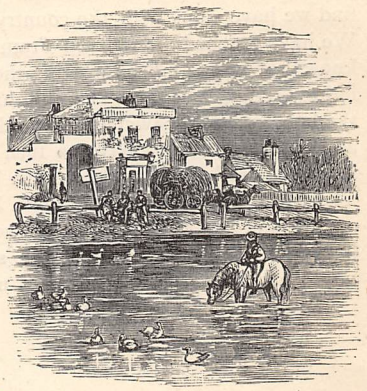
When we have spent about half an hour in this fine breathing-place, we seek the lower land, and find ourselves in the road that southward leads to Brighton, and northward to London. In this out-of-the-way place, some of the older people may be reminded of their younger years by the coach that runs in the summer and autumn months between London and Brighton, with a guard to blow a horn in the old and approved style.

The wind is not frosty, but it is keen enough to bring the blood into our faces, to make us feel that walking is capital exercise, and that we are comfortable. We are making good headway, and soon come across one of those quaint old inns that are so common in Surrey. There are few things that give such quiet comfort to a landscape as an old inn—it should be weather-beaten and have plenty of trees and birds about it; and there should be great gables and bulging, broad windows with seats; a place where by

> "——noon and night the panting teams
> Stop under the great oaks, that throw
> Tangles of light and shade below,
> On roofs, and doors, and window-sills."

We are entering Croydon, the pleasant old High Street of which is before us. We pass through part of it, and then bear down to the left, that we may see what has become of the historic Archiepiscopal Palace. We have some little difficulty in finding it, for it is hidden away behind the fine parish church, as though ashamed of the "base uses" to which it has been reduced. It has been strangely knocked about, and standing here we begin to have a poor opinion of Croydon authorities, who have so neglected perhaps their finest archæological relic, which is now used as a bleaching factory. The great Hall has been spoken of as one of the very finest in England, the roof being very similar to that of Westminster Hall.

Turning townwards we find ourselves passing a large college-looking building. This is the Whitgift School, founded by Archbishop Whitgift in 1586. The funds of this excellent charity have been carefully applied and judiciously administered. The result is a school so well managed that Croydon may well be proud of possessing an institution providing superior education within the reach of persons of moderate means, and the advantages of which may be progressively extended. Croydon has about 65,000 inhabitants, but it does not send a member to Parliament, and it cannot even boast of a mayor.



THORNTON HEATH POND.

The population is of a somewhat peculiar kind. There are thousands who only sleep and breakfast here, and who take little or no interest in local affairs. Their business is in London, and when they have done with it they run down to Croydon for fresh air and

quiet sleep. There are acres of clean, bright-looking villas where these people live.

Having gone a little out of our way to obtain a good idea of the colony of residents, we return to the main road, and soon find a break in the character of it. We are at Thornton Heath Pond. There are some ducks swimming leisurely about, and a horse drinking. There are two or three farmers' men idling in the road with a can of beer, and two strong, sleek horses are resting in the shafts of a great waggon.

Passing on we notice to the right of us the Crystal Palace, with a long line of houses stretching as far as we can see, and being somewhat suggestive of a great kite fallen to ground—the Palace, of course, being the kite, the houses the tail, and the towers the wings. A man old enough to speak of forty or fifty years ago might tell us some strange facts about the changes that have been going on in this part of the country since the days when he "went gipsying, a long time ago." Every year new houses make their appearance, and new roads are cut. Railway companies find new places growing up along their lines, and they make new stations. As far as continuity of building is concerned, Croydon may be almost considered as part of London.

Here we are at Streatham Common, the prettiest place we have met with during the walk. It is clean and quiet, and as we see it now undesecrated by tramps, and broken bottles, and grimy pieces of waste and broken paper, a place where one might fix his tent and be at rest, without wishing in a few days to fold it and "quietly steal away." Those painfully new clusters of houses, however, which are springing up in the skirts of the breezy common, warn us that another of the "lungs of London" is being rapidly choked up; and we are tempted to invoke the salutary advocacy of Mr. Ruskin, that we may be spared another irremediable devastation. In a little while, we find we have done with the country part of our walk. We have reached the Brixton Tramway Terminus, and know that we are indeed nearing the Great City. The light is dying, and there is a chill haze hanging about the houses. The pavement gradually becomes busier, and now and then we have to turn out of our way in preference to being knocked down by passing people. There are young men, arm-in-arm, balancing silk hats on the sides of their heads; women with suspicious bottles, and bundles of babies; shouting, whistling boys; and men who hurry along nervously, and talk to themselves, and twitch their heads occasionally by way of emphasis. Most people look sad and confused, but now and then some laugh in a dry, unhealthy sort of way. There are all kinds of people in all kinds of clothes, mixed and moving together—two great classes of rich and poor. Men wonderfully dressed and faultlessly gloved pass by, avoiding anything that can soil them, and looking almost as pretty and as sensitive as models in a clothier's shop-window. There are well-to-do boys who smoke cigars, and children who smoke pipes, and try to look as though they have been in the habit of smoking for some years. They mingle, and surge past us in bewildering files. Peculiar smells come upon us from frowsy little shops, and our ears are wearied with the sounds of cabs and cars.

VIEW IN SURREY.

We say little, partly because we cannot hear each other, and partly because we are somewhat out of our element. How unreal appear the things about us! The horses seem to have run themselves into machines, and many of the men and women, with expressionless faces and automatic gait, appear like people under the influence of mesmerism, waiting to have another bump touched before they can change the movement. Perhaps we are inclined to moralise and be a little melancholy, because we are becoming tired and hungry. We all agree in the suggestion that we are hungry, and that we will have an acceptable little dinner, or know the reason why. Not even the Thames, as seen from Blackfriars Bridge, can destroy our pleasant anticipation of a good "square meal."

Within half an hour we find ourselves in a cozy little room in the Strand, "smiling lively gratitude" for what we are about to receive. GUY ROSLYN.

HISTORICAL WITTICISMS.

AMID her darker and sterner chronicles, History has preserved not a few jests likewise—more, perhaps, for the sake of those who uttered them than of the utterances themselves; but it is noteworthy how many of these mere verbal jingles have actually taken a permanent place in the world's annals, not unfrequently to the exclusion of the very term that produced them. The now forgotten Ougours of Siberia (whose grim visages Ammianus Marcellinus, in his blunt, soldierly way, defined as "not a face, but a bun") live again in the *Ogres* whose child-devouring exploits are the terror of every nursery. The "Non Angli sed Angeli" of St. Augustine is imperishable as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. The great Athenian teacher's true name of Aristocles has lost itself altogether in his punning cognomen of Plato (the Broad). St. Leo, watching the goblin rout of Attila's Huns sweeping over the plains of Lombardy, prayed, in a form of wit hardly worthy a Bishop of the Empire, that "these *Tartarean* demons might be sent back to their native Tartarus;" and thus the word *Tartar** sprang into being, to be a symbol for evermore of cruelty and terror. Early in the second half of the fifth century, a young Gothic warrior entered the cell of a Christian monk to beg his blessing, announcing himself as the Herulian chief Haud-y-Wacker (Hold-ye-Stout). The recluse laid his hand on the bowed head of the towering figure before him, and said—

"*Stout* shalt thou be to win, and firm shalt thou *hold* what thou winnest."

The listening Goths laughed grimly at the uncouth jest; but they had reason to recall it fourteen years later, when, amid the ruins of imperial Rome, Haud-y-Wacker took his place in history as *Odoacer*.

The Middle Ages, however, were undoubtedly *the* era of punning *par excellence*. Grave divines, learned schoolmen, stately prelates, kings and princes—nay, the august wearer of the Triple Crown himself—indulged, without stint, in the form of wit stigmatised by Dr. Johnson as the lowest of the low. Even heraldry, in its own opinion the most exalted science on earth, tortured three languages to swell the number of the verbal juggles in which it delighted—writing on the Vernon crest "*Ver non* semper viret;" and on that of the Custs, "Qui *Cust-odit*, metuat." Indeed, in an age when books existed only as scarce rolls of dusty parchment, transcribed by the life-long toil of some laborious monk, a caustic jest of this kind, levelled at some familiar abuse or some tyrant in high places, flew from mouth to mouth like a watchword, stirring the souls of men in a way which our colder century can but faintly appreciate. More than one Pope directed all his spiritual thunders against the unknown authors of the biting epigrams placed in the outstretched hands of the statue of Pasquin at Rome—a circumstance which has given to this form of satire its modern name of "Pasquinade." The University Statutes of England teem with ordinances against "the drawing of caricatures or writing of scurril verses against the collegiate officers, to the bringing into contempt of their lawful authority." The caustic hits of those mediæval Saturday Reviewers, the court fools, more than once changed the purpose of their despotic masters. Sir Walter Scott, and other writers of equal renown, have borne ample testimony to the effect of the old anti-Romish ballads in paving the way for the Reformation. Scandinavian chroniclers tell us that a Norwegian king, who had maltreated some Iceland traders, was informed by their indignant countrymen that they intended making as many lampoons upon him as there were promontories in his dominions—a threat which one glance at the jagged coast-line of Norway will show to be a very terrible one indeed! It is easy to conceive what encouragement the hard-pressed followers of John Huss must have found in the dying prediction of their martyred leader, which, strongly as it savours of *ex post facto* invention, is attested by many competent witnesses:—"Ye may burn the goose [Huss] if ye will, but not the swan [Luther] that shall come after me!"†

Even in an age of such universal pleasantry, however, it is somewhat strange to find the saturnine Charles V. uttering such a flagrant pun as that of "I could put Paris in my glove" (*gant*), with which he answered the vaunts of Francis I.—a rude play upon the name of Gand or Ghent, then the largest town in the Netherlands. A much neater, as well as more practical rebuke, was given to the factious Duke of Orleans, in the preceding century, by his rival Jean "Sans-Peur" of Burgundy, who, seeing on the Orleans banner the figure of a knotty club, significantly adorned his own with *a carpenter's plane*.

Amid the countless affectations of the sixteenth century stood pre-eminent the fashion of jesting by anagram—*i.e.*, by inverting or transposing the letters of a proper name. Every schoolboy (as Lord Macaulay would have said) is familiar with Henri of Navarre's appropriate anagram upon the beautiful Marie Touchet, "Je charme tout." The Huguenots extracted "Vilain Herodés" from the name of their sworn enemy, Henri de Valois (Henry III. of France); and the Romish ecclesiastics, smarting under the sarcasms of Erasmus, satirised his humble origin with the taunt of "Eras mus" (Thou wert a mouse).

The courtly and artificial witticisms which the Louis

* The real name is "Tatârin" in the singular, and "Tatâré" in the plural.

† In Huss's native Bohemian dialect, this prophetic pun holds good as above.

Quatorze era prescribed to all Europe as an unalterable fashion are too well known to need repetition; but a few manly spirits were found to resist the intellectual as well as the physical tyranny of the Grand Monarque. Few rebukes have ever been better merited than that which William III.'s envoy administered to a French courtier who showed him the gallery of battle-pieces in the Louvre, boastfully asking whether the English king could display the like.

"*My* master's deeds, sir," said the ambassador, "are seen everywhere, *except* on his own palace-walls."

A similar check was once given to Louis himself by the famous Dunkirk privateer, Jean Bart, whom the king greeted, on his return from a successful cruise, with the flattering announcement:—

"M. Jean Bart, I have made you admiral of my fleet."

The rough-hewn veteran, instead of being overpowered by the royal condescension (as the brilliant circle around him doubtless expected), answered bluntly—

"Sire, vous avez bien fait."*

The quiet intensity of this rebuke can be paralleled only by the famous repartee of Prince Esterhazy in our own time, when, hearing a Spanish grandee boasting that he had "fifty thousand sheep," the great Hungarian remarked quietly—

"Curious coincidence—that's just the number of my shepherds."

The historical pleasantries of the eighteenth century, like every other form of contemporary wit, followed the bias given to them by the formidable renown of a single name. Voltaire, though in reality the topmost bough rather than the root of that fatal "Encyclopædist" tree which was one day to overshadow all Europe, reigned as absolutely in life as after death, and extended through every land the use of those verbal stilettoes wherewith the wits of the day poignarded friend and foe alike. All the best sayings of D'Alembert, Diderot, Pope, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole, and Frederick the Great bear the unmistakable stamp of the great master of mischief; Frederick's close intimacy with Voltaire himself rendering the likeness doubly conspicuous in his case. On one occasion, however, the "soldier-king" was fully matched at his own weapons. After his conquest of Saxony, in 1756, the indignant nation altered the inscription on the newly-introduced Prussian coinage—*Ein Reichs-thaler*—into *Ein Reich stahl er* (He stole a kingdom), a gibe keenly resented and terribly avenged.

* To the credit of Louis, he was sensible enough to take this reproof in good part, his only remark being: "Here, gentlemen, is a man who knows what he can do, and means to do it to the utmost."

It may be remarked, in passing, that the word "thaler," or dollar, is in itself a kind of historical pun. The silver yielded by the valley of Joachims-thal was formerly so much esteemed that the country-folk, in taking payment for their wares, were wont to say, "Give me a Joachim's Dale one" (Joachims-thal-er); and this, shortened to "thaler," gave rise to a world-wide name.

The sanguinary pleasantries of the French Revolution have been immortalised by its greatest historian, Mr. Carlyle; but the most perfect sarcasm of that terrible period is now almost forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, almost the only remaining representative of the destroyed *noblesse*, seeing "Brotherhood or Death!" chalked on a wall, remarked that it should be translated, "Be my brother, or I kill you."

Of Napoleon I. (certainly the most unlikely source from which to expect a pun) one such utterance is recorded—perpetrated, too, in the very height of one of his most splendid campaigns—that of 1796-97—which ended in the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the Treaty of Campo Formio. Hearing an Italian lady observe that he seemed very young to have achieved such wonderful successes, he answered sharply—

"Demain j'aurai Milan" (mille ans).

As for the countless historical jests of the present century, our remaining space will only permit us to indicate one or two of the best. The headlong frenzy of ambition has seldom been more keenly rebuked than in Talleyrand's criticism on the career of Napoleon:—

"His watch was fast, while the rest of mankind had the right time."

Not less happy was the jest of a veteran Parisian wit on Louis Napoleon's gift of a hotel a-piece to two of his marshals:—

"Ah, oui! ils défendront le trône et l'hôtel"—an admirable travesty of the oath of allegiance, "to defend the throne and the altar" (*l'autel*).

The remark attributed to the Emperor Nicholas on his visit to Sobieski's statue at Warsaw, although probably due in reality to his court jester, Prince Menschikoff, has a grim significance when viewed by the light of subsequent events:—

"That man and I are the two greatest fools of history, for we both saved Vienna."

Prince Bismarck's prophecy that the war of 1870 would cost France "two Napoleons" is well known; and Tacitus himself might have envied the caustic terseness of the definition of Russia (a definition, happily, all but obsolete at the present day) as "a despotism *tempered* by assassination." D. KER.

SUSPENSE.

A Story. By the Author of "A Hard Case."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

IT was full summer, and the day Godwin had chosen for coming was bright and warm; but Mrs. Martyn came down to breakfast wrapped in a great shawl, shivering and complaining of cold. She would not allow that she was ill, and sat at the head of the table as usual; but Mr. Martyn was frightened and watched her uneasily, and called me out of the room after breakfast to say that he should send for the doctor. I went with her into the drawing-room and made her comfortable in her favourite chair, but she complained of cold and headache, and let her work lie idly in her lap, and seemed since last night to have grown smaller and whiter than usual. Was she going to be very ill? I wondered, with a sort of terror, for I knew nothing of illness, and I watched her anxiously as she leaned back in her chair with closed eyes.

"Grace, my dear," she said presently, "what should you do if you came back from Jamaica and found me dead? I am an old woman now, and cannot expect to live long, and I should like to know what will become of you."

I went and knelt down beside her, filled with sudden pain and contrition. I took her hand, and felt all in a moment how thin it was, and with dim eyes I saw how old and lined and pathetic was the face bent down close to mine. We had been better friends for a long while; she had been less exacting, I less impatient; but I had never realised till now that there might be love between us. I had chafed against the narrowness of the home she had given me, but now I felt how good she was to have given me one at all. I had come into her quiet life as a discord; I had given her anxiety; I had never interested myself in her ways, or cared to look at things as she saw them; I could not feel that I had ever given her pleasure or comfort; and now, a sudden fear suggested, she might be quietly slipping out of the world, and I, who might have been so much, who might have brightened into beauty her dull, placid life, had given her less than nothing.

"I WENT AND KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER."

"Do you feel really ill? Are you in pain?" I asked when I could steady my voice, for her anxious look went to my heart, and I longed to lay my head down in her lap and cry.

"No, my dear. I do not feel very ill, and I am not in pain, but things seem strange to me to-day. I keep thinking of the days when I was young—like you—long before I ever saw Mr. Martyn; and I am afraid to leave you like this, with no one to look after you."

She drew her shawl round her with a shiver, and closed her eyes. I longed to know what was in her mind, what old memories had risen before her, but I feared to disturb her, and presently she began again—

"Grace, you think I have been harsh to you, and have not let you have your own way enough, but if I had ever had a child of my own I should have done the same. It is better to keep girls strictly, and your father wished it; but I sometimes think you ought to have had more pleasures. You will know all about it by-and-by."

I did not know what to answer. How strangely she looked and talked, how unlike she was to her usual self!

"You have been kind to me," I answered. "I ought never to complain. It *has* seemed hard to me, as you know, that I should be so different from other people, but I ought to have been more patient and to have borne it better."

"Yes, my dear, you have been impatient and difficult to manage sometimes, and you have vexed me by being so eager to get away, for we should be dull without you now we are growing old."

"Would it be a comfort to you if I did not go, if I stayed with you?" I asked, trembling for my own courage to give up so much.

"No, Grace"—and Mrs. Martyn put out a trembling hand and stroked my hair—"I do not wish you to stay; it is too much for a young girl to give up. But I am anxious to know what you will do if I do not live till you come back. I am glad Mr. Fletcher is coming; he will set my mind at rest. Now I think I will go to sleep a little while before he comes."

I left her, and wandered up and down the lawn, within sight and call. I knew with certainty now that I should not go. I tried to persuade myself that this was only a passing illness, but I could not believe it. She would not allow that my staying would be a comfort to her, but I knew it would be. There was no uncertainty to trouble me; there was a definite duty to be done, a definite pleasure to be given up. I felt sad at the thought, but not unhappy, for I was glad to think that she had learned to love me, that these dull years which I had thought wasted had at least brought some interest to her. Perhaps we might all be mistaken, and she would be as well as ever to-morrow, but even then I could not leave her with a quiet conscience.

By-and-by I saw Godwin coming through the fields from the station, and I went to meet him.

"Why, Grace! I expected to find you all excitement and happiness to-day, but you look grave and anxious. No one will say a word against this delightful scheme for giving you a holiday," he said, as we walked back together.

"I am glad you would not have thought it wrong; but, Godwin, it will never happen!" And then I told him how things were, how clearly I saw my place was here in the dull house I had sometimes thought so unendurable; and as I told him I wondered at myself for my discontent, I felt utterly ashamed of my ceaseless murmuring, and with Godwin's kind looks and words to encourage me, I made many good resolves for the future.

While we stood talking in the garden, the doctor came to us across the lawn.

"Miss Warley," he said, as soon as he came near us, "Mrs. Martyn is very ill, and is asking for you. She is not fit to be left. Can you give your time to her, or shall I send a nurse?"

His tone and manner were civil, though the words were abrupt, but my own conscience turned them into a reproach.

"I will not leave her again. You need not send any one," I answered; and then Godwin whispered to me to go in, and he would tell me by-and-by what was the matter.

There were one or two old servants in the house anxious to nurse their mistress and do everything their own way, but she turned from them all and clung to me.

"Stay with me, my dear," she asked, when we had got her into bed; and I sat beside her, with her hand in mine, and I promised that I would not leave her.

Before night we all knew she would die—not at once, perhaps; it might be not for many days, but there was no hope. Godwin came up, by her wish, before he went away, and I left them alone for a few minutes. When I came back she raised herself up, and spoke eagerly—

"Grace, you have misunderstood him; he is a good man, and loves you faithfully. You may trust him, and he will never deceive you."

"God helping me, I never will," he answered, taking my hand; then, with a few last words of kindness to her and sympathy to me, he went away.

Several days passed, and Mrs. Martyn still lived. Then came the time when I was to have been with Carry before her marriage, but I could not go. Every moment I could spare from the sick-room I gave to Mr. Martyn, who was losing the only tie he had to life. Twenty times a day he would creep in with his hushed heavy tread, and go away heart-broken. His only comfort was in telling me over and over again every little incident of their courtship and marriage, and the forty quiet years they had spent together. Carry came down to see me, and could not forbear from entreating me to be with her for a day or two, but I could not do it. Even if there had been no duties to detain me, I could not, with the awe and hush of death so heavily oppressing me, have borne the bustle and gaiety the happy wedding would so rightly bring.

Carry and her husband were to go to Scotland for

a few weeks before starting for Jamaica, and I looked forward to seeing her again. I said good-bye with a heavy heart, but with no misgivings for myself. I had found my place, though all this time I had not known it. I had no more idleness and wasted time to fear.

"My dear, you will not leave him?" Mrs. Martyn asked; and with all my heart I promised to stay while I could give him any comfort.

Day after day went quietly by, with little change. Godwin came often to see us, and was kind to me beyond expression.

"You are not unhappy now? the disappointment and anxiety are not too great?" he asked, as we strolled about one evening in the soft summer twilight —one of the few hours I could steal from my duties.

"Oh, no. I am not unhappy, though I cannot help being sad."

"It is all hard on you, poor child!"

"No, I do not feel it so; and, at least, I shall learn the value of kindness and friendship," I answered, putting out my hand to him. "Oh, Godwin, you have been so good to me! You can scarcely believe I am grateful, and feel it; but with all my heart I thank you."

"My dear," he answered slowly, "you must not misunderstand me. You must not think better of me than I deserve, even to make up for your former hard judgment. Perhaps my motives are selfish, and I am working for myself sometimes instead of always for you."

Then there was a long silence, for I could not answer, and he seemed to understand it.

Carry's wedding-day came, and in the quiet, early morning Mrs. Martyn died. It was a terrible blow to the desolate old man, who in losing her lost every one. He begged I would not leave him, and willingly I promised to stay.

Late in the evening Godwin came down, bringing me a little note signed "Caroline Kenrick," assuring me of my sister's and brother's sympathy, and telling me that when they came back from Jamaica they hoped there would be no more such long partings.

Mr. Martyn, who had always shared his wife's liking for Godwin, begged him to stay, and he readily consented, and for the next few days was like a son of the house, settling everything, and so managing that a very small share of trouble fell on any one else.

"And now, Grace," he said to me, several days after, when we were alone, "the difficult question arises, What is to become of you?"

"Oh, Godwin, of course I shall stay here!"

"My dear child! Why, it will be twenty times duller than ever!"

"I do not think it will; and even if it should be, I am not afraid. I don't think I shall ever be so afraid again of being dull. I could not leave the poor old man when he wants me and there is so much to do."

"But we must think of you too. Will this life do for you? Will it not be too much?"

"Oh, no! there is nothing very great to be done; and surely I need not shrink from what Mrs. Martyn at her age thought no burden."

"But remember, she had the experience of years to make things easy for her; it did not come upon her all at once."

"And I have had Hollywood."

"True, I had forgotten that; but for other reasons I doubt your being able to bear it. The place has always been dull, but it will be far more so now. Indeed, for a time Mr. Martyn will probably shrink from seeing any one; and how will you get on with only a broken-down old man for your companion day after day? We must think of it on all sides before we decide."

"As far as I am concerned I have already decided. I cannot go away, and I think you should not urge me."

"Well, I will say no more; and, in fact, I have no better plan to propose," answered Godwin, with a heavy sigh. "You have put a seal on my lips, and I sometimes fancy I shall never break it."

What could I answer? How could I assure him, as I longed to do, that I loved and respected him, when I knew that at the bottom of my heart there still lurked a doubt, the thought of which gave me bitter pain, though I could not cast it off? Many a time it rose up and poisoned the happy hours I spent with him.

After that I met with no further opposition to my wishes; every one saw that here I had a right to judge for myself.

In September, when the first yellow leaves appeared, and all the world began to look sad, I said good-bye, first to Carry and Robert, who came back from Scotland and started for Jamaica, and then to Godwin, on his way to Italy with his friends; and then I settled quietly down to a life which, after awhile, I found it was in my own power to make both busy and happy.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

WHEN Carry and her husband reached Jamaica they found all Robert's affairs in confusion. The man who had been trusted to manage everything turned out to be idle and dishonest, and, very reluctantly, Robert was obliged to decide that for a year at least he must stay and look after things for himself. For my sake, Carry was distressed and anxious to return, but as far as she herself was concerned the change was delightful. They had a comfortable, pretty house, in the midst of beautiful gardens, entire change of scene, and pleasant society; without all these, while Robert was with her she was happy, but for my sake she wished to come back. She and Godwin took opposite views of the probable effects of solitude upon me. "I can scarcely believe you will get through it without breaking down," Carry wrote. "I shall not be surprised if during this year you grow into a sensible woman," Godwin had said half-jokingly; and I resolved that I would do my best, and think as little as possible of myself, and so gain courage to meet whatever the more than commonly uncertain future might have in store for me. I had a great deal to do every day. There was a large household of unnecessary servants, for whom it was difficult to find employment; there were all

Mr. Martyn's numerous little whims and fancies to be remembered; and there were many worrying farming arrangements—for he had a good deal of land round the house, which he preferred looking after himself—about which he always consulted me and wished me to give an opinion, if it was only for the sake of contradicting me and proving me in the wrong; for though he had a profound contempt for the business capacities of women, he thought he was doing me a great deal of good by teaching me the prices of corn and cattle, and instructing me in the mysteries of the rotation of crops; and I was very glad that he cared to admit me into his interests, and could in some measure make a companion of me.

While Godwin was travelling about our correspondence was irregular, but every now and then he wrote me long, cheerful, interesting letters, touching upon all sorts of subjects, and telling me a good deal about Miss Becher, whom he seemed to find a pleasant companion, and about her mother, of whom he wrote with great affection. But though I heard so much of these friends, and often tried to persuade myself that I was sure of what the end would be, the news Mr. Martyn brought back one day from London came upon me with a shock.

"Grace, have you heard from your cousin Fletcher lately?" he asked, looking at me with some anxiety.

"Yes, a few days ago."

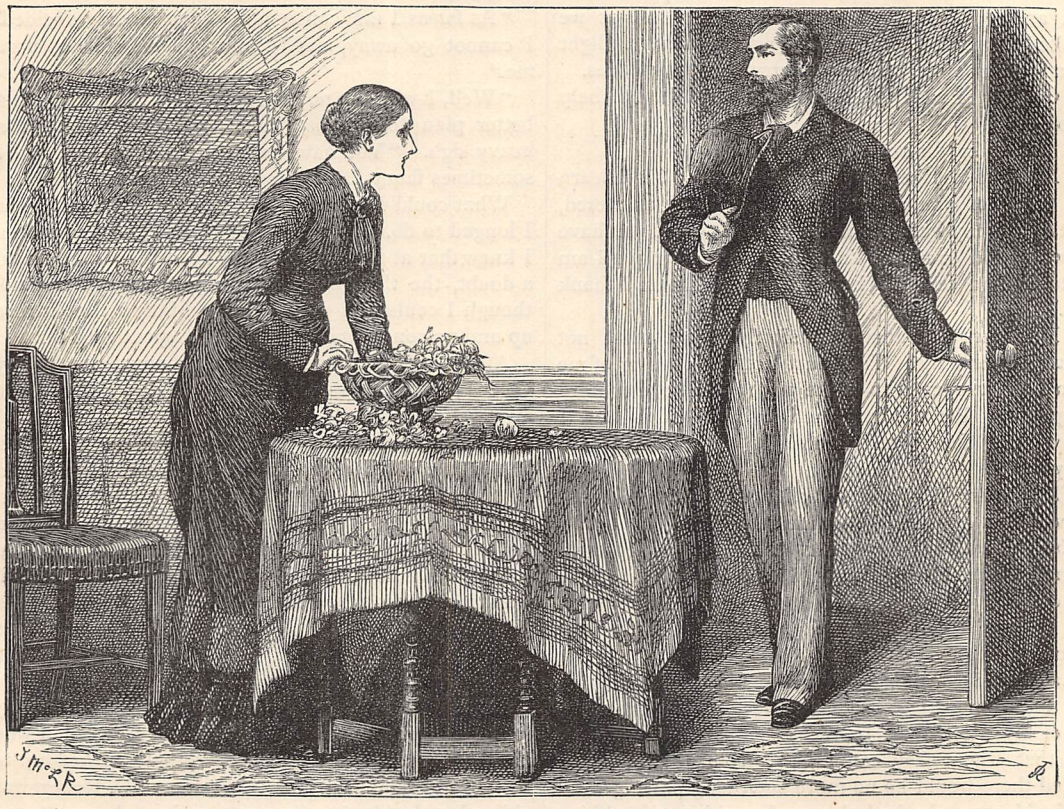
"Did he tell you anything about himself?"

"Nothing particular, except that he hoped to be home in about three weeks' time. Why?"

"I thought you were such great friends that he would have told you if it was true that he is going to be married."

"Godwin going to be married! Who told you?"

"I met a man to-day who knows him, and he told me Fletcher was going to be married to that lady—his friend's sister. She is very well off, they say, and it would be a good match for him; but I suppose it can't be true, or he would have told you."



"GODWIN WALKED IN" (*p.* 230).

"I dare say it is quite true," I answered, feeling bitterly how impossible it would be for him to mention the subject to me. "As she is an heiress, nothing is more likely." I knew, even while I was saying it, that in my own heart I did not think so badly of him, but I could not keep back the words.

"Well, well, we must not judge him too hardly. Perhaps, if a certain young lady had chosen to take him in hand, things might have gone better—but I didn't mean to vex you, my dear, and I should have been the loser if you had thought differently."

When I came to think over the matter, it seemed to me more and more likely that the news was true. Why should Godwin think any more of me when I had slighted and discouraged him? He had talked of patience and unfailing affection, but I had given him no answer, no word to assure him that the devotion he promised would meet with its reward. I had nothing

to blame him for—no, nothing. My faith in promises, my belief in unselfish kindness, crumbled into ruins, but there was no one but myself to blame. Well, I had many things left. I had the vague, but of late precious, hopes of what the end of my suspense would bring; and I had the new knowledge, learned painfully, that there were other things to look for besides the selfish personal happiness which it now seemed to me had for a time been my only thought.

Mr. Martyn's news also reached me from other quarters, and I could see no reason for doubting its truth. Then for several weeks no letter came from Godwin, and I thought his new interests were too absorbing for him to have time to spare for me; and I realised how carelessly I had flung away, not his love only, but my claims to his friendship and good opinion. I should be less than nothing to him now. No doubt, he would faithfully perform his duties as my guardian, which I resolved should henceforth be so light that he should scarcely feel them, but I could not be surprised if he avoided seeing me, or if he tried as far as possible to forget that there was such a person in existence. While I was trying to school myself to these new feelings, I was surprised by getting a letter from him, telling me he had come back and was going to run down the next day to see us. There was no mention of his friends, and no constraint in his letter; and though there was nothing to cast a doubt on Mr. Martyn's news, I began to think I had been hasty in supposing Godwin would wish to avoid me. This being the case, I would take care that my manner was as indifferent as his own. I would even show that his altered position put me at my ease. I would now do things which I should have scrupled to do before. I would go and meet him as he walked from the station, and begin to talk about these friends, that his confession might be easy to him. I would try by every means to show that I was gratified at his hurrying down to tell me of his happiness. He should never know how friendless I felt, and that, with what I knew was wicked jealousy, it hurt me keenly to see all those whom I most loved taking to themselves new ties and wrapping themselves round with new interests, while I lived my narrow life almost alone.

"Oh, Grace, how pleasant! I was almost afraid I should not get a quiet talk with you," was Godwin's greeting the next day when we met. "I want so much to hear really how you have been getting on, and whether you can succeed in taking an interest in the house and farm."

"Indeed, I can. I am getting on well, much better than I expected," I hastened to assure him, anxious to make the best of everything.

"I am very glad. It will make this time of suspense pass more quickly for you," he answered kindly, quite in his usual manner; and I, who had intended to be a little patronising, and to help him towards his awkward confession, felt at once put back into my old position—of being considered and cared for in spite of myself, almost as if I were a child. Over and over again, I tried to bring the conversation round to such a point that Godwin must tell me his news, and as often he mentioned Miss Becher's name with a quiet friendliness which for the moment made me almost doubt if it could be true; but then, again, he would of his own accord speak of her with such praises of her goodness, intelligence, and sympathy, that I found it impossible to believe he could be indifferent. At the end of half an hour's walk, I had made no approach towards the truth. My courage failed when it came to the point, and it was as difficult to me as, I believe, it was to him to talk of the subject which I supposed just then was of the greatest interest to both.

When we got back to Wilmington, Mr. Martyn met Godwin with his usual warm welcome, and so thoroughly appropriated him that we had not another quiet moment together. The farm was a subject of such absorbing interest that scarcely anything else was mentioned during luncheon-time; and afterwards, though I was with them during the first part of their tour of inspection, and heartily applauded the kindness with which Godwin entered into all Mr. Martyn's fancies, I could not help feeling vexed at the thought that, as he was obliged to leave early, there would probably be no opportunity for hearing anything of his approaching marriage.

Presently I left them and went back to the house, and it was within five minutes of the time he was to start when Godwin came in.

"It has not been a very satisfactory day, Grace," he said, when we were alone for a moment; "but there is something to me so pathetic in the old man's position, and the interest he tries to take in modern ideas and theories, that I cannot feel that a day spent with him is wasted."

"Fletcher, Fletcher! you'll be late for the train!" called Mr. Martyn from the hall. "And, Grace, my dear, I for one had almost forgotten my congratulations. I hope you have remembered to wish him joy for both of us."

"Congratulations!" said Godwin, with evident amazement. "I know of nothing for which I require them. What does it mean, Grace?"

"Of course, you know. You will tell me all about it another time, will you not?" I answered.

"I have no idea what you mean, and must wait till you write me an explanation. I *must* be off now."

Then he went away with Mr. Martyn; and as I watched them from the window I saw him stop suddenly and half turn round, as if to come back, and then go on again, talking earnestly.

While I was dressing for dinner, Mr. Martyn came in, and called to me from the foot of the stairs—

"Grace, make haste, I want to speak to you." And I hurried down.

"Fletcher says it's all a mistake," he said eagerly, as soon as I was within hearing; then when I came a little nearer—"He says he never thought of marrying any one but you. He is going to write to you about it. He hadn't time to tell me anything but that the lady is going to marry some one else. I told him you would be very glad it wasn't true; but he said he could not flatter himself that would be the case."

"Oh! why did you say anything about me?"

"Why, my dear, it did not matter, did it? I don't think you were at all pleased when I told you about it first, so I supposed you would be glad now."

Fortunately for my temper, dinner appeared just then, and it being as usual a very silent meal, I had time to think over what I had heard. Perhaps, for the moment, my strongest feeling was one of annoyance that I should have been so unguarded in manner as to let even Mr. Martyn guess that the notion of Godwin's marriage gave me pain. Then I wondered what Godwin would think of me for having again so hastily misjudged him. Would he be angry, and imagine I was always ready to believe the worst of him? For though, of course, my conduct left him perfectly free, his promise of patient constancy did to some extent bind him, and I should have had reasonable ground for blaming him if, after such unasked-for and unnecessary protestations, he should have changed his mind. But with all my doubts I was happy, for I felt as if I had got back my friend; and I believed it would for the future take very strong evidence to convince me that he was likely to do anything to make him unworthy of respect and affection.

I was busily arranging a great basket-full of flowers the next morning when, to my surprise, Godwin walked in.

"Grace, how did you get hold of this story about me?" he asked immediately. "Can you think that if I were about to take such an important step I should not tell you at once? And Mr. Martyn says you have been believing this for several weeks."

"I thought you would tell me soon," I began hesitatingly.

"Tell you soon! Oh, child, you don't understand! But the whole thing is so impossible that I don't know what I should have done. Tell me just this one thing, Grace—were you sorry when you believed this story was true?"

"Yes, I was vexed."

"Why? But I have no right to ask. I wonder if you will ever put confidence enough in me to let me talk to you of all this misunderstanding between us."

"Oh, Godwin, not now! I can think of nothing till this dreadful birthday is over; it is coming so near now, and I cannot even guess what it may bring."

"If you could but trust me before it comes, it would save you a world of pain and vexation."

"No, no; I cannot."

"I will not ask you again, dear; but try to put a little confidence in me, and believe how gladly I would lighten every trouble for you."

"Oh! I do believe it; but I cannot say what you wish. Forgive me, as you have to do over and over again, for all my hard thoughts, and do not ask anything of me till I know what the end of all this may be."

"I have one thing I must ask," answered Godwin very gravely. "Will you promise that if lying tongues again busy themselves with my name, you will come to me for the truth before you believe their lies?"

And I promised gladly, and felt more hopeful for the future, more confident in myself and in him than for many a long day now I had dared to feel.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

SLOWLY, but not unhappily, the time passed away till my longed-for birthday was close at hand. It came in May, and it seemed to me the very season sympathised with my uncertainties. The spring had been late and cold, and everything had drooped under a sunless sky, but now and then had come a few bright days, full of hope and promise, and with superstitious awe I looked upon every change as a good or evil omen.

I was to spend the last few days before my birthday with Aunt Lucy in London, and I believe it was Godwin's thoughtfulness which suggested the plan: for when he came down to see me, I could not hide from him that I was too excited to be able to attend to my usual duties. Everything was so uncertain that I did not even know whether I should ever go back to Wilmington again; but I resolved that, if it was left to my own choice, I would do so for the short time which Mr. Martyn's fast-failing health made it evident he would want me.

One great disappointment I had to bear: this was Carry's and Robert's continued absence, now caused by the illness of their little daughter of six months old—my godchild and namesake—who Carry scarcely dared to hope would live to be brought to England. I missed my sister the more from the fact that, kind as she was, Aunt Lucy could not understand and rather disapproved of me. She considered me self-willed and unmanageable, and did not scruple to show that she thought me foolish and almost wicked for refusing the safe and happy lot which was still waiting for my acceptance. But after the first I refused to hear a word on that subject; and as we could not talk much about my future—for she knew far more than I did, and was afraid of betraying it—there could not be much spoken sympathy between us; but she was very kind in taking me out, and showing me all sorts of places and things; and she and Godwin contrived that during the day, at least, I should have very little leisure for thinking. The evening before my birthday, Godwin came to me after dinner and said he wanted to talk to me; would I walk with him in Kensington Gardens, which were close to Aunt Lucy's house? I had been dreading this for days, and had several times managed to avoid being alone with him, but now I did not know how to refuse, and went unwillingly. We were both silent for a time till we got into a quiet walk, and then Godwin began—

"Grace, I want to have a serious talk with you. What I have to say may make you angry, but still I think you will judge me more justly than you did a year or two ago."

"If it is on the same subject——" I began eagerly; but he interrupted me.

"You must be a little patient. It is imperatively necessary I *should* speak to you on this subject, and I am anxious to do so before your father's will is read. I have waited, and hoped, and watched for an opportunity of speaking before, but none has ever come. You have been friendly, and have shown confidence

in me in many other ways, but in this none. You have never given me reason to suppose you have reversed the cruel, unjust judgment you passed upon me two years ago."

I was half frightened, for he spoke passionately, and was utterly unlike the grave, self-restrained man I was accustomed to. It was almost impossible at that moment to believe I had not misjudged him; and yet—and yet—could I dare to trust my own feelings, and believe that my suspicions were unjust and without foundation? or were they the right and necessary precaution required by my friendlessness? I could not tell, but the necessity of silencing him—only for a few hours now—was too urgent to allow of inward argument.

"Godwin, it is impossible for me to decide anything till after to-morrow. I have no idea what my father's conditions may be, and what I say to-night I might be obliged to contradict."

"It is because *I* know what these conditions are that I have spoken to you now. I think them wrong and unjust, and if I had not been too late I would have done everything in my power to alter them. Grace, I think you are scarcely true to yourself. I am not afraid to say that I believe it is pride holds you back from trusting me. Dear, we should be happy together, and I believe you know it. Don't let these unworthy suspicions come between us; tell me now that you can trust me, and it will soften for you the bitterness of to-morrow."

"Oh, Godwin! I am afraid; I am afraid of you and of myself, and everything. I cannot—I cannot say what you wish while I am in this doubt and uncertainty."

He did not answer, and I grieved over the pain I gave him, though it was beyond my power to help it.

"Godwin, do you not see," I said presently, "that my mind just now is so full of other thoughts, and hopes, and doubts, that I cannot think of this? Remember how long my suspense has been, and you will not wonder that what to-morrow may bring seems to me the one only thing of real importance. Perhaps I am cold-hearted—I do not know—but to-night I could more easily say good-bye to you than blindly bind myself to a life which to-morrow's knowledge might make unendurable."

"Shall we go in now, Grace?" asked Godwin, after a silence, the length of which I was too much preoccupied to notice; and neither of us spoke a word till he wished me good night at the door. Then I looked at him, and was frightened at his paleness.

"Godwin, are you ill?"

"No."

"Are you angry with me?"

"I am angry and grieved, and utterly incapable of talking to you now. No, Grace—I will not hear you—your time is past, and to-morrow must do its best and worst for both of us."

Then, as the door opened, he turned away without another word.

"Well?" said Aunt Lucy meeting me on the stairs. I could not answer, and tried to hurry past.

"What have you settled, Grace?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Oh, do not torment me so! How can I settle anything till to-morrow comes?" I cried. "Don't let any one come near me or ask me questions, for I cannot bear it!"

And, to my unutterable relief, I was allowed to get through the next few miserable hours alone.

The first thing my birthday brought me was a beautiful present from Carry, of West Indian coral, and a most loving little letter, telling me how deeply she felt our separation, and that nothing but her baby's illness could have kept her from me. She entered so heartily into all my anxieties, was so ready to hate every one who vexed me, and was altogether so charmingly sympathetic and unreasonable, that I was wonderfully cheered, and able to go down to breakfast with tolerable composure.

At eleven o'clock, Godwin, Mr. Nash—my other guardian—and the lawyer came. Aunt Lucy and her husband and I were in the drawing-room, and Godwin came straight up to me as I sat a little apart.

"Grace," he said, "as your guardian I am forced to be here, nothing else could have brought me. Try to remember, in the midst of your vexation, how great mine has been, and how I have tried to shield you."

I held out my hand to him silently, and before he let it go, Mr. Birt, the lawyer, began to read. Godwin did not move, but stood between me and the others.

The first part of my father's will was a declaration of the injustice which he felt had been done long ago, when my mother inherited her uncle's fortune. This injustice it was now difficult to repair, but it had been the wish of his heart, and also my mother's earnest desire, that through me everything should be set right. This could only be done in one way: by making me heiress to the whole property on condition of my marrying Godwin. My father had hoped and expected that the marriage would take place during his life-time, but when he found this was unlikely he tried to make up for it by his will. If, when I was twenty-five, I was either married or engaged to be married to Godwin, the whole property was to be mine, and therefore his; if I married any one else, I was to forfeit my claim upon it, and receive only the same small portion as my sister; but if nothing stood in the way, and yet on my twenty-fifth birthday I was still disinclined to enter into an engagement with my cousin, I was to be allowed a year to consider; and if at the end of it I again refused these conditions, the property was to be disposed of in a manner which was to be kept a secret from me till that year was ended.

For a little while after Mr. Birt ceased reading I believe I knew nothing, and when I looked up again Aunt Lucy was alone with me.

"Did you know—did Godwin know this before?" I asked.

"Yes, dear, and it made us so anxious that everything should be settled between you before to-day. Grace, you should have trusted him. You might have

known that he knew best, and only wished to spare you pain."

"I know," I cried eagerly, "that I have more reason than ever to mistrust him. How can you or any one be so blind as not to see that it is my fortune he cares for? He asks me to marry him now, but if this year was over and I was poor, he would draw back."

"You are utterly unjust, Grace; but he himself must speak to you, and prove that you are wrong."

"No, no! I will not see him—I will never see him again! Oh, how could my father be so cruel! It is no use waiting for a year, for I cannot change."

"May I come in?" said Uncle John's voice at the door.

"Well, Grace, my dear, I hope you see everything now in a more sensible light. You see, you have been doing Fletcher an injustice all this time, and he has only been trying to save you from being vexed."

He spoke with a kind effort to cheer me and put me at my ease, but I could see that he was nervous, and uncertain what I should think.

"I do not know what you all mean," I answered; "but my father has made the thing he most wished impossible. My cousin and I must be strangers now, and I can only wish I may never see him again."

"My dear, what utter nonsense!" said Uncle John impatiently. "No doubt you are vexed and hurt just now, but your cousin is the last person you should find fault with. We all think your father was in the wrong in making such a will, but there is no one else to blame; and I, for one, think Fletcher has behaved with great delicacy."

"I think he has behaved unpardonably, and I wish you would tell him so, for it is impossible I can see him."

In spite of their arguments, I persisted in my refusal, and presently left them and went up to my room. Late in the evening Godwin sent me a note, which at first I felt inclined to destroy unread, but by-and-by I thought better of it. It was very short:—

"MY DEAR GRACE,

"Mrs. Brand tells me that you are terribly angry with me for my part in this unhappy business. It is still impossible for me to clear myself, but I have one thing to ask you. If, when this year is over, my circumstances should have sufficiently changed to make it possible for me to marry a portionless wife, and I ask you again—will you trust me then? and will you give me leave to come?

"Yours faithfully,

"GODWIN FLETCHER.

"Let me have your answer to-night."

The whole world seemed turning round and round. In the morning I had believed there was reason to think the very worst of Godwin, and that it was quite certain he did not care for me; and now he was himself proposing the very test I longed for, which would prove his complete innocence of the motives I could not help imputing to him.

Presently Aunt Lucy came up, and I showed her the note, and she told me Godwin was down-stairs, and asked what answer I should send him.

"I cannot write, but will you tell him I should be glad and thankful to believe in him; but during this year, if we *must* meet, let it be as mere acquaintances?"

"You are very hard-hearted, Grace, but I will tell him what you wish." And Aunt Lucy went away with a sigh, which I fancied was as much over my obstinacy as my troubles. A day or two afterwards, by my own desire, I went back to Wilmington, where Mr. Martyn welcomed me warmly, and where, amongst my easy and accustomed duties, I had quiet and leisure to think over all that this important birthday had really brought.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

EVERY one, to dress well, requires not only taste, thought, and care, but much patient neatness; a garment well put on and suitable to the wearer, however simple and however long worn, will, in nine cases out of ten, look far better than one that has been purchased at a greater outlay and huddled on anyhow. The best-dressed women are invariably those who are specially neat in all the details of dressing; and it is the neatness and trimness of attire which most attracts the admiration of the opposite sex, who rarely take in the items of costume, but only the general effect. Where economy has to be studied the merits of neatness cannot be too strongly urged, for though economy is not synonymous with misery, as some would make us believe, it entails patient daily trouble and self-denial, best met in a cheerful spirit.

Economy in dress does not mean shabbiness, be it remembered; when really shabby, dresses should be discarded, and by no means worn at home, under the impression that anything will do there. On the contrary, a wise woman is careful that her every-day appearance shall be as pleasing as her home and its surroundings to its inmates. It costs nothing to be neat, and clothes which are well taken care of last twice as long as those which are neglected. If you doubt it, try putting away every article as soon as taken off. Brush and shake dresses before hanging them up, not by the arm-holes or the waistband, but by loops of ribbon or tape sewn at the waist or neck; and have a curtain drawn within the doors of wardrobes,

to ward off that great enemy—dust. Mend at once; things worn without necessary buttons and strings get out of shape. Frenchwomen do not come down to breakfast as neat and trim as the average Englishwoman, but they understand the art of putting on and putting away clothes far better than their sisters across the Channel, and it would be well if they would impart a few lessons in the art of packing, which decidedly has still to be learnt by most of England's daughters. However large the boxes—and English and American boxes are large—the clothes lose their original freshness, trimmings are hopelessly crushed, and skirts assume folds never intended. Frenchwomen have fewer clothes, consequently have less to pack, and certainly as a rule never pack so many together as is done in England. They take more pains and give more time to the matter, filling bows of ribbon with paper, laying paper between the folds of dresses, and resorting, in fact, to any means at hand to bring about the desired result, viz., the preservation of the several articles in their original freshness.

Spring is coming, though tardily; last year's dresses will have to be remodelled, and new dresses made. The first difficulty is the amount of material required to accomplish this. To simplify the matter we will lay before our readers the ordinary width of materials most likely to be required.

Silks run from 22 to 25½ inches wide, and should the Princesse form of dress still find favour, 14 to 18 yards ought to make one, taking into account the more or less trimming required. In England there have of late been very angry discussions on the subject of silk, while in Lyons it is very well known that the purchaser is most to blame, and is thereby paying the

penalty of requiring a showy article at too cheap a rate. There are plenty of admirable silks, black and plain coloured, to be had at about 6s. the yard, which will wear well, but for this price it is impossible to get a coarse-ribbed silk which will stand by itself. To be worth anything, that is to last a proper time, it should cost more than twice as much; and any silk with this pretentious appearance, sold at so low a figure, will become shabby very soon. A good silk is the most economical of materials for really prolonged and serviceable wear; if you cannot pay a long price, be content with a moderate appearance, which will be preserved to the last. Bricks are not made without straw, and if the public will have cheap things, they must not expect them to be as durable, or look as well, as those which cost more. Shot silks promise to be worn. "Après la Pluie," a curious and indescribable tone, is quite a novelty just introduced.

Velvet, which will be worn throughout the year, even in summer, for dresses, if in these early days the general opinion of dressmakers is to be trusted, is 20 inches wide, that is Lyons velvet. To be fashionable, these dresses can scarcely be made too plain or to fit too closely. Merino and cashmere, both of which will still be used with silk and fancy materials, especially Indian cashmere, run from about 44 inches in width, and therefore cut to great advantage; they must always be made up with the width arranged horizontally or they do not hang well.

Fancy dress materials—a term which applies to woollen fabrics and those having an intermixture either of cotton, which is seldom admitted, or of silk, which is as readily put forward—are either of single or double width. Single is 27 inches wide, double from 48 to 54. Poplins, which are among the most durable materials extant, especially those which really come from Ireland, and are much prized by Parisians, are 24 inches. Gauze, 22 inches wide, will be mixed with silk and velvet for evening and full-dress morning wear. Tarlatan is always in favour with young ladies for ball-dresses, being light, becoming, and inexpensive; its price per yard is low, very low, when you take into consideration that it is 63 inches wide. If it were not for washing-bills, which thrifty Englishwomen consider much more than the French and American fair ones, who have ever carried off the palm of good dressing, prints and cambrics would be more generally worn; as it is, in the country they are indispensable. They range from about 27 inches in width.

More under-clothes would be made at home if it were not for the difficulties of cutting out. In doing this the width of the material is an important consideration, so it is well to remember that the ordinary width of calico is 36 inches; of linen, 27 to 36; of lawn, 27 to 36; of flannel, 25 to 30.

It is curious how for the past few seasons black and white have been so generally adopted, that looking round on any assembly of ladies, coloured dresses are quite the exception. This is not to continue, so the great Worth decrees, and he is about to do his best to bring colours once more into favour. "One man may take a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink," is a homely proverb; maybe Worth's lead may not be followed; certainly the reds and pinks he has brought forward during the winter have not taken.

Velours Chenille, or Chenille Velvet, is a costly novelty; so are gloves made of point-lace to match the bridal veil; these are adopted by American brides, and also "caterpillar fringe" made in chenille, and muffs made of feathers, one composed entirely of pink feathers being sent over from here to the Princess of Wales.

Full-dress petticoats, as well as those made in woollen stuffs and in coloured cotton for daily wear, are cut in the Princesse form, with bodices, doing away with the troublesome band and the now unfashionable fulness round the waist. Even flannel petticoats, which are made with eight or ten close-set narrow tucks, or a band of torchon insertion heading a frill of torchon lace, have a couple of tabs with a button and button-hole sewn to the side breadth, in order that they may, when buttoned, keep the very little existing fulness together at the back.

Dresses now have every appearance of being sewn on the wearer, the only opening in some of those most recently made being beneath the arm, where they are laced. The preparations for the Spanish wedding gave quite an impetus to dress in Paris, and will, there is no doubt, lay the foundation of not a few extravagant fashions in the coming season. Velvet richly embroidered in pearls and other beads and gems, as well as silks, satins, heavy brocaded velvets, were what the Spanish dames affected most, save in the case of a few young beauties who appeared in diaphonous tulle thrown together with true Parisian art.

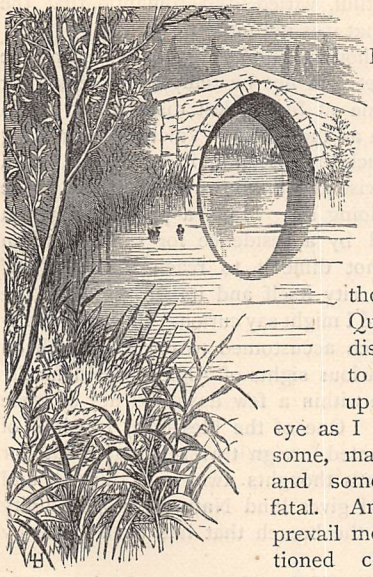
Fashions in jewellery change more frequently than they used to do, when only the more valuable kinds were worn. The revival of antique designs in gold are more in favour than any other, especially Etruscan patterns; enamel is also worn, and much of it is in the quaint artistic colouring which our taste is now cultivated to appreciate. Not content with bangles, a new bangle necklace has been introduced which slips over the neck. Some of the newest bangles have a chain and pencil attached, useful in shopping, and the "charity bangle" has a receptacle for money appended.

Opera-cloaks are made out of Indian shawls, which are so sewn into form that they are not cut, while others are of white Sicilienne, fitting the figure slightly at the back and reaching to the ground in front, and handsomely trimmed with velvet. Everything Oriental is fashionable, and many of the new fabrics are of this character, such as "Rayon des Astres," having silk stripes on a woollen surface in imitation of the rays of the sun; and "Le Firmament," with starlike designs on a blue ground. China crape vies with Bagdad silk, and we seem to have returned to the days of the Arabian Nights.

It is quite too early as yet to speak definitely as to the season's fashions. Many startling changes are prognosticated without as yet much foundation; the variety in the shape of hats and bonnets was never so great, but the most *bizarre* go abroad and are not worn by Parisians.

SPRING CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



OF all seasons of the year, spring time, in this country, is the most trying to the invalid, trying to the delicate, and trying at times even to those in good health. Quite a host of diseases, incidental to this season, rise up before my mind's eye as I write, all troublesome, many most painful, and some almost surely fatal. Among those that prevail most may be mentioned colds, bronchitis, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, typhus and other fevers, erysipelas, neuralgia, and probably measles and whooping-cough. Spring, too, is more fatal to consumptive patients than any other time of the year, and when I state it as my belief that this is greatly owing to the cold easterly winds that usually prevail, I suppose I give a gentle hint to those who are phthisically inclined, to beware how they expose themselves to their baneful breath.

Now, before proceeding any further I have a confession to make: it is this—I own to having a soft heart, a most inconvenient thing, I assure you, for a medical man to carry, for many reasons. Not, then, being callous-hearted, I have, while writing on Climates for Invalids, invariably thought with pity of those who, although admitting, and even feeling that change would restore them to health, are owing to many reasons chained to home. Before, then, saying a word to those who can change their quarters, let me give a little homely advice to those who can't. The spring months are trying to your constitution; that I grant, but many of their evil effects may be counteracted or guarded against. The delicate should never expose themselves to cutting easterly or north-easterly winds, unless absolutely obliged to, and then only with their bodies properly protected by flannel next the skin, and warm clothing externally. They should wear, not woollen socks, but comfortably thick, good long stockings. I need hardly say that both stockings and shoes ought to be removed, if damp, immediately after coming in-doors, and the feet chafed with a rough towel, but not warmed by the fire. Bed-rooms ought to be well aired by day, and have a little fire in their grates in the evening. Sitting-rooms ought to be warm, but not hot and stuffy; remember that pure fresh air is really and truly your best friend. By day take abundance of exercise when the weather is fine, but don't walk to the verge of fatigue, or fast enough to cause much perspiration; only keep moving, and don't stand about. Of all kinds of dynamic exercise for the spring time, there is nothing, in my opinion, equal to walking. I know it for a fact, that thousands of people every year catch their death by riding in open "traps." Let your food be abundant and nourishing, and use soups in very cold weather. Gain an appetite by good, substantial, earnest exercise; it is far better than that gained by taking medicines. Let your amusements be of a quiet nature, and interesting rather than exciting. You see I say nothing about medicines: I leave that to your own doctor; only this much I may state, that cod-liver oil has been a blessing to millions—but that is *food*, not physic.

Such places as the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight, and Torquay, need merely to be mentioned as residences for the delicate, but I may remind my readers that the air of the former is much more bracing than that of the latter. The Undercliff is especially recommended to those suffering from phthisis, for the simple reason that they can get more out into the pure open air, than they could in any other part of England, and have thus a far greater chance of life. Children afflicted with scrofulous ulcers, or any kind of glandular swellings, also do well here in spring, up till the end of May. Those, too, who suffer from kidney or liver complaints, or weakness of digestion, are benefited by residing in the Isle of Wight. For rheumatic cases, some kinds of heart disease, and the more irritable kinds of dyspepsia, Torquay is better.

The pretty old city of Exeter well deserves a word or two of commendation, as a healthy, well-sheltered, inland town. I went there the other day, direct from Portsmouth, and was forcibly struck with the difference in complexions of the female population of the two places. The wan and sallow cheeks one sees everywhere in the streets of Gosport or Portsmouth, are nowhere visible in Exeter: here, instead, girls seem to bloom like the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" yclept the daisy. There are also many other very healthy and charming little towns in Devonshire—such as Newton Abbot, Totnes, Tiverton, &c. Those, however, that are any way moorland should be avoided by invalids, as they are moist and bleak.

To those who love quiet and beautiful walks by the sea, Tenby and Llandudno offer peculiar advantages. Away over in Ireland, again, you can hardly have a healthier place than Queenstown for persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, or rheumatism, or dyspepsia. Young children, too, of delicate constitutions do well here. But let the consumptive patient avoid Kingstown in the spring months. In Scotland, on the other hand, there are many places to be recommended, especially the little towns a-down the Clyde. Aberdeen and St. Andrews are good examples of towns that are to be avoided in spring. Perth is more

sheltered, and the many little villages in the Highlands make good homes for those who can take plenty of exercise, and thus defy the frost and cold. And talking of frost reminds me of "curling." This game, as many readers are aware, is played on the ice with stones like cheeses; it needs a little science and a modicum of strength, but of all forms of exercise I consider curling as the most complete and beneficial to the human frame; while in itself, without medicine of any kind, it is an infallible remedy for dyspepsia and sluggish liver. I should dearly like to see more curlers in England than I do.

Now-a-days when travelling is so cheap, and can be got over with so little inconvenience and discomfort, invalids, I think, should go a little farther from home, and thus avoid our English spring. There is a little town on the Levantine shore of sunny France, which sufferers from chest complaints might do worse than visit in the months of April and May. It is called Hyères. It is, if my memory serves me aright, about a mile and a half from the sea, and is well sheltered from the east and north winds. I do not recommend it before April, because during the first months of the year the mistral blows. Mentone is also worthy of mention, so is San Remo, so is Bordighera, about seven miles westward; the air is beautifully mild and bracing, there are many romantic walks, and there is shelter from irritating winds and dust. You must avoid these places in summer, however. Corsica is by no means a difficult place to reach, and some parts of it are very healthy, while the scenery is extremely romantic and beautiful. In spring you should avoid Barcelona; Cadiz may be visited, but not for long. Valencia is better as a residence in spring, not certainly in autumn. Seville should be seen in May, and will certainly benefit those suffering from low spirits or convalescent from long illnesses. Some twenty and odd miles from Madrid, on the south, is the town of Aranjuez. Health-seekers should visit this place in the months of April and May, which are its season, and they will find it most agreeable, and the air mild.

Rome well repays the delicate for a visit in many ways, but he must not roam about too much among damp churches or other public places for the mere sake of sight-seeing. Let him try to get apartments in a street that has a southern exposure, and the rooms ought to be on the upper, not the lower floors, so as to have as much sun in them as possible. In Rome, too, the invalid should avoid such streets as Strada del Corso and Piazza del Popolo; and, unless his chest is very strong, he ought not to live on ground that is exposed to high winds.

Some invalids go to Pisa: the very thought of the place makes me shiver as I write. Naples the consumptive should never think of residing in; it is bad enough in summer, but ten times worse in winter and spring. But if the invalid finds himself at Naples, and especially if he suffers with liver disorder, or is troubled with renal ailment of a chronic character, or is gouty or rheumatic, by all means let him take the steamer and start for the island of Ischia, only a few hours off. There he might stay not only in spring, but for a year if so minded. It is but a small place, so healthful, with a climate so delicious, and with scenery so beautiful, varied, and romantic, that the only wonder is that it is not more frequented.

If the invalid should be going Egypt-way during the spring months, let him not be tempted to reside for any length of time at Malta, lest disease and death should claim him as their own. Valetta is a stirring town, there is much to be seen in it worth looking at, but I do not advise those who are delicate to waste much time in doing so. Many a patient has been greatly benefited by a residence for some time in Algiers. It is not difficult to reach if we go *viâ* Marseilles. The city itself and its surroundings are very romantic, and I might say curious; those especially who are not much accustomed to foreign travel, on witnessing the various sights of Algiers, could hardly believe they were within a few days' journey of tame old Hyde Park. One of the blessings, I think, of judiciously conducted foreign travel is, that it lifts for a time the patient's thoughts away from himself and his ailments, and gives kind Nature an opportunity quietly to repair the breach that has been made by disease.

While mentioning Algiers, I must not forget to state that it is pulmonary complaints, especially consumption in its earlier stages, that receive the greatest benefit from its pleasant equable climate, and that rheumatic and gouty affections also get soon well here, as well as disorders of the kidneys; but I can hardly advise those suffering from nervous troubles to go there, and I don't think that chronic liver complaints, nor indigestion, are benefited by the climate; if either is, it is indirectly so.

Invalids leaving this country in the spring, and sailing southwards as far as the Cape of Good Hope, would arrive there about the beginning of winter (the winter there being June, July, and August), and not only would they receive much good from the voyage, but when they got to the Cape they would find themselves in the very centre of charming mountainous scenery, hills covered with the most gorgeous heaths, a delightful climate, with beautiful landscapes, and amidst an industrious, hospitable population. The village or town of Symon's Bay I like even better than Cape Town, for quiet enjoyment. When tired of Cape scenery—and if a naturalist or botanist he wouldn't soon be—the invalid (very likely invalid now no longer) might journey north to Natal, perhaps the healthiest place in the known world. There are many most beautiful little villages that I know of up the east coast, which I believe are never visited by invalids or those travelling in search of health. The coast, I should mention, is perfectly safe as far north as Zanzibar, but don't go north of the Equator and attempt a landing; indeed, the shore then becomes anything but inviting, and the savages who inhabit it are treacherous in the extreme. But nothing, I consider, is more pleasant than a yachting cruise along the east coast, south of the Line, and nothing more likely to revive the drooping spirits and de-

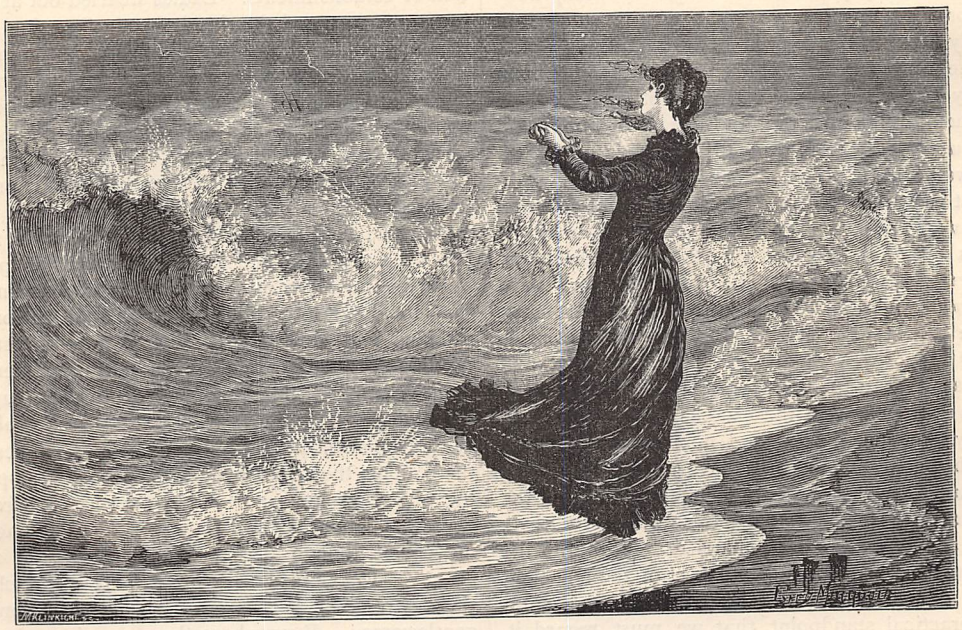
bilitated constitutions of ordinary invalids. As this has never probably been recommended by a medical man before, it is but right that I should add, I speak from experience.

Let me just here repeat, before dropping the subject of climates, some simple words of advice to the invalid who proposes travelling. You must not forget a small store of medicines likely to be useful, nor your flannel under-clothing, nor a goodly supply of warm stocks. Don't expect miracles from any climate; remember, a really perfect clime does not exist. Avoid fatigue, over-excitement, searching winds, scorching suns, and damp. Never angrily object to the viands placed before you—rather suggest than demand improvement. Never lose your temper any more than your purse, for more can be done by a smiling countenance than by a Scottish claymore.

"NOT YET."

THE night is dark, and on the sands
A maiden walks with claspèd hands;
Her eyes with tears are wet.
She gazes o'er the raging waves,
And hears the wind, as loud it raves,
Repeat the words, "*Not yet!*"

A bark appears, and fades again
With ghostly mien across the main,
And leaves but sore regret;
A hope had sprung within her heart,
Too soon, alas! to swift depart,
Whilst whisp'ring still, "*Not yet!*"



Her heart is sad, for far away
Her lover sail'd a year to-day—
A year since last they met;
He said he would return ere this,
And bring with him the parting kiss,
But sea-birds shriek, "*Not yet!*"

"And must I pine," that maiden says,
"Heart-broken live for all my days?
Can he my love forget?"
No! near at hand, with rapid stride,
Her lover comes—he gains her side
With "Darling, no! *Not yet!*"

E. O.

TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR SERVANTS.

OUR recent observations upon "The Average Servant" have created so deep an interest and so much discussion, that we are induced to continue our remarks upon this, one of the most pregnant social questions of our day.

When the mistress of a household requires a servant, and puts the usual machinery in motion to make her want known, there is little or no difficulty in getting a stream of applicants—that is, pre-supposing that the wages offered are quite up to the present scale. This matter of the mere amount of money tendered appears to exercise a strong fascination upon a number of domestic servants. A housemaid, or cook, who has really a comfortable home, and perhaps comparatively little

work to do, is too prone to exchange these advantages for some very insufficient consideration—perhaps even for some small advance in her wages. It may be that in the new situation more will be expected of her—that her hours of rest may be curtailed, and that possibly the mistress may not be so kind, or the master so considerate. It is this disposition, so prominently displayed in so many cases, that has led to the general opinion among ladies that servants really do not know when they are well off. They do not seem able to appreciate the substantial advantages they enjoy; but, like the dog in the fable, drop the meat to grasp at its shadow in the water. Under the influence of the causes to which we referred in our previous paper, they must risk bettering themselves — overlooking the fact that masters and mistresses, with whom it is a matter of serious importance to have a well-ordered household, will certainly as time goes on increase their pay. This is a point which, however, some employers lose sight of, that a servant naturally looks to rise as well as the rest of the world, and cannot be expected to go on year after year upon precisely the same wages. On the other hand, servants should remember that an increase of one pound in a house where they are well treated is of greater actual value than three or four in a strange establishment where twice the work is required, and where, very possibly, the new employer may be captious and exacting and give notice of discharge in a very short time. The servants who save money are invariably those who have been many years in the same situation. In connection with this roaming disposition there comes the important and somewhat delicate point of marriage. Frequently it happens that just when the establishment is working smoothly, and the master and mistress congratulate each other that at last they have got servants who understand their work and are contented, suddenly the announcement is made that Mary wishes to leave, because she is going to be married. Now into the sentimental, or even the moral aspect of the question, it would be out of place to inquire here: it is from a purely practical standpoint that we must regard it. The mistress, naturally feeling an interest in the servant who has pleased her, would be willing to make an investigation into the position of the man to whom she is to be married, but too frequently she is kept in ignorance of the fact. However, we will suppose the man is of good character, perhaps not a bad workman, in receipt of fair wages; but has been compelled by the exigencies of his position to live in a very poor and not over-respectable neighbourhood. The affair may turn out well—but look at the odds against it. The girl for years has been accustomed to good and often luxurious food, to comfortable warm rooms, and clothes, to attention in illness, and a relaxation of her duties if only slightly indisposed, and she has been guarded from the approach of bad characters of either sex. Now all this will be changed; her food must be poorer and less in quantity; so soon as children arrive, her clothing will deteriorate, and her hours of liberty will be cut down to the shortest; in fact, she will have none. The garden at the back of the cottage will bring her in contact with slatternly, dirty women, and too often she will descend to their level. Mistresses with an affection for their servants may well dread to think of the frequent consequences of early marriage. Here, again, is the same inability to discern when they are well off; and must not this very prominent feature of the servant's character be put down in great measure to the lack of early training? For by training we mean not only technical instruction in manual duties, but the acquisition of some small power of judgment, of mental ability, so as not to be caught by everything that glitters.

And this brings us to another aspect of the question, for if the domestic servant had any such perception, she might observe a phenomenon not without a serious meaning to the future of her class. It is the diminution of establishments. Ladies wearied out at last by incessant worry of this kind, first in "getting suited," next in studying the whims and enduring the insolence of servants, finally take refuge in the only resource left of reducing the number kept. Where four were employed, three are now often only found, five are reduced to four, and three to two. Families of moderate means who in ordinary times would have far preferred a house of their own, and could well afford it, now look with favour upon the system of living in flats, at present extending itself in London, so as to partially avoid the necessity of servants. There are symptoms that the foreign method of renting a portion of a dwelling in this way, depending upon the restaurant for dinner, is coming into use amongst us. Even really wealthy people feel a relief when they shut up their mansions, and betake themselves to the palatial hotels at the sea-side, or in Continental cities. There, and there alone, they are served with something approaching what they have a right to expect, free from the excessive labour of superintendence. The lady-help movement, though perhaps hardly successful at present, yet was hailed with hope quite as much from the mistresses' side as from the ranks of unemployed gentlewomen. Everywhere there are signs that a reaction has set in against the employment of domestic servants in the numbers to which we were formerly accustomed. It is desirable that this fact should be brought home to the floating servant population. Already it has had one effect, and we find a dearth not so much of ordinary servants, but of really superior ones.

Among the numerous applicants who answer advertisements, or whom a mistress meets at the registry offices, how many are there who she feels are utterly useless from the moment she sees them! The difficulty of selection is immense, trying both to purse and temper, and when it is made the chances are that it will be a failure. Now why is this? If the owner of a mill or a factory, or a workshop of any kind, desires fresh hands, his course is tolerably clear. The men who apply upon the premises are referred to the superintendent, and he in a few pertinent questions probes their ability.

The first question is, *Have you served your time?* This goes at once to the root of the matter, for by the rules of the various trades a man cannot take a man's wages till he has served his apprenticeship, and if he can produce evidence (his indentures) to show that he has served it, there is *primâ facie* evidence that he knows something about his business. But with the domestic servant there is nothing of this: it is all vagueness, uncertainty; the "character" upon which stress is laid goes back but a few months; there is no certificate that the servant has "served her time" in the higher sense of the phrase—*i.e.*, has acquired the spirit as well as the letter of the business. In short, what is wanted is an organised institution for the training of domestic servants, with branches in every part of the country. Already there are schools for cooking in connection with a national establishment; a school for servants is but a step farther. The necessity for something of the kind is obvious the moment the career of a servant is traced backwards. Where does she come from? Whether from town or country, from a poor neighbourhood, from a cottage in which the ordinary rules of sanitary science are totally disregarded, and too often the sense of decency quite obliterated; and, lastly, from a mental training inseparable from poverty. She has no self-control, no power of thinking twice. As for taste, deportment, manners, they are *nil*. After awhile she goes into service, and unless exceptionally fortunate generally begins, as we have seen, in a household possessing no advantages in the way of superior training. She is compelled to work and pick up the lower kind of domestic knowledge, and there it ends.

There are now in every parish schools for the primary education of girls. Could not such of these as are intended for domestic service, after leaving school, come under the influence of a Ladies' Committee, or association formed for the express purpose of preparing them for their future duties? No more truly charitable work could be imagined; the good that might be accomplished requires no description, it is so apparent. Difficulties there are, of course, but cannot these be overcome? The first matter to arrange would be, where and how are these girls to receive instruction? Must there be a building, say in close proximity to the school, specially adapted for this purpose, or can such information only be imparted in the actual work of a household? If we may imagine a central institution in London, like the School for Cookery, sending its trained teachers out into every part of the kingdom, the subject becomes simplified. But even then, without the assistance of Local Ladies' Committees in every parish where such an attempt was made, only half what is required would be accomplished. It is not merely technical instruction, how to lay the cloth and the hundred other minutiæ of daily domestic duty: it is the awakening of the moral faculty, and the widening of the mental horizon. This can only be brought about under the impact of example—insensibly imbibed from contact, in short, with persons of superior rank in life, whom the girl from early associations would look up to with a certain degree of reverence. Therefore, if we suppose a regular training-school in connection with the parish schools, we shall still want a personal interest on the part of resident ladies and active superintendence. If they could go so far as to occasionally take a promising girl into their household for a few weeks, to show her in practice what she has learnt in theory, the effect would be more lasting. The next difficulty lies with the parents. No girl could be compelled to undergo training of this sort. We sometimes see in the papers accounts of very excellent work, corresponding in character with that to which we have before referred, in connection with orphanages, refuges, &c.; the girls, it is alleged, generally turning out well. But they are orphans, or removed altogether from the influence of parents; they are consequently never subjected to disturbing ideas. For it is greatly to be feared that much of the deterioration of domestic servants is due to the lessons they learn at home in early life. Schools for the training of domestic servants have, then, this great difficulty to contend with: they have first to get the girls to attend, next to strengthen them to resist the tendency of home teaching after hours. Despite this, there is reason to think that very substantial progress might be made in this manner, and one point would at least be gained. After passing a given period in such a training establishment, the girl would be presented with a certificate, showing her proficiency—evidence, in fact, that she had *served her time*. When the mistress of a household received applications for a situation, she would at once ask for this certificate; if it was refused, her suspicions would be aroused; if produced, she would write to the school granting it, and duly receive all particulars. So that the career of a servant could always be traced, since she must produce this certificate at every fresh situation, and a record would be kept at the training-school. By taking girls almost immediately after leaving the primary schools, the training system would abolish the present unsatisfactory method by which the first years of service are passed in the houses of poor persons—cottagers themselves—where no preparation can possibly be acquired for a gentleman's house. When parents learnt that such training institutions were a direct passport to service of a superior and better-paid character, they would naturally strive to get their children admitted.

One lesson which should be inculcated in these schools should be, that it lies with the servant herself to lessen the social gulf which separates her from her employer. A servant may so deport herself, with perfect willingness yet with perfect dignity, as to obtain both the affection and the respect of her employers, arousing an interest that may extend beyond herself into her family, and lead to the pecuniary advancement of her brothers, if young, by the offer of situations; if in trade, by orders and business. A domestic servant has, in fact, peculiar opportunities for creating affection towards herself; there are so many ways in which she may minister to the comfort and well-being of her mistress and the house, that it is generally her own fault if she is looked upon as a servant in the derogatory sense of the word.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MRS. DAMERIL had come in late from her afternoon drive, and the Blackcliffe drawing-room looked especially comfortable after the chill fog outside. So instead of going up-stairs she laid aside her hat, and sat sipping her tea. She was not left long alone. Voices were heard—a childish treble and a deep bass—and presently there appeared in the doorway a rosy little damsel of three riding on the broad shoulders of a dark-bearded man.

"Ah, Louise! I thought that I heard the carriage."

"Yes, I've just come in. It was horribly cold and I wanted some tea to revive me. — Well, Millie! what mischief have you been about?"

"There, Millie, go and confess," said the father, setting her down. "Let me see, Dolly's nose is melted. I think that is the worst enormity to-day."

Mrs. Dameril's beautiful face had lacked something till eyes and lips smiled a fond welcome to the child climbing her knee.

"THE CHILD CLIMBING HER KNEE."

"And how did you fare?" her husband asked, as he threw himself into a chair opposite to her.

"Oh, pretty well. Some of the people were out, but I caught those I most wanted."

"Mrs. Vivian to wit?"

"No, I had a note from her before I started. Here it is. She promises us her boy *protégé*, you see."

"That's good. I hear he sings like a seraph. 'Her Viking.' Who on earth does she mean by her Viking?"

"Captain Lester. She expects him soon, I believe."

Allan Dameril looked up. "Do you mean Harold Lester?"

"Yes; he got his promotion the other day."

"I thought he was in the Pacific."

"So he was till lately. Now, I believe, he's appointed to a ship on the American station. Of course I shall tell Mrs. Vivian to bring him."

"Of course;" but the assent was absently spoken.

"Come, Millie," said the mother, rising, "are you going up-stairs with me? I've something to show you."

As the two went out hand-in-hand, Allan Dameril's gaze followed them. He could hardly look at them without pride, and yet was there pride in his dark eyes just then? When the door had closed behind them he started up, and walking to the fire, leant his arms upon the mantelpiece, and bowed his thead upon them. His thoughts were busy, but not with wife or child.

"Oh, Grace! if you were here," he muttered, "you would help me. And yet I made you miserable enough. I won't wish for you back again. I made my own bed, and I must lie on it."

His ride next day took him across the hills to Handleigh. He had promised his wife to carry some messages to old Mrs. Vivian, and he had besides his own reasons for going to the Manor. When he had done his errand he turned up on to the wild lonely moorland. He had often come up there for a gallop, but now he let his mare wander on at her own will. That keen bronzed face of his, generally so animated, was now almost despairing in its anxiety. He was thinking of a work that he had set himself to do, and which was not done—of a peril that was coming fast upon him, and which he could not escape. And yet he was not a man to let his heart sink or his hands hang down.

That evening he said to his wife, "Louise, what do you say to a run over to Paris when this musical affair of ours is over?"

She looked up at him, surprised. "To Paris! Why should we go there?"

"Oh, I don't know. It would be a change after vegetating here so long. Shouldn't you like it?"

"No, I don't think I should. I'm getting too lazy to care about crossing the Channel in mid-winter. Still, that's no reason why you shouldn't go if you fancy it."

"I've no fancy for going alone," he said quietly, and took up his newspaper again.

Mrs. Dameril's conscience smote her. He was always so ready to humour her slightest whim that it seemed hard he should be disappointed. Presently

she did what she was very seldom moved to do—she rose, and kneeling down beside him, said lightly—

"Allan, I was surly just now. I'll go with you to Paris if you really wish it."

He looked up at her. He had not been angry—he never was angry with her; but the sudden clearing of his face showed that he had been disappointed.

"Will you? That's good of you, Louise."

Perhaps she had not quite expected to be taken at her word, but she answered pleasantly—

"Yes, I will. When shall we start?"

"We might be off directly after the concert. I must be home in February, you know, to meet Philip."

So it was settled. But three days later Mrs. Dameril came down to breakfast with a grave face. Milly was terribly hoarse, and the doctor must be fetched. He came, and pronounced the child in for an attack of bronchitis. It had been taken in time, but there was no more thought of Paris in her mother's mind.

"Even if she were pretty well again I should be afraid to leave her," Mrs. Dameril explained to her husband. "She is so wilful with nurse, and any chill might be dangerous. But you had better find another companion, Allan."

He shook his head. "I shall get along very well here," he said. He was dearly fond of his little girl, but at that moment he was almost angry with her for falling ill.

The evening of the concert came, and Millie, swathed in an eider-down wrapper, watched from her nursery-window the carriage-lamps flashing in and out between the great oaks in the park. Down-stairs all was light and warmth. Mrs. Dameril, in her black velvet and white lace, stood greeting her in-coming guests; and her husband hovered near, talking to one and another, but glancing ever and anon at the pale, clear-cut profile of his beautiful wife.

"She looks even better than usual, I think, to-night," said Mrs. Vivian confidentially, following the direction of his eyes as he stood beside her. "I must ask Harry whether he doesn't think her improved. It must be four years at least since he saw her. Isn't it shabby of him only to give me a week after all the care I took of him when he was a sickly little Indian?"

"Yes, very," Allan Dameril responded mechanically; and just then Captain Lester came up to them.

"Ah! Harry," said his aunt, "I was abusing you."

"That's too bad when I only came to you twenty-four hours ago."

"No, that's the very ground of my abuse. But tell me—never mind Mr. Dameril—don't you think Mrs. Dameril is handsomer than Miss Sidney ever was?"

The colour rose into the sailor's comely face.

"I decline to be catechised," he said smiling. "Mr. Dameril told me once that I was an impertinent little beggar. He might tell me so again. I could not expect, you see, to hold my own against him. *He* is a county magnate, and I—well, I *am* only a beggarly sailor."

The two men's eyes met for a moment; then Dameril said abruptly—

"There's an old admiral yonder thirsting to hear your Polynesian experiences. I relied on your good-nature, and promised him a treat. Will you come?"

"To be sure," said Lester carelessly, and they went off together.

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"How tired you look?" said Mrs. Dameril to her husband, as the last rattle of wheels died away.

"I might return the compliment," he answered, handing her the candle he had just lighted.

"Yes, but I have worked hard, between solos, trios, and small talk. Now you, whenever I looked at you, were prowling about alone."

"Oh, I made a few remarks. But, after all, a host's duty is to see that every one else is amused."

"Well, I think every one was amused. I think it has been a success," said Mrs. Dameril, as she went wearily up-stairs. But she certainly was tired, and her rest that night was broken by disturbing dreams. When she awoke, the sun was shining into her room, and her husband had vanished.

He had gone out, at daybreak—so she was told—and he came in as she was unlocking the post-bag.

"See, Allan, this is from Granny," she said. "It is marked 'Immediate.' I hope there is nothing wrong."

He broke the seal and glanced at the contents. Something in his face made his wife exclaim—

"What is it? Tell me!"

"Nothing—at least, nothing to frighten you. Philip is to be at Southampton to-day."

"To-day! A fortnight before they expected him. Can you get there in time?"

"I—I don't know. I hardly think so."

"Let me see the note;" and he gave it to her.

"Oh, yes, you can. See, she says to-night or to-morrow. The midday train will get you in by five o'clock. I'll have your things put up at once."

She was moving to the bell, when he called her back.

"Louise, do you think it worth while? It would be a rush, and some one is sure to look after him."

She stared at him in astonishment. "Why, Allan, you know how ill he is. You can't leave him to shift for himself. Granny relies on you, and of course you must go. It's only to order the dog-cart and send word to Vincent. Now come to breakfast."

He lingered a moment in the bay-window, looking out at the cold grey sky, and his look was as hopeless as it had been on the moor a fortnight before.

"I thought I was safe," he was saying inwardly, "but there is a curse upon me, I believe."

"And you'll be back to-morrow?" asked his wife, when he bade her farewell an hour later.

"Yes, to-morrow — without fail. Dearest"—he paused an instant, with his hands on her shoulders, as though about to ask her something; but if so he changed his mind, and only said earnestly, "Take care of yourself and the child. I shall be home to-morrow."

"It's not a very long parting," she said brightly; but his yearning gaze seemed to reproach her.

"No, it is not a long parting—at least, I hope not. Good-bye, my wife, good-bye."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"DEAR Mrs. Dameril, may I come in?"

It was getting dusk. Louise had been playing hide-and-seek with Millie till both were fairly tired out, and now she was resting.

"Of course you may. But, Constance, who would have thought of seeing you at this hour?"

"Ah," but I want something," explained the rector's young daughter, coming forward. "I know Mr. Dameril is away; papa told me so just now, and I want you to come and help us with our Christmas-tree. Please do."

Mrs. Dameril hesitated, but she had a long, lonely evening before her, and she liked that rectory full of girls and boys. So in a few minutes she and Constance were driving down to the village.

"Ah, Miss Constance, you've done well," said the rector, as he greeted his squire's wife, "and I've something to show for my time too. I've laid violent hands on Captain Lester."

Mrs. Dameril did not seem over-pleased to see him.

"I did not expect to meet you here," she said, as they shook hands. "I thought it was to be only a village gathering, and you are altogether an outsider."

"I know that," he returned. "I was not over-bold. I was only venturing to ride through the village when Mr. Beaumont captured me. But blind man's buff was a bait, and I've a weakness for small fry."

"Then you ought to appreciate my friend Georgie here," said Mrs. Dameril, stooping to pat the round cheek of a sturdy boy of two. "Come, Georgie, won't you take me to see that great big black pussy cattie of yours?" and she led away her small cavalier.

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The presents had been distributed, the pink tapers had burnt out, and the children were at supper. Mrs. Dameril, released from magic music, was talking to the doctor's shy wife; and Captain Lester, sitting near her, was turning over a photograph-book.

"Ah!" he said abruptly, "surely that must be meant for Grace Dameril."

He spoke to Mrs. Dameril, and she, turning round, glanced at the open book.

"Yes," she said, "it is; it was taken a few months before she died."

He looked at it more closely. "It is like her, too. How long is it since she died?"

"Nearly four years."

"Poor girl! you and she were great friends."

"Yes, we were."

"And yet I could never quite make out why. Somehow I never thought her very interesting. Perhaps I did not know her well enough."

Louise made no answer, and he looked up at her.

"You are thinking that I ought not to discuss your friend. I beg your pardon."

"No," she said in a low voice. "Shall I tell you what I *was* thinking?"

"If you please."

"That it is a pity people should take so much useless trouble to deceive."

Her own words startled her. They seemed to have rushed forth against her will. They startled him too.

"What do you mean? You speak enigmas," he answered slowly.

She must tell him now—she had gone too far to stop; and there was a certain relief to her in saying what she was going to say.

"Do I?" and her bright eyes looked straight into his; "shall I make my meaning clearer if I say that I once saw a note of yours to Grace Dameril?"

"A note of mine? I never wrote a line to her in my life. Why on earth should I?"

In Mrs. Dameril's answering smile there was a touch of scorn.

"Why? Your memory is bad, but I'll refresh it. Have you quite forgotten that you once asked Grace Dameril to be your wife? Your letter was short, but it was sufficiently urgent."

"If she showed you such a letter, and told you that I wrote it, she told you the blackest of falsehoods!"

A sudden quiver passed over Louise's face, but she controlled herself perfectly.

"You will excuse my believing my own eyes," she said calmly. "You see I *saw* it, and as it happens I remember it distinctly, even to the date. It was written from Plymouth a week before you sailed."

"You may have seen a letter. You saw none of my writing."

"Whose was it then? The handwriting was yours. It was signed with your name."

"Ah! whose was it?" he returned grimly.

There was a silence. Then he spoke again.

"Mrs. Dameril," he said, and his voice had a stern ring in it, quite new to her, "there are some things better not talked or thought about, if one can help it; but isn't it enough for a woman to try to spoil a man's life for him, without insulting him besides?" Before she had time to answer he was gone. She saw him join the group about the door. She heard some one speak to him. Some one came up to her and began to talk. Presently there was a call for Captain Lester. He had promised the children a sea-song. Where was he? No one could tell.

Louise could never afterwards clearly recall how she got home that night. She remembered a great babel of shouting and laughter, and Mr. Beaumont putting her into the carriage, and her being shut in there, in the dark, alone. After that all was blurred until she found herself by her bed-room fire—her maid gone, and an open sheet of paper in her hand. It was three years since she had looked at those written lines, which had then burnt themselves in on her memory; and yet even then she had hardly looked on them with such shuddering pain, such sick fear as now. She got up suddenly, and going to a desk, took out a packet of her husband's letters. Seeking further, she came across a slip of manuscript music, with words in pencil underneath, and "Lester" scrawled in the corner. She untied the packet, unfolded one of the letters and laid it on her knee beside the little song and the note to Grace Dameril. Carefully she looked at one and

all; then, putting them aside, she covered her face with her hands.

She had had no doubt—no real doubt when Harold Lester left her, and yet it was terrible to read the mute witness borne by those papers. Oh! how could any one have done it? she saw again Grace slipping that note into her hand, and turning away, as though loth to watch her face. She felt again the girl's tightening grasp when she had asked her, "And will you have him, Grace?" She heard again the vehement answer, "Oh! no, no." She had been very brave then. She had hidden her wound well, but she had suffered. It had seemed to her that there was no man on earth worth loving since Harry Lester had proved false. And so she had married her cousin Allan, because Allan so passionately desired it, and because he was an old friend and playfellow. Why not he as well as another?—so she had said to herself in the bitterness of her heart—at least he was a good, true man.

And now——She folded up the letters and hid them away, and crept to bed.

It was very late the next evening when her husband returned. She had been listening for him many hours when the bell rang. Even then it seemed to her long before he came up-stairs. At last there was a quick tread in the gallery, and her door opened. She did not move or speak. She only looked at him; but that look was enough. Before his foot had crossed the threshold he knew that his great dread was fulfilled.

He came to her and mechanically bent his head to kiss her; but she put out her hand hastily.

"Not now, Allan; I have something to say to you;" and then he saw that she held an open letter.

"Why did you write this?" she asked, holding it up.

"You know——" his parched throat could utter no more.

"Yes, I know that you wrote it," she said, mistaking the meaning of his words.

"You know why. I was losing you, and you were the one thing in life I cared to have."

It never occurred to him to deny her charge. He seemed to have known all through those past days that this hour must be faced. Perhaps she had looked for a denial, or had thought to have to drag the truth from him bit by bit. At any rate, they were both silent awhile. At last she raised her eyes to his pale face.

"You can gain nothing now, I think, by lying. You may as well tell me the truth. Did Grace know?"

"Yes, she knew, but she only did as I bade her. I told her that if she did not help me I should go away—for life."

"Do you think the little you gained was worth buying at the price you paid for it?"

"You mean that I never gained your love. You need not tell me so, I know it too well."

"Shall I tell you how I comforted myself when I found that marriage did not bring me the joy it brings to some? I believed that in one way at least I was happy, since I could honour my husband entirely."

He shivered, but he was dumb. What could he say? His own hand had risen up against him; Grace, the sister who had worshipped him, had betrayed him. Had she not promised to destroy that cursed letter?

"How did you know?" he asked huskily; "did *he* tell you?"

"He told me last night that he had never written to Grace, and then I remembered one summer day years ago—do you remember it? We were in the garden at Moorhill, and you imitated all our handwritings."

"I remember."

"And I came home and got out the letter—I had found it in Grace's desk after she died—and I saw——" she stopped, and then went on slowly—"a forgery. I knew a poor clerk once who forged his name to keep his children from want—and *he* was transported."

"How did you come to meet Harold Lester last night?" Allan put the question quite gently. From beginning to end he showed no anger.

"They had a children's party at the rectory, and Constance Beaumont begged me to go. Captain Lester was there, and he spoke to me about Grace."

"You know that he has gone away!"

"He had better go if he guesses what I know. He used to be hot-tempered. It is well the seas should part you."

Allan smiled faintly. "If that were all—his anger—I could face it: I have faced worse things. Why did he come in between us, and snatch you from me—me who had loved you always—ever since you were born?"

"Loved me!" she broke in bitterly. "Well, there are different ways of loving, I suppose; but you had better have hated me."

He stood for a moment looking down at her, his dark face working.

"Yes," he said at last, "but I didn't know then—perhaps if I had known—Louise, I can't talk any more now—I am worn out. I have not slept—how long is it, I wonder, since I did sleep?"

She did not answer him or try to detain him. Her strength, too, was well-nigh spent.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A WEEK went by. They ate and drank, walked and rode, sometimes together, more often apart. They talked to one another civilly before Millie and the servants, yet sometimes Louise wondered almost wildly how long it would be before she grew used to the terrible truth that now sounded in her ears whenever she heard her husband's step or saw his face. Some day, no doubt, the sharpness of the pain and shame would die away as other pains and shames that she had known had died, and she would no longer shrink from him as a liar and a thief.

He saw that she shrank from him. He had always been very quick to see any mood of hers; and at the end of that long week he broke silence. They were in the library, and he had found her some book for which she had been searching. As their hands touched, he said in a low voice, "You would sooner have hunted for it yourself, wouldn't you? You would sooner have no help from me, little or great. Well, it

isn't strange, after all. You have cause enough to shun me."

"I don't want to shun you," she answered, standing before him with downcast eyes. "You are my husband—Millie's father. I don't forget that. But it is hard just now—I think if we were apart for awhile it might be easier. Let me go to my mother's with Millie for a month or two."

"You shall go, dear, when and where you like."

And then he went away to the little oriel room where he did his farming and justice business. He did not generally write his letters there, but he meant to write one now which had been on his mind for days. Yet he did not begin it at once. The short winter afternoon closed in while he still sat shading his face with his hand. At last he lighted a candle, and drew a sheet of paper towards him. This was what he wrote—

"Four years ago, Lester, I saw that you cared for Louise Sydney. I cared for her, too. I thought I had reason to fear you. I wanted to make sure of her while you were away, and I did a dastardly deed. I forged that letter of which she told you, and in that way I won her. I could have won her in no other way. You may have guessed the truth already; but you ought to know it.

"ALLAN DAMERIL."

He had stopped after each sentence, as if doubting whether to say more or less, and when he had signed his name he read the whole twice over. Then folding and sealing it, he enclosed it to Mrs. Vivian, begging her to complete the address. And now, with his letter in his pocket, he went softly up-stairs to bid his little daughter good night. When he came down again to the drawing-room, his wife was there working.

"Have you made any plan?" he asked.

"Would the day after to-morrow be too soon? My mother needs no notice. I could write to-night."

"Yes, write to-night. You had better go soon."

There was silence till he spoke again.

"Louise, after to-night we will never speak of those things that are past. But now will you listen to me?"

She murmured, "Yes."

"Will you try and believe that if I have sinned I have suffered for my sin? I don't think I have ever known a peaceful moment since the idea of writing that letter came to me. I was miserable enough before, but I should have done better to endure my misery. I didn't think so then. I was selfish—cruelly selfish. I thought of my own desolation if Lester won you, and I sacrificed you. I used to fancy that when we were married, and I had made you love me, I would tell you what I had done. But that time never came. I cannot undo the past, but, dear, try and forgive me. If I thought of myself then, I think only of you now. There is nothing I will not do to make amends, to make you happy."

She was moved, but she hardened her heart.

"You have always wished me to be happy in your own way," she said. "You can do no more than you have done."

"I will try, at least. And now I am going out. Louise, before I go, can you say, 'I forgive you'?"

There was a struggle within her. Then she stood up, pale and trembling, and held out her hands.

"I may have judged you hardly. I do forgive you."

For an instant, as she looked up at him, he seemed to see, not the face of his cold, reserved wife, but of the girl-friend and comrade who had been lost to him four years ago. His hand closed on hers. His eyes asked with piteous entreaty for some sign of relenting. But it did not come, and with a sigh he turned away.

And she, left alone, wept silently and long. It was over, the terrible strain of suppressed anger and contempt. She could pity, and she did forgive him. Pity and forgive! How things had changed with her since the childish days when Allan's holidays were the events of her year! How merry they had been then, and how good Allan had always been to her! And then her mind travelled on to a later time, when Harold Lester had come back from his four years' voyage, no longer a mad-cap boy terrifying her by his wild freaks, but a man who had done gallant things, and who, for all his fun and frolic, could be very much in earnest sometimes. And in that long stay of his at Hantleigh, he had often been in earnest. He had never told her that he loved her. What had he, the penniless lieutenant, to offer? But she had needed no telling, for she thought she knew, until—well, she had known. He was cleared. He was beyond reproach. But, ah, that other! Could shattered faith, could dead love ever live again?

And while she wept, Allan was abroad in the darkness. It was a strange weird night. Now and again rent and ragged clouds swept across the moon. There was a storm coming up. The wind blew chill against his face—but wind and storm mattered nothing to him now. He went first to the little general shop in the village, and there posted his letter. Then he turned in again at his own gate, but not up the steep winding road to the house. He crossed the open pastures to a stream which, swollen by the winter rains, dashed noisily along. Following its course, he came in time on to the wild ground bordering on the moor. There the water had eaten for itself a deep channel, and the banks rose high and steep, clothed down to the water's edge with fern and mountain-ash.

He halted, and looked around. Beyond the dark shoulder of the moor he saw some glimmering lights—the windows of Ardely Court. A thought came into his head. An old school-friend—his only intimate friend—lived there. He had not seen him lately. What more natural than that he should go over to him, as he had often gone before? Who would wonder—who would guess? And then a great longing seized him that *she* should guess. But he fought with that longing, and conquered it. He would care only for her and for her peace. She should have no suspicion that might trouble her. He thought again. Then he retraced his steps as far as a woodman's cottage in the dell below. The woodman's little grandson opened the door at his knock. Hastily scribbling on a slip of paper—"I am going over to Ardely. I may stay the night if St. John is at home," he twisted it up, gave it and sixpence to the lad, and bade him make the best of his way to the house. Then he went out again into the silent night. Breasting the hill, he hurried

"'WHY DID YOU WRITE THIS?' SHE ASKED" (*p.* 243).

onward, as though urged now by some fixed eager purpose. On and on, plunging through dry bracken, climbing over great rocks, groping his way through the pine-wood, he found himself at last by a narrow wooden bridge spanning the stream that roared and foamed far below—a seldom-used bridge, slippery with green lichen, and guarded only by one slender rail.

This was his goal. Hereabouts in the blithe days of his boyhood he had shot many a rabbit, robbed many a bird's nest, and here he had now come to die. Yes, to die! That was the only way in which he could make her happy. Had he not told her that he was ready to do *anything?* And this was no light thing to do. He was young, and life was strong in him. He clung with passionate yearning to all that he was leaving—his wife, his child, his home—he shrank from the death he had come to seek. He looked down into the white seething cauldron. He remembered once saying lightly to his wife that he would have that rickety old bridge taken away, and a safer one built. He wondered if she would remember it when they found him. Ah, well! neither she nor any one would doubt that in crossing those green planks in the uncertain moonlight his foot had slipped, and——

One step on to the bridge—one whisper of his wife's name—one more gaze into the gulf beneath, and then he fell, and lay bruised, and crushed, and senseless, washed by the hurrying water.

* * * * * *

"Allan, do you know me?"

The dark head upon the pillow did not move: there was no strength for that, but the white lips parted and whispered, "Is it you, Louise? has it always been you?"

"Oh, Allan, yes! who else should it be?" Her tears were dropping fast upon his breast; her lips were pressed to the powerless hand she held.

"Where am I? I thought the stream was sucking me in—I thought I was out of your way."

"Darling, you are at home. You have been very ill, but you are better now, thank God!"

"Do *you* say that? are you glad?"

"Glad!"—her eyes, her voice, answered for her.

He lay for a few minutes musing.

"Did they find me there—under the Crow Bridge?" he asked at last.

"Yes; old Trower found you, in the early morning, as he went to his work."

"How long ago?"

"More than a month."

"And so it did not kill me—that fall?"

"You fell between the rocks. But you were terribly hurt—at first they said you could not live."

"Louise, I did not slip. I meant——"

"My husband—I know! Oh, Allan! when I believed you would die, and that I should never be able to tell you——" she stopped, fighting with her sobs.

"Tell me what?" he asked, his sunken eyes fixed on her face.

"That I do love you—more than all the world beside. When I thought you would never know it my heart was ready to break."

"My wife!" He said no more, but into his wasted face there came a tremulous joy.

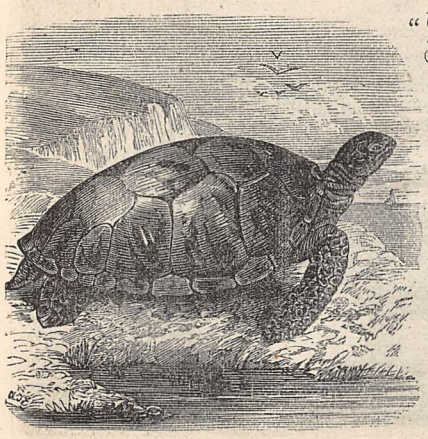
"Listen, dear," she went on softly. "I had better say it all now, and then you will be at rest. It has come back, Allan—the love of the old days, only more a thousand-fold. It has come back, and all the rest seems blotted out."

Then she leant over him, and kissed him with a long, lingering kiss.

"And now, my Allan, we are going to be quite, quite happy. But we must not talk any more. Let me sit here beside you, and sing you to sleep."

He was content, for he was strangely, blissfully weary. And so, sitting with his hand locked in hers, she sang till lulled by her voice he fell into a slumber.

HOME-MADE MOCK TURTLE.



"I AM sure that soup came from the pastry-cook's." I wonder how often this remark has been made on the homeward journey after a little dinner, when especially the young ladies of the party feel inclined to criticise the evening's proceedings—let us trust, not ill-naturedly. These after-dinner criticisms, especially when conducted on the principle of plucking the beam out of our own eyes before being so anxious to discover the motes in the eyes of others, are probably one of the best means of improving ourselves. In the present day, when the difficulty of obtaining "a good plain cook" increases rather than diminishes, it becomes more than ever important for mistresses of households to understand the rudiments and principles of cookery, or otherwise the good plain cook in question, though warranted "a treasure," will not be slow to show the power she possesses.

Now I think there are few "dishes" more worthy of a little chit-chat than that grand old compound, good mock turtle soup. In the first place, it is essentially an English dish, at least I have always failed to obtain it abroad. Indeed there is a soup called mock turtle that I have often tasted in foreign

restaurants; it is a compound in which small pieces of calf's head may be found in the form of a gristly mince, but it is no more like real English mock turtle, if we may be allowed the expression, than the French green turtle is like the turtle soup at a City company's dinner.

First, with regard to mock turtle, let us try and find out wherein our home-made soup differs from the professional, and then see the reason why. As a rule, home-made mock turtle is poorer, contains meat of a different shape, and seems to lack a certain smoothness, flavour, and richness which will be always detected in really first-class soup.

First, the basis of all good mock turtle is a calf's head, or at any rate, to be practical and adapt ourselves to private houses, say half a calf's head. Now unfortunately there are many housekeepers who think it essential to economy to have their half-head served as a separate dish, boiled and covered with an unpleasant white sauce, in which cook chops up what are called mixed herbs. The tongue and brains are served in a separate dish, and the mock turtle soup so called is made out of the remains of this dish (the white sauce being scraped off), and the liquor in which the head was boiled.

So far from this being economical, I think it will be found exactly the contrary. Calf's head boiled is a dainty dish in this sense of the word, viz., people generally, or rather very often, eat it in a dainty way. My experience is that a good deal is often left upon the plates. I don't know why, but calf's head plain boiled, without some appetising accessories, is a sort of food in which very often you come to a sudden stop, and can't go on.

I will presume, therefore, that the half calf's head is intended for soup only, and as in this case every morsel will be consumed except the bare bones, I cannot possibly see any want of economy in omitting the preliminary dish.

Next, what is absolutely essential for good mock turtle besides the calf's head? I consider that the following are essential—good stock or broth, flavouring herbs consisting of sweet basil, marjoram, winter savory, and lemon thyme, some fairly good sherry or Madeira, and if the soup be thick, some brown roux or thickening.

I will now briefly run through the recognised receipt for making mock turtle, and then point out what variations may be made from this receipt, that will render it more easy of carrying out in an ordinary kitchen.

An authority recommends that the scalded head be boned, and then put in cold water and placed on the fire till the water boils; the head is then taken off, after the water has been allowed to boil for ten minutes, and is plunged into cold water. Some salt must be put in the water in which the head is boiled, and the water carefully skimmed. Next, a good-sized stock-pot is taken, into which are placed, after the bottom of the stock-pot has been buttered, four slices of raw ham, two large knuckles of veal, and an old hen partially roasted. This stock-pot is filled up with two quarts of broth and placed on the fire to boil, and to reduce till the liquid part becomes a glaze; the fire is then quickly slackened by throwing on ashes; the glaze is allowed to become the proper colour, and the stock-pot is then filled up with water, the calf's head being placed in it, after all the rough cuticle about the mouth has been properly trimmed off. The head is allowed to boil, and the stock is skimmed, and now are added the usual vegetables—six cloves, two blades of mace, half a pottle of mushrooms, four shalots, a bunch of parsley, some green onions, thyme and bay-leaf tied together, and a little salt.

When the calf's head is thoroughly tender it is taken out and allowed to cool, the best plan being to place it between two dishes to press. It is then cut up into squares and placed in a basin ready for use. The stock is now strained and thickened or cleared, as the case may be.

If intended for thick soup, a light-coloured brown roux is used, and the soup is afterwards allowed to boil in order to throw up the butter. Next is added a purée of turtle-herbs, consisting of one-third sweet basil, winter savory, marjoram, and lemon thyme making up the other two-thirds. These are all mixed with some parsley, green onions, and green shalots, and six anchovies moistened with some broth; and the whole, after being stewed, rubbed through a tamis. A little crystallised cayenne pepper is added to the soup. Half a bottle of sherry is also added, as well as three or four dozen round quenelles and a little lemon-juice; and, of course, the flesh of the calf's head that has been cut in squares and placed in a basin.

Let us now examine this receipt. First, is it necessary to bone the head raw? I think if the soup is intended to be thick it is not, but that the head may be parboiled as it is; the meat then cut from it after it has got cold, and put between two plates to set, while the bones may be placed back in the water, which can be reduced by boiling. Of course, half a calf's head would only require one knuckle of veal, and one weighing three or four pounds would make excellent soup. Half a pound of raw ham would also be amply sufficient, and as to the old hen partially roasted, the remains of some roast fowl, such as bones or what is known as the carcase, would do practically. The usual vegetables should consist of a head of celery, a large handful of parsley, two onions, one with half a dozen cloves stuck in it, a carrot, and a turnip, or two each of the latter if small. This stock should certainly be allowed to boil down till it turns colour—*i.e.*, till it gets a light brown—the cook carefully watching the same lest it burn. The stock-pot must then be filled up with water.

Next, a little mushroom ketchup may well take the place of the half-pottle of mushrooms, but then let it be a little, and not enough to make the soup taste of ketchup. Then how about the two blades of mace, or for half a head one blade of mace? I think, as a rule, the less spice in soup the better, and I would recommend that the mace be omitted, as well as the cayenne pepper added with the greatest caution.

Perhaps the cook's chief difficulty about the soup will be the "purée of turtle-herbs." There is, as a rule, nothing a woman-cook so rebels against as the direction, "Rub through a tamis."

It will also be seen that the quantity of herbs is not mentioned. Now, of course, the soup can be made without the "tamis," and we will suppose dry herbs used, similar to those sold in Covent Garden Market, in shilling and sixpenny bottles; a large brimming dessert-spoonful of basil will be required, nearly as much of marjoram, while of the winter savory and lemon thyme I would recommend the former to preponderate, lemon thyme being a very powerful herb. With regard to the anchovies, as the cook won't use the tamis, she had better leave them out.

These three dessert-spoonfuls of herbs and a bay-leaf can be boiled separately in about a quart of the liquor, care being taken to keep the lid on as much as possible, to avoid losing the flavour. This liquor can then be strained and added to the bulk of the soup. As these herbs vary in strength, rather more than I have said in quantity can be used, and the whole of the liquor need not be added, but the soup can be tasted, and if it seems deficient in flavouring some more can be put to it afterwards. A little experience will soon teach the cook the exact quantity. This also depends upon the quantity of soup made; half a calf's head should make more than half a gallon of soup, if stock as well as knuckle of veal be added. It is usual for cookery books to say half a calf's head to two quarts of soup. I will simply mention the fact that I have often made nearly double this quantity, and found the soup as good as I should ever wish to have it.

If the soup is intended to be clear, greater care will have to be taken in its preparation; and I would recommend you to bone the head raw, and not use the bones for the soup; though, of course, the bones should be used for some other purpose, such as gravy, &c. In clearing soup, it will be found an admirable plan to run a pound or two of shin of beef, perfectly free from fat, through a sausage-machine, and mix this with some water in which the white of an egg has been well beaten up. This is all stirred up in the soup, and the whole allowed to boil very gently—in fact, simmer would be a better word to use—and then it is strained. For this purpose beef will be found far superior to veal, as the latter is apt to make the soup look and taste greasy. To clear soup, however, this chopped gravy beef is not essential, a couple of whites of eggs well beaten up in half a pint of cold water doing very well.

With regard to the wine added, a good golden sherry is better than pale; a light, dry wine like Amontillado being very unsuitable. The best wine by far is Madeira, and as this can now be bought as cheaply as ordinarily good sherry, it is well worth while getting a bottle on purpose. A good-sized tumblerful would be required for the soup made from half a calf's head.

I think the chief points to be borne in mind in making mock turtle soup, both clear and thick, are—first, if you intend the soup to be clear, a little precaution in avoiding fat in the various ingredients in their first stages, will more than repay the trouble in the end. Secondly, "do not spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar," in grudging decent wine to add to it when finished. Then, in the case of thick mock turtle, see that the brown roux or thickening is sufficiently baked and coloured without being burnt, and pray do not forget the important point, after the roux has been added to the soup to thicken it, of letting it boil up to throw off the butter, which will gradually rise to the surface, and must be skimmed off.

MARCH WINDS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

"MARCH WINDS and April showers
Bring forth May flowers."

ALTHOUGH we have many proverbs relating to the weather of particular months, it is very doubtful whether even on the average of a great number of years any month is markedly characterised by special weather. Most certainly no reliance can be placed on the character of the weather of any month in any given year. February "fill-dyke" is not unfrequently a dry and frosty month; blusterous March is sometimes calm and still; changeful April, dull and uniform; and smiling May has been known to be as bleak and bitter a month as any in the year. Still less reliance can be placed upon any of the characteristics assigned to different parts of a month. March, according to one proverb, "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb;" while another proverb asserts the precise reverse, insomuch that some assert that the true law is that if March does not come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, he comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. But quite as often as either March comes in and goes out like a lion, with a lamb-like mid-interval; or he comes in and goes out like a lamb, the middle of the month being lion-like. And, as I have said, it happens occasionally that the whole month is quiet, save for an occasional moderate breeze. These statements are by no means ventured at random. I have before me as I write weather records for more than half a century last past, and side by side with them Gilbert White's summary of the weather from 1768 to 1792; and in these I find all

the forms of March weather above specified. Thus, to start from the beginning, in 1769 March began with wind and rain, and ended with wind and drought; in 1770 the whole of March was bright and frosty, without wind; in 1771, from the end of February to the third week in April, frosty weather; in 1772 and 1777, no mention of wind in March; in 1778, dark, harsh weather in first half of March, and afterwards spring weather; in 1780, throughout March, warm, showery spring weather; in 1781, throughout March, cold, dry winds; in 1782, throughout March, cold, rough weather with snow and rain; in 1787 March came in like a lion and went out like a lamb; in 1788 he came in like a lamb and went out like a lion; and so on.

We must remember, however, that our proverbs about weather, besides being as vague and unsatisfactory as those relating to the influence of the moon's changes, were in reality invented when the months were differently situated with respect to the seasons than at present. The month of March, for instance, three or four centuries ago (to which date probably may be assigned the proverb relating to the lion-like entry and lamb-like exit of March) corresponded to the interval between March 10th and April 10th at present. And certainly, on the whole, the week beginning March 10th is more likely to be stormy than the week beginning March 1st, as will presently be explained. We find, by-the-way, a curious illustration of the usage which preceded the introduction of the New Style, in what are sometimes called the "borrowed days," or "borrowing days," from April 11th to April 13th. These days are usually cold, the mean temperature curve at Greenwich for the last sixty years dropping unmistakably on April 11th and rising again on April 14th. The fact was noted long ago; and if the present style had been in use, according to which these cold days fall near the middle of April, some proverb about April losing heart when one-third his way was gone would probably have been invented. But as, according to the Old Style, these three days fell at the beginning of April, they were supposed to be days borrowed by March, whence we have the old North-country saying—

"March borrows frae April
Three days, and they are ill:
The first of them is wind an' weet,
The second it is snaw and sleet;
The third o' them is a peel-a-bane,
And freezes the wee bird's neb tae stane."*

There can be no doubt that March is usually a rough and windy month, though, as we have seen, not invariably so. And again, usually but not always, the second and third weeks of March (corresponding to the old first half of the month) are those during which the roughest weather prevails. The Anglo-Saxons, who had the month only a few days differently situated (in the year of seasons) from our own month of March, called it the "Hlyd Monath," or loud month, and sometimes the "Rhœd Monath," or rough month.

The reason, or rather the reasons, why March is usually a windy month are not far to seek, though it would be by no means easy to define the exact conditions which bring about the actual weather of any given March. In fact, we find ourselves here, as in so many cases of the kind, enabled only to say that on the whole the weather is likely to have such-and-such a character at about such-and-such a time, and not able (as we should like) to define the weather for any day or week, or even to say that one week rather than another is likely to be calm or stormy. Pretenders there are, indeed, to the power of predicting the weather even of particular days; and as they are always predicting special phenomena, great storms, heavy rains, and so forth, and are at liberty to select all those cases in which their predictions have been fulfilled, quietly allowing their failures to be forgotten, they deceive many into the belief that the weather can be predicted. But any one who keeps a careful watch on such predictions, whether of storms, floods, high tides, or the like, will find that they fail far oftener than they succeed, and that, in point of fact, those who make them are charlatans, who adopt precisely the same plan to obtain the character of prophets which is followed by such common cheats as astrologers and other fortune-tellers.

Of the two chief circumstances which cause spring and autumn to be seasons of atmospheric disturbance, one is well known, the other not so.

We all know that during the summer months the northern hemisphere of the earth receives more heat than the southern, while during the winter months the reverse holds. As a consequence of this, during summer the air over the northern hemisphere, rarefied and expanded by the heat, flows over in part into the southern hemisphere, where therefore the atmospheric pressure is increased. During our winter months, a reverse operation takes place. The air over the southern hemisphere is rarefied and expanded, flowing over in part into our northern hemisphere, and increasing the atmospheric pressure. Of course, these processes are not constantly in progress. During the long summer day of any northern region, the air *there* is expanded by heat, while during the short night the air parting with some portion of its heat contracts somewhat. But the expansive exceeds the contractive effect in summer. The reverse holds in winter in our hemisphere; while in the southern hemisphere the excess of diurnal expansion over nocturnal contraction prevails during our winter months, which, of course, are their summer months.

Speaking generally, then, there is an influx of air from the southern into the northern hemisphere during our summer months, and from the northern into the

* In the old poem, "The Complaynt of Scotland," the borrowed days are thus described:—

"March said to Aperill,
'I see three hogs upon a hill;
But lend your three first days to me,
And I'll be bound to gar them die.
The first it shall be wind and weet,
The next it shall be snaw and sleet,
The third it shall be sic a freeze,
Sall gar the birds stick to the trees.'
But when the borrowed days were gane,
The three silly hogs cam hirplin' hame."

southern hemisphere during our winter months. The maximum effect each way is attained in July and January, not at midsummer and midwinter when the actual quantity of heat poured on the northern hemisphere is greatest and least respectively, but when the accumulated heat, or the accumulated deficiency of heat (if one may so speak), attain their greatest amount.

But, further, it is to be noticed that the land and water regions of the earth do not share equally in these changes. It is a characteristic quality of water to vary less in temperature, as heat is poured on it in varying degrees, than any other substance. Wherever water exists in large quantities, it may be regarded as, in a sense, the great temperer of heat. Under a degree of heat which scorches the surrounding lands (unless largely covered with vegetation) the sea rises only a few degrees in temperature; and during a long cold day, which reduces the temperature of the land many degrees, the sea cools very little. As a consequence of this, it follows that it is over the large continents that the effect I have described above is chiefly noticed. In Mid Asia, for instance, the heats of summer produce a greater effect than over the North Atlantic. Thus the rarefaction and expansion of the air in summer attain their greatest amount over the northern continents. In summer, then, atmospheric pressure, reduced generally over the northern hemisphere, is most reduced over the northern continents, and atmospheric pressure is less then over the northern continents than over the northern oceans. On the contrary, in winter the cold is greater over Mid Asia and North America than over the North Atlantic and Pacific. Thus the winter condensation of the air, and the effect of overflow from the southern hemisphere, are greater over the continents than over the oceans of the northern hemisphere; and atmospheric pressure is greater then over the northern continents than over the northern oceans.

In passing, let me note that I am not here suggesting what might be expected, but what is actually observed. Thus I find from the midsummer map of atmospheric pressure that in the region around Lake Baikal the mean daily height of the barometer is 29½ inches, and that in the region around Colorado and in Western Canada the height is $29\frac{7}{10}$ inches, whereas in the middle of the North Atlantic and North Pacific the mean daily height of the barometer in July amounts to $30\frac{3}{10}$ inches and $30\frac{1}{10}$ inches respectively. In January, on the contrary, nearly in the two first-named land-regions the mean daily height of the barometer amounts to $30\frac{1}{10}$ inches and $30\frac{2}{10}$ inches respectively, while in the northern parts of the North Atlantic and Pacific it amounts only to 29½ and $29\frac{6}{10}$ inches respectively.

It may seem that I have gone rather far away from my subject, seeing that, instead of speaking of March winds, I have been describing the mean atmospheric pressure of July and January; but in reality it is in the variation which I have described, and in the fact that this variation attains its greatest range either way at the time of greatest heat or greatest cold, that we find the general explanation of the occurrence of great atmospheric disturbances at the mid-seasons—that is, in or about October and November in one half of the year, and in or about February and March in the other. These times, it is true, are not exactly midway between July and January and between January and July respectively. The true middle epochs, taking July 20th for the time of greatest heat, and January 20th for the time of greatest cold,* would be October 19th and April 21st; but for a reason presently to be noticed the times of greatest disturbance, or rather of strongest winds, lie on the winter side of each of these dates by fully a month.

But why, it may be asked, should not the greatest atmospheric disturbance be experienced when the atmospheric equilibrium is most affected—that is, in July and in January? The reason may be compared to that which explains why the ends of a see-saw swing move most quickly, not when most displaced, but nearly or exactly at the same level, or why in *any* oscillatory movement there is quiescence when the greatest displacement either way has been attained. In July, for instance, all the causes which tend to make atmospheric pressure least, and to make the pressure over northern continents fall shortest of the pressure over northern oceans, have nearly or quite exhausted their powers. They are still hard at work; in fact, they are working their hardest, just as a spring is most actively at work when most compressed—that is, when reduced apparently to momentary rest; but the rarefaction of the air is no longer increasing, nor has it yet begun to decrease. There is for the time being a state of relative quiescence—relative, not absolute, because the daily heat and the nightly cold, besides other changes, are in operation to prevent actual quiescence. Similarly in January the maximum effect has been reached, and for awhile there is relative quiescence. Only gradually at first, whether in July or January, does the atmosphere begin to return towards the mean state (the condition of equilibrium—just as the lowest part of a pendulum's swing is the position of equilibrium—but the condition through which the atmosphere passes most quickly, precisely as a pendulum moves most quickly at the lowest part of its swing). Apart, indeed, from the fact that the atmospheric oscillations, ranging (in the northern hemisphere) from a condition of greatest rarity in July to a condition of greatest density in January, might be expected in the mid-season to show the most rapid changes of condition, the causes to which the atmospheric changes are due are at these mid-seasons changing most rapidly. Precisely as the sun's mid-day altitude changes most quickly in spring and autumn, and so slowly at mid-summer and mid-winter that these are called the solstices (or times when the sun stands still in this respect), so the mean daily temperature changes most quickly in October and April, and scarcely at all in July and January (in the average of many years).

Now the great atmospheric oscillations are not

* These are not quite the dates indicated by the mean curve which I have obtained from the Greenwich records for half a century, but probably for the British Isles they would be nearly the correct dates.

produced by a steady rush of air from the northern to the southern hemisphere in our summer months and as steady a return of air from the southern to the northern hemisphere in our winter months. The progress of day and night interrupts the steady interchange which might, perhaps, take place if the surface of the earth were tolerably uniform in character. But varieties in the surface of the earth—land and water, mountains, plains and valleys, lakes and rivers, forests, treeless regions, and sandy deserts—all these, and many other causes which might be named, affect the progress of the great atmospheric undulations. At one time two or more circumstances operating in the same direction increase the energy with which the atmospheric changes take place, and then great winds prevail; at another time opposing causes so nullify each other as to produce a temporary calm. So that it is only in a general way that particular months of the year have particular characteristics. On certain days the weather may be quite unlike that belonging generally to the month, and in certain years the weather of the whole month may be unlike that usually expected.

We can understand that March is about the time when the atmospheric oscillation between January and July attains its greatest energy on the whole, and therefore a time when blusterous weather may be expected, and occasional great gales or storms; but it remains yet to be shown why the most windy time both in spring and autumn should be nearer the time of greatest cold than the time of greatest heat, and also why we notice the winds of March more particularly than those of October.

Winter, we have seen, is a time of greater atmospheric pressure and density. Now it is obvious that when dense air is in motion more effect is produced than when rarer air is moving with equal velocity. For the quantity of air which changes place when a given volume of dense air moves at a given rate, is greater than the quantity when an equal volume of rare air moves at that rate. And, of course, the effect of the impact of moving air on various objects—trees, houses, animals, and so forth—depends on the quantity which is poured moment by moment against such objects. The same amount of rarer air may, indeed, be moved at the same rate in a summer gale as of denser air in a winter one, and against an object large enough to receive the entire stream of moving air the same total effect would be produced. But the objects against which a gale expends its force are not thus large. They feel only so much of the wind as falls upon them. The denser the air, then, the greater is the shock, or effective stroke of the wind, for gales of equal velocity; so that in the winter months the winds are more destructive than in the summer months.* Naturally, therefore, the periods of strongest winds, which but for this circumstance would lie midway between the periods of greatest heat and greatest cold, lie somewhat on the winter side of the true mid-periods.

That March should be regarded as the storm month rather than October, although not justified by the wind records, can easily be understood when we consider the difference of character between spring winds and autumn winds.

The motion of the air in autumn is chiefly, as we have seen, from the south, reaching us from the south-west, because the air from the south brings with it the excess of easterly rotational motion in places south of our latitude. Now, in the first place, as this air comes from the south it is warmer and rarer than if it came from the north. But further, reaching us from the south-west it brings to our shores the moist air from the Atlantic. Thus the autumn winds are in the main wet winds, bringing rain and cloud or else fog and haze. If we were selecting a descriptive name for the windiest month of autumn, we should characterise it better by calling it the cloudy or foggy month than by calling it the stormy month; for March is as stormy, but no other part of the year is as foggy. Accordingly, we find that when the French altered the names of the months to descriptive ones, they called the windy autumn month Brumaire, or foggy, reserving for the winter-spring month (beginning February 19th in their new system) the title Ventôse, or windy. For the winds of March are usually cold dry winds. They flow from the northern region of high barometer, and reach us as north-easters, bringing clear, cold weather. As winds they are exceptionally unpleasant. They may not have more force than the south-westerly winds of autumn, but we feel them more. They dry the skin, and thus check the insensible perspiration. This affects the body unpleasantly, and that it often seriously injures the less robust, is shown by the increased mortality from consumption and brain disease when such winds have prevailed for awhile. The "hard grey weather" of March may "breed hard English men," as Kingsley wrote, but if so it can only be by its effect in killing off the weaker sort; for certainly north-easters are not healthy winds.

* There is a corresponding explanation of the fury of the south-westerly gales in the British Channel as compared (on the average, of course) with those which blow across the Irish Sea and the north of England. When south-westerly gales are blowing across the British Isles, or generally in the autumn and winter months, the barometric pressure is low in the North Atlantic, or along the northern side of the advancing storm; and high over France and Germany, or along its southern side. Thus the moving air is densest along the southern half of the advancing storm, and there the most destructive effects are produced. In the case of whirling south-westers the difference is made yet greater by the southern side being that where the advance of the cyclone conspires with its whirl; but the difference exists also in a marked degree in direct south-westers.

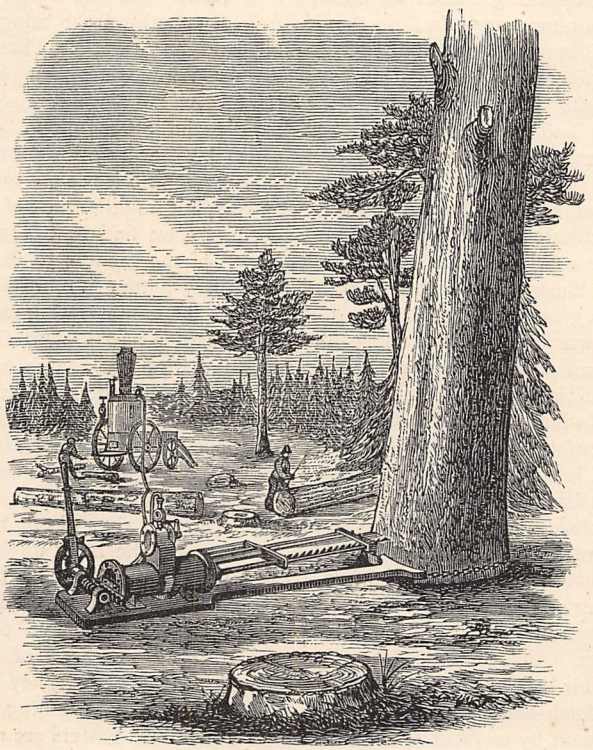
THE GATHERER.

Liquid Air.

If the ancient alchemists, who believed it possible to transmute the baser metals into gold, could glance for a moment at the progress of modern science, they would exclaim that their most improbable expectations had been excelled in the laboratories of the nineteenth century. To change the fluid air which we breathe—the invisible breeze which bends the boughs of the forest—into a liquid, that is a substance having the solidity, visibility, and properties of water, is not one whit less wonderful than the magical transmutation of copper into gold. Not only atmospheric air, but oxygen, the most valuable perhaps of its constituent gases, has been rendered liquid, chiefly by the combined effects of cold and pressure. Air can, as is well known, be compressed into a very small space, and becomes highly elastic—as in the air-gun, where it expands with such force as to drive the bullet out like gunpowder. It is now found possible to press the particles, of which oxygen gas is ultimately composed, so close together as to transform it into a liquid. The pressure employed was equal to 4,700 lbs. on the square inch; and the degree of cold, 100° lower than zero (centigrade). Another gas, the protoxide of nitrogen, when liquefied, became as it gradually evaporated, again returning slowly to its original condition, so intensely cold as to freeze mercury put into it. Ammonia, in a liquid state, is used in the formation of artificial ice. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Pictet and Cailletet, conquered oxygen, each independently of the other; and now M. Cailletet has succeeded in liquefying nitrogen, atmospheric air, and hydrogen. This last is believed to be the most difficult of any; and it is, therefore, nearly certain that all other gases will yield to chemical skill. The hydrogen when liquid appeared of a blue colour.

A Novel Source of Heat.

Virginia City, in the Silver State of Nevada, suffers under the twofold inconvenience of a bitter winter climate and a scarcity of fuel. Equal to the occasion, an American civil engineer has boldly undertaken to grapple with these difficulties, and to utilise the spare heat of the adjacent mines in warming the dwellings and public buildings of the citizens. The rapid increase of temperature as we dig down into the earth is one of the tantalising puzzles of the geologist; but concerning the fact itself there is no doubt. In sinking a very deep well the air grows stifling, the mercury in the thermometer rises to tropical pitch, and bottles of beer, or other effervescing liquor, explode with startling noise. It is this internal heat of the earth itself which the enterprising Nevada engineer is striving, by the help of iron pipes, valves, and siphons, to introduce to the hearths and homes of his fellow-townsmen; and he further hopes to effect two good ends at once, and while warming the houses to ventilate the mines.



TREE-FELLING BY STEAM.

Felling Trees by Steam.

To fell a number of trees has hitherto been a tedious and expensive process, for want of a machine which could be substituted for the handsaw and axe. Recently an exhibition of a clever tree-felling machine took place near London, when experiments were made with highly satisfactory results. It consists of a small steam cylinder with a long stroke attached to a cast-iron bed-plate, upon which it is pivoted on its centre, the pivoting motion being worked by a hand-wheel turning a worm, which gears into a quadrant cast on the back of the cylinder. The saw itself is fixed direct to the end of the piston-rod, and is made to work in a true line by guides.

A small portable boiler is supposed to be on the spot, which supplies the machine with steam through a strong, flexible steam-pipe, and additional value is placed on the machine on this account, as the boiler may remain in one place until the tree-feller has cut down all the trees within the radius determined simply by the length of the pipe. This invention supplies a need of long standing, and will prove of much value in clearing forests or estates of unnecessary timber.

Coal on the South Coast.

There is, perhaps, a possibility that at some future day visitors at Dover, Hythe, or Folkestone may have the pleasure of descending a coal-pit close to those favourite watering-places. Apart from the natural interest which the discovery of coal on the south coast would arouse, the immense practical and commercial importance of such an event is at once apparent. London manufacturers are working at a considerable disadvantage as compared with Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and other business centres in the north and midlands which are situated near the collieries, and thus obtain coal—*i.e.*, force to drive their engines—at a much cheaper rate. It follows that if coal could be found near London a great impetus would be given to manufactures in the metropolis; while the south of England would enjoy the privilege of cheaper coal for household purposes. For these reasons the attempt now to be made to find coal near Dover will be watched throughout the country with extraordinary interest. First of all a boring is projected to the depth of 2,000 feet, which is estimated to cost £5,000—now in course of subscription—and which is to be carried out by the apparatus of the Diamond-Rock Boring Company. The great value of this patent apparatus lies in its rapid progress, and in its enabling what is called a solid core of the earth cut through to be taken up. This core is the cylinder of earth or sand enclosed by the boring pipe, and affords a section of the strata penetrated for examination by the geologists. It is believed that a depth of 2,000 feet can be reached in nine months, and an influential committee has been chosen to put the project on foot.

Soaps and Soaps.

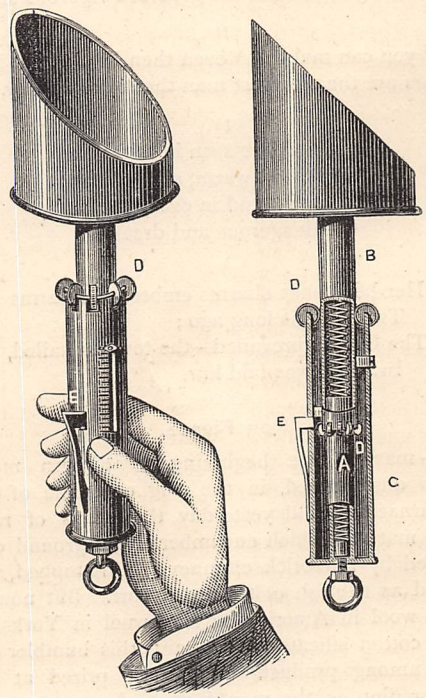
Some of our readers have applied to us for further information and advice on the subject of our Family Doctor's paper, "Harmless Requisites for the Toilet" (see p. 178). In reply to one question we are glad to have this opportunity of stating, it was not the intention of the writer to utter a sweeping condemnation of all soap which happens to be transparent or semi-transparent. On the contrary, we are aware that Dr. Erasmus Wilson, one of the highest authorities upon all matters connected with the skin, has given especial commendation to one particular species of "transparent," or more properly translucent, soap. The immediate purpose of the observation made by our Family Doctor was to caution the reader against an indiscriminate use of "transparent" soaps, some kinds of which have certainly been found to contain deleterious matter.

The Magic Arrow—a Problem.

A negro recently attracted some attention in the streets of London, by a clever trick with a reed resembling a rather long arrow-shaft—without the iron point or feathers. Holding this in an upright position in his hand, he gave a sweep with his arm as if to impart force and motion to the slender cane or reed, and in an instant, with the rapidity of lightning, it shot up into the air. A thin shining streak alone marked its course, and in a second or two it was out of sight. People standing by naturally supposed that the arrow was gone and would fall at a distance, and be irrecoverable. But the negro kept his eye intently fixed upwards, and presently, in the course of perhaps a minute or more, the arrow again came into view, descending with a slowness of motion as remarkable as the speed of its ascent. It came down in a perpendicular position—not aside or falling anyhow, but as it were upright—and finally reached the pavement within a few yards of the negro's feet. The negro doubtless used some elastic substance, perhaps a strong ring of india-rubber stretched to its full length, to impart the velocity of motion; but why did the reed or cane descend always perpendicularly, and always almost into his very hand?

Two Useful Articles in One.

We give an illustration of a neat little invention combining a scoop and weighing machine. The scoop has a movable stem, B, which slides into the handle



C, and outside the spring case A. The rollers, D, serve to keep the stem in position, so that the stem be loose enough to work easily, and to prevent friction during the weighing process. A similar set is fixed to the lower end of the stem, so as to work between the outer and inner case. A spring stop, E, is conveniently arranged on the handle of the scoop, to bring it immediately under the thumb when the handle is firmly held; and a little pressure of the thumb upon it, when the scoop is thrust into any material, prevents the stem from being pressed back. When the material to be weighed is held up in the scoop the stop is released, and the weight of the material is proved by the graduated scale fixed in the handle of the scoop. This little invention is likely to be of great service to tradespeople, particularly when a large amount of material has to be weighed into small quantities.

Double Acrostic.

Three little children playing on the sand:
Which of those boys will win the maiden's hand?

* * * * * *

He won it, but on ocean's tide
Long years he wandered far and wide;
Returning found she was his rival's bride;
He gazed on them in mute despair—and died!

I.

My mistress was as fair as rose fresh-blown,
My spouse a base, insinuating rogue,
Who, when his wicked calumnies were sown,
Brought on us all a fearful epilogue.

II.

Before his men all obstacles gave way,
And soon the tyrant king was brought to bay,
Nor e'en that stronghold on the craggy rock
Could long withstand our general's vigorous shock.

III.

If you can make *this* even then I'll say,
You are the cleverest man that e'er saw day.

IV.

Ladies oft are seen in me,
So happy, warm, and cheery;
Yet am I found in every sea,
Oft dangerous and dreary.

V.

Her beauteous charms embroiled in arms
Two nations long ago;
The Greeks prevailed—the town, assailed,
In ashes was laid low.

Iron Fleece.

Iron-masters are beginning to discern merits, hitherto unsuspected, in the slag or refuse of their blast furnaces. Till yesterday the heaps of rough cindery material which encumbered the ground overshadowed by tall brick chimneys, flame-topped, were regarded as rubbish of the worst sort. But now, as mineral wool in America, as slag wool in Yorkshire, and as cotton silicate in Germany, this humbler Cinderella among products finds itself prized at last. Silica, or flint, as the manufacturer knows too well, is sure to be present in iron ore, and has to be got rid of, and for this reason he flings into the roaring furnace those cart-loads of broken limestone, the lime of which unites with the silica, and runs off, a lava-stream, leaving behind it the saleable "pigs" of molten iron. Quite recently it was discovered that this lava-stream, till now sheer lumber, could be manipulated into a fibrous substance, light, pliant, and bearing a remarkable similarity to wool, and perhaps still more so to the fine strong hair of the Himalayan shawl-goat.

The hot slag, by ingenious contrivances, is made while yet in a fluid state to develop, as it trickles forth, into vitreous threads. Of this slag-yarn there are three numbers, or qualities. Let us take the finest, No. 3, a cubic foot of which is but 8 lbs. in weight, while a cubic foot of the parent slag weighs no less than 192 lbs. It is difficult, when surveying the huge bundle of woolly fibres, first to believe in the mineral origin of what looks so very like the carded fleece of sheep, and then to realise that the countless threads were drawn from a compact little slab of slag of equal weight with the imposing fibrous heap.

Sometimes the wool is white, often grey, occasionally pink or red, and now and then green, or greenish coloured, as when it contains manganese. And now for its uses. In America it is chiefly valued because it is a non-conductor of heat, and in this capacity it far surpasses asbestos, felt, and every other substance employed in the arts. It enwraps boilers, it packs steam cylinders, and forms a fireproof jacket for hot-water piping; while, in virtue of the same quality, it is invaluable as a lining to the walls of an icehouse. It does duty also as a filter, and can readily be worked up into matting more durable than even the cocoa-palm yields. Clearly, however, higher destinies than these await this child of the blast furnace. Wool that is cheaply produced in any quantity, wool that defies moth and mildew, that is fireproof and almost indestructible, and which can keep in heat and keep out cold, must be available for carpets, tents, sails, packing-cloths, and even overclothing. Improvements in what is after all an infant industry, will probably suggest other uses for this mineral textile fabric, and if less romantic than the Golden Fleece of Jason, the Iron Fleece may one day become a standard and profitable staple of modern manufacturing skill.

A Sunlight Stove.

It has been said that when we burn coal we really warm ourselves, or cook the dinner, by the rays of the sun which fell on the earth thousands of years ago—before the Pyramids of Egypt were erected, or Cleopatra's Needle cut out of the quarry. The heat and light of past ages are stored up in another form in the coal, which is fossil vegetation that when alive, as trees or gigantic ferns, owed its growth to the sun. A successful attempt has now been made to store up the heat of the sun's rays for immediate and practical use. It was carried out in India, where the sun is, of course, much more powerful than here. The rays were first made to pass through glass fixed an inch away from the actual apparatus, which was consequently entirely surrounded by hot air. The enclosed apparatus, a copper receptacle, was blackened outside—a colour which is well known to absorb heat, as any one may prove by wearing a black coat on a warm summer's day. The heat thus retained was further assisted by a conical reflector of silvered glass, and a quantity of mutton and vegetables placed within was perfectly cooked. To further aid in retaining the absorbed heat, when the apparatus was removed from the sunlight it was covered with a rug, as ladies place a "cosy" over the teapot to draw the tea. Since then the inventor has improved upon the process, and can now cook chops or steaks in the open air as quickly as by an ordinary fire, and entirely by the sun's rays. The most remarkable point is, perhaps, that the heat is kept in the apparatus for as long as three and a

half hours. In connection with this subject, just to test the power of the sun's rays in our own country, let any of our readers on a hot summer's day place their hand on the slate roofing of an accessible shed. Where they slope to the south, the slates will be found sometimes so extremely heated that the hand can hardly bear to touch them.

Signalling at Sea.

There is a great want, at present, of an efficient and yet simple means by which a vessel at night, or in a fog, may communicate the course she is pursuing to an approaching ship, or *vice versâ*, learn from that ship which way to steer to avoid a collision. In ancient days the mariner, when night came on, hauled up his galley on the beach, and camped upon the shore—at all events, anchored in close proximity. But now our vessels run almost like trains on the railway, at tremendous speed, and at all hours; and consequently, in the narrow channels where hundreds of ships, upon converging courses, pass in twenty-four hours, the dangers of darkness and fog are greatly increased. The terrible disasters which from time to time take place, are sufficient proof that the existing mode of signalling is inefficient. Ships now carry a red light on one side, and a green one on the other; while, for further distinction, steamers show a white light from the mast. But this is inadequate, because the green and red lights do not tell the helmsman of another vessel at what angle the coming ship is steering. The helmsman sees a red light only—he knows then that the ship is approaching in a certain general direction, but she may alter her course several points in a few minutes, and yet without showing the green light, so that he has no information of the change. So steamers, in fog, sound one or two blasts of the whistle to indicate on which side they are steering; but this only tells the general direction, and it is the same with the fog horn, or bells of a sailing ship, in similar weather. What, therefore, is wanted is a series of simple signals by lights and sounds, by which at night or in fog a ship could clearly indicate her exact course to one of the thirty-two points of the compass, and also by a slight and yet marked change of lights or sounds, convey information as to any alteration in her direction. Perhaps some modification of the dot-and-dash system, which has been found useful in so many cases, may be devised to meet these requirements, and afford additional safety at sea.

Answer to Double Acrostic on page 190.

PHANTASMA.—AUTOMATON.

I.	P otass A.	Potash—used in soap and glass.
II.	Honolul U.	In the Sandwich Islands.
III.	A rbalis T.	A cross-bow (cross *beau*).
IV.	N O.	We wish *no* losses.
V.	T ea M.	Oxen, cricket team, &c. &c.
VI.	A ren A.	
VII.	S or T.	No one wishes to be "out of sorts."
VIII.	M ay O.	Earl of Mayo—Mayor.
IX.	A lti N.	A Russian coin of small value.

The Washing of Coal-Smoke.

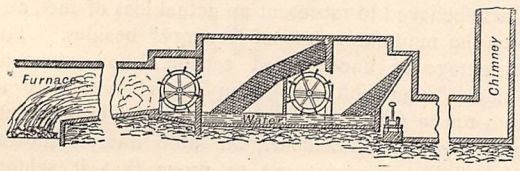
We are all agreed that coals are an expensive necessity of household management and of industrial enterprise. On the score of price there have been grievances enough, and those who sit at home at ease by their "ain fireside" are fully alive to a host of minor nuisances connected with the use of the "black diamond." But it is not by any means generally known that there is an absolute element of danger in coal-smoke, compared with which the objectionable blacks or smuts are nearly, if not quite, harmless. The noxious properties of the smoke are probably not deleterious in the case of household stoves or grates, simply because the volume is not sufficiently large. In factories, however, where the consumption is constant and enormous, the danger is infinitely greater. Let us see how the facts stand.

With the most perfect, as well as the most ordinary, stoking appliances and furnace arrangements, a certain quantity of coal escapes in the form known familiarly as smoke, which is commonly supposed to consist mainly of the before-mentioned "blacks," and is also believed to represent an actual loss of fuel, and —to the manufacturers—of "energy" besides. The percentage of unconsumed carbon, known best as "blacks," has hitherto been stated variously at from ten to fifteen per cent., but careful experiments made by Mr. C. Estcourt, the able analyst for the city of Manchester, tend to prove that it seldom exceeds one per cent. So much for the *visible* constituent of coal-smoke. There is, however, an *invisible* constituent which is far more harmful and deadly, and of whose existence we venture to say the vast majority of our readers have been totally unaware. This is the sulphurous acid gas which is produced by the combustion of the sulphur that is found, in more or less quantities, in all coals. When this gas is given off in the neighbourhood of moist air it is changed into sulphuric acid, impregnating the atmosphere for evil and robbing the breezes of their balm. It is one of the principal destructive agents in the air of our large cities, and very speedily makes its presence known by corroding everything that it comes in contact with. Even in those instances where chimneys consume their black smoke, the invisible element—this sulphurous acid gas—is given off all the same in spite of Acts of Parliament and of Smoke Inspectors, who cannot be expected to have eyes for intangible vapours, but whose olfactory nerves might possibly lead them under certain circumstances to detect the offending gas. The acid is rapidly equipped for its work of danger: "the accompanying moist atmosphere, or more frequent rain," says Mr. Estcourt, "dissolves the acid out of the air, and carries it in a fit condition to exert its influence on any object upon which the rain falls."

Coming now to the question of cure, it is reassuring to know that there is at least one effectual means of preventing the escape of this gas, and the consequent pollution of the air. An apparatus has been invented for *washing* the smoke as it leaves the furnace, and the appliance is capable of stopping the emission of the solid or visible, as well as the gaseous, elements of the

smoke. A former objection to this, which we may call the natural remedy, was that it would lower the temperature and seriously impair the heating power of the furnace by checking the draught. But by ordinary stoking the loss of fuel by unconsumed carbon being probably not much more than one per cent., as we have already seen, the requisite invention was a machine not so much solely to secure the combustion of all the carbon (the amount lost being comparatively small, and indeed provided against now in many ways) as to wash both the "blacks" and the gas out of the smoke without interfering with the draught. The machine is the patent of Messrs. Johnson and Hobbs, Manchester, and is in operation at their works, and also in large lead-smelting works which, but for this invention, could not be carried on in populous neighbourhoods. Curiously enough, too, it not only does its work thoroughly well, but the draught, so far from being interrupted, can by the ingenious combination used be almost indefinitely increased.

We give an engraving of this patent apparatus for



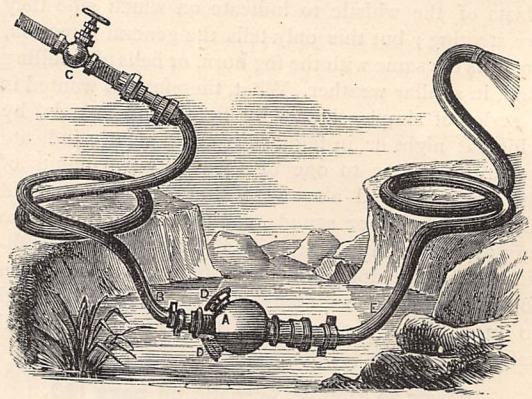
the purification of smoke, and a reference to the illustration will render a detailed description superfluous. On its way from the furnace to the chimney, the smoke is made to pass into a small chamber, at the entrance of which is a paddle-wheel with projections on the blades. The rotation of this wheel produces a spray of finely divided water or liquid, which falls through a series of net-work composed of laths, coke, shingle, or other material, into the tank at the bottom of the chamber from which the spray is raised. Only a small force is needed to move the paddle-wheels, as the tips of the blade-projections alone touch the water, and the motive-power is obtained by straps from the engine where the machinery is applied. The spray thrown up by the wheel is the purifying agent, and by its means the smoke is completely washed and cleansed. The apparatus can be used with any furnace and is placed either in the flue, or an enlargement of it, anywhere between the furnace and the chimney; and by simply increasing the rotation of the wheels, the draught can be proportionately increased.

If this machine were universally adopted, and found in every case to act with efficiency, its effects upon the health of town and city would be very great. The moral well-being of the community largely depends upon the physical, and any improvement in the latter condition must of necessity be beneficial to the former. It is difficult for those who have been familiar for years and years with a smoke-polluted atmosphere, to realise a state of things in which it shall be possible to breathe the pure air of heaven; but such a contingency is becoming less Utopian almost every day, and a serious social and sanitary problem is steadily approaching a satisfactory solution.

It may be necessary to add that there is a third main constituent in coal-smoke, namely, carbonic acid; but this is not very dangerous, and the method by which the sulphurous acid gas is eliminated, at the same time obviously eliminates the carbonic acid as well.

A Steam Siphon Pump.

Here is a useful contrivance, so extremely simple as very possibly to raise doubts in the minds of the reading public as to its efficiency. It is neither a novelty nor a speculative invention, but a device of great merit and practical value. It is a portable siphon pump for railway work, and the principle on which it is constructed is one well known to men of a scientific or mechanical turn of mind, namely, that of creating a vacuum by an injection of steam. There are no valves, rods, or complication of parts in the construction of the pump, and it is simple and inexpensive, and its operations certain and efficient. The illustration represents the complete pump, and the manner of its work in filling a locomotive tender from any body of water within reach near the side of the road. A is a hollow spherical body; B is the steam-hose attached to the locomotive boiler, by means of a steam-cock; C is the steam-cock to be screwed into the boiler; D D are suction pipes; and E is the discharge hose. Steam is let on through the steam-hose B, and water is forced through the discharge hose E into the tender. All the locomotives supplied with this steam siphon pump may be used as fire-engines, by throwing water from the tender, or



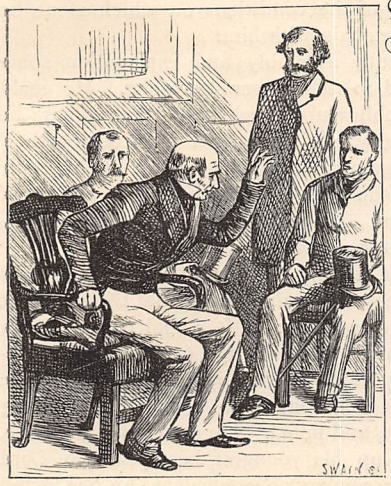
tank, or from the nearest pond. One of the recommendations of this pump is that, having no valves or other movable parts, and no obstructions of any kind, sand and gravel may pass through it without creating an inconvenient stoppage. For railways, mines, and for filling water-tanks in our manufactories, there cannot be a simpler or more effectual contrivance.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

" . . . . . Gold!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer.
. . . . . Thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!"



AS Mr. Haslam drove back to Boscombe in Mr. Gwynne's pony-carriage, hot and bitter thoughts were stirring his heart to anger against the woman whose cruel greed, and light treachery, had marred his life.

And this woman pretended to love him still! Her niece had spoken of her grief and mourning for his supposed death. But could it be love? Was it not rather hypocrisy? for who had such reason to rejoice at his death as she had? Still, some feeling of disappointment might be hers that, during his life, she had never gained the end for which she had striven so long. For her love, savage and selfish as it might be, he could have some pity; but for her greed he had none. It was this, he believed, which really moved her. The love of money was the mainspring of all her actions. For this, in their young days, she had deserted him; for this, in her widowhood, she had striven to regain the position in his heart which she had lost.

A large fortune depended upon Lady Martock's becoming the wife of Edward Haslam. Her grandfather, by a singularly eccentric will, had bequeathed to her certain moneys on condition that she married his step-son, whose mother—Mrs. Haslam—became his second wife when her only child was quite young.

In her frequent visits to her grandfather's house, Castle Martock, Letitia Martock naturally became intimately acquainted with young Haslam. There was no love between them at first, for the girl looked on the boy as an interloper, and was jealous of her grandfather's affection for him—dotage she and her mother called it. But as years sped on, and she ripened into that wonderful beauty which was the inheritance of the Martock family, the relations between them were changed. He grew madly in love, and she answered his affection with a passion which seemed, and was, at that time, ready to dare all things for his sake.

On discovering this attachment, all the Martock family rose up in fury, except old Lord Martock himself, who looked silently on, taking counsel with none of them.

His wife—the poor obscure widow, whom he had dared to marry for his own comfort—was dead, but his odd, obstinate love for her son was not shaken by this fact, as all his family hoped it would be. His care for that son continued, and his education was finished at Lord Martock's expense.

While his mother lived, young Haslam had not reflected much on his position, or felt it; but after her death, thought was forced on him painfully. To feel himself the object of a pitiless hate and jealousy, to find himself suspected of mercenary motives, to hear whispered threats, and suffer outspoken taunts—this was his fate while he remained at Castle Martock. The alternative was to go forth alone to battle with the world, penniless and with but few friends; yet this he would have done but for the entreaties, the senile tears, and grief of the old man, whose dry, sapless years of age he had cheered and comforted through his unconscious happy boyhood and youth.

"If you leave me to that pack of greedy wolves, my children," said the old lord, "they will soon succeed in putting me beneath the earth; but they shall not touch my money. Every farthing I can leave away from them I shall give to you."

This threat startled Edward Haslam. He saw in it a justification of the hatred and jealousy his presence evoked. He was young, high-spirited, honourable, with a pride in him which verged upon romance. He took a sudden determination.

"If you will solemnly promise me," he said, "to leave me nothing in your will, and if you will call your sons together, with their wives (it was the wives who especially hated the interloper), and inform them that it is your intention to give me no legacy whatever, I will remain with you, as my mother wished, to the last day of your life."

It seemed a very hard bargain to the old man, who through his declining years had fixed his latest, strongest affection on the young, happy child, whose bright presence had brought life and merriment to his lonely, dismal castle. Many had said, and partly with truth, that it was for the sake of her beautiful boy that old Lord Martock had married Mrs. Haslam, the poor surgeon's widow.

And now he had to promise to leave that boy as poor as he had found him—to leave him penniless, after having given him expensive tastes and habits. An unselfish man would not have yielded to young Haslam's romantic request. He would have said, "Quit me, and leave me free to do what I think fair by you in my will." But the courage of self-abnega-

tion had no place in Lord Martock's nature; neither had he much self-assertion: his character was a curious contradictory mixture of tyranny and timidity. He lived in constant terror of his heirs, constant fear of the violent tempers of his sons and daughters. These he would sometimes smooth down and sometimes swear at, as the mood took him, but in the midst of a swearing paroxysm his terror was apt to return; and thus he was led to carry out his intentions by underhand means instead of open ones.

"Anything for peace!" he would say querulously, changing to this abject tone even in the very midst of his biggest threats and loudest oaths.

So for this peace sake which he craved, he was much given to deceitful and crooked ways; he lived with secrets around him in the very air, and employed two or three solicitors, in order to conceal from the one what the other was doing for him.

In all his weak nature he had but one stronghold, and this was his temper, which was as fierce as it was uncertain. To this he retreated when hard pressed; but if his temper, instead of gaining a victory for him, was outdone by his opponent and conquered, then his will broke down also. It happened thus in young Haslam's case. He answered his proposition at first with a burst of furious words, such as:—"Cannot I do what I like with my own? I will leave you what I please. I care for none of them—I'll cast them off on pauper's pay!" But when his step-son met all this with the calm expression of his fixed resolve to leave him, never to return, he broke down utterly, and hurriedly gave his consent to the calling of a family conclave, in which his intentions were to be made known.

In this assembly of vetoes, as he called them, he solemnly declared that Edward Haslam had refused all legacy or gift, and that, in accordance with his expressed desire, he had left him not a stiver in his will.

"And whosoever among you, after this, says that the young man comes here from any other motive but affection for an old man who has been kind to him through his boyhood, lies, and lies in a way the most offensive to me. And I shall neither forget it nor forgive it!" he concluded, with his shaking hand in the air, and his voice quavering with the anger he suppressed.

After this family explanation no one dared to interfere further with young Haslam. He became an insignificant personage, and was permitted to pay his periodical visits to the castle unmolested by the family hatred in any active form. To these visits old Lord Martock looked forward as eagerly as a weary sailor looks for a haven. Old affections had withered away, early memories had grown dim, but to this last love his decaying life clung with tenacious grasp. It was an affection fed far more by the evil in him than by any kindly, generous feelings towards the object of it. His adopted son was not one of his heirs, had no legal claim on him, demanded nothing of him—here were reasons why he should be liked; but there remained better reasons still in the fact that this liking aggravated every member of his family, filled them with jealousy, set them by the ears, and stuffed their hearts with envy and dread of loss. In all this the old miser took a most malignant pleasure. He chuckled over it silently to himself, and rubbed his hands in glee when any unusual outburst of family wrath assailed his ears in the shape of abuse of young Haslam.

To give up any portion of this satisfaction would have been too great a loss for him to endure willingly; and it was only the fear of losing it entirely, through his step-son's stern resolve to leave him, that had induced him to consent to his iterated and firm demand for a fulfilment of the conditions on which alone he would agree to remain with him.

After the family assembly and explanation some part of the old miser's power was gone. He could still make his children quarrel among themselves; he could still gratify his wizen spite by arousing their jealousy one against the other; but he could never again stir up the fire of their hatred and fear of Edward Haslam. He had renounced all his chances, and was become contemptible in their eyes.

The power of money is so great, and it shows its sovereignty in so many subtle ways, that the man not moved by it is a wonder; he is a fool or a saint—a mark for ridicule and contempt, or an object of reverence and superstitious worship: there is no middle course for him between these two parts. Young Haslam tried it, and failed. He discovered, too late, that in giving up his youngest, best years to Lord Martock, and receiving no equivalent, he had acted illogically and with undue romance, and the harvest he reaped was barren and bitter.

But to say this is to anticipate slightly the course of events. Galled at being shorn of his power to irritate, Lord Martock sought some new way by which to replenish his diminished force, and found it readily to his hand in the attachment between young Haslam and his grand-daughter, Letitia. He could encourage the young people and alarm the old ones, and thereby exercise those talents for deceit and secrecy in which he excelled and delighted, while, at the same time, he greatly increased the fear of his own power in the minds of all.

"Take care what you are doing," he would say to his daughter-in-law, Lady Laura Martock. "Remember, that young fellow has no expectancies from me. You have all so managed that I am bound not even to leave him a beggar's portion. So look to your girl yourself; she is not a fit wife for a poor man."

Such speeches would rasp Lady Laura's nerves into a state of fever.

"That old ape," she said to her husband, "secretly encourages the girl in her wilful fancy for that low young man, and then tries to throw the blame on me. He is quite capable of getting those two married in some underhand way, and then laughing at us."

Lady Laura did not misjudge her father-in-law. In his apish love of mischief, and the malicious joy he had in causing annoyance, he was quite capable of doing a worse thing than conniving at a secret marriage between two young people madly in love with each other, and desperately fearful of being parted.

It was a time of passion and of pain never to be forgotten by Edward Haslam, even when the flight of years had brought changed thoughts, and memory could give a smile of pity to this great blunder of his youth. For it was a manifest blunder to love such a woman as Letitia Martock. Latent in her nature existed the dominant quality of her family—avarice—a quality transmitted from generation to generation, and showing itself, sooner or later, in all the sons and daughters of the house. In some it grew upon them till they became misers, as was the case with Lord Martock; with others, as in Letitia, it became mere greed of money mingled with extravagant power of spending it. But this kind of avarice kills as many virtues as the covetousness of the miser; and it is certainly more jealous of the wealth of others, and more unscrupulous in the means of obtaining money, than is the greed of the niggard who saves and never spends.

In the midst of the family battle raging round old Lord Martock's hoarded money, and sharpened with new fire by the attachment between Letitia and Edward Haslam, the heir to the earldom, Lord Goldross, died at Florence, at the age of fifty-five, a disappointed, weary man, having hoped vainly for the falling in of riches which never came.

This event made Lord Martock lively: it gave him such a happy occasion to display new power in the creation of jealousy and fresh quarrels. He accomplished this through his eldest grandson, a young man of about thirty, not yet married, and whom he now invited to Castle Martock.

"I'll make that young fellow the richest earl in England at my death," he said to Lady Laura. "His father always opposed me, and would have got nothing more than the entailed estates; but I shall alter my will now and settle some of my little savings on the earldom."

His "little savings!" Lady Laura opened her eyes with astonishment when she heard this term given to the enormous sum he had accumulated. She was full of the fires of envy and rage when the young man—so long an exile through his father's and grandfather's quarrels—made his appearance among them. Her tactics, however, towards him soon changed; she saw he was struck by the wonderful beauty of her daughter, and this fact gave her courage to bear the old earl's aggravating declaration that he had carried out his intentions, and in his new will had endowed his grandson with a princely fortune.

The young heir was not so grateful as might be supposed; he looked on his grandfather as a sort of human ape, created only to do mischief, and he had no belief in his promises. He laughed when informed of the happy change made in his favour, and said he hoped it would be an awful long time before he should be called on to take charge of anything so precious as money. He was not used to it, and he thought it would frighten him; therefore, he begged his grandfather to be particularly careful of his health, and live as long as he could.

This speech pleased the dreadful old man: he and his grandson parted with an immense amount of mutual good-will, considering both were Martocks.

He went back to Florence to rejoin his family. His younger brother was already married to the lady whose sister was the wife of Mr. Musgrave; he himself now, for the first time, was beginning to think that marriage was an institution worth considering. In this state of mind he was extremely glad, through Lady Laura's cleverness, to meet her, her daughter, and husband in Paris. She was not a woman to mark a bird and let him escape her, and in this incipient attachment of his she saw a powerful lever by which to move her little world. Through her extravagance and love of wealth that other love in Letitia's heart would gradually be beaten down, and the anxiety which had so long tormented herself and her husband would at last be at rest. It was a desirable end to accomplish, for she had long lived in terror lest her daughter should rush into romantic misery; while Mr. Martock, on his side, had filled his soul with the accumulative hatred of years against the interloper Haslam, and was resolved rather to see Letitia die than be his wife. With so many advisers and incentives to make her fickle, it would have been a miracle had the girl been faithful. Her letters soon changed in tone; yet when reproached with this she immediately and even vehemently responded that she was unaltered. Edward Haslam suffered much anxiety in these months of absence. He had during this period been called to the bar, and was making a hard struggle for independence. Could he at this time with honour have given up Letitia, he would have done so: but this was an impossibility to him. His lonely life in London had but fostered his passion; he lived, worked, toiled for his love, and the tie between him and her was too sacred to be broken even in thought. He visited Castle Martock in the vacations and at spare times as usual, and often looked in the hard, dry, mummy face of his step-father, wondering if he could dare trust him with his secret. But he never did. Maybe the old man guessed it, or perhaps he was only scheming in his wicked mind some new way in which to annoy his family, and rightly divined that the sharpest and most stinging would be through Edward Haslam.

At all events, whatever might have been the mixed motives working in his mind, it astonished his step-son when he one day gave him a glimpse into his thoughts.

"They are making a foreigner of my grandson," he said, "by keeping him abroad so long. I understand their plot: they mean to marry him to Letitia when I am gone. But we shall see; I think I can stop that even when I am dead. And I mean that she shall marry some one else."

He smiled meaningly, and the young man, into whose eyes he looked, felt a terrible fear overwhelm him.

"They dare not marry Letitia to her cousin!" he cried. "They cannot—she is bound to me!"

"Ah! I thought so," said the earl quietly. "I hope you won't find her a hard bargain. For my part, I think she will want gilding."

"Have I your consent to my marriage?" exclaimed the lover eagerly.

"Mine? Oh, yes; you had it long ago."

"But her father and mother, I fear, will never yield theirs."

"I shall find a way to make them," returned the old miser, rubbing his hands gleefully together. "Money is a power which I know how to wield. I have but to hold out the golden sceptre and the slaves will kneel to it. Leave things to me, and keep your own secret. If you breathe a word even to Letitia herself, I shall not be able to carry out my promise to help you."

This threat was enough to keep Edward Haslam silent. If the miser ruled the others through their greed of money, he ruled his step-son through his love.

A short time after this, old Lord Martock fell ill, and his son, the Honourable Richard Martock, returned home from Italy, and took up his abode at the castle; so also did his two widowed sisters. Their daily wrangles and fierce suspicion of each other pointed a moral, which a greedy world did not fail to read, though it would have done precisely the same thing under the same circumstances.

The old miser rallied, but his affectionate kindred did not leave him, even when he was able to crawl from room to room with the aid of a stick, or creep round the park in a pony-carriage. It was a ghastly spectacle to see this unloved old man fawned on, and watched, and fought over by his children: not in the solicitude of natural affection, but in the greed of money, and in hate and fear of each other.

"Take care of *our* interests," wrote Lady Laura almost weekly to her husband; "and above all, ascertain if any new will or codicils have been made."

Mr. Martock obeyed this command. He even gained a sight of the will, for his father unsealed it in his presence, and permitted him to read it; then he re-sealed it, and affixed his signature to a few words written on the outside, simply saying, "Opened and re-sealed by me, Martock." Here followed the date.

"Nearly everything is left to Fred" (Lord Goldross), wrote Mr. Martock to his wife. "His wealth will be enormous. Better hasten the affair in hand. The old man has kept his word: there is not a penny left to young Haslam. You and I only get twenty thousand. I dare not say a word, or I should lose that. All this is a strict secret. The way my sisters behave is outrageous: their greediness, covetousness, and selfishness disgust me. I am thankful they get very little. Fred has the bulk."

This and many more such letters were perused and pondered over by mother and daughter. Eighteen months of absence had altered Letitia greatly. She chafed at her bonds, and she had grown slightly afraid of Edward Haslam. She dared not break away from him openly; and yet, unknown to him, she was at this very time engaged to her cousin. The "affair in hand" was, of course, her marriage.

Irritated, watched, and followed by spies as he was, Lord Martock nevertheless succeeded in outwitting his careful and painstaking family. He died suddenly one summer day in his arm-chair, breathing away his life as peacefully as if he had never gathered riches to his own hurt, or the destruction of his children's souls. His will was produced by his son Richard and his solicitor, and the package, after the short sentence on the outside was read, was duly opened; and lo! within were two wills, and the latest was not the one perused by his son. On the other was written the stupendous word, "*Cancelled*," signed and witnessed in due legal form.

It was a breathless moment when the unknown, unguessed-at testament was opened and read by the rival solicitor, who had drawn it up under secret instructions. Fists were shaken in his face, and wild words uttered, which made listening servants tremble, and rush away scared to quiet corners, whither the horrible noise of this fierce time could not follow them.

How had the wicked old lord managed it? Every one had watched him in turn, and also watched each other. No dogs could have walked upon his shadow more faithfully than his loving children had, and yet he had doubled on them all, and now with his dead hand he hurled his last vindictive act in their angry faces.

In this country the power which a dead man holds through his will has something awful in its silent force, and there is no law to hinder his skeleton-hand from dealing its cruel blows. Every man in England, when he makes a will, frames his own law of inheritance, and divides, gives, or withholds as he pleases. He deals thus often with lands and funds of which rightly he has been only the steward, and which in justice should descend to those after him; but an unwise liberty permits him to despoil his heirs in favour of a stranger, or he may unduly enrich one of his kin at the expense of another. Many a family feud, many a bitter wrong and hatred have sprung from this source—the power, in feeble or in wicked hands, to commit a last sin in making an unjust will.

The knowledge that this can be done stirs up wrath, and too often plots, and slanders, and hatreds seethe round a rich, foolish old man or woman, just as all evil things bubble and boil in a witch's cauldron.

The last will and testament of Earl Martock was a subtle instrument, which struck a blow at every one, even though a gift was with it.

But there is no need to rehearse its conditions, except in so far as they relate to Edward Haslam. He had kept his promise, and given that gentleman nothing; but he had never pledged himself not to enrich his wife, and accordingly to this lady, whosoever she might be, he bequeathed the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds, to be settled on his and her children, upon her marriage with Edward Haslam. If he never married, the money, one year after his death, went to Letitia.

A further sum of fifty thousand was left to her on the condition of her becoming the wife of Edward Haslam; but if she married any other man she forfeited half of this, and only received it back at his death should he be *unmarried*.

It will be seen by this that the certainty in Lord Martock's mind that Letitia would be his step-son's wife was one quite unshaken by doubt, and he had,

as he imagined, enriched his favourite safely and surely. But a week before his death, Letitia was quietly married to her cousin, Lord Goldross; and at the time the will was read out, her first lover had in his pocket-book an incoherent letter, full of false grief and prayers for pity, in which she apprised him of her first, that the will would be set aside; but though threats were uttered loud and deep that this should be done, no attempt was ever made to fulfil them.

The will stood; and Letitia Martock, being a widow, meant to marry her former lover, or, failing in this, to hinder him from marrying any other woman.

"'I WILL READ IT OUT TO YOU,' HE SAID" (*p.* 266).

marriage. The grief became very real when she discovered her great loss, and knew that her husband inherited but the entailed estates, and a sum only half as large as that left to her had she married the man to whom she was pledged.

In the midst of the family execrations, more embittered than any among the murmurers, Edward Haslam quitted Castle Martock for ever. He foresaw much perplexity for himself in the future through this strange bequest made by the old lord. He hoped, at

For many years Mr. Haslam had resolved never to marry, and he had kept his resolve in all the bitterness of a lonely life. But he saw and loved Cordelia Gwynne, and he dared again permit himself the happiness of hope.

He had been cruelly slandered and misrepresented by the Martock family, yet had the power been his to renounce the huge sum now in the hands of trustees, he would long ago have done so: for in his heart he looked on the money as Lady Martock's. And at the

time of his presumed death, he would have been glad had it been paid to her; but she had made no application for it, knowing she must wait a year. He believed she was looking forward to receiving this long-accumulated wealth, and the question he was most deeply revolving in his mind was the effect of the disappointment on hers.

He had, of course, been always aware that the mistake with regard to his assumed death could not last long, but he had reasons for supposing it was an error still existent in Lady Martock's mind—an error which her niece would soon rectify. He did not deceive himself in this matter, or rely on Milly's promise. He could only hope that Letitia's marriage would take place before she heard that he was still alive. All his chances of happiness he felt would depend on this.

"Good night," said Mr. Gwynne, when they reached Boscombe. "You and I have been rather silent companions. I have been thinking of my son."

"And I of your daughter," Mr. Haslam might have rejoined; but he only said, "Thank you" and "Good night," and went down the steep village street towards the soft silvery glimmer of the sea, and wandered and mused by the sounding shore.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"Why should calamity be full of words?"

MILLY did not keep her word. The next morning's post brought no letter from her to Warewood.

In such a delicate matter, Mr. Musgrave was sorely puzzled how to act, fearing to injure his niece by outspoken inquiries, or by interference which might seem the result of jealous anger only, and not the outcome of natural anxiety. This was far greater than he dared confess to his daughters. And for Milly's own sake, he could take counsel with neither friend nor neighbour. Until they heard from her, saying she was married, silence was certainly the best course, and the greatest and last kindness they could show her.

So they waited with a patience that was a slow fever, a daily pain and disappointment; and meanwhile they all loyally endeavoured to screen Milly's name, partly for pride and honour, and partly for Rachel's sake, as it would be hard to proclaim abroad that her lover had forsaken her for her cousin in a manner that was an outrage and an insult to them all.

Moreover, in their kindly charity and natural goodness of heart, they sought excuses for her and also for Eugene, and so looked forward to Milly's exculpatory letter with a sort of sad hopefulness, trusting to cover her sin then with forgiveness.

As the days drifted on it was hard to feel that she cared nothing for this, and was as selfishly indifferent to pardon as she was in the infliction of injury. But they kept silence still. No angry outburst fell upon Milly's name, no passionate proclaiming of her wickedness to friend or neighbour broke from them either in sorrow or in anger.

"She is the only child of your mother's sister," Mr. Musgrave said to his daughters. "It would be a poor part for us to play, to give her story to the four winds. Charity covereth a multitude of sins: let our kindness cover her fault if it can. Our own sorrow will be none the greater because we keep it to ourselves. The tongues of strangers only multiply an evil; they never make it less."

This was said mostly to Dora, who was passionately indignant, and frankly inclined at times to speak out; there was no need to counsel Rachel to silence: she could not have spoken had she tried. Eugene's name choked speech, and Milly's died on her lips.

The efforts so bravely made at Warewood to put Milly's rash departure in a favourable light so far succeeded, that the small world around them did not couple her flight with Eugene's hurried journey. That was set down to ill news coming from his home in Shropshire; and as he and Miss Martock both went to the same station, it was a right and fitting thing that he should escort her so far.

Warewood church-town and Boscombe village arrived at this conclusion mostly through the fluent tongue of Nat Sobie. Being a skilful man, cunning to see his own interest, he early perceived he had better let his talk drift into the channel that would be most agreeable to the squire. Without comers and goers from Warewood, he might as well sell his horse and cut up his dingy fly for firewood. Eugene Maberly, he foresaw, would never be a customer again; and Miss Martock was like a comet: she made a great flash while she stayed, but hers was not a light to be depended on; the squire and his family were clearly the right people to respect and please.

Without telling his daughters, Mr. Musgrave, after waiting a post for Milly's promised letter, wrote cautiously to that erratic man Mr. Martock, and informed him of his daughter's abrupt and unexplained departure from Warewood in company with a guest of his—a gentleman named Maberly.

This letter was unwillingly written as a duty, for many years had passed since he and Mr. Martock had met or spoken. He could never forget that the miseries endured by Mrs. Martock, and her early death which they caused, had been sources of bitter sorrow to her sister, his wife, and had not been without influence in hastening her own end.

The letter was addressed to Monaco, but it travelled to Homburg before it reached Mr. Martock, from which place his reply—a strange scrawl, scarcely legible—was dated.

"I know nothing of my daughter's movements" (he wrote). "She quarrelled first with her aunt and then with me. Being just of age, she left me ostensibly for the purpose of going to London, to have paid over to her the small fortune she inherits from her mother. It was on this matter she quarrelled with me, refusing to take my advice and make over this little sum to myself and another trustee. She preferred you, she said, and she told me she should go to Warewood on this business to see and consult you. I presume you have got her money in your hands by this time; I consider, therefore, she is quite off mine. If she does not see fit to trust me as a father, I see no reason on my part why I should treat her as a daughter. She must go her own way, and repent of it as she pleases.

"If what you say is true, and she has left your house with young Maberly, with whom we travelled last year, she is, of course, married to him. There was an attachment between them then, which I would not sanction, and to which I have as great an objection as ever. Milly is perfectly aware she would never gain my consent to the match, and hence, I suppose, this headlong course of hers. I can only say, if she

has married Maberly I never wish to see her face again. I hate, and have cause to hate, the man. He is a weak, foolish scoundrel—that is his character; and you are quite welcome to let him know I have said so.

"As, doubtless, Milly has made you her trustee, I conclude you will see there is a fair settlement made on her. I wash my hands of the whole matter. The responsibility rests with you, since you have chosen to encourage the girl in her want of duty to me.

"As far as I know, you may have connived at her runaway match with this man. It looks odd they should meet at your house, and leave it together. This could hardly happen without your knowledge, I fancy."

This insolent, heartless epistle Mr. Musgrave did not show to his daughters. It astonished him somewhat, although he knew the man with whom he had to deal, and ought not to have felt surprised at any evil emanation from such a mind.

One fact related in the letter comforted him. Milly really had a sufficient reason for coming to Warewood, and she evidently came in ignorance that she would meet Mr. Maberly there. Who could measure the strength of the temptation each might endure in seeing each other unexpectedly again after a parting which, under Mr. Martock's auspices, must have been a sad and bitter one?

Decidedly, their flight was unpremeditated, and was the impulsive outcome of a grief and passion too great for an undisciplined nature to subdue. If some suffering fell on himself and children through this, it would not be so great as hers who caused it, and it remained to them to bear it well and calmly.

Under such counsel Rachel bore up wonderfully, looking a little wan and pale, but breaking daily more and more through her reserve into a dearer sister and daughter than she had ever yet learned to be.

Mr. Musgrave answered his brother-in-law's letter through his solicitor, merely giving him the formal information that he was not his niece's trustee, and had not been asked to take upon himself that office.

Careless, gambling Mr. Martock vouchsafed no reply to this. Perhaps, not being able to touch Milly's small fortune, he was glad his dazzling daughter was off his hands, married and gone away he cared not whither.

So Milly's history remained a blank, and after a week or two conjecture died away, and the father and daughters, by tacit consent, avoided her name. In deference to Rachel's passionate request, Mr. Musgrave had not written to Eugene Maberly. And he himself felt it would be too hard a task, and one more fitting for Mr. Martock than himself.

In a little while, Rachel told the Gwynnes that her engagement was at an end, and even they—old and dear friends as they were—did not divine that Milly was the cause. They sought for that rather in Rachel herself, believing that she had acted greatly against the instincts of her own nature when she allowed Eugene's impetuosity to overcome her timid, cold reserve.

They no longer wondered he had not written to them. Boscombe and Warewood news would only be painful to him in this changed state of affairs. Thus the good rector and his wife argued; but Cordelia, looking in Rachel's face, had other thoughts. Yet she did not speak them, or press for confidence; she had learned to feel that the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness, and a friend's voice cannot bring balm to all sorrows. Her own soul had its secret and fought its battle valiantly, but the warfare was a silent one.

Throughout the month of May, chilly rains fell and sharp winds blew, and the summer which had fallen softly on the woods and fields in April was scared away again. By this rough weather, the evening dew was nightly changed to frost, and the tender leaf of chestnut and of beech, and the tall lush grass, bent beneath the weight of a cold white spray, which, like the manna in the wilderness, glittered and melted in the morning sun.

Through this bleak time there was but little visiting between Warewood and its neighbours; and Rachel was glad of it, for she would fain have escaped, if she could, all questioning, and all sight of that friendly curiosity which she could ill bear, even from Cordelia.

But when bright, sunny, leafy June was come, it had grown to be quite an old story that her brief engagement was at an end; and, looking in her face, no one would have guessed how deep had been her suffering. She met visitors with a warmer manner, a more cordial smile, and her speech was readier, her wish to please more visible, than in the old days of her coldness. Many a kindly, curious neighbour, driving away from Warewood, said to each other that it was Dora who was changed, Dora who was looking wan and pale, and who sat silent now—not in cold indifference, as Rachel had seemed once to do, but rather as if it was she who held the canker grief at her heart, not her sister.

In truth, Dora, for the first time in her life, was cast down, and the bright sunniness of her spirit was clouded over. Brief news had reached her of Harry. Without a line, without even a faint attempt to make peace or ask for an explanation, he had sailed, not for India, but for Malta. And when he was gone, Dora knew how much she had hoped while he still stood on English ground—how often she had thought of the ease with which a journey could be made from London to Boscombe, and how a resolute man, making up his mind to come in the evening, might be with them in the morning. And by that slight act of courage what barriers would be thrown down! One word of kindly speech, one look into honest, loving eyes, and this dreadful shadow of distrust would vanish, and their lives would rush back again in joy into the old dear channel of mutual faith and love. Only it would be a dearer love, a firmer faith, a trust so sure that a few foolish words of mistaken wrath could never shake it more.

Alas! it was not to be. Harry sailed away without a farewell word, or even a kindly message, which he could have sent so easily through Cordelia. And the world now was grey and dim, the story of her life uncertain, unfinished, the purpose of her heart broken off, and all her existence brought upon some new, heavy path, where the way was rugged and weary; and her thoughts grew frightened at its strangeness, as she toiled onwards in her duty day by day.

Neither she nor Rachel called Cordelia into counsel in this matter. Both sisters thought differently of

Harry's conduct now Eugene was gone away. It appeared to them now no longer as a blunder—a thing done in blindness—but an intentional departure, a something deliberated and decided on beforehand, for reasons of his own, which, perhaps, he wished to keep secret.

It was natural that Rachel should think this, and, thinking so, should seek to stamp her own opinions on Dora's mind. Hence the treachery and fickleness of one lover threw an evil light on the conduct of the other; and by this light Dora began to read him when he had once sailed away in hard silence. So she would not speak of him to Cordelia, either to praise, or blame, or ask for him. To do either would be to hurt her own soul: for praise would be false, and blame would be anger in disguise, and inquiries would stab again the wound she had to hide. Neither would she relate to Cordelia the particulars of that blundering quarrel: for to do this would be to ask for a reconciliation, for which Harry was certainly not seeking.

When love suffers, friendship cools. Somehow, without meaning it, the sisters' hearts were not so open to Cordelia as in former days, nor hers to them; and before the long-daylight month of June was over, the space between their different paths had widened, and all were conscious of the fact, and grieved at it, yet could not change it.

Then, too, their father seemed to wish that things should remain thus; he was anxious, perhaps, that their trouble should cast no shadow upon Cordelia's happiness. In these June days, while a cloud rested on Warewood through all the sunshine, she had more brightness shed upon her life than had ever hitherto come into her quiet lot.

All the village gave Mr. Haslam to her as a lover. Each time he came to Boscombe he was at the rectory almost daily; and the Gwynnes made excursions through this leafy month, either boating upon the gloriously blue transparent sea or riding through green arcades of woods, where wonderful shadows

"HE SMILED MEANINGLY" (*p.* 259).

rose, and beckoned, and fled, and the sun flecked the earth with gems ; and at these times Mr. Haslam was with them, ever at Cordelia's side, assiduous, tender, watchful as a devoted lover.

Mrs. Gwynne looked him in the face often and anxiously, wondering why he was not more outspoken —wishing he would chase away the doubts beginning to cloud her mind. And he meanwhile, day by day, took up the paper and searched for Lady Martock's marriage, and never seeing it, delayed still to speak.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"From linkèd youth and from the gentle might
Of earliest love, delayed and cherished long,
Which common hopes and fears made like a tempest strong."

IT was the beginning of July ; summer was in its prime, the woods were lush and heavy with leaf, birds in the noontide heat were silent, only the hum of insects was heard, threading the hot air with multitudinous murmured sounds. Bees—those singing masons building roofs of gold—were busy among the rich velvet buds of the rose and the tall lily and all the luxurious array of summer flora, beneath whose stately heads the quieter spring flowers had bowed and died. Loaded wains going home with new-mown hay filled the air with fragrance, and left bunches of the scented grass tangled high upon the hedges among the lingering June roses, or hanging on the clustered honey-suckles, whose sweetly-laden trumpets shook out incense on the passers-by.

On the hill-sides the corn-fields waved with a gleam of gold just ripening in the sun ; and down upon the silvery beach the waves rolled in softly with summer murmur, as full of peace as though nor storms nor war ever defaced the placid mirror of the sea or the golden harvest-fields of earth.

"Dora," said Rachel, laying her hand upon her sister's, "why am I so much braver than you ? can you tell me ?"

"When we know a thing worthless we fling it away ; we don't grieve over it," said Dora. "That is your case ; mine is different. I am suffering only for a blunder which a few words would clear away."

She bent forward and leant her head upon her hands, shading her eyes but not her cheeks from her sister's view. Rachel gazed at her anxiously. Here in the glare of the sun Dora looked pale and changed : her bright colour was gone, her fresh fair beauty was faded, her cheek and hands were very thin. Rachel's heart smote her. Could it be possible that her sister, who had been so silent, who had made no complaint, asked for no pity, gained no sympathy, who was not known even to have a sorrow, had in reality suffered more than herself ?

She began to con over the past years like a lesson re-learnt, and remembered painfully how Dora's life had been bound up in the life of her forgetful, ungrateful lover. Only last summer, wherever his shadow fell there was hers likewise, and their voices followed like an echo one upon another. Now they were parted merely by a mistake—a mistake greatly her fault, and yet she had not lifted a finger to remove the burden from her sister's heart. She had not guessed how great it was. She had forgotten, in the selfishness of her own grief, how many years older Dora's love was than hers : how time and memory had mellowed it, making it a rooted affection, hard indeed to tear up and fling away.

Last year the brother and sister at the rectory were as brother and sister with them ; they wandered everywhere together. This summer they were lonely, and in the high wood or down on the rocky shore they were alone. Even Cordelia had drifted away from them, led by Mr. Haslam.

As these thoughts passed in Rachel's mind her eyes filled up with tears ; she brushed them quickly away lest Dora should see them, but she still kept her head bent down, with gaze fixed seawards.

The sisters sat upon the shore, just beneath that part of the cliff where the entrance to the smugglers' cave seemed like a dark arch among the jutting rocks.

High above them whirled the sea-birds, little flocks of sanderlings turned silver wings to the sun, and grey gulls and turnstones stood in the shallows, fearless and regardless of their presence.

At their feet the waves rippled in upon the sands sweetly, or fell with soft rush from some great rock against which they ran and chafed vainly ; while far away before their eyes spread the sea—one vast blue plain, sprinkled with white sails, and holding in its shining depths the strangest, wonderfullest gleams of colour and of light.

"How lovely it is here !" said Rachel in a low voice. "We are both very happy, Dora, if we would but think so. The wretchedness of the poor in cities often weighs upon my heart when I look upon such a scene as this. No such sight ever gladdens their eyes."

"We are too happy," Dora answered. "The love, the ease, the comfort of our lives strike me as a reproach. I feel burdened by them. I long sometimes to suffer with the suffering.—Look at that great ship going up-channel ! Do you think she is a troop-ship ?"

"How can I tell ?" asked Rachel. "And why have you a troop-ship on your mind ?"

"Did you not see it in the paper : Harry's regiment goes to India in September ? It was only sent to Malta for a time. If he does not come home, Rachel, before he sails, we shall be parted for years ; this blunder will never be bridged over ; we shall meet no more. He will marry in India, and I——"

But she did not finish ; her face fell forward again, and tears trickled down upon her slender fingers.

Rachel felt her indignation against Harry rise hot on her cheeks.

"What a worthless thing is a boy's love !" she said to herself. "A woman may lay down her life at the feet of these beardless men, and they count it for nothing. To think that such a girl as my sister Dora should be grieved by the light carelessness of a man too young to know her value !"

But Rachel uttered no word of this to Dora. Love was too subtle a thing to argue on, and its lights and shades too delicate to be touched by that coarse brush, speech. So she wisely held her peace upon Harry's delinquencies, and only gently touched her sister's hand for sympathy.

"I think—I hope Harry may get leave before he sails for India," she said.

"Hush! there is some one calling us!" Dora cried hurriedly, letting go her sister's hand, and wiping quickly from her face all traces of her tears.

"I hear nothing," answered Rachel.

"Listen," said Dora. "I know I heard a voice."

They held their breaths, but all seemed silent around them except the flow of the sea, creeping forward like the ceaseless beat of time upon the shore; while from the hills above there floated down the mournful lowing of cattle weary of heat, and the shout of haymakers loading the wains.

"Perhaps it was the fishermen calling to each other from their boats that you heard," Rachel said. "There is not a sound now breaking the silence but our own voices."

"Yes, there is; look!" cried Dora, starting up. "It is Mr. Haslam, standing in the entrance to Warewood Cave! What can he be doing there in that dismal place?"

"Can you show me the path by which I can come down to you?" called Mr. Haslam, making a trumpet of his hands to carry his voice to them.

"Yes; you must go round the rock to your right, and you will find it," Rachel cried in answer.

The wind coming from the sea took her words to him easily, while his seemed to be wafted away and lost. But they saw him step out upon the dizzy cliff, and take the direction she had told him, and soon from crag to crag they watched him descending the giddy rocky path. When he was near the end of the dangerous descent Dora turned towards her sister.

"I shall not stay and talk to Mr. Haslam, Rachel. I shall just speak to him and walk on. I share my father's feelings towards that man. I cannot like him."

A minute after she spoke he made a great spring, and alighted on his feet close by them.

"You seem fond of danger, Mr. Haslam," Rachel said, holding out her hand to him. "It was just here the *Bosphorus* rushed upon her fate and you were nearly killed saving my cousin, Miss Martock."

She spoke Milly's name quite calmly, without a change upon her tranquil face.

"Yes," returned Mr. Haslam, "there is the rock on which the ship broke up. There is no strength or evil about its quiet look to-day. Have you heard from Miss Martock lately?"

"We have had no news from her for a long while," interposed Dora quickly.

"Indeed! Then she has not written to you of her aunt's marriage?"

"No; is she married?" asked Rachel.

"I believe so. Here is the announcement of her wedding in this paper!" He spoke with a suppressed elation and excitement, which made Dora fix her eyes on him curiously.

"And is she married to the Frenchman whom Milly said she hated?" she demanded, stretching out her hand for the paper.

But Mr. Haslam held it back. "I will read it out to you," he said; "the news is so precious that I cannot part with it." He smiled, and smiling, caught Dora's look and saw the wanness of her face.

"I fear the heat is too much for you, Miss Musgrave. Will you sit down while I read this flourishing paragraph on Lady Martock's marriage?" Dora did not seat herself; she leaned against the cliff as he read the few fulsome words of compliment on the widowed countess's wealth and beauty, and the rank and title of her second husband. Rachel listened, with her face turned towards the sea: there was no mention of Milly in the short account. She drew a breath of relief; she had thought to hear her name among the guests as Mrs. Maberly.

"Lord Martock has a house on the south coast," Dora said. "Perhaps the bride and bridegroom will come to it, and favour us with a visit."

"I hope not!" returned Mr. Haslam fervently. And with a quick hand he folded the paper in a small compass, and placed it in his pocket, then walked on a step or two, as though anxious to say no more respecting Lady Martock.

"You startled us very much," observed Rachel. "Your voice fell on us from the clouds just now. I never thought of looking towards Warewood Cave. Now all the smugglers have vanished no one ever goes there."

"Yes, I do, often," returned Mr. Haslam. "I have been taking a sketch of the scene of the wreck from the arch-way of the cave. You know what a magnificent view is seen from that opening."

"And were you sketching to-day?"

"No; it was a superstition took me there this afternoon. The happiest moment that has come to me for many years I passed in that cave. It has made me friendly with it. I took my happiness thither again to-day; it seemed a sort of right the cave had somehow."

"I am glad to hear you are happy," said Rachel in her quiet way. "But Warewood Cave is not the place into which I should carry any joy of mine. I love sunlight too well."

Dora had passed them, and was sauntering on listlessly just by the edge of the white foam.

Mr. Haslam, struck by the tone of Rachel's voice, gazed at her earnestly, and then said, very low—

"You are a little anxious about your sister, Miss Musgrave? And I am not surprised at that: she is looking very ill. Has your father had advice for her?"

"No," said Rachel, blushing suddenly. "We only think Dora a little out of spirits."

"It must be more than that. She is strangely altered—more altered than I could have thought possible in so short a time. It is scarcely a month since I last saw her."

Rachel felt her heart throb with a quick pain; she flushed, her lip shook.

"Oh! if I could only make her happy again!" she cried involuntarily.

"Has something happened, then, to cause her grief? May I ask what it is?—may I know?" he said kindly. "We thought it was you who perhaps had been tried somewhat."

"Oh! do not speak of me!" cried Rachel. "I will confess the truth to you." She hesitated; her voice began to quiver, but she went on. "There has been a quarrel between Dora and Harry Gwynne—no! not a quarrel, a foolish blunder, which was all my fault."

She stopped, a little breathless, and Mr. Haslam stood still also, and to give her time he took up pebbles absently and flung them in the sea.

"I should have told Cordelia long ago," continued Rachel, "but she has flitted away from us lately; and there is a sort of shadow—yours, Mr. Haslam—between her and us. If I could have told her, she would have put things right, and Dora would be happy again."

"Then tell me now instead," said Mr. Haslam gently. "Do not let me continue unwittingly to be the cause of sorrow. I feel, I know it is my fault Cordelia has not been so frank with you lately as of old, but all that is past now. Tell me what the grief is, and Cordelia and I will try together to remedy it. First, is Harry to blame?"

"Oh, very much to blame!" cried Rachel.

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Haslam. "I think it cruel and cowardly in a man to inflict pain upon a woman. I know young Gwynne loved your sister, and free as he is, if he has gone without a word, and has not written to tell his mind, then I must say it was very heartless. A man ought always to speak candidly, when it is in his power, to the woman who loves him—yes, even if he has ceased to love her."

Rachel shivered a little; she thought of Eugene and his want of candour to her; but only for a moment, and then her heart turned quickly to Dora again. She summoned all her courage, and by that strange power she had of gathering calmness about her, told the whole story quietly and without a break.

"You see," she said, "it was all my fault. I was insolent in my happiness and spoke unkindly to Dora, and she, in that generous way she has, took all the blame upon herself the moment I was gone, and in her anger against the very pleasure she had in looking at Harry's face, she flung the pictures down."

"I understand it all," Mr. Haslam said. "Say nothing to your sister; only trust to me. I will not trouble Cordelia with the story. I have to tell her one myself."

No one knew but Rachel herself what it had cost her to tell this tale and bring in Eugene's name, and speak of her past happiness, dead and gone; but she was right glad she had done it, and in another instant she thanked Heaven she had had the courage. For at a turn of the beach they saw Dora leaning back against a rock, just at the edge of the waves, and her face shone in the sun white as snow.

Running towards her, they found she had fallen asleep in her weakness, and on her eyelashes stood great tears ready to flow.

"I was dreaming of India," she said, waking with a sudden start as Rachel bent over her.

Then she saw Mr. Haslam, and the blood rushed to her heart too fast, and flinging up her arms to catch at Rachel she fell down in a swoon at their feet.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

FROM A WINDOW.

THE wintry roads are dry and grey,
And through the calm, dull, shortening day
The sky but gives a glimmering ray
From the low underroof of morn,
Or when at noon some floating ray
Fans down on farmyard stacks of corn,
For a moment yellow and gay.
Drear grow the evenings, when the pale
Moon lustres with a wintry smile
Through thickened clouds a little while:
And now the moon herself is gone,
And heavy dark domes all the ground;
And looking from the casement round
The murky suburb, while the air
Rustles the yellow leaves, and where
The lines of gay lamps lengthen drear,
Less and less frequently you hear
Along the road some footstep pass;
And in the houses like a mass
Of darker cloud against the sky,
Some window-square of curtained light;
And, indistinct in thickest night,
Upon an upland in the dark,
Remote from town, a window-spark
Like a lighthouse far at sea.
The roof of cloud spreads thickeningly
O'erhead, and thinner near the ground:
For minutes oft there is no sound;
And the air comes and goes, and heaves
Disconsolately the garden leaves;
And sometimes in the gloom o'erhead
The sounds of trees remotely stirred.
And when the town has silent grown,
And lights from every house have gone,
Dust-muffled tramp of horses shake
The far-off hazy silence, as
Along some cross highway they pass.
And if past middle night you wake,
And through the universal grey
Toward morning look—dull, damp, and lone
Is all the world; and rising day
Seems aged and weary—then some ray
Strikes the line of poplars tall,
And over hazy roof and wall
Passes on its way.

TRY BÜRGLEN:

THE HOME OF THE WILLIAM TELL LEGEND.

SOME three years ago I wrote a paper in this MAGAZINE, entitled "Try San Marcello." It was a description of a little town in the Apennines, some few miles off the line of railway from Bologna to Florence, and therefore off the beaten track of the ordinary tourist. I felt that I had made a discovery. The place was cheap, accessible, clean, and civilised, and situated in the midst of scenery which may be described as Scotland under an Italian sky. The result of that discovery was remarkable. As I have since learned, it opened the door to something like a rush of tourists. The place had been written about, and this alone was enough for the roving Englishman to resolve to give San Marcello a trial. I am now naturally anxious to do the same good turn by another Swiss hamlet which I lighted on accidentally last summer, and which has precisely the same recommendations as San Marcello—that it is just off the main stream of travel. Half a note in a singer, we know, will make all the difference between fame and mediocrity. It is hard it should be so, but such is the way of the world, who will have all or nothing. It is the

> "One touch of nature which makes the whole world kin,
> That all with one consent praise new-born gauds."

Never did the wise Ulysses utter a wiser saying than this; and we may add, to borrow another sentiment in the same speech of that much-misquoted text—

> "Take the instant way,
> For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
> Where one but goes abreast."

It is so with the stream of Swiss travel. The troops of British tourists, as a rule, move in a kind of Indian file from hotel to hotel, and from one show-place to another. What is called "making tracks"—striking out for oneself, and discovering "fresh fields and pastures new"—is rather the exception than the rule. And yet off the high road only a lady's mile up the glen, here and there, Switzerland abounds with *pensions* where the old four francs a day scale of bed and board may be had. Good wholesome food and no stint, coffee, bread, butter, eggs—all in abundance—superb mountain strawberries, and *kalbs-fleish*—not more veally and tasteless than in the pretentious hotels at the great places of resort—are still to be had for four francs a day. My belief is that Switzerland is not used up even yet, or the Englishman's playground played out. I am thinking of those who want quarters easily accessible amid the mountains, yet not too far from the haunts of men—a mile at most from a telegraph station, and yet with the eternal snows immediately above them. It is not everywhere, even in Switzerland, that you can sit under a trellis of vines hanging in purple clusters overhead, and look up at the awful rose of dawn or sunset and the glory of a mountain like the Roth-Stock, sometimes red as burnished copper, and then wrapped in clouds like a beauty jealous of her own charms.

If any one would taste delights of this kind at twenty-seven hours' journey from London, and less than a mile from the post and telegraph station of Altdorf, the old town, or village-capital, as we should say it, of Canton Uri, let him "try Bürglen." The Schächenthal, or gorge of the Schächen torrent, here falls rather than flows by a series of rapid descents into the valley of the Reuss, just before the Reuss loses itself in the Uri end of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. In the last dip of the Schächen valley, where a crest of rising ground marks the ascent from the plain of Altdorf to the high ground on the left, stands Bürglen, or the little burg or fort on the hill. It is well called so, for if crowned by a fort it would completely block the two valleys, and make either the St. Gothard road or that to the Pantenbrucke impassable to armies. Happily the day has gone by for defences of this kind; and when Russian and French armies fought as they did under Massena and Suwarrow for the last time eighty years ago, long-range artillery was unknown. At present the only *schloss* in Bürglen is the "Wilhelm Tell" *pension*, a modest, old-fashioned inn of the type that is fast being superseded by those great joint-stock *caravanserais* springing up everywhere in Switzerland. Let us hope that nothing we may write may set that nation of hotel-keepers, the Swiss, on the plan of starting one of these joint-stock hotels at Bürglen. For the present, at least, the place is unspoiled; the ruck of tourists have not found it out, and the dust of the diligences sweeping along the St. Gothard road, a few hundred feet below, has not risen as yet to disturb the retreat of those who are here like Wordsworth's solitary among the mountains, retired as noontide dew. A church—disfigured, it is true, in the interior with some *rococo* gilding and flaring pictures in the Jesuit style, but as to its exterior not unworthy of its grand surroundings—a steam saw-mill, a sprinkling of cottages, a Tell chapel, and a small graveyard—this is all Bürglen. Its lions are so soon seen, that any remaining interest it may have must be left to the stranger's own imagination. This is, indeed, the very charm of the place. It is so remote, yet so accessible—so much in the world, yet out of it, that it

would be a thousand pities if desecrated by being found out. Against this we should protest as loudly as the Thirlmere folk do against their lovely little lake being dammed in one direction, tapped in another, and run off as a water-supply for thirsty Manchester. But we are not afraid of this in the case of Bürglen; it is safe for some time. The fact that it is only a short mile from Altdorf is its best security. The ruck of tourists will continue to sweep by it as before; either

BÜRGLEN.

they are Alpine club men faring on to high latitudes, or they are of those to whom Interlacken and Lucerne, with their noisier attractions, are all-powerful. They are only a minority, after all, who care for a four-franc *pension* amid sublime scenery—who can rest and be thankful at a half-way house of this kind, neither far up among the glaciers nor down among the Palais Royal attractions of Interlacken. For those, however, who want rest and retirement, endless walks amid enchanting scenery, and such sunsets and sunrises among snow-capped mountains as only Switzerland can give, let them try Bürglen, and we can promise they will not be disappointed.

But we have reserved to the last the chief interest which gathers around Bürglen. It is said to be the birthplace of Tell; it is also the scene of his latest exploit, since he was drowned, according to tradition, in the torrent of the Schächen, in the attempt to save a child who was being swept down the stream. The end of the hero was so in keeping with the whole of his self-sacrificing life, that in his case "unfaith in aught is unfaith in all." We must take the legend or leave it: it is a question of Tell or no Tell; there is no way of whittling down some of his exploits and retaining the rest. We may at once say, before we discuss the matter further, that the tourist who visits Bürglen had better keep his scepticism to himself, if he entertains doubts as to the historical truth of the Tell legend. His fate will be that of the daring Swiss critic, Freudenberger, whose book was burned by the public hangman, at the base of the Tell statue, at Altdorf in 1760. To rob the Uri people of their Tell would be like the old story of denouncing Manlius in sight of the Capitol. Legend dies hard anywhere, particularly when it is not only recorded in annals, but also when there are pretended relics to vouch for these annals. Had not the Romans the original

sow preserved in pickle at Lavinium? There was the thatched cottage, and the augural staff of Romulus, and the Ruminal fig-tree that caught with its basket the twins, and the tree that had grown out of Romulus' spear, which he had hurled against the Palatine Hill, and similar relics. Imagination, like the hop-bine, must have a pole of this kind around which to twine its tendrils.

Much in the same way, the Tell legend has its relics, and its sacred spots, which, as nature changes not, are supposed to vouch for the truth of the story. The two chapels, it is true—one on the Tell's-platte, and the other at Bürglen—which tradition, as rendered by Swiss guides and guide-books, represents as raised by men who witnessed the events, are evidently trumpery works in the *rococo* and plaster-cast style of fashionable art a century ago. But the scene of Gessler's slaughter so exactly answered the description of the spot in the legend, that either it had remained unchanged by the growth and decay of trees or otherwise for six centuries and a half, or it had been in recent times either selected as a suitable scene of the act, or artificially adapted to it like a theatrical property. Voltaire, as we might expect, swept away the legend in his usual sarcastic manner with the expression—"Il faut convenir que l'histoire de la pomme est bien suspecte. Il semble qu'on ait cru devoir orner d'une fable le berceau de la liberté helvétique."

It was already suspected before Voltaire's time. The curé Freudenberger of Berne, in 1760, wrote a book, "Guillaume Tell: Fable Danoise," in which he pointed out the singular correspondences between the Tell legend and that of a certain Tauo, a Danish hero, found in all Norse Sagas. The more sedate history of Saxo Grammaticus, finished about the year 1186, gives the details of the arrow and the apple with close resemblance to the later Swiss story; though it has a far less dignified origin. A certain Toke, or Tauo—for the story reappears several times in the Norse Sagas—who had risen to high rank in the Court of Denmark, and made enemies, had in his cups boasted of his skill in archery, offering as a test of it to pass an arrow through the smallest apple at a long range. To test his skill, the king resolved that the apple should be placed on his child's head, when the apple was cloven in two in due course. It was noticed that the archer had taken two arrows from his quiver, and when questioned what the second arrow was destined for, made precisely the answer which Schiller's hero makes in the play—if he had injured his child, he would have avenged himself on the tyrant, the formidable Harold the Blue-toothed.

Such is the Tell legend. We must now leave it to our readers to judge for themselves what residuum of fact is left after the apple, and the arrow, hat, and the other picturesque surroundings of the story have been taken away. Is the Tell of history worth retaining after we have been compelled to surrender the Tell of romance? Much turns on this. Many of Scott's characters, for instance, are historical. Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Peveril of the Peak, Robin Hood himself, are all historical; but it must be admitted that when taken out of the page of romance, and set down in the sober page of history, they become so small that it is almost beneath the dignity of history to notice them at all. To apply this test to Tell, would he deserve to be regarded as an historical character, apart from the romantic element which makes the prominent element in a play-writer like Schiller as in a romancer like Scott? We think so. The rise of the Swiss Confederation is an event of such European importance, and has such large bearings on the course of popular liberty elsewhere, that if there were no hero like Tell the popular imagination would have to invent one, just as the Romans, unfortunately for them and for us, after the burning of the true annals of Rome by the Gauls, had to invent an eponymic hero named Romulus from Roma, much in the same way as a hive has to make a queen bee when the true queen is destroyed. It is fortunate for Switzerland that the story of her heroic struggle for independence in the early years of the fourteenth century, though embellished by fiction, is not wholly fictitious as that of Rome. At Bürglen, which is undoubtedly Tell's birthplace, unless the whole story is a fiction, we stand at the very cradle of Swiss liberty. We see why the men of Uri were the fathers and founders of the Swiss Confederation rather than the men of other cantons, less remote from the centres of civilisation. The last stand made by an oppressed people is always amid the mountains or by the sea-shore. Byron has finely seized this thought—

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And standing there an hour alone,
> I dreamed that Greece might still be free."

The Isle of Ely was in the same way the last retreat of the vanquished Saxons; and when resistance could no longer be carried on in the open, the Forest of Sherwood sheltered outlaws like the bold archer Hood. Thus the last stand of the oppressed is the first starting-place of the new order. The geography of Switzerland explains how its liberties, artichoke-like, have grown outward leaf on leaf, till the Confederation took in not only German elements, but also Burgundian, French, and even Romance and Italian cantons, like the Graubunden and the Tessin. If we might speak of Altdorf as the Thermopylæ, and of Morgarten as the Marathon, then Bürglen is the Delphi or centre of Swiss liberty—where its hero was born, and where he retired to die. History, it is said, can best be studied *in situ*, and without the aid of physical geography its record is at best a dull chronicle. If for no other reason, we should recommend our readers to try Bürglen; and as the Lake of Lucerne is now only twenty-four hours' distance from London, it is strange if even the busiest cannot snatch a week in the year to visit one of the classic spots of liberty, placed as it is in the very heart of what is now known as the playground of Europe.

J. B. HEARD, M.A.

NEW PRISONS.

JOHN HOWARD, the great philanthropist, in his "State of Prisons," published at the latter end of last century, when recommending the erection of new and suitable prisons, wrote as follows:—

"The penitentiary houses I would have built in a great measure by convicts. I will suppose that a power is obtained from Parliament to employ such as are now at work on the Thames, or some of those who are in the country gaols under sentence of transportation, as may be thought expedient. In the first place, let the surrounding wall, intended for full security against escapes, be completed, and proper lodges for the gatekeepers. Let temporary buildings of the nature of barracks be erected in some part of the enclosure which will be wanted the least till the whole is finished. Let one or two hundred men, with their proper keepers, and under the direction of the builder, be employed in levelling the ground, digging out the foundation, serving the masons, sawing the timber and stone; and as I have found several convicts who are carpenters, masons, and smiths, these may be employed in their own branches of trade, since such work is as necessary and proper as any other on which they may be engaged. Let the people thus employed consist chiefly of those whose term is nearly expired, or who are committed for a short term; and as the ground is suitably prepared for the builders, the garden made, the walls dug, the building finished, let those who are to be dismissed go off gradually, as it would be very improper to send them back to the hulks or gaols again."

This is precisely what is taking place at this present moment, just a hundred years since Howard spoke so eloquently, and worked with such heroism and unflagging zeal. The experiment has been tried at more than one point, and on a large scale. At the close of 1874, two establishments were started under the auspices of Colonel (now Sir Edmund) du Cane—one in the neighbourhood of Rochester, the other of London itself—and both have prospered with great and conspicuous success. Last year a third was commenced also in Kent, and is making rapid progress. They have one and all been conducted on the principles laid down by Howard—first of all the strong enclosure, then the lodge, then the temporary barrack, lastly the prisoners and a due proportion of officials in charge. These prisons have been instituted for various purposes. That near Rochester, known as the Borstal Prison, will house eventually a large multitude of convicts, whose task it will be to construct a line of forts covering Chatham.

The second Kentish prison, smaller in its scope, is to provide labour for the erection of magazines at a secure point behind Upnor on the Medway.

The third has, perhaps, the most important and ambitious aim, being intended ultimately to replace Millbank, the famous Penitentiary whose towers and gloomy portals are sufficiently familiar to those who travel by the great highway of the Thames. It stands on the confines of that waste land or common between Notting Hill and Acton, which has long enjoyed the euphonious title of Wormwood Scrubs. It may be seen already raising its high-pitched red roof, its clustering chimney-stacks, its turrets and its pinnacles, by all whom business takes along the Great Western Railway or pleasure attracts to the Arcadian groves of Shepherd's Bush. Already, within three years, one large block has been completed and occupied—no small undertaking when it is considered that from first to last the work is almost exclusively and entirely the work of convict hands.

Any visitor who had been permitted to enter the prison enclosure at Wormwood Scrubs in the winter of 1874, would have seen little more than a wide space of meadow-land, surrounded by a wooden hoarding or fence some ten feet in height. Two buildings only were standing, one the little temporary prison—Howard's Barrack—which was to give shelter to the first arrivals, and close to it a shed, which served as kitchen and store-room. But the prison was a prison only in name. It was roofed, certainly, had iron gates and doors, but within it was little better than a shell. Intended ultimately to contain two tiers of cells, 100 in all, only a few of these were ready for occupation; and these, with their thin partitions of corrugated iron, and small windows lightly barred, seemed scarcely a secure cage for the felon-birds who were soon to enter them. But the first draft of convicts that reached Wormwood Scrubs, nine in number, were of the description called "Blue-dress," or "Special-class" prisoners—men, that is to say, who have entered already upon the last year of their sentences, and who, having freedom almost in sight ahead, and captivity fading away behind, have given as it were substantial guarantees of good behaviour.

This handful of workmen, under the supervision of competent and trustworthy warders, began operations at once. They were all handy men, a few were skilled artisans and mechanics, and each was turned into the groove best suited to him. One to draw water and cook; a second, who was a smith, hammered away at an impromptu forge; a third, as a carpenter, quickly

built a rough shed to travel over the snow (it was an unusually severe winter) and thus open up communications with the nearest high road.

Presently, under their industrious and skilful hands a great change was worked in the place. By degrees new cells, more and yet more, were built, till the first hundred were finished and filled. A second wing was thereupon undertaken, and with the building of this the little temporary prison was actually completed. The numbers now rose to 200, a strength sufficient to approach the more serious business of the enterprise. A primary consideration was the formation of a road or track through the fields, and for this there were no better materials available than burnt clay, known technically as "ballast"—a species of artificial gravel, brick-dust in colour, which has been largely used for the same purpose in the north and north-west of this great town. A second important proceeding was the preparation of brick-making materials, as the bricks of which the prison was to be built were to be manufactured on the spot. The soil within the enclosure, similar in quality to that in the Notting Hill region, was almost entirely of clay, a stiff strong clay, varying in quality and requiring invariably admixture with chalk, sand, "mac" (road-sweepings), to produce the serviceable yellow "stock brick" of the trade. Busily occupied with these important preliminaries, the spring slipped away, and summer saw the brick mills in full swing. In the early autumn the foundations of the first great block, of which there are to be four in all, in parallel lines, were excavated, concrete laid in, and the bricks, scarcely cool as yet, brought from the "clamp" in which they had been burnt, and the permanent building began. Once grappled with in real earnest, rapid advance was made. Many of the subsidiary requirements had been prepared beforehand either on the spot or at other prisons, but always by convict labourers. Door-frames and doors came from Millbank and Brixton; all the ironwork—bars, window-frames, gratings, staircases—had been cast at Portland. From Portland, too, came stone, and granite from Dartmoor, while stone-dressers, carpenters, smiths, had been constantly employed at their various trades in the prison itself. Many of these, of course, were skilled workmen "outside;" *vauriens* who preferred to honest labour, burglary perhaps, or some other form of the profession of the depredator, because its prizes are sometimes large enough to outbalance its penalties and its risks. But a large percentage of tradesmen were prison-taught, the bricklayers especially, concerning whom the head of the establishment gives some interesting facts in his printed report for the current year. "At this moment," he says, "there are in all ninety-two bricklayers upon the building, and of these only two ever handled a trowel before they entered a prison, the remainder are therefore entirely prison-taught. Quite a dozen are now first-class workmen, and came here as such from other prisons. Thirty-eight were sent here partially instructed, and have since greatly improved, but the balance of forty remaining I have seen pass under my own eyes through the several stages from the clay to carrying the hod, from the hod to the trowel on the interior walls, till finally they have graduated and been advanced to the honour of 'face work,' which many now execute to entire satisfaction."

PRISON BLACKSMITHS.

There can be no two opinions as to the value of a system which produces such results as these. The antiquated theorists who would condemn all prisoners to labour purely penal and unremunerative are rapidly losing ground, and it is accepted as an axiom that prisons should be as nearly self-supporting as they can be made. This is not to be accomplished easily, perhaps. To find industrial employment that will repay outlay in teaching and material is difficult enough. The criminal is not necessarily an artisan, and he is often by nature an idler who will not work even if he knows how. Moreover, the time and op-

portunity needed to develop many varieties of labour are generally lacking in a prison. Hence it is that prison rulers have too uniformly directed their energies into a single groove, and one trade, that of mat-making only, has been generally adopted, with the unpleasant consequence of bringing prison labour and free labour into competition. The employment of convicts upon large undertakings, such as the construction of new prisons or the accomplishment of great public works, certainly escapes this reproach. Such operations naturally bring into play all manner of trades. There is work for the excavator and the navvy, for mason and stonecutter, scaffolder, digger, carpenter, fitter, engine-driver, and smith. A constant stream of workmen flows through the prisons; the skilled are utilised, the unskilled gradually turned into suitable channels; and thus the great army of crime, which is at constant warfare with society, pays its indemnity, and in a measure recoups its victims for the injuries and losses it has inflicted on them. How substantial has been this return, will best be understood by considering to what an extent the country has been enriched by convict labour. The great breakwater at Portland is an enduring monument of convict skill. It is nearly two miles long, and runs out into the water to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. Some 6,000,000 tons of stone were quarried for this great national undertaking. On the bleak uplands of Dartmoor the convicts have reclaimed miles upon miles of stony waste; at Chatham and Portsmouth they have extended the dockyards, built magnificent basins capable of holding a whole fleet of men-of-war. In battling with sea and tide, with mud and slush, in pile-driving, excavating, brickmaking, and converting slimy foreshores into solid hard ground, in building vast fortifications, in beautifying public edifices, our convicts have been steadily and usefully employed for more than twenty years. But the economic results of this vast experiment, in which by the cruel irony of fate they have been compelled to build their own dwellings, more than outbalance any previously obtained. Within the limits of existing prisons, additional cell accommodation has been provided at a cost of little more than half what even the cheapest contractor would have charged; and yet more conclusive are the facts in connection with Wormwood Scrubs. This prison, intended to replace Millbank, as has been said, will be as large or larger than the Penitentiary. The bill for the latter, all told, was half a million of money; the estimated cost of Wormwood Scrubs, based upon calculations that cannot err, is rather less than a fifth of that sum.

Now, after an existence of more than three years, the new prison commenced under such peculiar auspices is making rapid strides towards completion. A good hard track leads up to the great gates, and upon them an immense V.R., with the crown above, shows that the State has thrown its ægis over the place. No hive of bees could be busier than the scene within the enclosure. A hum of industry falls upon the ear: the sound of hammers, the rattle of engine-wheels, the sharp whirr of the steam-saw, the dull, gritty rumble of the mortar-mill; the bricklayers' trowels ring out sharply as they are struck upon the brick which is being shaped into a "skue-back," or broken to fit into its particular place; the sing-song cry of the sailor is heard giving time for some united effort, raising a mighty scaffold-pole, or moving a giant block of stone on to the "benchers," where it is to be cut and dressed. These long sheds surround a place dignified by the name of the Artisans' Yard, and in them the skilled mechanics are at work—a series of benches closely packed fill the carpenters' shop, and herein some five-and-twenty men are employed upon many diverse and difficult jobs. That ventilator for a cell-window, fashioned in oak and bound with neat brasses, is as delicate and neatly finished as if it had been made in Paris. The inoffensive-looking little man at work upon it is a well-known desperado, who made a most daring escape from Portland, and was only re-captured after an absence of some days. Next to him is a notorious London burglar, a lynx-eyed, though withal a somewhat intelligent-looking carpenter, who has the bad repute of being one of the leading cracksmen of his time. Several "big jobs" are, it is to be feared, remaining open to his too skilful hands outside; only such an "artist" as he can put the finishing touch to the preparations, or carry out the operation itself. The moment he is released the chances are but too great that he will return to his old courses. He may succeed again once or even twice, but he will at last fail, and will find his reward in the heaviest sentence of penal servitude. A quick and able workman this, who would be certain of fair, not to say liberal wages, yet dishonesty is so engrained that he prefers the risks of his adopted calling to the ease and comfort of a regular trade. Already, although a young man, he has spent some fifteen years in prison, and he will assuredly spend more under the same restraint. It is for such an incorrigible offender that the principle of perpetual imprisonment often recommended, but not yet adopted, seems especially suited. Meanwhile, with all the intensity of which he is capable, he is fitting together the bed-board of a cell. Near him is a comrade skilfully controlling the movements of a morticing machine; another is making a door-frame; a third and fourth are upon the "king-posts" and "purlines," parts of an enormous roof; next door are the painters grinding colours, or using sash-tool or double-tie; further on is the forge where evil-eyed convicts, rendered yet more forbidding by coal-dust and grime, are wielding such terrible hammers that the life of the warder seems scarcely worth a song. But they are harmless enough, these felon blacksmiths, and very clever at their trade. The slender, strong iron gates, the richly-wrought window-bars, are models of workmanship; an ex-watchmaker of German extraction, who is at the lathe, is producing some beautiful brass fittings for the ventilator above-mentioned, and by his side another neat-fingered gentleman is cutting out elaborate stencil plates for use in the office of the clerk of the works. Further on is the shed of the stone-cutters, Portland-bred many of them; next the steam-saw bench, at

which works an unfortunate engineer, who once possessed much valuable "plant" of this kind of his own; he is skilful and rapid in his manipulation of the machine, and his assistant, no better once than a thief, is quickly learning the same trade. But outside and beyond this enclosure is the real scene of action. Here is the great block on which the mass of labour is turned, and to which all other works are subsidiary. This is the second wing; the first, of which more directly, is finished and filled. This second is advanced to the third tier of cells, and will be ready soon for the roof, one other floor only remaining to be built. Ascending to the highest point of the scaffolding, no contemptible coign of vantage, it is easy to take in at one glance the whole scene below. Extraordinary activity prevails on every side; wherever the eye rests it falls on convicts singly or in groups, performing industriously and in silence their various tasks. Up aloft among the spars, fearless as sailors, active as cats, the riggers are raising the scaffolding to higher levels; the carpenters are fixing up the door-frames, or laying the floors; hundreds of bricklayers, mostly of the class already described, prison-instructed, are hurrying on with the building in a way to suggest a spirit of emulation one with another, which is actually the case; as many more are passing nimbly to and fro with hods full of bricks, with mortar or cement in buckets. Dividing the whole distance, two large lifts worked by a "crab" from below send up an incessant stream of these supplies; by the lifts come up concrete also for the cell-floors, door-frames and window-sashes, iron ventilating gratings, joist and flooring timbers, enormous iron girders, hoop-iron also, to be laid in long bands and built in with the bricks.

Looking away from the building itself to the more open ground beyond, other works are observed busily in progress. Down there the mortar is made; special white bricks are being ground and scraped into various shapes for arches and angles; here come a line of trucks brick-laden, from a distant clamp, there a long line of convicts are wheeling, on barrows, clay and other brickmaking materials to the great "kerf" heap from which the brick-mills will be kept constantly supplied; one party of a dozen or more are preparing the "hack" ground, or drying-place for the green bricks, and laying down the "hack" boards; for now the spring is approaching, and with it the dry season when only bricks can be made.

All at once a bell rings out loud and clear from the gatekeeper's lodge, and everything suddenly comes to a full stop. This is the signal to cease labour; the dinner-hour, and with it a short period of breathing-time, has arrived. "Put up your tools," shout the warders shortly and sharply to their men, and this order having been promptly obeyed, the convicts are formed up quickly two deep, and marched by their respective commanders to the parade-grounds. Here each party falls into its allotted place, it is counted over by the chief warder, every man is closely searched to guard against the secretion of weapons, or implements, which smuggled later into the prison might prove of use to facilitate escape; then, these formalities concluded, the whole force files silently and orderly, by separate routes and various doors, into the wings and halls of the prison-buildings. Of these there are two—first the little temporary block which housed the first arrivals three years back; it accommodates two hundred, and is still stout and strong, though dwarfed into extreme insignificance by its big neighbour, the first permanent block. A tremendous structure is this great wing, seeming narrow perhaps for its great length, but lofty, airy, well lighted and warmed. There are four tiers of cells; neat but simple staircases, cast at Portland, lead to the upper storeys; they have slate landings, along which runs a railing of very artistic iron-work, wrought upon the spot. The cells are all upon the same pattern, as a matter of course—a boarded floor, whitewashed walls, a window of thick opaque glass. In one corner stands the bed-board on end, the bedding hanging over it; in another, shelves, on one of which reposes the inmate's library, books devotional, educational, and instructive; on a second, his dinner-service of tin ware, his tin knife and his wooden spoon, on a third his toilette appliances, one small comb and brush. In a third angle, hard by the door, and under the gas jet—which is lighted from without and kept by a strong sheet of glass from the prisoner's interference—is the small table at which he sits on a three-legged stool when at home. He is not often at home, however; only when the darkness has ended the day's labour, and he prepares to go to bed, or as now at meal-hours. His comrades who are orderlies for the day bring him his dinner, carrying the baskets backwards with both hands engaged, a precaution against thefts of food; and he is left to discuss it, with an appetite sharp-set by his morning's work. It is not too full, this meal, yet ample. To-day he has a pint of strong thick soup, a small loaf of bread, and a pound of potatoes; to-morrow it will be five ounces of beef or mutton, the next day suet-pudding, another day cheese, variety being deemed indispensable where the individual has to subsist on the same style of diet for a number of years. He makes short work of his allowance, you may be sure; and of the "dinner-hour" he will have quite forty minutes left for himself. How will he employ them? In meditation, perhaps, in vain repinings and regrets for the past, not seldom in vague plans and hopeful conjectures for the future. Will he, when once more free, fall again "into trouble," as he euphemistically styles incarceration? Certainly not, he declares to himself with a resolute insistance, but his good resolves unhappily do not very frequently bear fruit when put to the test of new temptation. It is hoped, however, that he will never return to occupy a cell which, as one of the number in this new prison, he has built with his own hands.

PRO PATRIÂ: SONG OF THE ROAMER.

I HAVE been where the north wind lingers,
O'er the purple-heathered fells,
Where the gleesome elfie's fingers
Make quiver the pale blue bells.

I have been where the south wind dallies
With the fragrant orange-flowers,
In the fair Italian valleys,
Dreaming away the hours.

But be it the south wind, sighing;
Or the north wind, keen with snow;
Or the east wind, man defying;
Or the west wind, sweet and low,

No land in mine eyes is dearer
Than the land where my loved ones smile:
No land to my heart is nearer
Than mine own green English Isle.

A. H. B.

THE SPHINX: A MYSTERY.

I.

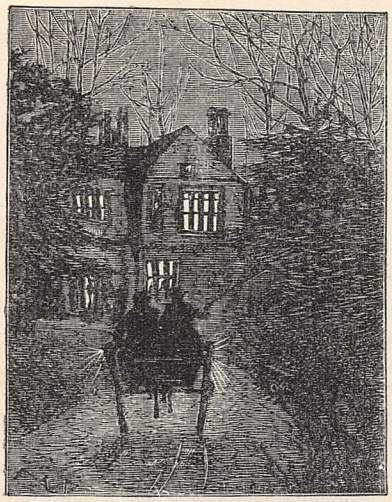
I AM by profession a barrister, and as there seems to be a popular notion that all young barristers who write their experiences, or otherwise figure in polite literature, are briefless, it may be right to say that I am not altogether a briefless barrister, having held several briefs, and earnestly expecting more.

My friend Charley Deben, from the City, came up to my chambers one day last December, bringing me an invitation from his family to go home with him and spend Christmas. I had been a good many times with Charley to his paternal roof-tree in Essex, and I never failed to greatly enjoy myself each time. I liked the old people, and also his brothers and sisters whom I saw. They were true and natural English country people, who had grown, as it were, out of the soil, like the violets by the hazel-roots or the may-blossom on the hedgerows. But there was a secret attraction for me in that home which outweighed all the rest a hundred-fold. Charley's grown-up sister Ethel had fairly entered into possession of the vacant space in the core of my affections. The very first time I met her she exerted her peculiar influence over me. What young man does not know the tender anticipation with which he looks forward to meeting the sister of his friend, whom he has heard about more than once before in lovable terms from her brother, and who already has excited a gentle interest in his breast? It was with this feeling that I first encountered Miss Ethel Deben. I had gone with Charley to his home, "Oak Hall," Essex, to spend a week in wild-fowl shooting, and it was then I met her for the first time. Her almost perfect features, her rich black hair, her bright complexion, her dark blue eyes in which truth and tenderness seemed mirrored, her quiet lady-like manners and sweet smile, had captivated my heart. Succeeding visits had only completed my thraldom, and her dear image was never far from my thoughts; it disputed my attention with files of parchment deeds, and perpetually obtruded itself amidst dry legal clauses and references to precedents, and was as much out of place amongst them as a picture of Arcadian life in a laboratory of physical apparatus. It was rather a hopeless passion of mine, however, for Ethel Deben was not only beautiful, amiable, and admired, but also well dowered, and I calculated, with legal acumen, but at the same time with very small satisfaction, that such a prize as she was would soon be carried off. My own circumstances were, at best, only promising, and I could only keep in the background while some more fortunate individual, whose bread had been buttered for him by a kinder Fortune, played a leading part and won the rare meed. But although I kept carefully in the background, I was only too glad to avail myself of Charley Deben's invitation to spend Christmas in her society, Like the moth, I was drawn invincibly to the candle. and so I went down with him to Oak Hall, happy to see and be near her again, but guarding myself cautiously against any betrayal of attachment.

We arrived at Oak Hall on Christmas Eve. We had found a trap waiting for us at the nearest railway station, and had driven six miles in the dark, through a wooded upland country, to the house, which stood on a hill surrounded by a park with some fine old timber. It was a wet, inflated, boisterous night, and we were gratified to see the warm light of the windows of the old family home appear through the trees at last. Charley urged on the horse, and we soon drew up in front of the house—a square, comfortable, old red brick mansion, with a pillared portico, many plain oblong windows, tall chimney-tops, and a stone coat-of-arms over the doorway. Two great cedars stood sentinel at each end, and spread their black flakes over the lawn.

Mr. Deben, a hale, hearty old gentleman, was ready to receive us at the door, and Mrs. Deben met us in the lobby, where Charley was soon engaged with his younger brothers and sisters in a scramble for presents. When I entered the drawing-room, I found a good number of people there, one or two of whom I had met before, and others who were strangers to me. Ethel Deben was the first to meet me and shake hands. She came forward with her usual frank manner, and at once introduced me to another smiling beauty who followed her. Miss Rose Herrick, Ethel's friend, was a fair Saxon type of beauty, all roses and

lilies and dimples. Her hair was of a flaxen brown, but soft as silk, and wavy over the temples. When she laughed her blooming face was the incarnation of merriment and fun. Another of the guests to whom I was introduced for the first time was a young squire called Heywood, a fine brown-haired, broad-shouldered young fellow, with many fine brown and broad acres to match. He looked and was a good fellow, I am obliged to confess it; but I felt little desire to converse with him. The fact is, he damped my spirits for a little while: I was foolish enough to feel the slightest shade of jealousy at seeing him, without any reason, I own; but love does not wait for reasons. On calmly considering the matter, however, I forced myself to dismiss any feeling of jealousy from my mind, because I had no right to entertain it. If young Mr. Heywood admired Ethel Deben it was no business of mine. "Let it be so," I said to myself; and I determined to be as cheerful under the circumstances as if no thought of Ethel Deben had ever agitated my bosom. So while Heywood lounged very close to Ethel, I sat down just as close to Rose Herrick. We became friends in a moment, and very soon we were laughing gaily together over repartees that seemed to flow (at least, from me) with unusual copiousness and brilliancy. The more Rose laughed at my jokes the better I was pleased; and I was not sorry to see that Mr. Heywood said little to Ethel that could be called amusing. I fear I was jealous still.



"CHARLEY URGED ON THE HORSE."

"Oh! by-the-by, Mr. Temple," said Rose to me, "I ought to tell you—your bed-room is the haunted room. Do you know there is a haunted room in this old house, with a wonderful ghost in it, or voice, or something? Ethel will tell you the story. On former occasions the ghost has made its appearance, or the voice has been heard, about Christmas time, so don't be surprised if you hear a queer voice talking to you to-night—a weird elfin voice, complaining of its sad fate, and warning you of future ills."

"I should like to talk with a spirit," I said. "I should like to know my future lot—at least, one or two things about it. I wish some kind angel would deign to enlighten me about them. But the days of genii, and wizards, and magic glasses are past, and angels' visits are very, very few and far between."

"Oh, no! they are not," said Rose, "if we only had eyes to see them: you will believe me yet. But how about the automaton 'Zoe?' I have never seen her yet. What is she like? They say the old automaton 'Psycho' has fallen in love with her and is quite off his head."

II.

I thought very little about ghosts, or indeed anything else, when I got to my chamber that night. I was too tired for thinking, and very soon went to bed. Next morning was Christmas Day, and according to all immemorial legends and tales, the country ought to have been lying under a close white coverlet of snow; the holly-trees, with their red berries, should have been stuffed with the powdery crystals; and the lanes should have looked like the galleries of some ivory palace under the intricate fretwork of snow-laced boughs. But our Christmas Day was mild and almost balmy—a green yule. A light grey fog lay in the hollows, a mellow sunshine enlivened the moist air, and gilded the bare twigs of the trees against the blue sky. It was a quiet, still, genial day after the boisterous night before, and there was a Sabbath calm about it in keeping with the time.

In the forenoon we all went to service in the village church. I walked there beside Miss Ethel, and returned along with Miss Rose, exchanging places with Mr. Heywood. It was only a short walk across the park to church, so we did not have much conversation; but it was a happy time for me. Ethel seemed so kind, charming, and withal sensible, that I wished the time would never change, the walk never come to an end. Rose was in capital humour, and asked me if I had not had any communications from the spirits during the night. I said that they might have been in legions round my night-cap, playing at bo-peep in my ears, and pirouetting on my nose, for all I knew or cared, I was so tired-out last night and had slept so soundly.

"A FAINT, TINY, MUFFLED KIND OF LAUGH."

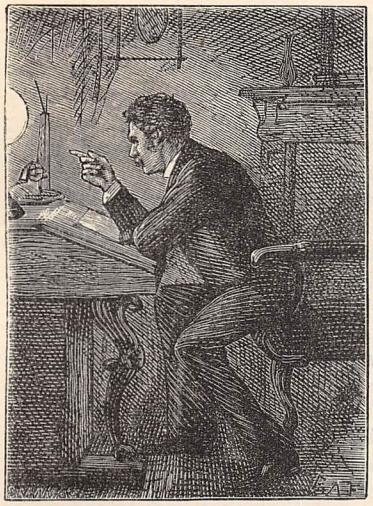
"I see you are a sceptic," she said, "you are spirit-proof. Even 'Allie Slade' would not convince you."

"I am a lawyer," I replied, "and like to see black on white."

"But I suppose you would be satisfied with white on black, and that is what 'Allie' would give you with her slate."

"I think we lawyers rather exposed 'Alkie's' slate-writing."

"That is matter of opinion. You had popular prejudice on your side, and played upon it to great purpose. You couldn't explain the raps, and lights, and the ringing of bells. Ah! there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are comprehended in Coke and Blackstone."



"'WHO ART THOU?' I DEMANDED."

In the afternoon Charley Deben and his brother Frank, who had just come home from abroad, Mr. Heywood, and I took a long walk, and returned to the Hall in time to dress for dinner, which was served earlier than usual.

At dinner, I found myself between Rose Herrick and Ethel Deben. The meal was a substantial specimen of old English Christmas cheer, refined by modern taste and science. We were a merry party. Charley Deben and his brother Frank were especially entertaining. The host and hostess looked the picture of good-humoured happiness; and the old vicar of the parish, with his ruddy but refined features, and thin grey locks, smiled again and again at the ready sallies of youth, and toasted Ethel with a grave but fatherly courtesy that was almost a benediction.

After dinner we had music and games, dancing and acting charades. Often during the dance my eyes furtively sought out Ethel, and stole a gaze at her radiant beauty. If her eyes chanced to turn in my direction, I was quick to lower mine or avert them. I danced several times with her, and found her ever the same: charming, gentle, natural, and true, with apparently no vestige of affectation in her whole demeanour. Heywood led her to the floor a great many times, and seemed very attentive to her. Her manner was at least as gracious to him as to me. If any jealous feeling crossed me, I sought out Rose Herrick as soon as I could, in order to regain a proper tone.

Supper was another meal almost as substantial as dinner. By this time the old vicar and one or two more had taken their departure, so that the party was smaller, but even more convivial. It was not very late when we broke up for the night—at least, I do not think it was. When I got to the sitting-room, from which my bed-room opened, I drew an easy-chair before the fire and sank into it. I was in that delicious frame of mind induced by good cheer, well seasoned with good wine, good company, but above all with love. I was deeply in love with Ethel Deben. There was no questioning it. My chamber was a cosy, old-fashioned place, with high wainscoting of carved oak, blackened by time. There was a quaint look about the ancient place, and it seemed to me the very acme of comfort on a winter night. A fagot fire blazed and crackled cheerily in the grate, and cast flickering lights on the furniture and damask curtain hangings of the window: for I had turned the lamp low in order to recede within my own thoughts. The wind, which had been laid all day, now began to bestir itself and hurry round the chimney-tops. I felt inspired with a poem—a poem expressing my present happiness and my love. My heart struggled for utterance, and a feeling of inspiration grew upon me. I was possessed by the muse. A little writing-table stood near, with writing materials all handy, and kindly provided for my use by a thoughtful hostess, or perhaps by Ethel herself. I drew it close to my elbow and prepared myself to write. The thoughts came glowing, but disjointed and incoherent, from my heart. I wrote them down as they came, intending to put them into verse form afterwards. I wished now only to express my confused happiness and passion. I covered sheet after sheet in a few moments with the rapidity of a short-hand writer, and then I stopped, having worked off the superabundant feeling. I began to declaim to myself what I had written and to polish it into form.

"Vision of Beauty, gliding through my life,"

I commenced, in a fine and elevated voice,

"Ethereal goddess haunting dismal groves,
And bringing to men, lost in the earthly haze,
A glimpse of azure fields and {ivory gates / golden rivers}
In the ideal regions, too much forgot.
Divine Ethel!"

I stopped to correct this into "Ethel divine," and almost fancied that I heard a sound of mocking laughter quite close to my face. I listened, and could hardly believe my senses, but I seemed still to catch a light laugh—a faint, tiny, muffled kind of laugh, but yet perfectly distinct. It seemed to be in the air and to hover over the table. There was nothing on the table but my writing-paper and blotting-book, the ink-bottle, a pen-holder, and a pen-wiper. The holder was a representation of Cleopatra's Needle, open at

"'ETHEL,' I SAID, TAKING HER HAND."

the top to insert the handles of pens; and the wiper was made up in the form of an Egyptian sphinx, and was at the same time a pin-cushion. It was a neat little sphinx in dark red cloth, with a woman's head. The body served for the pin-cushion, and the pedestal for the wiper. That was all the table contained. I fancied I must have been dreaming, or perhaps I had taken too much wine. I was a sleepy fool, and ought to get off to bed as fast as possible; but the mysterious voice again seemed to break silence. This time it spoke, and seemed to issue from the sphinx, whose impassive face regarded me with a calm and rigid solemnity.

"Child of mortals," said the sphinx, "know that the immortals brook no comparison with things of clay. Cease thy futile ravings, thy incomprehensible cries of a passion that is as fleeting as thy ephemeral race, which is as the grass that is cut down."

"Who art thou?" I demanded, in a clear but forced voice.

"I am the Oracle of Tum. I know all that is past and all that is to come. Excuse metre."

"Wilt thou answer the questions I would put to fate?"

"I will."

"Oracle of Tum, thou knowest I love. Deign to tell me if there is hope for me in my attachment. Answer—Ay or No!"

"Child of mortals," replied the sphinx, "know that there is no——Good night!" And the voice abruptly ceased.

The silence recalled me to my senses, and I was certainly surprised at myself. Was it an illusion I had suffered, such as I had often read about? Was I ill? Had the wine really gone to my head? And then I suddenly remembered Rose Herrick's banter about the haunted room. Too surely it was haunted, but by a real spirit? I *was* sceptical of ghosts and spiritualism; but it seemed that the superstitious fibre, which I believe exists in every man, was strangely vibrating in me now. What if after all there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy! As to the answer of the spirit, I can't say it troubled me then. I was too much concerned about my strange experience.

III.

Next morning when I awoke, with the genial sunshine streaming into my window, the event of the past night seemed like a curious dream or nightmare, and I almost persuaded myself that I had been the subject of some waking dream; which are common enough, although I had never experienced one myself before. Still, I was not perfectly satisfied with this explanation; the whole affair seemed to me so real. I determined, however, to say nothing about it to anybody, and when Rose Herrick twitted me again at the breakfast-table about ghosts, I vowed an utter immunity from any of their clandestine visitations. I thought I observed a suppressed smile on her lips, but she only replied—

"Ah, then! Mr. Temple, I'm afraid the spirits think they will make no impression on your hard legal soul."

I was left alone the greater part of this day—the day after Christmas. In the morning the young ladies, Miss Ethel and Miss Rose, and some of the children, paid a visit to a neighbouring family, Mr. Heywood driving them. Charley Deben, his brother Frank, and some more went out shooting. I remained at home, having some letters to write, and wishing to be alone. I was somewhat sulky and jealous at Heywood's monopoly of Ethel during the entire day. She sat beside him on the front seat of the trap, and they went off very gaily together, Rose Herrick laughing and waving her hand back to me as I stood rather glumly at the door. I found the drawing-room empty when I went in-doors, and was not sorry at it. I lay down on a lounge and reflected over my visit. It had been a happy one, and yet an unhappy one. In Ethel's company I was happy, and yet I was stung by the presence of Heywood, and the attentions he paid her. I reasoned with myself, and came to the conclusion that it was silly on my part, and useless, to be discomfited by anything of the kind. I convinced myself that I ought to act as if she was no more to me than Rose Herrick. I was spoiling my holiday by my absurd fancies, and if I could not master myself, the sooner I left for town the better. "Yes," I said to myself, "I will make my exit to-morrow, or at least as soon as I can get away." Then I fell to thinking about my uncanny experience with the sphinx. I was not satisfied that it was an illusion of the senses, and yet I could think of no possible explanation of it. It could not be a trick, for there was no mechanism about the little table, with its slender stem and two knick-knacks. Ventriloquism, too, was out of the question. I did not know what to make of it. It occurred to me to consult the library about "illusions," "dreams," "spiritualism," &c., and I went to it at once. On the library table lay a collection of newspapers and periodicals, some of which were scientific, others popular. There was an electrical journal amongst the former, with an illustrated cover which interested me. I took it up, and it opened at a marked page. The mystery of the sphinx was at once revealed. On this page was a diagram representing the practical use of a new invention called the telephone, an instrument for conveying actual speech by means of electricity. It was the first I had heard of the articulating telephone.

I saw it all now. Charley's brother Frank was an electrician by profession, and he had brought home with him two small American telephones. The girls had conceived the idea of tricking me by their means, and had got him to fix up a telephone wire for them, while they had skilfully enclosed the little instrument in the sphinx pin-cushion on the writing-table. No doubt they had the other telephone at the other end of the wire in a convenient place, where they could use it without being seen or heard, and thus by speaking into it they were enabled to act the Oracle of Tum, since the telephone inside the sphinx reproduced whatever sounds they made. This revelation filled me with glee and triumph. I now recollected about the laughter at the beginning, and sudden

stoppage of the oracle at the end of the conversation I had had with the sphinx; and as I did not doubt that Rose Herrick played the oracle, I imagined that Ethel had suddenly ended the *séance* by forcibly stopping her mouth.

I went to my sitting-room and examined the sphinx and table. Sure enough, I felt the hard frame of the telephone inside the pin-cushion, and traced the wire, a fine silk-covered wire, like thread, down the leg of the table, under the carpet, and up the wall, till it joined the ordinary bell-wire of the room, which had been utilised as part of the telephone circuit.

Evening came, and the young ladies returned. I met them with my usual manner. They had had a splendid day, and so wished I had been along with them. I had quite lost myself, moping up in the house all day. The shooting party arrived soon after, and we all spent a comfortable, sociable evening in the drawing-room, with music and conversation.

When the ladies had retired for the night, I was not long in following suit. I went at once to my chamber, and took my seat as quietly as possible beside the little writing-table, and applied my ear to the sphinx. I could hear indistinct sounds, as of speaking, and occasionally a little low laughter. In a few moments the sounds became more distinct, and I heard perfectly, as well as recognised, the voices of the speakers—Rose and Ethel!

"I wonder if he is in his room yet?" said Rose.

"Oh, no, he can't be," said Ethel; "gentlemen never break up all at once."

"Now, Ethel, after stopping me last night, confess you do like Mr. Temple—a little."

"Well, then, I do like him—a little."

"And you don't care for Mr. Heywood—not much."

"And I don't care for Mr. Heywood—not much; but I know who does."

This was indeed a revelation to me. The blood rushed into my face, and my heart palpitated so that I feared they might hear it through the telephone.

"Who would have thought Mr. Temple was a poet?" said Rose.

I strove hard to hear more, but could only make out indistinct sounds. Suddenly it occurred to me to make a noise to attract their attention, and inform them that I had got to my room. I flung myself heavily into the easy-chair, and heaved a long, hopeless sigh.

"Oh, there he is!" I heard Rose say, in an intense whisper. "Did you hear that groan? Oh! he is very bad."

There was a period of silence. Then I heard a voice issuing from the sphinx in lofty and solemn tones. It was the voice of the Oracle of Tum.

"Child of mortals," it began, "where art thou?"

"Oracle of Tum," I replied, "here am I."

"Wouldst thou know to whom thy destiny is linked in future? Wouldst thou know the fate that hangs over thy love? Wouldst thou lift the veil of the unknown to gaze upon the features of thy beloved? Thou whose soul is yearning for a daughter of thy transient race, wouldst thou know if she loves thee?"

"Oracle of Tum," I replied, in calm and measured accents, "know that I am indifferent. Know that a child of mortals, that passionate and feeble race which you seem to despise, can also display the unshaken self-command of an immortal. I solicit no revelations from destiny; I am content to wait with fortitude. Oracle of Tum, I am indifferent."

I heard a half-suppressed "Oh my!" and that was all. Need I say that I went to bed one of the happiest of men.

The next morning I preserved my usual gravity at breakfast, and read my letters diligently, but with agitated thoughts. During the forenoon I found an opportunity to seek Miss Ethel in the garden, where she happened to be alone.

"Miss Ethel," I said, as we reached an arbour at the end of the Pear-tree Walk, "I had a strange experience last night."

She blushed very deeply, and turned aside her head.

"Did you ever hear of the Oracle of Tum?"

There was no reply.

"Ethel," I said earnestly, taking her hand, "you know that I love you. I am here to ask you if you return my love—to ask you if you will be my wife."

Ethel Deben was as true then as she had ever been. I took her in my arms, and she laid her beautiful head on my breast.

At this moment there was a light foot on the walk and a light laugh on the air. We looked up, and saw Rose Herrick tripping towards us with a roguish look in her face, while Mr. Heywood stood behind at the far end of the walk.

"Destiny has revealed itself at last," she said, in coming forward.

"In spite of Tum's great oracle," I replied.

"Well, did I not tell you that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in your philosophy?"

"Name them," said I.

"Why, the telephone. And did I not tell you that there were angels still who came to do good deeds to men?"

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why, myself," answered Rose.

"That is Mr. Heywood at the end of the walk. Had we not better go to him?" said Ethel.

"That is my own Tum," said Rose, "and henceforth I am his own exclusive oracle." J. MUNRO.

WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

HAVE you forgotten, little wife,
Our far-off childhood's golden life?
Our splendid castles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,
The dreams we had! the songs we made!
The sunshine! and the woven shade!
The tears of many a sad good-bye,
When we were parted, you and I!

The rain that caught us in the wood,
The cakes we had when we were good,
The doll I broke and made you cry,
When we were children, you and I!

Have you forgotten, little wife,
The dawning of that other life?
The strange new light the whole world wore,
When life love's perfect blossom bore!

Ah, nay! your loving heart, I know,
Remembers still the long-ago;
It is the light of childhood's days
That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence, and faith, and truth,
The smiles, the tears, and hopes gone by,
When we were children, you and I.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

POPULAR PAPERS ON ENGLISH LAW.

BY A SOLICITOR.

II.—"PUT HIM IN THE COUNTY COURT."

THE County Courts, as now constituted and amended by successive statutes, have jurisdiction in various matters, including what is technically known as "equitable" jurisdiction, previously enjoyed by the Court of Chancery only. But it is for *the recovery of small debts under* £50 that their aid is chiefly sought,* and in this short paper I propose to treat only of that part of its business. Let us take an imaginary case and, for the sake of learning the process, carry it into and through the court.

You are a tradesman; you have supplied goods on credit to a resident in your town; the account has been standing for some time, and he does not pay it; you know he has the means of doing so, and rather than "stand out" of the money any longer and lose interest on it, you determine to sue him for it—to "put him in the County Court."

Now the first thing is to see whether the County Court can settle your claim for you: that is, has it jurisdiction? If your claim is not more than £50 (whether on a balance of account or not) it can do so; and even in claims involving more than £50, the court may adjudicate the case if both parties consent. We will take your claim to be £25, and we see at once that the proper place for redress is one of the County Courts. But which court? The plaint (all actions are commenced by plaint) must be entered at the court in the district of which the defendant, or one of the defendants, *dwells or carries on business.* Supposing, however, your troublesome debtor has within the last few days left the neighbourhood and gone to another part of the country, into another County Court district. Even then, by leave of the judge or the registrar of the court (the "leave" is obtained as a mere matter of form, without difficulty), you may enter your plaint in the court of your own town, because it is that of the district in which the defendant shall have dwelt or carried on his business at "any time within six calendar months next before" the entry of the plaint, or, at least, it will come under the definition of the place where "the cause of action wholly or in part arose." Writing, as I probably am, as much for the benefit of Londoners as of country folk, an exception ought to be here mentioned, that where the plaintiff dwells or carries on business within one of the metropolitan districts, or in the City of London, and the defendant dwells or carries on business within any one of those districts, or within the City of London, the summons may issue either in the plaintiff's or defendant's district.

* In 1876, as appears from a Parliamentary return, there were 929,150 plaints entered for sums not exceeding £20; 17,378 above £20 and not exceeding £50; and by agreement above £50, 168 only.

Before proceeding further with our action, it will be well to make clear *who* may sue and be sued.

I am taking it for granted that you, my imaginary plaintiff, are of full age. But supposing you had been an "infant" (that is, under twenty-one years of age), could you have commenced this action for the price of goods sold in your own name? No, you could not. An infant can sue in the same manner as if of full age for any sum of money not exceeding £20 which may be due to him for wages or piece-work, or for work as a servant; but in all other cases (such as our supposititious one) he has to get his "next friend" to attend with him at the registrar's office, and the plaint will not be entered until the next friend has given an undertaking in writing to be responsible for the costs, and the latter becomes virtually the plaintiff, although the cause proceeds in "the name of the infant by such next friend." An infant can only appear in the character of defendant by a guardian, the judge being empowered to appoint any person in court, or even the registrar, to be such guardian, when necessary. It is useful, too, to remember that any executor or administrator may sue and be sued in the same way as if he were a party in his own right.

Now, then, to enter the plaint, assuming that you have made up your mind that the court is the proper one, and will have jurisdiction in your case. You must first go to the office of the County Court, and upon application to the registrar, or his clerk, he will enter the particulars of the plaint in a book, stating the names (the surname of the defendant, with or without initials, will be sufficient, if the plaintiff does not know the Christian name) and last known places of abode of the parties, and the substance of the action. In every case where the sum sought to be recovered exceeds forty shillings, it is necessary to furnish, at the registrar's office, "*particulars of demand*," which are treated as part of the summons. As to these particulars, the general rule seems to be that a defendant is entitled to such particulars of the plaintiff's demand as will give him that information which a reasonable man would require respecting the matters against which he has to defend himself. In your own matter it will be necessary to give particulars of all the goods which you have supplied to the defendant and which he has not paid for, although you may have furnished them to him many times before; supposing, however, he has paid you some money "on account of" his debt, you are not obliged to show this in your particulars, but you *may* do so in order to save the expense of proof by the defendant.

At the time of entering the plaint the registrar will give you a *plaint note*, impressed with the seal of the court to show its official birth. Now, this plaint note is an important document, and should be taken care of; it had better be placed in the pocket-book, and

always carried about with you. For on the face of it are printed these words:—"*Bring this note when you come to the court or to the office for any purpose connected with this cause.*" It is surprising how many plaintiffs overlook this most simple direction, in spite of its being printed generally in bold, heavy type. The object of having it always produced on these occasions is, of course, to furnish the officials with the distinctive number of the plaint (which appears on every such note) for reference, and also with evidence of the plaintiff's, or his solicitor's, authority. Again, the following notification is made on the same paper:—"Money will be paid out of court *only* on production of this note, and upon your or your agent's *personal attendance.*"

The plaint note, after stating the court and names of the parties, and showing the fees paid by you on entering the plaint—which, of course, you will seek to add to your claim and recover from the defendant—informs you that "the above cause was entered this day, and will be tried" at such a place (*i.e.*, the court) on such a day, and at such an hour. This is for your own information. The defendant gets supplied with his by a more unpleasant medium—the *summons*.

The form of this document needs no description; it naturally gives all the information which you supplied at the outset to the registrar, and it summons the defendant to appear at the sitting of the County Court appointed upon the plaint note which you have. The date of the summons must be the day on which you enter the plaint, and it is treated as the commencement of the suit. If the summons has been issued "by leave of the court," or of the registrar, that fact is stated on the face of it.

The next step is to "serve" the summons. With this you have nothing to do; the registrar hands the summons over to the high bailiff of his district forthwith, and it is the duty of the bailiff to see that it is served upon the defendant. The service must be effected at least ten clear days before the "return of the summons"—that is, before the day on which the defendant is warned to appear. No summons or other process may be served on Sunday, Christmas Day, Good Friday, the day following Good Friday, or any day appointed for a public fast, humiliation, or thanksgiving, or on days on which the County Court offices are closed; but such days are counted in the computation of the time required in respect of such service. Except in special cases (where the defendant is on board ship, or down in a mine, or in certain other places difficult of access), the summons must be served either upon the defendant personally, or by delivering it to some person, apparently sixteen years old, at the house, or place of dwelling, or place of business of the defendant. No place of business, however, is deemed the place of business of the defendant unless he is the master, or one of the masters, of it. Whenever the defendant keeps his house, or place of dwelling or business, closed in order to prevent the bailiff from serving him, it is sufficient to affix the summons on the door. And if the defendant forgets himself so far as to use threats of violence towards the bailiff, that official is allowed to leave the summons "as near to the defendant as practicable."

Supposing, as before suggested, that your debtor is now residing within another district, the registrar sends the summons by post to the bailiff of the "foreign court," and it is served by the latter.

By important Acts of Parliament, called the Statutes of Limitation, certain claims are barred after the lapse of certain periods. In the case of an ordinary debt, for instance, if the creditor obtains no admission of the debtor's liability (by part payment, by written promise, or the like) within six years after the money first became due, the debt ceases altogether. And if any acknowledgment of the liability is made, "the statute begins to run," as it is termed, from the date of acknowledgment. To prevent any such limitation of the plaintiff's right of action, by reason of the defendant keeping out of the way to avoid being served with the summons, you, the plaintiff, are allowed to issue successive summonses, which bear the same date and number as the first, and are a continuance of it. Each is in force for twelve calendar months from the time of issue; and, if you take care to issue it before the expiration of the previous summons, it will be sufficient to prevent the operation of the Statutes of Limitation, by extending the period of six years until you succeed in getting the defendant served.

Let us assume that he has been duly served. What is he going to do? Will the summons frighten him, and will he pay the money at once? If so, he must pay it into court, together with the costs incurred by the plaintiff, five clear days before the return-day, so as to allow the registrar to give you due notice of such payment, and prevent your incurring further expense in preparing for trial. The defendant, nevertheless, may make such payment at any time before the return-day, subject to an order to be made by the judge upon the defendant to pay any costs occasioned by the delay in payment. If you accept the amount so paid into court, and give immediate notice to the registrar and the defendant, stating your acceptance, the action will abate. But in default of such notices the cause will proceed to a hearing.

Endorsed upon the summons the defendant will find instructions what to do in other cases. If he *confesses* your claim, he is told to sign and deliver his confession to the registrar five clear days before the day of hearing; but he may deliver his confession at any time before the cause is called on, subject to the payment of any further costs which his delay may have caused you to incur. Judgment may also be taken by *agreement* if you and your debtor can agree as to the amount due and the mode of payment; in which event you have both to sign a memorandum of agreement before the registrar or a solicitor. In either of these cases the defendant will have to pay only half of the fee which would otherwise be payable on the hearing in court. If the defendant admits a *part* only of your claim, he may pay such part into court, with costs proportionate to its amount;

and by so doing he will avoid having to pay further costs, unless you succeed at the hearing in proving a claim against him exceeding the sum which he has so paid in. Whenever the defendant intends to rely upon what is called a *special defence*—such as a set-off, infancy, coverture (*i.e.*, marriage—the plea of a married woman), a Statute of Limitations, or a discharge under a Bankrupt or Insolvent Act—he is obliged to give notice of it to the plaintiff, so as to allow the latter to combat the plea if he thinks fit. As we have taken an ideal case, and intend to carry it into court, it will be necessary to select for your debtor a ground of defence, and let him make the best fight he can. One probable defence in this, an action for £25, which has been long owing to you "for goods sold and delivered," would be the Statutes of Limitation. It has been already explained that, in the case of a debt of this nature, *six years* is the period allowed by the statutes to the creditor within which he may prosecute his claim, and after that time he is shut out from all remedy whatsoever, unless he has succeeded in obtaining an acknowledgment of the debtor's liability, so as to make the statute "begin to run" afresh. Well, we will suppose that your debtor intends to rely upon the limitation defence. He, in effect, tells you—"It may or may not be true that I did owe you the money once; but you have allowed six years to pass without enforcing your claim, and I intend to shelter myself behind the protection of the Statutes of Limitation." This being a "special defence," he has to give to the registrar a notice of it in writing five clear days before the day appointed for the hearing. *Clear* days, it should be explained, are reckoned by excluding the first and last; so that if the hearing is fixed, say, for January 20th, the notice must be in the registrar's hands not later than the 14th. Of course the notice of special defence is immediately communicated to you, the plaintiff, and you set about preparing your "case."

It is not likely that you will require any witnesses, or that they will help you in this matter. What you have to do is to try and find some such admission of the defendant's debt, made within the last six years, as will "take the case out of the statute." Let us suppose that in hunting among your papers you light upon a letter written to you by the defendant two years after the debt was first incurred—that is, four years ago. In this, however, he merely promised to "make a payment on account within a month," and, although this is sufficient to keep alive your claim to something, it is still open to your debtor to dispute the amount when you get into court. No, you had better look further; and if you put your hand upon a letter sending £10 in part payment, and promising "to pay the balance, £25, as soon as possible," you have got something to work with. Assuming that no other payment has been made to you, you may walk into court with confidence. The day of the hearing arrives: you go to the court-house in your own proper person, if you choose; it is not necessary that you employ an advocate. The parties to any action may conduct their own proceedings in court, and they, and their wives, and all other persons may (with one exception) be examined either for the plaintiff or defendant. The defendant must appear in court to answer the plaint. Before the case is called on, the hearing-fee has to be paid by you; this is calculated at the rate of two shillings in the pound on the amount of the claim; so in your case it will be fifty shillings. Of course, if you obtain a judgment, this will be added to your other payments out of pocket (you will have paid a fee of twenty-five shillings, or one shilling in the pound, on entering the plaint), and be paid by the defendant. It is scarcely necessary to say that if the facts are as we have assumed, and you take your letter from the defendant in your hand as the answer to his plea of the Statute of Limitations, the judge will give judgment in your favour. Let us take this as having happened.

The judgment will be for the full amount of your claim, the £25 debt, and the costs which you have incurred, amounting probably altogether to £30. This being a "judgment for a sum exceeding £20," the judge orders the defendant to pay immediately, or within fourteen clear days from the judgment. You may, however, consent that the money be paid by instalments, and then the judge fixes the periods at which the instalments shall fall due. In all cases, whether of payment forthwith or by instalments, the sums ordered to be paid must be paid *into court*, and the registrar gives you notice of every such payment, when you attend at the court to receive it. Default of payment renders the defendant liable to imprisonment for contempt of court, a power which is exercised by the judge with merciful discretion.

In case you refuse your consent to instalments, and the judge orders payment within fourteen days, the defendant will be "in default" if the order is not obeyed. The amount is then recoverable by an execution against the goods of the defendant. You apply to the registrar, and he will issue under the seal of the court a writ of *fieri facias* (so called from the opening words of the writ, anciently written in Latin—"You shall cause to be realised," &c.), abbreviated into *fi. fa.*, as a warrant of execution to the high bailiff. In obedience to this precept the bailiff will put in a distress, and sell enough of your debtor's goods and chattels to pay the judgment debt and the further expenses of the execution.

Without troubling about further remedies, I trust you may now be congratulated upon having recovered your long-standing debt, together with every expense you have been put to in suing for it. You will agree with me that it is a great boon to have such an easy means of compelling payment of our just demands now placed at our disposal; and if you have followed me through the foregoing sketch of a very simple case, you will be able to realise the immense benefit conferred upon the community by the County Court Acts, and how it comes that so great a number (nearly *one million*) of separate plaints have been entered in a single year.

Tears.

Words by J. F. INNES POCOCK. *Music by* J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. D. (Oxon.)

VIOLONCELLO. (*ad lib.*)*

PIANO.

mf

p

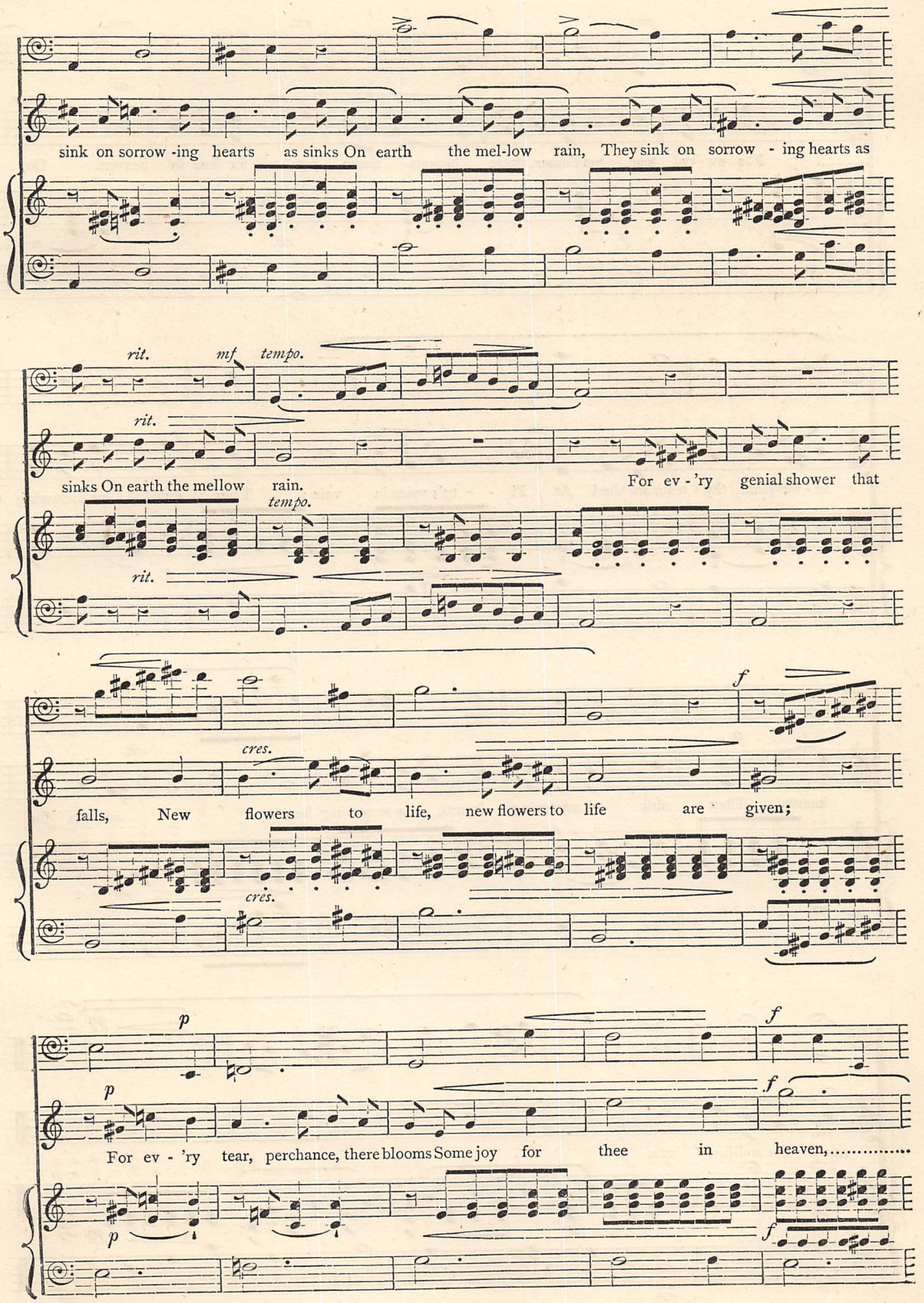
Andante grazioso.

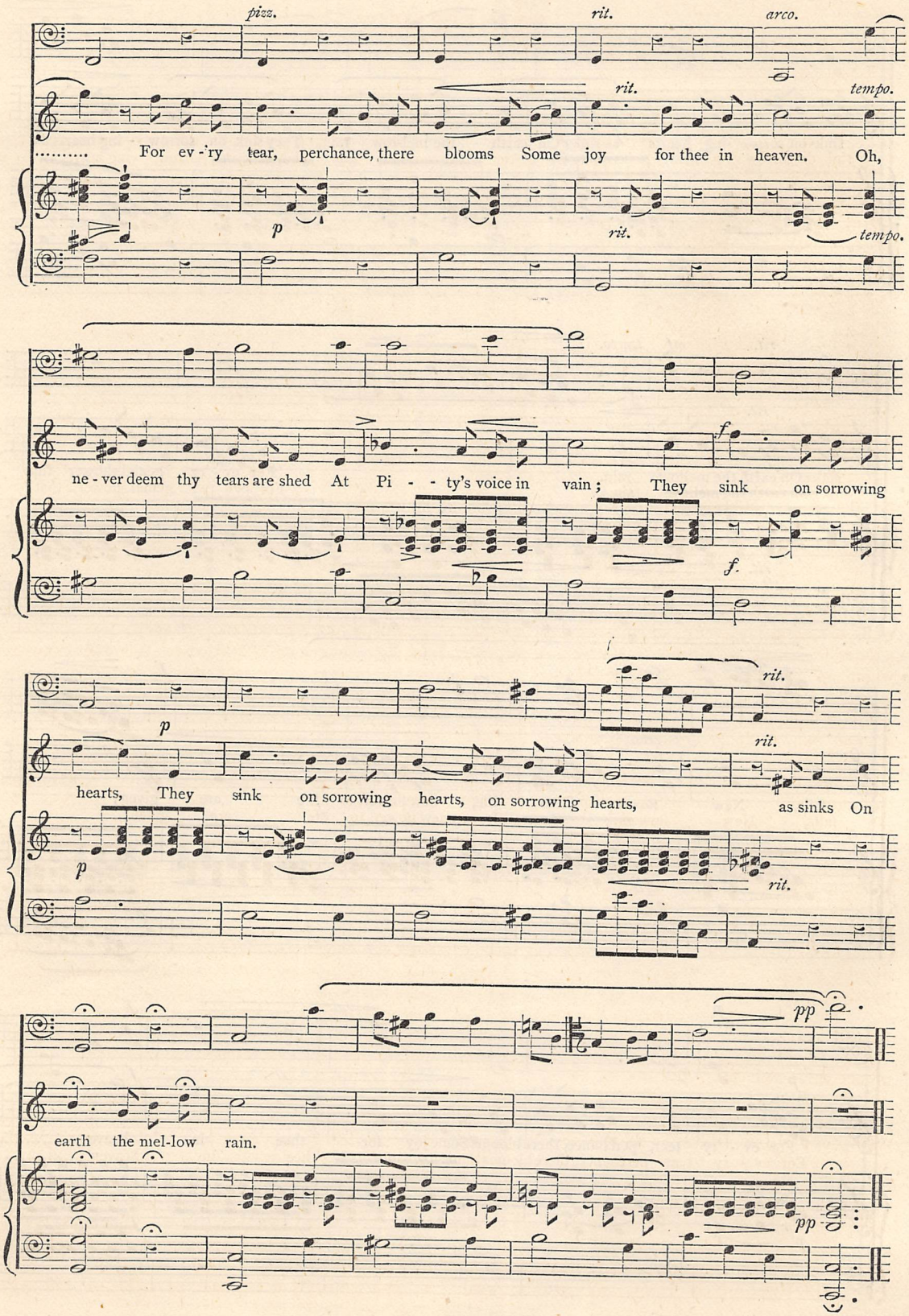
Marcato.

p

Voice. Oh, ne - ver deem thy tears are shed At Pi - - ty's voice in vain; They

* The Song may be accompanied by the Pianoforte alone. The Violoncello part is added for the benefit of those (an increasing number) who play the latter instrument


sink on sorrow -ing hearts as sinks On earth the mel-low rain, They sink on sorrow - ing hearts as
rit.
mf
tempo.
rit.
sinks On earth the mellow rain.
For ev - 'ry genial shower that
tempo.
rit.
f
cres.
falls, New flowers to life, new flowers to life are given;
cres.
p
f
p
f
For ev - 'ry tear, perchance, there blooms Some joy for thee in heaven,.....
p
f


pizz.
rit.
arco.
rit.
tempo.
..... For ev - 'ry tear, perchance, there blooms Some joy for thee in heaven. Oh,
p
rit.
tempo.
ne - ver deem thy tears are shed At Pi - - ty's voice in vain; They sink on sorrowing
f
f.
p
rit.
hearts, They sink on sorrowing hearts, on sorrowing hearts, as sinks On
p
rit.
pp
earth the mel-low rain.
pp

SUSPENSE.

A Story. By the Author of "A Hard Case."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

IN the leisure of the long, hot summer days, I had plenty of time for thinking over all that had befallen me. At first I thought only of myself, of my own pain and humiliation, but by-and-by I began to see that Godwin, too, must be terribly disappointed; if he had confidently reckoned beforehand on my consenting to marry him, so much the greater must his disappointment be. For years now he had known that this fortune might possibly be his; for all I knew his whole life might have been altered by it; his idle wanderings, at which I had often wondered, might have been from the restlessness—the pain of which I knew so well—of uncertainty; and perhaps I was fully as great a stumbling-block in his life as his want of faith—in which, to my sorrow, I still believed—had been in mine.

For a long time my greatest desire was to be assured that I should never see him again, that that at least might be spared me; but after awhile I began to miss him terribly. Mr. Martyn grew day by day more feeble and incapable of managing for himself, yet he steadily resisted all my persuasions to let matters be put into the hands of some trustworthy person, continually lamenting that "Fletcher, who could have helped to put everything straight, never came to see us now," and asking if I could guess the reason, as often forgetting my explanation that some family difficulties made us anxious to avoid meeting for the present. The Martyns had few friends and relations, and even those few had never been welcomed at Wilmington, and it required all the resolution that I could summon up to get through the long, lonely summer months, when from week's end to week's end no one came near us.

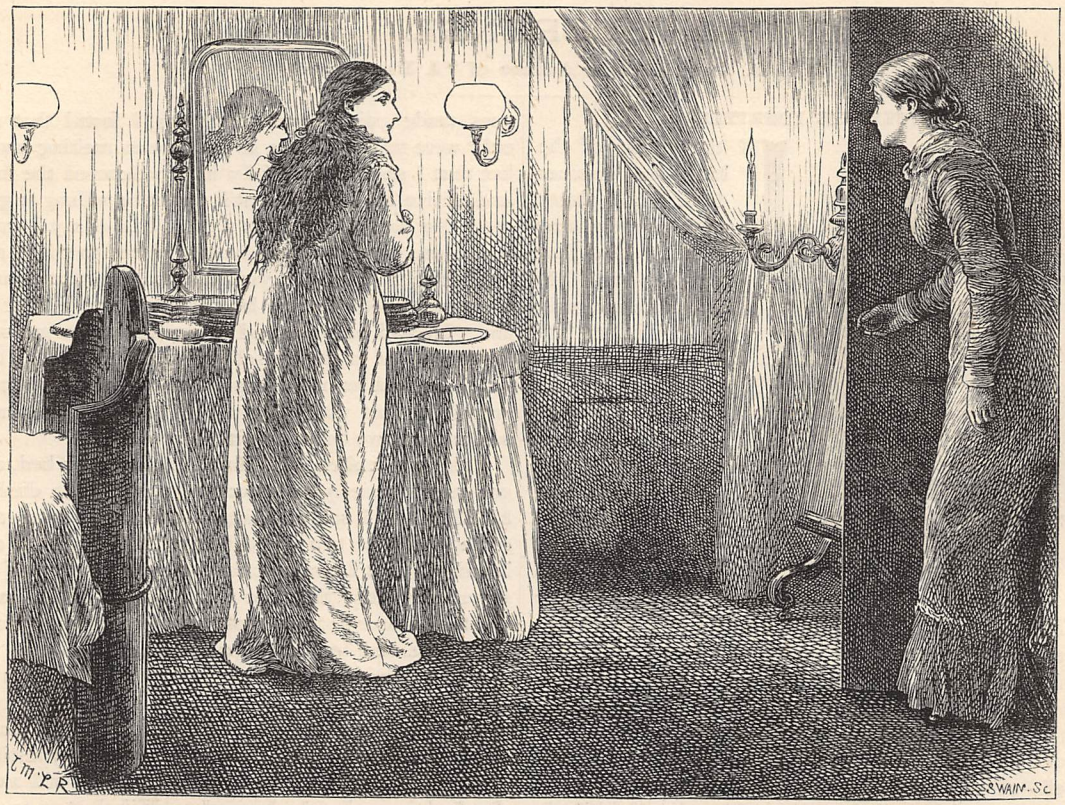
Uncle John and Aunt Lucy had gone abroad for some weeks, and had been very anxious to take me with them, but it was impossible for me to leave Mr. Martyn, and though they thought me foolish for refusing, they had no idea how things really were, or they would have insisted on some change being made. If I had had no other objection, the fact that Godwin proposed joining them on their way home would at first have been enough to prevent me from going; but after a few weeks of solitude, which Mr. Martyn's growing weakness made painful and depressing, I found that not only were my objections to seeing him melting away, but that I should thankfully have welcomed the help and advice I believed he still would be willing to give me. No doubt he thought a great deal of my fortune, and it was for that reason he first wished to marry me, but I tried to comfort myself by thinking that equally there was no doubt that he did also care a little for me. He had been so good to me, had shown me such kindness, had made himself so great a part of my life, that I grieved over the happiness which seemed now impossible, but which I could no longer deny to myself *would* have been happiness.

Late in October, Mr. Martyn took to his bed, and one night—quietly—without any warning, he died in his sleep, as I sat watching beside him. After that came a day or two of such nervous depression and loneliness that I could scarcely bear the sound of the servants' voices; then one night, when I had been in bed for an hour or two, I woke up and felt Carry's arms round me, and her kisses on my face, and heard her assure me, with tears of pity, that I should never be left alone again.

The next day she told me that the baby's health had so much improved, that they had suddenly resolved to come home; and finding Aunt Lucy was still away, she had immediately hurried to Wilmington to get her first welcome from me, leaving Robert in London in charge of the most charming little darling that ever gladdened the eyes of aunt and godmother.

With Carry's return a new life began for me. She took me back with her to London, and after awhile she and Robert settled themselves in a comfortable house close to Aunt Lucy, and surrounded themselves with cheerful society. She would not hear of my shrinking from seeing people, as I felt inclined to do, but insisted on taking me everywhere she went herself; and, as she predicted, after a little while I began thoroughly to enjoy it all, and but for one thing was happier than I had ever been before. At first when I went out I felt as if every one must look at me with pity or disapproval, but I very soon learned what an unimportant person I was, and that therefore I was safe from remark or criticism; and when once I could feel that, I delighted in the change which new scenes and new companions brought me every day.

One of my greatest troubles now was that Carry, as well as Aunt Lucy, was a blind partisan of Godwin's. She could see no fault in him, and feel no sympathy with my doubts, and even with all her affection could scarcely think me deserving of sympathy in what she considered my self-made troubles. But fortunately Robert was different. He felt and showed in one hour more sympathy than I had ever known before. He fully appreciated the greatest of all my difficulties, that however willing I might be to marry Godwin, if I consented now I should be liable to the same



"COMING INTO MY ROOM" (*p.* 289).

imputations I had cast upon him. How could I expect him to believe that I was disinterested, when I had refused to marry him before I knew my fortune depended on it? Yet though Robert felt strongly the force of this difficulty, he did not think it was insuperable.

"You are a perfect child, Grace, in your want of knowledge of yourself," he said with a smile, "and Fletcher must be a fool if he does not know that he will be a happy man at last."

"I dare say he will be happy, but I shall not make him so," I answered half angrily.

"I think you will, my dear—some day; and if you could make up your mind to tell him so before your birthday comes, you would be doing what is right and generous, and showing a confidence you owe him."

"Oh, Robert, he could not believe me! he could only think I wanted to save my fortune."

"I shall not urge you, Grace. I tell Carry she is wrong in doing so; but if you and he ever marry, as I believe that you will, you will consider yourself very foolish for refusing to give him such substantial benefits."

"Robert, do you know who will get it all if I do not?"

"No; I may guess perhaps, but no one but your guardians knows anything about it."

Robert was a wise man, and his words had great weight with me. I knew he was right, and that I should be foolish—and not only foolish, but ungenerous—in refusing to marry Godwin now if I ever meant to do so. Was there any man in the world who could be indifferent to all that it was at this time in my power to give, but which a little later would be gone from me? What a beautiful, happy home Hollywood might be! How could I bear to see it pass into the hands of strangers? All the dreams of my life—of new scenes and foreign countries, of all the pleasures and uses of riches—must fade away if now I voluntarily gave up the means of realising them. After all, why was I so foolish as to expect everything? Godwin would be good to me, of that I was sure; why should I expect him to love me with the romantic love which, after all, was probably only to be met with in novels?

We should be happy enough together, no doubt, if we each tried to forget and forgive a little; and certainly there was no one I could ever like so well, though I saw a great many people now, and there were several who, Carry declared, wished to marry me—with or without a fortune. But Godwin seemed to come between me and every one. Perhaps I should never marry him, and I was never *quite* sure that I wished it; but at any rate, I could think of no one else, and a few weeks before my birthday I made up my mind that if he came home in time, and had not changed—which, of course, was very likely—I would tell him I was willing to throw all my doubts aside and be his wife, if he could feel that he in his turn did not mistrust me.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

ALL through the winter and early spring we heard nothing of Godwin. We knew he was in the south of France, with Mrs. Becher and her daughter, who was now married, but when he intended to come back, or what his plans were, none of us knew. He had not written to me since the day we parted, and I had so completely lost sight of him now, that I began to doubt if there would ever be an opportunity for carrying out the resolution I had come to with so much difficulty.

I had a very happy home with Carry; the mere fact of being with her once more would have been almost enough for happiness, but besides this, I had the kindest brother, the dearest little niece, Aunt Lucy's pleasant house to go to if I wished for a change, and more variety in one week than I had had in many years before. But a painful feeling of doubt and self-dissatisfaction tormented me, and I sometimes longed for the quiet of Wilmington, where there was no one to notice sad looks and heavy eyes; for which Carry's unfailing, though not always successful, remedy was a party or a concert, where I certainly forgot my troubles for the time, but which gave me no help in resolving what would be the best means of atoning for all the mistakes and follies of which I had been guilty.

Early in May, Aunt Lucy had a letter from Godwin, saying that he had promised to bring Mrs. Becher back to England, and that, therefore, his return would be delayed until two days before my birthday, which he thought would be of no consequence, as there was little business to be arranged until afterwards. He hoped to call at Aunt Lucy's house on the evening of the thirteenth—my birthday was on the fifteenth—and she could tell him of any arrangements I wished to have made.

"Surely you will see him yourself, Grace!" said Carry, when I told her of the letter.

"I do not know."

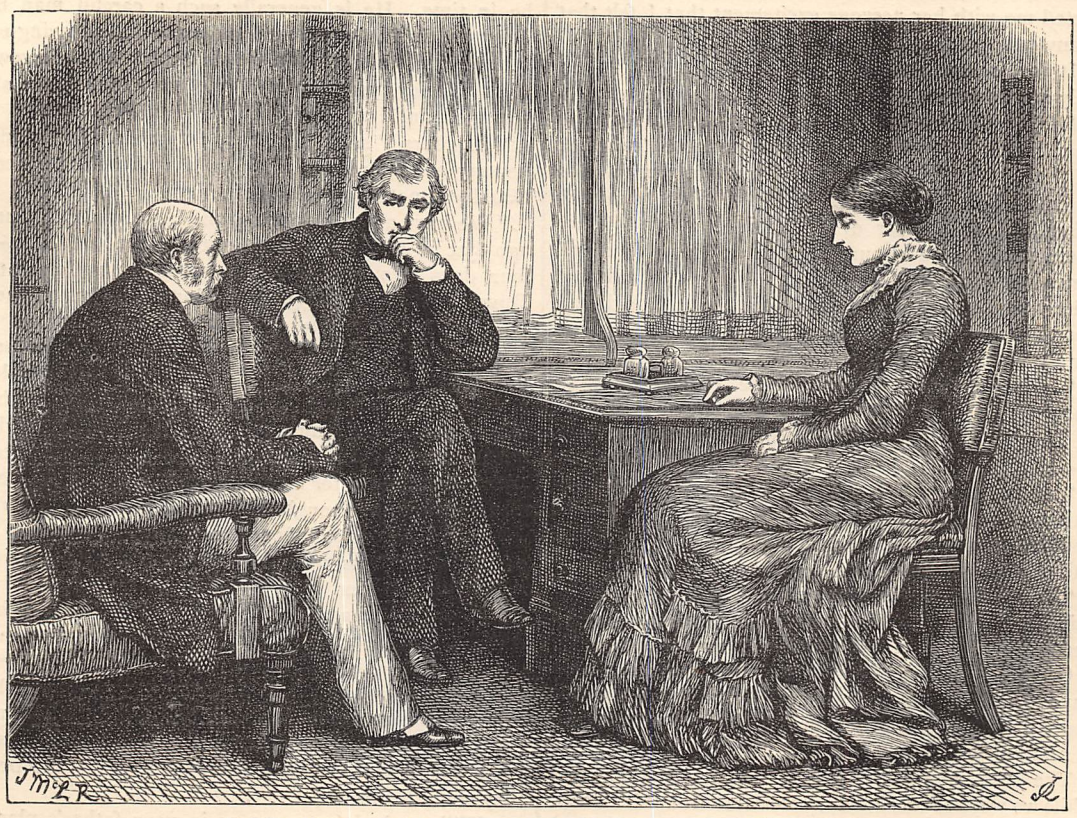
"Oh, you foolish girl! You cannot really mean to be so obstinate. Of course, he is coming back to ask you again."

"Not till after my birthday; he told me he would not; but he seemed to think that some time his circumstances would change, so that he could ask me to marry him, even though I was poor. I thought, perhaps, he would have worked hard all this time, and would have done something to show that he was in earnest, but he has not; and now I believe he will give me no opportunity of telling him——"

"What, dear Grace? Of acknowledging how foolish you have been, and that you think differently now?"

"That perhaps after all I have been too exacting, and have expected too much of him; but I cannot say all that at the last moment."

"Why not? It will be hard, I know, but think what depends upon it. Oh, Gracie, I should have nothing to wish for if you and he were married! There must be something in it all we know nothing about. Why



"VERY KINDLY AND PATIENTLY THEY ARGUED WITH ME" (*p.* 291).

can you not just trust to him, instead of making yourself miserable?"

"How *can* I say anything now, when I have refused so long? I think he could not wish it."

"Will you let me do what I can with him?"

"No. I must do it myself, if it is done at all: I owe him that, at least; but, Carry, no one must talk to me about it, for I don't know what I shall do at last." And with the greatest care Carry shielded me from all questioning, she and Robert both thinking that now everything must be left to my own judgment.

The day Godwin was expected, Carry, Robert, and I went to Aunt Lucy's to stay till after my birthday.

"You will speak to him alone when he comes to-night, Gracie?" asked Carry anxiously, coming into my room while I was dressing for dinner.

"Yes."

"And you will tell him——?"

"I don't know what I shall tell him. Don't ask me."

"Dear Gracie, only remember how important it is, and don't let a foolish pride change all your life."

"No. I think all that is gone now; but when I see him again, I don't know what I shall feel."

We expected Godwin about nine o'clock, and judging by Carry's restlessness, she was more excited about his coming than I was. She could not eat her dinner, and when we went back to the drawing-room could not sit still for a moment, but moved backwards and forwards, and watched the doors, till she so infected me with her nervous excitement that I felt that if any one spoke to me I should cry like a child.

It was, indeed, an important time for me. There was only one day more now, after nearly five years' waiting, before it would be decided not only whether I was to be rich or poor, insignificant or important, but whether all the pain and doubt of these uncertain years was to be ended by a happy marriage. Could we trust each other, and silence for ever all our doubts? If we could not be sure of our power to do this, a hundred times better it would be for both—in spite of all that other people urged against it—that we should say good-bye to-night, knowing that we parted now, not for a time, but for always.

"It is getting late," said Uncle John, coming in about half-past ten. "I wonder what has become of Fletcher; I should scarcely think he would be here to-night."

"He must have missed his train," said Aunt Lucy quietly; but I could see both she and Carry were vexed and a little uneasy, while my chief thought was that he had changed his mind and did not intend to come.

"You look tired, Gracie, and had better go to bed," said Robert kindly. "Fletcher knows they are early people in this house, and would not come now."

Carry followed me to my room, and would willingly have talked for hours over every possible thing that could have prevented his coming, but I could not bear it, and begged her to go away.

The next morning brought no explanation, and while we were at breakfast a note came from Mr. Nash, asking if we knew anything about Godwin, as he had neither kept his appointment with him the night before nor written to say what had prevented him. Of course, we could tell him nothing, and Robert could only suggest that he had missed the boat from Calais and would come by the next. We all tried to believe this sensible explanation, but neither Carry nor I could succeed, and I knew she was thinking of all sorts of horrible accidents, and was frightened at every ring at the bell.

"Now, Carry," said Robert, about twelve o'clock, "I won't have you fidgeting about all day. You and Grace had better go and buy some new dresses, or choose those pearls we are to give her for her birthday."

But we knew we could not give our minds to either of those important things just then, and could only take refuge with the baby, who was evidently astonished at the unusual amount of attention bestowed upon her by her mother and aunt that day.

Robert went out late in the afternoon, and Carry told me, when he came back, that he had met the train by which Godwin was expected and that he had not come.

"I think we can scarcely expect him to-night now," he said; "the trains both from Folkestone and Dover have come in; but it is certainly odd we have heard nothing from him."

In the evening Mr. Nash came in equal perplexity. "It is very annoying, but fortunately there is not much business to be done, and if he comes to-morrow it will be in time. He is generally such a careful man of business, that I don't at all understand his leaving us in the dark like this. If he does not come to-morrow, Miss Warley, you must tell me anything you wish arranged, and I will settle it for you as best I can."

"Of course," said Aunt Lucy; "we are all thinking he may be ill, or some accident may have happened. Could you not telegraph to his friends at Biarritz?"

"We have already done so, and heard several hours ago that he and Mrs. Becher started on the tenth—four days ago—and were to cross from Calais to Dover. This tells us nothing, but it makes further inquiries useless for the present."

The morning of my birthday brought no relief from the anxiety which was now becoming unendurable. Robert and Uncle John could no longer laugh at the idea of there being anything wrong; something awkward and unlooked for, at least, must have happened, for they would not for a moment accept my suggestion that, perhaps, he thought the matter of little importance, and deserving of no special haste. It was a matter of business, not of private opinion, they said, and my supposition was impossible.

Evening came, and still no tidings; then Uncle John told me that he and Mr. Nash wished to speak to me, and I followed him into the library. They told me that the time was so nearly over now when it would be in my power to accept this fortune, that we could no longer wait for Godwin's coming. Would I tell them what my wishes were, and allow them to do the best they could for me?

"Will you look upon me as in your father's place,

(Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.)

"A LIKENESS OF OUR FLOW'RET FAIR."

dear," said Uncle John, "and tell me if you will consent to marry Godwin?"

"Oh, I cannot! I still think he may have changed his mind. I would rather lose it all than promise now."

Very kindly and patiently they argued with me, neither blaming me nor ridiculing my objections, but trying to explain them away, but I *could* not be convinced.

"I think Miss Warley is right," said Mr. Nash at last. "She could not promise to marry Fletcher with these doubts in her mind. We must honour her strength of purpose in so steadily resisting temptation."

Then I left them, knowing that my last chance was gone, that all my dreams of riches and power had passed away, and that if Godwin ever came back to me now it would be because he loved me, and that no shadow of doubt could come between us again.

"Gracie, I can't go to bed," said Carry, creeping into my room about twelve o'clock. "Robert says I am very foolish, but I knew you would be awake, and I want to stay with you a little while."

For a long time we sat there together in the half-dark room, holding each other's hands.

"Carry, I believe if he was alive he would have come," I said at last, half afraid to utter the thought that had been in my mind all day.

"I believe it too," she answered, "if it was possible for him, but there may be many things we know nothing of. Hark! that is three o'clock. Go to bed now, dearest, and I will sit by you till you are asleep."

Late the next morning I awoke, and found Carry bending over me.

"Darling, he is coming!" she cried, bursting into happy tears. "That is all we know—but, oh, we are so glad!"

Presently Aunt Lucy came in and told me all there was to tell—that a telegram had just come, merely saying that he had been unavoidably detained, but hoped to be with us a few hours later.

"Oh, Gracie, how vexatious that it should be too late, and all chance of your fortune gone!"

I did not tell her that in my own heart at that moment I was glad, nor was there room there for any other feeling than thankfulness for his safety.

He came early in the evening. I could not go down to meet him at first, but after a little, Carry came for me.

"It wasn't his fault in the least, dear," she said; "Mrs. Becher fell ill in a little French town, and he couldn't leave her, for her maid did not know a word of French. He sent message after message here and to Biarritz, and never doubted that it was all right until yesterday, when he found that, from carelessness and ignorance, not one of them had ever been sent. Go down to him now, Gracie; he is waiting for you."

She went with me and left me at the door.

Godwin was there alone, and came and took my hand.

"I have come for you, Grace, as I promised. What will you say to me?"

"Oh, Godwin! when all my fortune is gone?"

"Yes. Will you trust me now?" But I think he did not need my answer.

"Have you no curiosity to know what becomes of your fortune?" he asked presently.

"Yes, but I had forgotten it just now. Tell me."

"Guess."

"I cannot."

"It was all left to me if you rejected it."

"Oh, Godwin! and you knew it all the time?"

"Yes," he answered. "So you see it all came to the same thing in the end."

THE END.

OUR LILY OF LOVE.

OUR babe? Alas! she is no longer ours;
God sent His silent gardener one day
To cull a posy of earth's rarest flowers.
Moving at leisure 'mong love's brightest bowers,
He paused to pluck our lily from her spray.

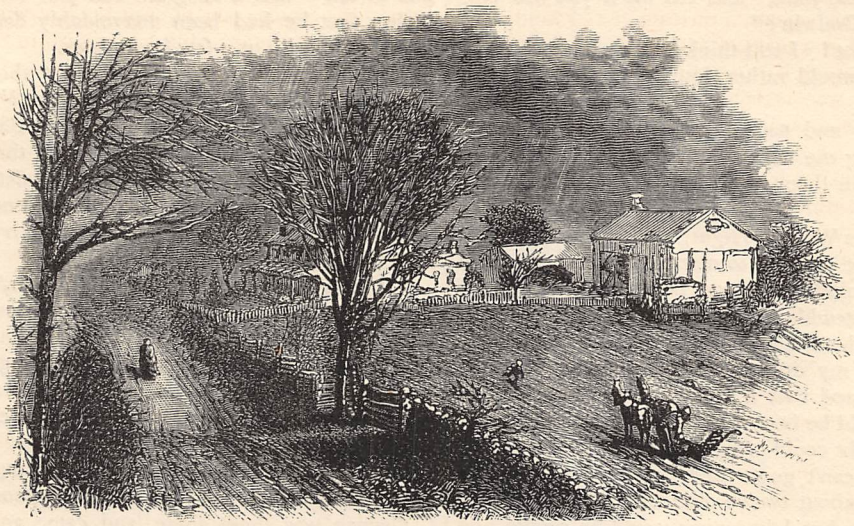
The tender petals closed around the fair,
Sweet heart, all innocence and purity;
We saw our blossom droop, and pleaded, "Spare!"
A soft voice, floating earthward through the air,
Breathed, "Be resigned; it is the Lord's decree!"

Mutely we knelt beside our flow'ret's bed,
Hand-linked in tearful trouble, half inclined
To murmur at the mandate that had sped
With lightning swiftness through our hearts, and spread
Death's dearth o'er all. Anon we grew resigned:
Resigned, because we knew she was not lost;
Resigned, because we knew our bud of love
(When the dark boundary of death was crossed,
And God had wiped away the clinging frost)
Would bloom for aye in heaven's bowers above.

Here is a ringlet of our darling's hair,
Soft as the softest silk, and golden bright
As sunshine shimmering through summer air;
And here a likeness of our flow'ret fair
Who blossoms now in realms that know no night.

The days seem dull, however bright the sun,
And we are mournful now who erst were gay;
But we will hope until our lives are done,
That we in heaven may see our little one
Blossoming on a pure celestial spray.

LETO.



APRIL SHOWERS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., LATE SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, AUTHOR OF "MARCH WINDS."

"March winds and APRIL SHOWERS
Bring forth May flowers."

PERHAPS there are few among the more familiar phenomena of weather which are in reality less clearly understood than the fall of rain, whether steadily or in showers. Let me not be misunderstood. We know clearly whence the rain comes and how it is caused to fall. We know well the conditions under which clouds either drop their waters on the earth, or retain them in the form of visible cloud, or yield them to the surrounding air in the form of invisible vapour. But we have no clear knowledge how these conditions are brought about, and we do not as yet understand how the quantity of rainfall is determined by the conditions prevailing in particular cases. We have not even yet quite certainly ascertained the laws according to which the rain-drops as they fall increase in size, though the increase takes place within a range of fall through which we can watch and measure the falling drops.

The showery weather which often, although not always, occurs in April is not only an interesting phenomenon in itself, but one which if carefully studied may serve to throw light on the laws which regulate the fall of rain. It has indeed long seemed to me that our students of meteorology might learn to interpret many as yet unexplained phenomena, and might even obtain to some degree the much-desired power of predicting weather, if they would change their plan of attack upon these problems. I cannot see how the mere accumulation of elaborate observations is to help them to this desirable end: nay, one may very confidently assert that the experiment has been fully tried, much too fully in fact, and that it has resulted in utter failure. But if they would consider the more familiar phenomena first, such as March winds, April showers, November fogs, and so forth—would note under what conditions these phenomena occur or fail to occur, how they are related together (for instance, whether a windy March is commonly or always followed by a showery April) and so forth, they would find in the interpretation of such relations by known physical laws at once a comparatively simple task, and an exceedingly useful first step towards the recognition of wider and deeper laws.

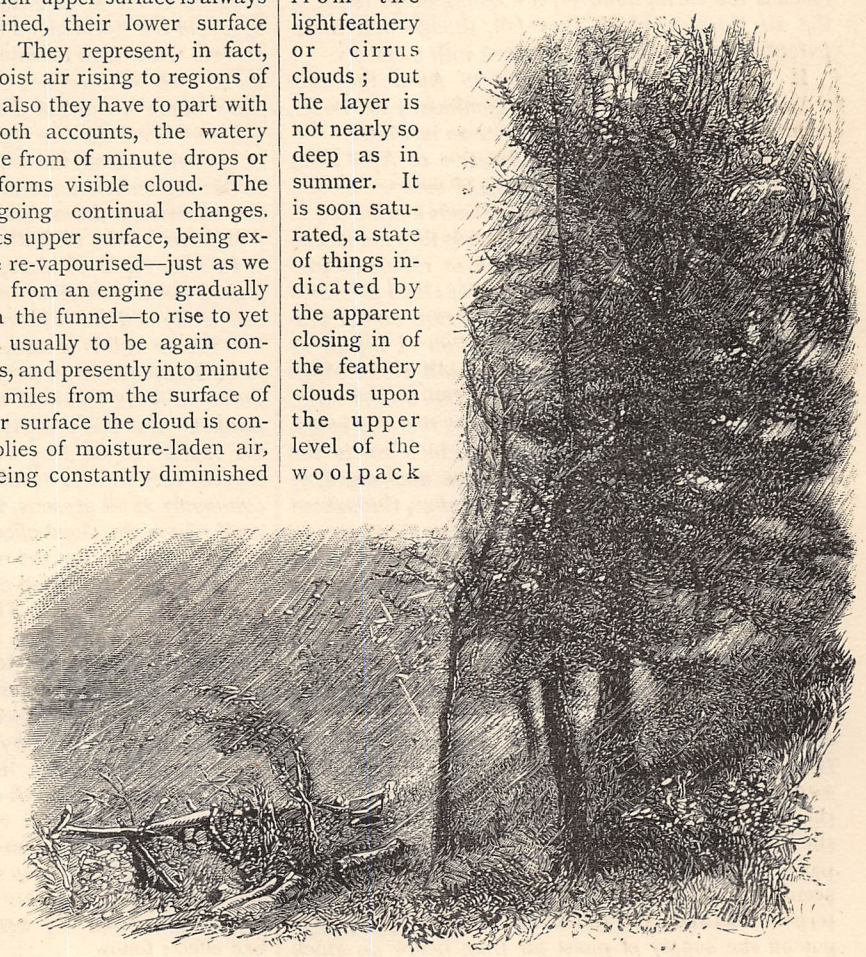
Here, of course, a task of this kind could not properly be attempted. But it will be interesting, and may perhaps be profitable, to consider April showers in this way, that is with reference to their cause and significance, rather than in the *merely* statistical fashion too commonly adopted in works on meteorology. We may not be able to explain all the facts or even the leading facts, but these facts need not be the less clearly recognised because we at least try to understand their significance both as they are effects and as they are causes of other meteorological phenomena.

The occurrence of a shower of rain—that is, of rain falling over a limited area and during a limited time—implies several conditions. In the first place, there must probably have been raised into the air, or brought within certain regions of the air, a quantity of aqueous vapour. It is not necessary that fresh supplies of watery vapour should have been poured into the aërial regions from which the rain-cloud was formed; for it is known that if two masses of air unequally warm and each saturated with moisture are mixed together, the resulting mass will be over-saturated and some portion of the moisture will make its presence manifest by assuming the form of visible cloud. Again, it is

not actually necessary even that, failing the accession of fresh aqueous vapour, a mixture of this kind should take place. For a mass of saturated air—by which is meant a mixture of air (oxygen and nitrogen) with so much of the true invisible vapour of water as can exist in it without being partly changed to the form of visible cloud—if it passes to a region of diminished pressure will expand, and in the expanded condition will be over-saturated, so that visible cloud will be formed. So also such air, if it be so situated as to part with more heat than it receives, and so grows cooler, will have to part with some of its moisture. But usually the formation of visible cloud, and still more the occurrence of a shower of rain, implies either the introduction of watery vapour in excess into the region where the cloud is formed, or else the mixture of two masses of air unequally warm and each already fully saturated.

Now, in midsummer we often have an opportunity of witnessing the formation of large separate clouds. In May and June, for instance, we often see after the sun has risen in a clear sky, that white masses of cloud form at a considerable height above the ground, growing larger and larger, and changing rapidly in form ; and noting their shape we recognise how they are produced. Their upper surface is always rounded and sharply outlined, their lower surface horizontal and ill-defined. They represent, in fact, the heads of columns of moist air rising to regions of diminished pressure, where also they have to part with their heat ; so that, on both accounts, the watery vapour is condensed into the from of minute drops or vesicles of water, and so forms visible cloud. The cloud so formed is undergoing continual changes. The water-drops forming its upper surface, being exposed to the sun's rays, are re-vapourised—just as we see the visible steam-cloud from an engine gradually dissolved at a distance from the funnel—to rise to yet higher aërial regions, and usually to be again condensed, first into water-drops, and presently into minute ice-crystals, ten or twelve miles from the surface of the earth. But at the lower surface the cloud is continually fed with fresh supplies of moisture-laden air, so that the cloud, though being constantly diminished above, is constantly maintained from below, or indeed until the mid-day heats are passed is somewhat more than maintained, such clouds commonly growing in size until the afternooon is somewhat advanced.

Now this, which happens in the warmer months, serves to explain what happens, but is not so easily observed, in April, at least when April is showery. The warm air in summer can retain much larger quantities of the vapour of water without becoming saturated, than the cooler air of April. In winter, indeed, the air can retain still less moisture without the formation of visible cloud ; but then in the winter months not only is much less aqueous vapour raised into the air (strange though it may seem), but during the greater part of the time what is so raised is quickly condensed by the cold into the form of visible cloud, which often lies so low—that is, condensation occurs so quickly after evaporation from the surface of the ground—that we find ourselves in the midst of the cloud so formed : in other words, fog prevails. But after the winter months are passed, a state of things intermediate to the wintry and summer conditions may very commonly be noticed. On the one hand, there is not wide-spreading fog, haze, or cloud at low levels ; and on the other hand, the clouds which are formed by the rising vapour do not rise to a great height. The cold strata of air where the vapour is condensed into visible cloud lie lower down. Nor, again, can the upper surface of the clouds so formed part constantly or freely with their moisture into a higher comparatively dry layer of air as in summer. There is such a layer at first separating the upper level of the woolpack, or cumulus clouds, from the light feathery or cirrus clouds ; but the layer is not nearly so deep as in summer. It is soon saturated, a state of things indicated by the apparent closing in of the feathery clouds upon the upper level of the woolpack



clouds. Unable to pour off, then, the excess of moisture from their upper surface, the woolpack clouds grow larger all round and at their lower surface.

What is really happening when this is seen, is that the continually uprising streams of moist air from below feed the cloud more quickly than the cloud can be dissipated by the sun's rays. When a cloud, as on the summer days described, is dissipated as fast as formed, it is continually changing. Minute drops of water are slowly falling from its lower surface into relatively dry air, where they return to the form of vapour. And at its upper surface the cloud is continually being dissipated or eaten away by the sun's rays as fast as formed. But when this process of dissipation can no longer carry off the excess of moist air, the slowly falling drops which would change to mere vapour if the excess of moisture were constantly carried off, have to descend farther and farther before they reach drier air, growing larger and larger by mixing with others and also by condensing moist air on their surface as they descend. Thus the comparatively dry layer of air between the earth's surface and the visible cloud from and through whose lower portion the drops are falling becomes thinner and thinner. Long before the lower surface of the visible cloud reaches the earth, however, the falling drops reach it, the air through which they fall, though still transparent, being thoroughly saturated with moisture.

It remains to be seen why in April the rain commonly falls in showers, not continually for hours, as often happens as well in summer as in winter.

I apprehend that the short duration of April rains corresponds with the limited range of summer clouds. The April clouds like the summer clouds are limited in extent, though unlike the summer clouds they are unable (commonly) to retain their moisture, or rather to part with it by evaporation as fast as visible cloud is formed by condensation. Now if the fall of rain were a process depending solely on the condition of the air as respects moisture, no doubt every April cloud which grew large and deep enough to pour rain on the earth, would continue to do so throughout the mid-day hours. For all the atmospheric conditions which led to the forming of the cloud would continue unchanged, or only undergo slow and continuous change, throughout the day, steadily increasing in energy to about two in the afternoon, when the heat is greatest, and thereafter steadily diminishing. But the fall of rain, so soon as it has fairly commenced, brings a new force into action —gravity. The rain-drops are carried in their fall past the region where the conditions prevail which are necessary for their formation. In their rush through the aërial layer below this region they condense on their surface the moisture of that layer, and so far as their motion is concerned, they may be regarded as drying that layer mechanically, for all the moisture they abstract from it they carry down to the surface of the earth. This, I think, must happen, and may serve partly to account for the quick ceasing of the shower, seeing that the layer of comparatively dry air thus interposed between the rain-cloud and the earth, must cut off the supply of moist air from below on which the continuance of the shower would depend. But another circumstance must also have its effect. It is certain that the downfall of a heavy shower causes a partial vacuum in the region through which the rain has fallen. The difficulty of breathing which follows the fall of water in a shower-bath is partly caused in this way—entirely so caused in the case of persons who are not affected by the mere shock of cold. Again, if the shower is allowed to fall when there is no one in the bath, the curtains being drawn all round, it will be seen that after the water has fallen the curtains close in upon the space through which the shower has passed. In the case of a heavy rain-shower, the formation of this partial vacuum would be followed by the inrush of comparatively dry air from the regions around, and thus the shower would be stayed, for the dry air would absorb the superabundant moisture from which the rain-cloud had been nourished.

That a partial vacuum really is formed in this way, is shown by a curious phenomenon attending the progress of a heavy shower as witnessed from a distance. It is noticed that above the rain-cloud there are plumes of feathery cirrus cloud, and that the heavier the shower is the more marked are these attendant cirrus plumes. Of course, they cannot be seen where the shower is in progress; but at a distance where the side, so to speak, of the storm-cloud is seen, they can be well observed. Now their meaning is plain enough, though, so far as I know, it has not before been indicated. They show where streams of air have rushed in from above the rain-cloud to the region of diminished pressure or partial vacuum, the rapid drawing away of the air to this region being accompanied by rapid cooling, and the consequent formation of ice-crystals or fine snow —in other words, of feathery cirrus cloud.

In fine, April showers, like many other meteorological phenomena, may be regarded as illustrations of oscillatory action. The vapour of water rises too fast into the air at this season, and into layers too shallow, to be dissipated as in summer time. Thus the cloud grows until the excess of moisture discharges itself by rainfall. But this process in turn exhausts the cloud too rapidly to be long continued. If the cloud extended very widely, as often in winter, and not uncommonly at all seasons, the fall of rain would not of itself relieve the cloud effectually, for the air all around would be moist. But the moisture-laden regions being limited in extent, the fall of rain is followed by an indraught of drier air. Thus the cloud is presently exhausted of its moisture, and some time elapses after the dry air has ceased to flow in, before the cloud gathers in so much moisture that another shower falls.

I do not know whether it has been noticed that when April is not showery, May flowers fail, or other processes of vegetation in May, June, and July are imperfectly carried on. A dry April is probably almost always unfavourable for vegetation, and so probably is an April of almost constant rain. But I have heard of no evidence tending to show that if instead of short showers in April there are intervals of steady rain for several days, and dry weather for several days, any bad effects follow.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

GREAT are the preparations for the coming season, and some charming dresses made in Paris will give a fair idea of what is likely to be worn. Two of these are made of brocaded satin, a revival of the fashions of sixty to seventy years ago. The ground is light stone, covered with flowers; the brocade forms a straight train at the back, and the bodice; the train being drawn so closely together it only covers two breadths; the rest of the skirt is of plain rich silk of a darker tone, bordered with a flounce *en coquille*, and arranged so that the cerise lining is seen. Down the centre of the front are a series of narrow loops falling one over the other, also lined with cerise; the bodice at the back is cut in one with the trimming in the front; it terminates beneath a waistband of crossway silk. There are revers forming a square at the back, an under-bodice of plain cerise to match the front of the skirt beneath, but shaded by a charming fichu, or rather gathered folds of crêpe lisse; and on the left side is a bow some eight inches long, formed of many full loops of silk of all the tints in the brocade, cerise shading to claret and so on. The sleeves, which terminate below the elbow in double ruffles, have perpendicular rows of lace insertion. The chief novelties in this are the train and the bow at the side of the bodice; and if present prognostications prove true, bouquets and many-coloured bows are to be worn on the left side of both morning and evening dresses. Nothing plain and simple will be patronised; women of fashion are all aiming to produce in their own persons some bygone mode, and the more their appearance approaches to that of an old picture the more successful they are.

The triple capes will accompany most dresses, and as these are easily made and take the place of a mantle they are an inexpensive fashion, not that there is any hope—the hard times notwithstanding—that there is to be a chance of dressing well at small cost; the frillings, ruffles, fichus, laces, &c., now *de rigueur*, require constant renewal, which costs money, and the materials worn are all expensive.

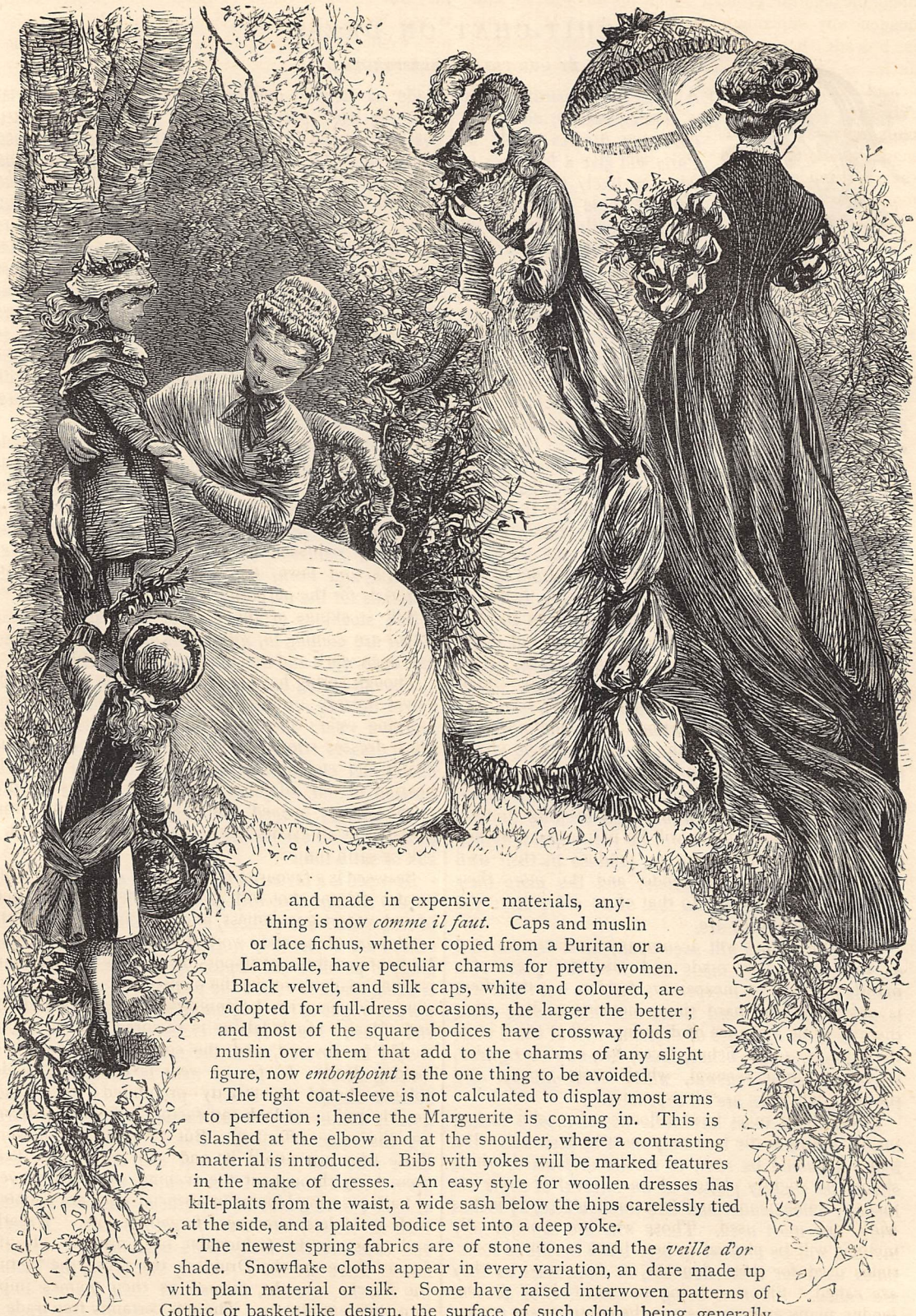
Every dress must have a flounce of muslin tacked inside, but now the lace only must be seen below the hem; it should be sewn to muslin or foulard, which should be slightly plaited at an interval of some six inches; valenciennes and fine torchon lace, 2½ inches wide, are most used. Those who are economically inclined will be pleased to hear black muslin is sometimes used for these flounces, or *balayeuses* as they are called. Slimness being so essential for present modes, many and various are the contrivances to produce it, such as satin stays moulded to the figure, made as long as comfort will permit, the material adapting itself particularly well to the waist; petticoats are made either with a narrow band buttoned on to the edge of the stays, or with a deep band fitting the hips closely. All that can be is placed beneath the stays, instead of over them; and for full dress, chemises cut with six seams to fit the figure like a bodice, are furnished with buttons so that the skirts may be attached to them; one of these said skirts, by-the-by, sufficing—although, made as they are with flounces, they are really equal to two or three. Ecru skirts are to replace white ones, so says that indisputable personage who makes the fashions; but this will hardly find favour with Englishwomen, who have a strong and decided preference for all that is white, for under-clothing.

In vests, a novelty is the new *Gaze de Santé*, made of silk woven crape-fashion, and so light and so elastic that it fits like a glove; vest and drawers or vest and petticoat in one being much worn. All under-clothing is inclined to be made of thinner material than formerly; nainsook for full-dress under-linen, even cambric and lawn, and écru silk, being favourite materials for the purpose.

Silk stockings of the écru or unbleached thread colour are coming in, with treble clocks on both sides, and open-work and much embroidery on the instep.

Though spring has arrived the weather is still cold; velvet dresses are adopted both for demi-toilette and morning wear; the latest innovations, however, are plush dresses trimmed with satin. Plush covers our chairs and clothes our bodies. We never are half-hearted in our adoption of any new fabrics; at first plush bodices opened the way, now it is the entire dress, or at all events the petticoat and bodice with a silk or satin tunic.

Seaweed is a favourite trimming on evening dresses, as also ribbons shot with gold and silver. The variety of embroideries is endless, and the Court-trains of the season are elaborately worked with conventional garlands of possible and impossible flowers. An attempt is being made to revive the painted silk dresses which were in vogue at the beginning of this century and the end of last. Much labour is required, for the fabric should be covered, and the colours have a trick of looking dead. As far as wear is concerned, body-colours should be strictly prohibited; they crack quickly and never look satisfactory. Persian patterns are the most effective. But to return to flowers: those who can afford it, and can contrive to keep them fresh throughout the evening, wear real flowers at balls; spring blooms in artificial ones are adopted, such as violets, crocuses, forget-me-nots. Wreaths and caps are the fashionable head-dresses. In the former there are the Druidess, the Muse, the Victim, the Psyche wreaths, formed as their names imply into different shapes. There is certainly free trade in fashions. So that it is becoming and well put on,



and made in expensive materials, anything is now *comme il faut*. Caps and muslin or lace fichus, whether copied from a Puritan or a Lamballe, have peculiar charms for pretty women. Black velvet, and silk caps, white and coloured, are adopted for full-dress occasions, the larger the better; and most of the square bodices have crossway folds of muslin over them that add to the charms of any slight figure, now *embonpoint* is the one thing to be avoided.

The tight coat-sleeve is not calculated to display most arms to perfection; hence the Marguerite is coming in. This is slashed at the elbow and at the shoulder, where a contrasting material is introduced. Bibs with yokes will be marked features in the make of dresses. An easy style for woollen dresses has kilt-plaits from the waist, a wide sash below the hips carelessly tied at the side, and a plaited bodice set into a deep yoke.

The newest spring fabrics are of stone tones and the *veille d'or* shade. Snowflake cloths appear in every variation, an dare made up with plain material or silk. Some have raised interwoven patterns of Gothic or basket-like design, the surface of such cloth being generally rough and uneven. Many have tiny dots and lines of every colour thrown

upon the neutral ground, which blend with it and deaden any superabundant brightness. It is only in brocade that stripes find lasting favour; fashion, as far as can be judged at present, tends towards neutral tints and irregular weaving, and dresses will still be composite. Silk and satin, brocades and plain material, thin woollen fabrics and silk, will be made up together; but for paletôts, visites, and evening dinner wear, black satin promises to be the most popular material.

Englishwomen make a practice of walking, an example Frenchwomen might copy with advantage, and we have to look to England for the introduction of an admirable walking-boot, the Hygeia, with a flat heel, and a sole adapted to the form of the foot, coming well up the ankle, so that the foot while supported has ample play. The newest shoes are very short on the instep, just the shape of gentlemen's pumps.

One or two hints as to the rearrangement of dresses may not be out of place. Organdy muslin over satin is well worn, and a satin that has lost its first freshness would answer the purpose. Pink and light blue are best; trimmed with Raguse lace or mechlin they make good ball-dresses. Young people in Paris are adopting muslin for full dress. Polonaises no longer require skirts under them; the lower portion, which is generally kilt-plaited, must be gored as a skirt would be, and then tacked to the hem of the polonaise instead of to the waist. The great variety in trimmings now obtainable, the fact of sleeves and bodice being dissimilar, and the contrast of materials and colours now seen in the most fashionable costumes, render the remaking of last year's dresses a comparatively easy undertaking.

In conclusion, we would remind our readers that we are giving an account of the mode as it is, in order that they may keep *within* the lines. The avoidance of extremes is an infallible mark of good taste.

PLAIN ADVICE TO THE NEURALGIC.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HERE, reader, are two facts, which are patent to every thinking medical man: first, this agonising complaint, called neuralgia, is very much more common or prevalent in our day, than it was in the days of our forefathers; and secondly, those among us who are most apt to suffer from it are they who live in luxury, or who live too fast, and neglect to keep their bodies up to the proper health-pitch. The poor, too, are often afflicted in the same way, and those who are much confined in workshops, and badly ventilated factories. From this, it is not difficult to perceive, a lesson may be learned.

Little need is there to describe the symptoms of neuralgia, whether it takes the form of Tic-douloureux or face-ache, Hemicrania or half-headache (sometimes but wrongly called sun-pain), or Sciatica, in which the pain follows the course of a nerve running down the back of the leg, even at times as far as the toes. The pain when fully established is of a terribly acute kind, and indescribable burning and shooting—torture in fact. It generally comes on without any warning at all, in one sharp twinge, which soon recurs and keeps on increasing, till the poor patient is half distracted, and his pale anxious face is beaded with perspiration.

Of the three kinds of neuralgia, the most common by far is Tic, or face-ache. This pain seems to "come out," as I have heard patients describe it, from a spot between the ear and temple, and spread itself over one side of the face, adown the jaws along one side of the nose, and into the eye itself. The fits of pain seem at times induced by the most trifling causes, such as a sudden start, a loud, quick sound, as the slamming of a door, or the slightest draught of cold air, a mouthful of hot tea or cold water. Sometimes the patient will get ease if he keeps in bed, with the face entirely buried in warm soft flannel, but contact with the pillow will at once induce a paroxysm. Sleep banishes the pain entirely for the time, or perhaps altogether, if the slumber has been natural, and not induced by weakening, enervating narcotics.

Now let us see for a moment what are the usual causes of neuralgia. If we know these, it will assist us materially in laying down rules for the general treatment of the complaint. And here let me premise, that some cases are incurable, because they depend upon pressure by tumours of some kind at the root of the nerve, maybe a bit of bone growing into it. For remember the nerves are extremely sensitive if pressed upon directly. A kinder-hearted man than Professor L—— of Aberdeen, or "Sandie" as he was familiarly termed, never lived; but he used to tell us students, "Gentlemen, in cutting down upon an artery, in one of the extremities, you will often find the artery, the vein, and the corresponding nerve lying in juxtaposition. You can easily tell the vein, but you may be puzzled to know which is nerve and which artery: give one of them, then, a slight pinch with the forceps—if it is the former, oh! won't the patient holloa! but if he doesn't holloa, go on, tie away."

And I've often seen this put in practice with the very happiest results, so far as the operator was concerned. I merely mention this, to prove to you that pressure on the root of a nerve may cause an incurable form of neuralgia. But do not think that I wish to frighten you! I therefore hasten to tell the perhaps afflicted reader, that these cases are very

rare indeed, and that the large majority of those who suffer from the malady may be cured for the time, and the disease even prevented from returning.

I said that very often neuralgia gave no warning, but came on suddenly, but it more often comes on gradually, and is preceded by some derangement of the general health, such as indigestion. From this fact, again, the wise may take a hint.

I do not say that strong men with robust constitutions never take neuralgia, but all my experience, and that I believe of nearly all medical men, go to prove that it is more frequently an accompaniment of a weakened frame of body, with a nervous system below par. This may have been occasioned by bodily fatigue combined with want of sleep, anxiety of mind, worry, &c., or from debility from whatever cause. But I must not forget to say that indigestion is a frequent cause, and excess in eating and drinking combined with late hours in hot rooms. Another hint, please, reader, Foul air, especially living in malarious districts, will also bring on neuralgia, and in this case the attacks are generally of a periodical kind. The great majority, however, of the cases of neuralgia which come under the notice of the practitioner, are caused by decayed teeth. And this fact gives us hint number three.

Sciatica cases are at times exceedingly distressing. I shall just mention one, which I cured not long since; and we may learn something from it because the cure was so simple. A gentleman, thirty-two years of age he was, spare but wiry: from errors in diet, I elicited, he had become troubled with indigestion and heartburn, which lasted for months; and, moreover, he had quite his own share of that heart-eating canker, care. For the heartburn he was in the habit of swallowing large quantities of the bicarbonate of soda. Now it is well known that antacids, although they may palliate fits of indigestion, cannot cure them; and, moreover, the constant use of an antacid like soda never fails to bring on a state of debility and poverty of blood. In the present case the pains in the limb were almost constant, combined with stiffness of the muscles, which necessitated the use of a staff in walking. At about three or four o'clock every morning there were paroxysms of the most terrible agony, during which the patient would leave his bed because, he said, "it wasn't level," and, rolled in a rug, lie at full length on the floor, bathed in pain-induced perspiration. It was no wonder he was glad to take that dangerous narcotic, hydrate of chloral, to give him quiet nights. But this only reduced his system more and more, and gave the enemy a stronger hold thereon. When I saw him he had been suffering thus for two months, and was indeed in a pitiable plight. But giving up both the chloral and the soda, going for change of air, using some simple tonic, and being careful in his diet, worked wonders for him. The sciatica left him in one week, and in six weeks he was well and hearty.

One of the most distressing things in connection with neuralgia is the length of time it sometimes lasts, and its habit of returning periodically, without giving, perhaps, any warning of its approach. The depression, too, of the nervous system which it effects is very great; even the mind to some extent suffers; the patient becomes timid and irritable, while at times even the muscles waste. The sufferer, if the complaint continues long, seems positively to age under it. That he soon recovers strength and spirits when the enemy has been driven from his stronghold, is only a proof of the recuperative power of nature in our systems, so long as youth or middle age is on our side.

Some ancient physician has said that no one thinks of taking care of his health, until death stares him in the face. There is one exception, however: people very rarely die directly from neuralgia, unless it be that dreadful form of it called Angina pectoris, or heart-cramp; but so great is the pain and torture from tic-douloureux or sciatica, that sufferers therefrom are glad and willing to do anything that may present some hopes of relief.

The patient, then, who wishes to recover from this disease must first try to find out the cause of it, in his or her particular case. Is the digestion good? are the teeth good? is the health below par? are the spirits buoyant or the reverse? is the kind of life led that which seems to conduce to health and longevity?—these are questions which he had better put to himself and think well over before commencing any treatment except the simple means of local relief which I shall presently mention; for, depend upon it, whatsoever tends to place the system below par opens the door for the cruel foe's entrance. And the converse is likewise true.

If you, then, suffer from tic-douloureux, see, first and foremost, that it does not arise from *caries* of the teeth. Only a dentist can find this out for you, for a tooth may be sound enough to appearance, and yet decayed within. Often the removal of one or two teeth will effect, in an hour, the complete cure of a case that has been going on for months.

The treatment for neuralgia may be fitly divided into the topical, or that which gives relief at once, without reference to permanent cure, and the constitutional, or that which tends to remove the cause and prevent any recurrence. I shall mention the former of these first. Probably that which gives the greatest relief is the subcutaneous injection of morphia; but as this tiny but comforting operation can only be performed by some one with skill, I pass it by, and tell you of the great good that may be done by twice a day smearing the track of the nerve with the aconitine ointment; only remember, it must not be applied to an abraded surface. When it can be borne, alternate douches of hot and cold water sometimes give relief, and rubbing or shampooing the parts for some length of time may result in good.

But if the pain is at its worst, and immediate relief is needed, the inhalation of or smelling at a vial of chloroform will act like a charm. Take first a little good Scotch whiskey, with from twenty to forty drops of the spirit of ether in it; then have, not one sniff, but two or three good sniffs at the vial of chloroform. It will not make you insensible, but it will scare away the pain. I often do good by administering one large

dose of quinine: I am rather chary of advising you, however, to try it, because ten or fifteen grains of this invaluable medicine may work injury if either head or heart is easily affected.

People often complain of what they call rheumatism in the jaw, where probably the whole of the teeth in one side, not one more than another, are affected. Now the drug called sal ammoniac (chloride of ammonium) is almost a specific for this kind of face-ache. It strikes me I have recommended this before—probably in my paper on the teeth—however, it will bear repeating. The dose is half a dram three or four times a day, but if it doesn't do good after the fourth or fifth dose, it may be stopped. It is well worth a trial, and is safe.

Neuralgia and rheumatism are at times mysteriously allied, and, did space permit, I could tell you of some very strange cures effected by the use of the dumb-bells—first, I think, recommended by Dr. Arnott. When the pain comes on, the patient has recourse to these; and whether it is the indomitable power of will or the effect on the circulation I know not—all I know is, it often scares the tic away, and that is something.

Nothing probably gives more certain relief in cases of sciatica than a small blister, not bigger than a penny-piece, just over the spot where the nerve seems to come out—*i.e.*, where the pain begins—and afterwards dusting not more than half a grain of morphia on the raw surface. And now for constitutional remedies. I will *not* allow any patient of mine to cuddle and fondle himself and his neuralgia over the fire, or in bed, one hour longer than is necessary. The mind has a wonderful effect on nervous ailments, and by letting it dwell on them you assuredly increase them; besides, the body is under par, exercise is needed, and pure air and many things besides; and therefore I prescribe activity, to begin with, not senseless walk-taking, but healthy exercise-with-a-purpose.

Medicine must not be neglected; but I assure you, unless you not only take plenty of exercise, regulate your diet, and in some way alter for the better your usual mode of life, it will just be as well, if not better, to pour the medicine down the nearest rat's hole. That may be a plain way of putting it, but it is very true notwithstanding. Now, I think in most cases an occasional mild purgative will do good, for tonics should never be taken unless the bowels are regular; and as the liver is at times just a *little* to blame, a claret-glassful of Friedrichshall water may be taken twice a week with benefit. Your tonic—unless there be great fulness of blood—had better be an iron one, combined with quinine, which any chemist will compound you. Tell him you want the tincture of iron, and a little dilute hydrochloric acid, in a quinine mixture. Probably he will say the citrate of iron and quinine is better (it is more easily compounded), and then it will be for you to consider whether you will be advised by him or by your "Family Doctor." Here is a beautiful wee mixture, which you can compound for yourself, and the dose of which is a tea-spoonful in a little water three times a day: Take two ounces of tincture of quinine, half an ounce of tincture of ginger, and the same quantity of pure glycerine, and mix. The following is a capital tonic to be taken after an attack of neuralgia and continued some weeks: Liquor arsenicalis hydrochlorici, 100 drops; quinine, 30 grains; elixir of vitriol, 2 drams; ginger syrup, 3 ounces; mix. And the dose is a tea-spoonful after every meal in a drop of water. When mentioning sal ammoniac, I ought to have said that in those cases where good is done—and they are very many—whenever the pain is gone, you should reduce the dose to ten or fifteen grains thrice a day, for a week. In some cases of sciatica, where the subject is a gouty or rheumatic one, good is done by a course of iodide of potassium in combination with tonics.

As for food, the more nourishing it is the better—good meat, plenty of eggs and milk, &c., and perhaps a little brandy and Apollinaris water.

Give up tea and coffee for a time, and use cocoa; the less oily kind is the best. My advice for the prevention of the return of neuralgia may be summed up in a few substantives—*air*, *exercise*, *regularity* *temperance*, *tonics*, *cocoa*, and *cod-liver oil*.

THE SWALLOW AND THE PINE-TREE.

DEEP in a forest grey and old,
There grew a pine-tree young and fair;
Sweet was the twilight's green and gold,
And sweet the song-birds fluting there.
And as they sang and soared o'erhead
The pine-tree shook its leaves and said:
"O swallow! O to fly with thee
To lands of light beyond the sea!"

They cut the stately pine-tree down,
They made the gallant ship a mast.
The anchor's weighed! Fast fades the town!
To distant lands the ship flew fast.
The swallow passed her plunging by,
And heard the pine-mast moan and cry:
"O swallow! O once more to be
In that dear forest-home with thee!"

The land was bright with bud and leaf,
The swallow found her old green home;
The ship was wrecked upon a reef,
Lost! lost! in storm and angry foam.
The pine-mast floated, torn and spent,
Too late it mourned its discontent;
"Ah, me! my forest green and wide!
Ah, happy home!" it moaned, and—died!

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

THE SILVER LOCK.

IN this great busy London of ours, where hundreds die yearly of overwork and mental anxiety, to how many, I wonder, is it given, by one favourable turn of the wheel of fortune, to recover both their health and happiness.

Such a stroke of good luck befell me three years ago, when life was looking very black to me, and I was recommended the simple expedient of making a walking tour, in order to chase away its shadows.

My father was an officer in the army, and I his only child. My mother died when I was born, leaving her husband heart-broken at her loss. From henceforth all his affection was lavished on me; my will was never crossed, and every whim or caprice I chose to indulge in was, so far as it was possible, satisfied. So I grew up idle and selfish, careless of the future, and encouraged to continue in the same path by my father, who vaguely hinted that, at some future day, I should have more money than I should well know what to do with, and need therefore choose no profession.

I did not know that this golden dream had reference to anything so uncertain as mere speculations, but I was rudely awakened one morning, when my poor father with trembling lips told me that his Eldorado had vanished into thin air—in plain English, he was a beggar. That evening he was stricken with paralysis, never to recover; and before a week was out I found myself, comparatively speaking, alone in the world, at three-and-twenty, without money or profession, with a misspent youth, and no prospect of advancement before me. I had a few dilettante tastes, and could play the violin, and draw animals fairly well; but my heart was in the country, and could I have chosen the means of earning my livelihood, it would have been as a farmer.

As it was, I had not sufficient money to educate myself for this life, at all times a precarious one for an amateur; so I had to swallow my pride, and with the assistance of my friends obtained, after long waiting, what was considered a favour, a clerkship in one of the great banking houses in London. I set to work, resolutely turning my back on the past, employing all my leisure moments in studying drawing, with dim visions in the future of following—very humbly—in the footsteps of Landseer and Ansdell, and of turning my back for ever on pen and ink, high stools and ledgers.

But Fate was apparently unkind to me, and threw in my way a woman, with eyes as soft and bright as those of the deer I loved to delineate, and with even less money than I myself possessed. I met her at the house of one of my many kind friends, and no sooner saw her than, with the perversity of poverty, I loved her. Alas! she was only the governess, and I only a banker's clerk! What hope had I?.

After that first time I saw her often. I could not go to the Garwoods' house without meeting her, for she was petted by the whole family, and treated more as a guest than as the children's governess. They told me she was an Italian, but when I grew to know her better, I learnt from herself that she was half English, and that her name was Olivia. As for her surname, that always remained a puzzle, for she could not rightly pronounce it, being English, and always called herself by that of her stepfather, an Italian—the only father she had ever known. He and her mother were both dead, leaving her destitute, so she had come over to England with some friends, to seek a situation as governess. Fortune had befriended her, and her lines were truly cast in pleasant places at the Garwoods'.

She was so pretty, with her soft gazelle-like eyes, red lips, and quite English brown hair, striking by its contrast with the clear olive complexion and dark eyebrows, with her quaint foreign ways and gesticulations, that one could not wonder at the fascination she exercised over all who came in contact with her.

One defect she had, which no doubt marred her beauty to the ordinary observer. This was a small, perfectly white lock of hair, just above her forehead, where it gleamed out from among the luxuriant brown masses by which it was surrounded, like a streak of burnished silver. To me, however, it was no blemish, for strange to say I myself had the same defect, only my white lock was thicker and more prominent than was Olivia's. The Garwoods were much amused by this, our common physical peculiarity, and jokingly said we should discover each other to be cousins, by means of the silver lock. Olivia had inherited hers from her English father, that much she knew, but mine must have been a freak of nature, as I had often heard my father speculate as to how I came by it.

Signor Belzoni, Olivia's stepfather, who appeared to have been a most excellent man, had given her a thoroughly good education, and had insisted on her learning her father's tongue. She spoke English with the prettiest foreign accent, generally quite intelligibly, except when it came to her own surname, and of that we could make nothing. She pronounced it "Almeri," *à l'Italienne;* but what that would be when Anglicised, we were puzzled to decide. But it mattered little to me or to her what her name was. I loved her, and she loved me. We were both young, both penni-

less, *raison de plus* that we should gravitate towards each other, and resolve to unite our destinies at some future day.

The Garwoods shook their heads, but gave their consent, secure of keeping their pretty governess for many a long year yet, whilst I sat on my high stool, keeping ledgers, and building golden castles in the air. We both worked hard, saving every penny that we could spare; but Olivia was well fed, and free from care in that respect, whilst I nearly starved myself, working with my pencil to late hours in the night and early in the morning, on insufficient food. The consequences were that, ere two years had passed away, I found myself growing nervous and hipped, afraid almost of the sound of my own voice, irritable to all around me, and even to my sweet Olivia. Mr. Garwood took me in hand, sent for a doctor, and gave me £20 to pay for his prescription—a walking tour. And thus it happened that, with Olivia's photograph in my pocket, with a knapsack, and a walking-stick, I started one bright morning in June on that trip which was to be a turning-point in my life. I did not intend to go very far from London, but to explore those beautiful home counties, which in some parts are as wild and romantic as if they were situated a hundred miles from the great Babylon.

For my first fortnight, I enjoyed uninterruptedly fine weather, and was able to walk my fifteen to twenty miles a day. Towards the end of the month, however, the wind changed, the sky, hitherto so blue, grew grey and gloomy, and I began to fear I must turn my steps homewards. I had set my mind, however, on reaching a certain point, and was not to be deterred from my goal by any amount of rain and wind. Yet they proved too strong for me one evening when I had by no means completed my usual distance, and I found myself literally blown to the door of an exceedingly rustic inn, where fortunately I discovered I could put up for the night. I was not sorry to be compelled to stop here, for, even through the driving rain, I could see that it was situated in a singularly lovely spot, on the slope of a narrow valley, crowned with woods, and opposite what looked to me a most picturesque ruin. Be that as it might, the rain prevented my seeing anything very distinctly, and I was glad to change my things, and to sit down to a rustic but not unpalatable meal. I slept soundly all the night, in spite of the torrents of rain, and the howling wind, which nevertheless failed to rouse me from my deep slumbers. The next morning when I arose, to my dismay, the rain was still falling heavily, the sky was like lead, and the little brook that ran at the bottom of the valley was swollen and turbid. It was impossible to continue my journey with any pleasure or profit; and narrow, and to a certain degree uncomfortable as was my present abode, at any rate it was a roof over my head. So I resolved to stay till the rain ceased, for I perceived that my host was honest, and that he and his wife were worthy people.

"I DREW THE RING FROM MY FINGER" (*p.* 304).

"UP FLEW THE PLANK" (*p.* 304).

I could not help being amused by the way in which the latter stared me out of countenance, but came to the conclusion that it was my white lock which so riveted her attention

During the long wet morning I looked about in vain for anything approaching literature in the parlour. In my researches, however, my eye lighted on many an unexpected treasure in the shape of here an old Worcester vase, or a Stafford figure, there a finely-carved oak table and corner chair, a pair of embossed brass candlesticks, scarred with many a dint and scratch, but still beautiful in design and workmanship, and last, but not least, a curious piece of ancient-looking tapestry in sad condition, being hung as a curtain over the front door to keep out the draught. Whence could these treasures, which contrasted so strangely with the generally poverty-stricken appearance of the place, have come? Probably, I conjectured, from the house across the valley, which, from the appearance of the small portion I could see of it, must once have been a fine building. It might serve to pass away the time if I could persuade my hostess to give me, as far as she knew it, the history of this old manor; and, with this idea, I waited patiently till I saw the good woman clear away the noonday meal, tidy up the parlour, and sit down with a piled-up basket of socks and stockings to mend.

I drew my chair opposite hers, and elicited, by my very first question, the information that for many years she had been servant to the family who lived at Fair Beeches, and could tell me more than any one else of the old place and its inhabitants. It was evident I had set her off on her favourite topic, and without much pressing, keeping me the whole time in a full stare, the old woman related to me, with an intelligence and delicacy of perception seldom found in her class, the following history.

It seemed that, up to some six years ago, there had lived at Fair Beeches, for generations and generations, a family of the name of Aylmer, who in days long gone by must have been people of importance. They were, however, a quiet unintellectual stock, taking no part in the events of their successive ages, and gradually subsiding, in their inaccessible valley, from gentry almost to the level of the rustics by whom they were surrounded. From time to time, some of their members would separate from the parent stock, and seek their fortune in London or elsewhere, but for the most part they were an unadventurous set, content to live and die in obscurity.

It was in some part of the reign of George III. that the family was reduced to two brothers and their mother, a woman of much beauty and spirit, the daughter of a farmer from a neighbouring county. She advised her younger son, Godfrey, who inherited her acuteness, to quit his paternal home on the death of his father, and, with the few hundred pounds that were left him, to repair to London, and see there how he could turn them to the best account. Only too glad to follow her advice, Godfrey readily turned his back on his native valley, on his mother and brother, to be soon lost to them in the great metropolis. For a year or two they received letters from him, relating that he was getting on well in London, that his friends were numerous, and that fortune was smiling on him; and then these too ceased, and nothing more was heard of him.

Meanwhile his elder brother succeeded to the estate and, with his mother's aid, made it answer as it had never answered before. In the course of time he married, and died, leaving an only son, who grew to man's estate under his grandmother's care, his mother having early followed her husband to the grave.

This grandson was old Mrs. Aylmer's joy and pride. He was a handsome high-spirited lad, very like Godfrey, showing traces of all the good blood that ran in his veins, and with a taste for book-learning quite foreign to the Aylmers in general. He was sent to a really good school for those days, and electrified his grandmother by the erudition he displayed. It nearly broke her heart when, on reaching his twenty-first birthday, he announced his intention of quitting home and travelling abroad for awhile, leaving her to manage the farm. She could never forget her favourite son who, so many years ago, had sought his fortunes in London, and there, she firmly believed, had met with his death. And now her Oliver was bent on going to outlandish parts of which she had not even heard the names, and she should never see him again.

This, and much more, she poured forth to her grandson, yet failed to move him from his purpose. His heart was set on seeing the world, and in spite of tears and remonstrances, a month after his birthday, he started for the South. Unlike his uncle, he wrote home frequently, now from one place, now from another, till after the first six months the letters were steadily dated from Rome, where he seemed to have settled for a time.

A year or two rolled away, Oliver still keeping up an active correspondence with his grandmother, when one day she received an unusually curt epistle from him, announcing that he was married, and was coming home immediately. Poor Mrs. Aylmer was dreadfully upset by this news; she had already fixed on a suitable wife for her grandson, and was afraid, from his reticence on the subject, that his bride was not all she could wish. Imagine then her horror when a fortnight afterwards Oliver returned home, and introduced to her, what her worst fears had hardly anticipated—an Italian wife. She looked little more than a child, with her soft brown skin, and large eyes, and shrank in terror from the strong-featured old woman, whose provincial English sounded so barbarous to her Southern ears.

And now commenced a life of perpetual bickerings and disagreements between all three members of this ill-assorted family. Oliver either could not, or would not, give any very clear account of who or what his wife was, merely telling his grandmother that she was his equal in point of birth, and standing up for her vehemently whenever she incurred, as she frequently did, the old woman's wrath. Old Mrs. Aylmer, consumed by jealousy, was only too glad to be for ever finding fault with little Norina's soft indolence, and want of knowledge of English ways and manners; and as for the poor young wife herself, even Oliver's devoted love could not compensate to her for the loss of her home, her religion, her mother-tongue. She was strangely ignorant, and beyond just reading, writing,

and working, knew nothing, and was as little able to enter into her husband's intellectual tastes, as she was into the mysteries of cooking and butter-making, the succession of the crops, or the balancing of accounts, which engrossed so large a share of his shrewd old grandmother's thoughts. The poor child grew thin and white, shivering over the fire through an English winter; and even when her baby came, a little mite of a girl, it failed to rouse her from her melancholy lethargy.

She was destined to be roused, however, in a way she had little dreamed of. One lovely spring evening, when the air blew in soft and balmy as in her own Italy, and she was seated at the open window, with her baby in her arms, Oliver was carried past her into the house by two labourers on the farm, and borne all unconscious to his bed, from whence he was never to rise again. He had been out riding all day, and had been found lying half in, half out of a ditch, about a mile from home, to all appearance dead. How the accident had happened, no one knew, for he never spoke again; only his horse had returned to its stable with its knees broken.

The village doctor was very ignorant, and evidently had no idea of how to treat the case; and Norina, wakened by love and jealousy, kept away from her husband's bedside the only person capable of doing him any good—his grandmother. Whether from want of proper care, or from the nature of his accident, certain it is that, at the end of a week after his fatal fall, poor Oliver was no more, and Norina left a solitary young widow, alone in a strange land with stern old Mrs. Aylmer.

One day towards the end of July, old Mrs. Aylmer, with sudden energy, determined to make a descent on some tenants who for months had been clamouring for repairs to their tumble-down cottages, and investigate their complaints herself. Down Hollow, the hamlet for which she was bound, lay at a considerable distance from Fair Beeches, so she started early, leaving Norina sitting as usual in the orchard with her baby in her lap, apparently perfectly indifferent to her departure. The old woman made a long day of it, and was not home till nine o'clock at night, owing to an accident to the cart, her conveyance. On her arrival at Fair Beeches, she was greeted by the solitary maid-servant with the intelligence that Norina had been out all day with her child, and had not yet come home. Mrs. Aylmer was both tired and cross, so she merely told Sarah to sit up for Norina, and herself at once repaired to bed, where she was soon sleeping heavily.

Meanwhile, through the long July night, the faithful servant sat anxiously watching for her young mistress's return, till at last another morning dawned, and still Norina did not come. The whole house was early astir, and quickly the news of her disappearance spread through the farm, and men and boys dispersed round and about the valley to look for the missing woman.

As the day waxed and waned, the news arrived that Norina and her baby had been seen four miles, six miles, latterly eight miles from home, and beyond that nothing more was known of her. Henceforth Mrs. Aylmer lived for one object only—to amass gold; and for this she starved herself, her servants, her animals, allowed the house to fall into decay, and almost, in parts, to ruin; and for fifteen long years after Norina's disappearance, turned Fair Beeches into the dismal abode of a miser. During these fifteen years, Sarah continued to live with her, till one morning six years ago, she found her dead in her bed at the advanced age of eighty-nine, having retained all her faculties to the last.

And thus the last known owner of the house and property passed away, leaving no successor, no will, surrounded by ignorant rustics, who knew nothing either of law or property. As months rolled by, and no one claimed them, the farm horses and implements were sold; Sarah Fielding married the head labourer, and, on the pickings they had made, they set up the little village inn, in which I was at that minute sitting.

Through all this long story, which I have related in my own language, I had spoken no word to Sarah, afraid of interrupting and confusing the old woman. She now paused, breathless with so much speaking, and gazed inquiringly into my face. Thereupon I assumed an air of profound wisdom and said—

"It is quite clear, Mrs. Fielding, that the property belongs to Oliver's daughter; and she ought to be found, if she is alive."

"To be sure, sir," she answered. "I thought you were, maybe, a relation of them all, for you have got the white lock, and are like Mr. Oliver."

I stared. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Ah! I forgot to tell you that the Aylmers—many of them, at least—have a silver-white lock of hair just where yours grows, sir; and they were very proud of it, for they inherited it for generations. Mr. Godfrey had it, and so had Mr. Oliver, and even that little baby that disappeared with her mother had a tiny one amongst her curls."

Here was a problem for me to work out. Could I in any way be connected with this family? My mother's name had been Aylmer, but as she had died when I was born, I knew little about her, except that she had been an orphan, and had been brought up by a maiden aunt of her mother. But Olivia! she too had a white lock, and her mother had been an Italian. Was it possible that she was the missing heiress? In a voice trembling with excitement I asked the name of Oliver's little daughter, and when Sarah promptly responded, "Olivia," I fairly started out of my chair—Olivia Aylmer! why, who could that be but my Olivia Almeri?

With difficulty I restrained my emotion, and, turning to the window to hide it from Sarah's keen old eyes, perceived for the first time that the rain had ceased, and that the sun was trying to shine. I resolved to visit Fair Beeches at once, and Sarah volunteered to accompany me. Who or what she took me for, I do not know, but I could see that she was almost as excited as I was myself.

Silently Sarah and I entered the house, and com-

menced wandering through the untenanted rooms, each of us too busy with our own thoughts to talk. In the kitchen I found a great deal of the furniture piled together, and amongst it I lighted on many an old-fashioned piece of carved oak, and in the presses caught glimpses of rare china, that would have delighted the heart of a collector. But I had not time to spend over this part of the exploration, for it was beginning to get dusk, and Sarah nervous. It was late when we left the house, for it was fairly large, and there had been much that was interesting to investigate; yet I lingered to examine the arms and the motto over the porch, which might prove an important clue in my search for the missing heiress.

Suddenly I bethought me of the ring Olivia had given me on our engagement, which had belonged to her own father. I knew there was a motto engraved inside it; if it would but tally with the one I had just read, it might prove very much. I drew the ring from my finger, and looked at it. Yes! there stood engraved, in tiny characters, the very same words as were facing me over the porch: *Ung Dieu, ung amour.* Olivia must indeed be the lost heiress.

Sarah stood meanwhile eyeing me doubtfully.

"That ring was Mr. Oliver's," she said sturdily, almost defiantly, "I should know it anywhere."

"And should you know this?" I proceeded, drawing Olivia's photograph from my pocket and showing it to her. She looked long and hard at it.

"I ought to know it, sir, and yet I do not," she said. "It is not maybe the poor Italian lady?—for indeed, sir, you must belong to the family, and perhaps you know what became of her and that dear baby."

The poor old woman was nearly crying as she said these words, laying her hand beseechingly on my arm, and gazing imploringly into my face. I felt that I had been imprudent in revealing to her so much of my own private ideas, and hastened to assure her that indeed I knew nothing of the lost Mrs. Alymer, that the ring had been a present from a friend, but that as I lived in London, I would do my utmost to discover the missing heiress, if she were yet alive. In order to divert the old woman's thoughts to another channel, I asked what had become of the money old Mrs. Aylmer was supposed to have amassed.

"We think she buried it, sir," she answered, "and we have dug, and dug, but cannot find it anywhere."

The whole of the next day I spent at Fair Beeches, searching for papers. I found a few old letters from Godfrey Aylmer to his mother, and some from Oliver, but little else besides, except account books without number. These and the letters, together with a bunch of keys, were all in a heavy oak chest of drawers in what had been old Mrs. Aylmer's bed-room. I felt no scruples about forcing the locks of the different cupboards and boxes I met with all over the house, in pursuit of my researches; my white lock, I felt, gave me an indisputable right so to do.

In my exertions in the last-named room, I happened to move the chest a little away from the wall, and fancied I heard something creak. Perhaps there might be some secret drawer, or false bottom, to such an old-fashioned piece of furniture; better have it out in the middle of the room, and survey it from all sides. I thought I never should succeed in moving it, it was so heavy, and very disappointing when the task was accomplished. I tapped and sounded it all over, but it proved merely a massive oak chest, with nothing mysterious about it. I was just about to replace it, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of one of the boards on the spot where it had stood. This board certainly was not even, and was also rather loose. A sudden inspiration came over me, and in one moment I was down on my hands and knees, tugging and wrenching at the luckless plank. So much energy was soon to be rewarded. In a few minutes I was able to raise it a little, and then my work was easy. Up flew the plank, disclosing to my eyes a long flat wooden box; what would it contain—papers, or the miser's hoardings? Naturally it was locked, and with a Bramah lock too. I turned to my bunch of keys and, oh, with what joy I found one Bramah amongst them! Tremblingly I tried it in the lock, found it fit, and raised the lid. There, before my astonished gaze, lay upwards of £2,000 in notes and gold; several cases of old-fashioned jewellery, some valuable, some trumpery, but one containing a really fine diamond pendant, which must have belonged to the Aylmers for generations, judging by the date engraved on the back of it; two or three old-fashioned miniatures of long-dead Aylmers, and some curious little pieces of plate—but no papers.

There remains little more to tell. With the assistance of Mr. Garwood and of my family lawyer, and with the important help of papers and possessions of her mother's, sent to her from Italy, Olivia's claim to the deserted manor was easily established, and at the same time I was proved to be the grandson of that Godfrey Aylmer who had sought his fortune in London, and, having made it, had married a woman of rank, and renounced his humble relations at home.

Nevertheless there was a great deal to be done, before Olivia and I could think of getting married. We intended to make Fair Beeches our home, so during the year or two that must elapse before the old place could be made habitable, I intended studying farming at an Agricultural College, whilst Olivia stayed with the Garwoods, no longer as their governess, but as their friend.

The two years' longer waiting that we had set ourselves, however, gradually dwindled down to one, and we were married last spring twelvemonth. Amongst the most honoured guests at our wedding was good old Sarah Fielding, who cried persistently through the whole service from joy.

Fair Beeches with its old-fashioned furniture, its carved oak staircase, its high mantelpieces, and its hundred and one beauties within and without, is the admiration of all our friends, who describe it as "so very artistic and quaint."

We have one boy, Oliver, who, with his mother's brown eyes and my fair hair, would be a very pretty child, were it not for the exceeding prominence of his "silver lock."

THE CAPE AND THE CAFFRES.

SOUTH AFRICA and its aborigines have of late been prominently and rather unpleasantly brought before the British public. Two grave circumstances—one, fortunately, unattended by sacrifice of human life, but nevertheless a great calamity, viz., the loss of the Union Company's steamer *European;* the other, the serious disaffection of some of the Caffres on our border—have caused considerable anxiety both to statesmen and merchants, and have thrust a notice of colonial affairs and feelings even on those who are for the most part indifferent to them.

Until within the last ten years, our South African colonies have been the least known, the least inquired after, and by far the most backward of all our foreign possessions. The stubborn conservatism of the Dutch Boers, the absence of men of vigour and enterprise, the occasional visitations of drought and locusts, the desolation and ruin caused by frequent wars with the barbarians, all helped to produce stagnation, and hinder here that progress which every other country was so rapidly making.

A new era dawned, on the discovery of diamonds, in the year 1868. A few valuable stones had been found previous to that date, but it had not been generally suspected that such enormous wealth lay in those regions near the Vaal and Orange rivers as so shortly proved to be the truth. The whole country was, indeed, at this time shivering on the brink of hopeless insolvency. Government was almost in despair; farmers were deserting the colony for other lands and pastures new; no public works were being prosecuted; poverty, stagnation, and ruin were staring the settlers in the face. The impetus given to trade by the startling discovery of such riches in their midst at such a critical time was well-nigh incredible. From north, east, and west came crowds of eager fortune-hunters, and with them came life, energy, skill, and progress. The Dean of Grahamstown, in a telling letter to the *Times*, had described the new state of affairs, and his letter was speedily copied into hosts of the provincial newspapers; and so the story spread, and was believed. Wealth came pouring into the country, and the Government, into whose coffers the Custom Duties teemed unwonted treasure, took a new lease of life, and bestirred itself for the public good. Harbour-works, railways, bridges, telegraph extension—none of these things were overlooked; and more strides in advance have been made during the past eight or nine years than were ever put forward in any two centuries before. This prosperous condition naturally opened out fresh and other channels for employment and for capital. Agricultural pursuits, which had in many localities been neglected, were now resumed. Ostrich-farming became at once a fashion and pretty certain source of money; and it has at length developed into a science. How long this industry may continue to be remunerative it is impossible to say. So long as women's vanity is gratified by feathers, it is reasonable to suppose that commodity will command its price in the market; and for the sake of those who have embarked somewhat largely in the pursuit, it is to be hoped the fashion of such adorning may not speedily vanish away.

THE CHIEF KRELI.

But other events concurred to bring the colony into notice, besides its own prosperity. Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, as an emissary from Lord Carnarvon, twice took a journey there; Sir Garnet Wolseley has described his deeds and travels through means of the press; Sir John Coode, the eminent marine engineer, has made plans for harbours, and visited the ports himself; and, lastly, Mr. Anthony Trollope has recently returned from a wander through the eastern and western provinces. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that this gentleman should have paid his visit while a kind of panic was prevailing, and while misfortune threatened the country. At present there is danger to be apprehended in two remote parts. The Gaikas, who own Sandilli as their chief, urged by the

importunate requests of the Gcalekas under Kreli, have at length risen in open rebellion, and are carrying fire and destruction far and wide. These Gaikas are located within the colonial border, and dwell in the heart of British Caffraria. Since they really mean mischief, it is a considerable consolation to know that they are quite incapable of forming any organised plan of working or of attack. It is fearful to contemplate what might so easily be accomplished by these wild men, could they only adopt any systematic or wisely pre-arranged tactics. The proportion of black to white is so immensely in favour of the former that, were the intelligence of each alike, the farmer's doom would be sealed in a single night.

The other peril lies in the recently annexed Transvaal territory. It is no new cause of strife. A strip of country had for years past been claimed alike by Boers and the great Zulu chief Cetewayo. In taking over the republic as part and parcel of the British colonial empire, we naturally took over existing troubles and liabilities, and, *inter alia*, this bone of contention. It is satisfactory to be told that great confidence is rested in the wisdom and judgment of Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his advisers, and there is good hope an open rupture with Cetewayo may be avoided. A quarrel that came to blows would be serious enough. An army of not less than 300,000 warriors, fairly armed, and moderately trained and disciplined, could very shortly be opposed to the British forces; and if it be remembered how far the possible scene of strife is from a port through which reinforcements and supplies could be brought, a war with these Zulus will appear indeed an appalling disaster.

It would almost seem that the prevailing notion in this country is that Zulus, Gaikas, Gcalekas, Tambookies—all whom we commonly group under the generic name of "Caffres"—are one and the same people, differing only in dialect and in party allegiance. This, however, is far from being true. The character of the Zulu is as distinct from that of the Amakosi, or Cape Colony Caffre proper, as the Celt from the Saxon, or the Turk from the Russian. It is quite true that, when open warfare is begun, when blood has been smelt, and cattle have been seized and roasted, and when success with one sable tribe over the common enemy and prey, "the white man," is bruited abroad, a sort of sympathetic ardour for fighting is aroused. But these same people, like the objects in the fable of the discontented apes, would war to the knife against each other in the event of one gaining a prize in which each did not share.

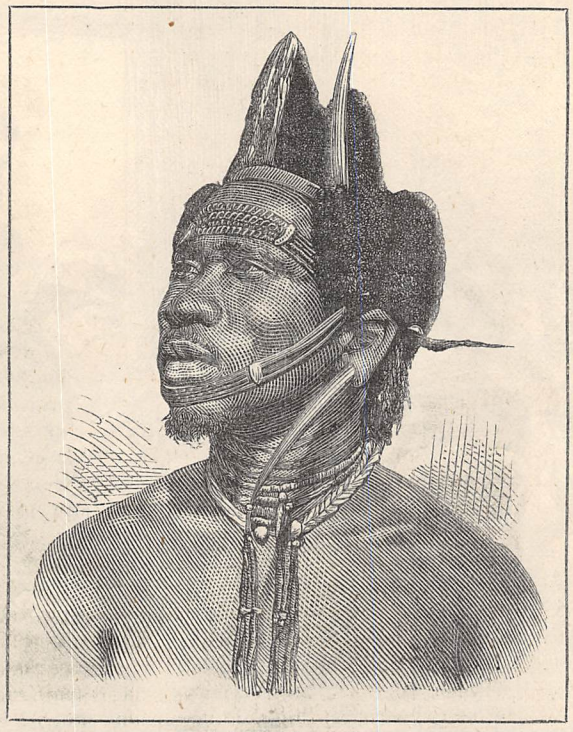
This is the situation to-day. If the Gaikas in British Caffraria are stimulated by the paramount Amakosi chief, Kreli—who has even now sought the shelter of his subordinate compeer, Sandilli—to prolong the strife, a protracted and lamentable contest may be expected. If, at this present juncture, Sir Theophilus Shepstone fail in conciliating the Zulu chief, Cetewayo, *then* the risk on our side is more than doubled. One half of our available forces will have to fight with an enemy 600 miles from the field where the other half is striving with the Amakosi.

Telegrams from Madeira lately informed us that an order has been issued for disarming all the natives. This is indeed an illustration of "locking the stable door when the horse is stolen." To-day it is an absolute impossibility to disarm them. The obvious blunder lies in the fact that the natives possess firearms at all. The customs law respecting the admission of guns into the colony is most stringent—nay, it is absurdly severe as regards the Europeans. A tax of £1 per barrel is levied upon every weapon that is passed through the custom-house, and as much as ten shillings per chamber of each revolver! The writer of this paper, visiting the colony for the first time solely for sporting purposes, paid no less than £16, according to the Government tariff, for his weapons of the chase. Clearly the primary object of this law was to keep firearms, as far as possible, out of the hands of the natives; but in sober truth and in effect it has been simply ridiculous. It is true a Caffre is required to have a *permit* before he can be supplied with a gun, but this is obtained somehow or other by the trader, and without the least difficulty, for any one who can afford to pay for his fancy. During the last four or five years thousands upon thousands of guns have been bought by natives, and openly carried through the towns and villages; nor does it seem these have ever been challenged or compelled to give an account of their possession. It is indeed notorious that a large part of the wages earned by *blacks* employed on the railways and other Government works has been applied by them to the purchase of guns. The country has, in fact, for the sake of filthy lucre, and from false notions of philanthropy, been putting arms into the hands of those who have, as was likely enough, turned again and rent us. Fortunately these weapons are not of the newest make or of the best quality, and the Caffres are by no means good shots. An assegai is far more dexterously handled by them than a rifle or smooth-bore. But we all know in close quarters these shooting-irons are dangerous enough, and a tyro learns to aim in time. The colonial press sounded the note of alarm long ago, but the warning was unheeded. Government, cosily at ease in Cape Town, 600 miles from Sandilli and from Kreli, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things." And now we cannot tell what sad and deplorable tale any mail may bring to us; indeed, already we have heard of murders, and of farmsteads having been burnt.

To understand the cause of the present trouble, we must go back about twenty years. The country known as the Transkei—viz., the region lying between the Kei and the Bashee rivers—was then cleared of natives. The Caffres, as punishment for repeated transgressions, were banished, and the country was for some years guarded by a small band of mounted police, at that time more commonly known under the designation of Sir Walter Currie's Police. It had been the intention of Sir George Grey, Her Majesty's High Commissioner, to parcel this land out in grants of farms to European settlers. British Caffraria, lying south-west of the Kei, and between that river and the Keiskamma, had been already granted in lots,

averaging 2,000 acres in extent; while at the same time large districts were distributed to various Caffre chiefs, within these same boundaries. Sandilli, the Gaika, is one such chief; Kama, the Christian chief, was another; Toise is another. The benevolent hope was entertained that these coloured people might, by living near and among the Europeans, profit by the civilisation of their neighbours, and be leavened with industry and humanity. But the scheme, although doubtless prompted by high motives, would appear to have been a failure.

Meanwhile, the Transkei was left unoccupied, and in the year 1861 Sir Philip Wodehouse was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. The country was still looked on as a land of promise. The new governor declared his intention of distributing grants, and there were many eager expectants for farms. After considerable delay, a proclamation was made that applications for land in this desired Canaan would be received at the Colonial Office; but the conditions on which farms were to be granted were so prodigiously unreasonable and extravagantly absurd, that not one single application was made. A quit rent more than double that imposed on farms in the cis-Keian territory; a personal occupation with as niggardly a leave of absence from home as a sailor gets from his ship in a foreign port; the maintenance of at least one white man fully equipped for war: these were some of the terms, only in compliance with which, grants would be made. The whole was manifestly a travesty of Sir George Grey's intention. At length it occurred to the administrators in Cape Town that it was a pity such a fine country should lie unpeopled and unpastured. The resolution was arrived at to make it over to the natives. The Fingoes, formerly slaves of the Caffres—their "dogs," as the word implies—had multiplied so fast that their country, in the Peddie district, was too small to contain them. An exodus was sanctioned, and thousands of these people were located in the Transkei, having the *northern* division assigned them as their new territory; and to them was guaranteed British protection. At the same time, Kreli made complaint from across the Bashee that his country was too circumscribed; and the wily Gcaleka chief and his people were allowed to come and occupy the *southern* division of the Transkeian territory. Roughly speaking, the main road leading from the principal ford across the Kei to Butterworth and Clarkebury is the boundary-line between Fingoes and Gcalekas. Magistrates, or British agents, were appointed from Cape Town to each of these races. The Fingoes are a fairly industrious people, and take more kindly to civilisation than do their quondam masters, the Gcalekas, who are jealous of the wealth and success of the "dogs." The haughty Kreli is indignant that their kennels should be so near his august majesty, and fierce raids have been made on the stock and homes of the hated race. The Government was, of course, now bound to care for the rights and persons of its own protégés—hence the present troubles. So far as tidings have as yet reached us, the troops, police, burghers, and volunteers have done their duty readily and well; but even if Kreli is surrendered in person, and a large indemnity in cattle as well, there is no certainty we may not be imbroiled in constantly recurring and desolating wars, unless a sound native policy is adopted, and a firm but just control exercised over all the Caffre tribes. Philanthropy is admirable, but then philanthropy should be tempered with prudence and with common sense.



A CAFFRE WARRIOR.

C. F. OVERTON, M.A.

HIGH TEA.

THE complications of modern life are many. Our grandmothers had an easy time of it, when they did their shopping within half a mile from home, never visited anybody residing beyond a short driving distance, while our grandfathers took all their meals in a regular way, and business was far too leisurely to keep dinner waiting. The fates forbid that some new invention shall make it possible for us to "pop over" to Edinburgh or Paris, or shall compel us to offend our friends in those places by shirking their evening invitations!

A pleasant north country custom, the combination of substantial viands with the refreshment of that meal which ladies love beyond all others, might well carry us through the difficulties which beset us on those days when, starting off for a long spell of hard labour among West-end shops, or picture galleries, or a summer day's expedition, we feel we may be terribly unpunctual for our six o'clock dinner, and that nothing would be so welcome to our jaded nerves as the aroma of the tea-pot? Again, why should not the caterer for our comfort on long, pic-nicking summer days be relieved of such elaborate responsibilities of knives and forks and spoons, of potted meats and leaking jam-pots? How much less burdensome—how much "nicer," to use that abused word which expresses so

much—a few simple, cleanly sandwiches and lovely fresh fruits, and then a home-coming to a bountiful meal, where the very latest adventures of the holiday may be summed up and discussed.

It was in this dilemma, intent on proving ourselves considerate to the wants of one of these expeditionary parties, that some useful brownie at our household hearth whispered, "High tea!" And the moment the thought came we exclaimed, "The very thing!"

It would suit everybody. Mr. C. would find some substantial viands to sustain him. No formality could separate Dr. B. and Miss E., and we shall be all in the drawing-room by eight o'clock. Nobody will go away starved.

"High tea" is a meal which can be arranged quite fittingly in many rooms, where any attempt at a "dinner-party" would look pretentious and absurd. It will not overwhelm even the modest breakfast-parlour of a suburban villa. It will not embarrass the thrifty mistress of a single servant. Its dishes are not of huge proportions or superabundant heat, and there is a pleasant, sociable easiness about it, which encourages polite little attentions among the guests themselves, and does not too severely tax the domestic waiting powers.

It can be made the prettiest of all meals. A well-chosen tea-urn is a graceful object in itself, and tea-china is generally much prettier than dinner-services, unless the latter be very expensive. Tea and coffee should be always offered, and there should be abundance of milk on hand. Let the china be as varied as possible: if every article can be different from the others, so much the better: if not, arrange those similar in little groups. Three plates should be allotted to each visitor—viz., a small one for bread-and-butter, &c., a larger one for the savoury dishes, and another for the sweet ones. These two last can be set on the table or reserved on a sideboard, as convenience or taste may dictate. Take care that a sufficiency of knives, forks, and spoons are provided—which seems an unnecessary reminder; but any informality of hospitality is too apt to degenerate into slovenliness, and servants want more direction and watching on these occasions than when they have harder and faster lines to guide them.

When possible, have a growing plant on the table, placed in a china pot or a pretty wicker fencing. This is the most pleasant decoration for an entertainment which must never be deprived of a sort of impromptu character. When flowers are difficult or costly to procure, a very pretty effect of colour may be made by a wise purchase and arrangement of fruit in a high epergne, the simpler in its form the better. Grapes and blushing apples are always refreshing to the eye, and can be had in winter. Remember to introduce no fruit, such as oranges, which would be unsuitable for eating with tea or coffee.

It must never be forgotten that high tea must offer some really substantial edibles. At the same time, there should be nothing difficult to serve or to partake. A cold fowl is always welcome, but it should be carved in readiness as should be some well-roasted and attractive-looking cold beef. But in addition to the cold dishes which must always figure at a meal instituted partly for the benefit of those who cannot be strictly punctual, there are one or two hot dishes which are very suitable for the more fortunate guests. Daintily minced and seasoned mutton, served up in a fencing of nicely mashed potatoes, will be found very acceptable to visitors coming from a distance, and really requiring a good meal. "Rissoles" are also deservedly popular. For these the best parts only of meat are chopped very finely; a quarter of its weight of bread-crumbs is added, then an onion boiled to a tender pulp, the whole flavoured with pepper, salt, and beaten egg in fit proportion to the quantity of meat and bread-crumb. If the balls do not seem to bind, some flour may be added. An ounce of butter will serve for the frying of several of these rissoles, and they must be very carefully turned. If considered too dry without it, they may be served with gravy.

"Kidneys sautés" are another suitable dish. Choose them of a nice size, and cut them the round way into thin slices. Dip these into flour well mixed with pepper and salt, and fry them gently, allowing not more than a minute for each side. Pour over them a little gravy thickened with flour, and serve them very hot.

"Potato croquets" are often very popular, and will go well with the kidneys, or by themselves. They are one of the simplest and cheapest of dishes. Boil and carefully mash some excellent mealy potatoes. Add pepper and salt and beaten egg sufficient to make a stiff paste. Make this into nice-sized balls, roll them in bread-crumbs, with a little more egg; boil some frying-fat, put the balls into the wire basket, and fry for a minute. They must be only of a light brown colour, and should be quite crisp on the outside.

For sweet dishes, open jam tarts are never out of place. In winter time take care to provide stewed pears or plums. If high tea is given in the days of strawberries, cherries, and currants, so much the better.

If one wants to indulge in a little "cookery," a chocolate *soufflé* is a nice dish, and not at all common; but it ought not to be in the bill of fare unless cocoa or chocolate is served, as well as tea and coffee. To make this, mix two table-spoonfuls of flour with two of powdered loaf-sugar, two ounces of butter, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Stir this over the fire till it boils; let it cool, and then stir in the yolks of four eggs and a quarter of an ounce of cocoa. Add the whites of eggs well beaten. Bake about forty-five minutes. Any other flavouring, such as vanilla, can be substituted for the cocoa.

"Marmalade pudding" is a variety among "mould" dishes, which introduces a flavour very suitable for a tea-table. This is made in the following proportions:—To one table-spoonful of marmalade, five ounces of bread-crumbs, two ounces of currants, one ounce of butter, two ounces of sugar. Melt the butter and mix it with the other ingredients, then add two eggs

well beaten, and half a pint of milk. Butter a mould and pour the mixture into it, tie a cloth tightly over it, and boil it for an hour and a half.

It should not be forgotten that at high tea there should be plenty of nicely-sliced bread-and-butter, and two or three varieties of cake of the simpler and lighter kinds.

We feel quite sure that, as a form of hospitality, high tea might become thoroughly popular. It is a meal at least as adapted for the requirements and exigencies of rapid London as it is for the quiet moorlands of the North, where it is such an old-established favourite. It should be always a genuine meal, and not a mere ceremony; and yet it is the meal least likely to become the sole "entertainment," or to be anything but a genuine refreshment for that interchange of thought and kindliness which should be the true purpose of all social gatherings.

WHAT IS A TORPEDO?

BY LIEUT. FRANCIS I. PALMER, R.N.

UNTIL quite recently, few well-educated people had more than a vague idea of what a torpedo was, and even now so little about it is known to general readers, that we propose to sketch some of the most interesting points of this important branch of modern warfare.

England's naval and with it her commercial prosperity considerably depend on the future development and employment of torpedoes, so the subject should possess more than ordinary interest.

In 1777—one hundred years ago—David Bushnell, an American, was the first to invent and use a submarine explosive machine, which he christened a Torpedo—*Torpedo vulgaris* being the scientific name of the Electric Ray or Skate, a fish which is said to kill its prey as by lightning.

Although records exist to warrant the assertion that explosive submarine infernal machines, *in some form*, were made use of about 2,000 years ago—and again in 1585, when the Dutch besieged Antwerp—the details are so meagre and uninteresting that we had better pass on to a time only one hundred years distant, when the torpedo—*as we know it now*—first took definite form.

Gun-cotton is the explosive used by the English authorities for torpedo purposes, from its being fairly safe to handle, and from the fact that it cannot be injured by water, thus eminently adapting it for submarine mine service.

Weight for weight, gun-cotton is about four times as powerful as gunpowder.

In 1797, Fulton, another American, revived the subject of torpedo warfare; he also designed a plunging torpedo-boat. After ineffectually trying to get the French to adopt it, he came to England, and the result of experiments made in this country induced Mr. Pitt, the then Prime Minister, to organise the first extensive torpedo attack. In 1804, Admiral Lord Keith set sail with the Catamaran Expedition, to destroy the French shipping lying off Boulogne. These Catamarans were coffin-shaped watertight boxes, containing a charge of powder to be ignited by clockwork arrangement. The attempt proved a complete failure, through the charges being too light, and being placed too distant from the sides of the enemy's ships.

From England, Fulton returned to America, a country soon to be engaged in war with Great Britain. By this time, the year 1810, he had further matured the art of torpedo warfare, by mooring torpedoes under water, to protect the entrance to a harbour, and by arming boats with explosives, to be carried at the ends of long poles. Both ideas are now used by all maritime Powers.

Although Fulton's experiments were generally successful, the American Government discouraged their further employment after ineffectually attempting to destroy some British ships in the war of 1812—14.

In 1841, Colonel Colt, of revolver fame, a third American, followed Fulton another step, and suggested the ignition of mines by the application of the galvanic battery, an invention which has given to the torpedo the high position it now occupies.

Englishmen, therefore, cannot lay much claim to inventiveness in this somewhat questionable weapon.

As little use was made of the torpedo during the forty years following the American War of 1814, we pass on to our war with Russia in 1854. The Russians employed both mechanical and electrical submarine torpedoes in the Baltic and Black Seas; and the knowledge that these infernal machines were hidden obliged the combined fleets of France and England to manœuvre with great caution. But beyond

a few accidents, and inspiring some amount of fear, the torpedo did little actual damage.

About midsummer, 1862, the Confederates were the first to introduce a regular torpedo service at Charleston, South Carolina; and the Northern officers, though strongly condemning it as a barbarous mode of warfare, were obliged in self-defence to recommend its adoption by the Federal Government. As a matter of fact, some twenty-five Federal war-ships (many drowning their crews) are known to have been destroyed, and nine others more or less injured, by Confederate torpedoes.

Here, for the first time in history, the torpedo took the first place amongst engines of war—doing far more damage than the well-known artillery, the more recent application of the ram, and all other efforts and accidents combined.

Torpedoes are either *defensive* or *stationary*, or *offensive* or *locomotive*. *Pile*, *frame*, *ground*, and *buoyant* torpedoes come under the first head. All were used in the American and Franco-German Wars, and are more or less employed in the East.

Pile torpedoes carried a charge of gun-cotton within an elongated iron shell fixed at the head of the pile, which was driven into the bottom at such a depth that the torpedo, although out of sight, was in the best position for exploding on being struck by the enemy's vessel.

Frame torpedoes consist of three or four heavy timbers parallel to each other and a few feet apart, tied together by cross-timbers. On the head of each timber was a cast-iron torpedo. One end of the frame was fixed in the bed of the river or harbour to be defended, and held by weights so as to present the other end, carrying the torpedoes, to the bottom of the vessel approaching.

There are several varieties of *ground* torpedoes. Those generally employed are made of iron or wooden cylinders securely weighted to the bottom, and fired either by mechanical or electrical agency—that is, on the vessel's coming into contact, or by will. The iron barrel which was exploded by galvanic battery under the hull of the U.S. sloop-of-war *Commodore Jones*, in the James River, contained 2,000 lbs. of powder. The vessel immediately sank, and one-half of the crew were killed.

Buoyant torpedoes are more useful and more largely employed than any other kind. Like the ground torpedo, it can be fired by mechanical or electrical agency, or can be made to combine the two by attaching to it a very ingenious contrivance termed a circuit-closer.

In 1859 the Austrians defended Venice by a large number of buoyant torpedoes contained in wooden cases strengthened by iron hoops. Each case was moored to a triangular frame resting firmly on the bottom. The three chains secured to the case were kept taut by the tendency of the torpedo to rise to the surface, whilst the spread of the triangle prevented their twisting—thus keeping the conducting cable communicating with the galvanic battery free from injury.

Singer's buoyant and mechanical torpedo, with improvements by Captain McEvoy, was largely used in the late American War.

The machine consisted of a conical iron cylinder, the apex, to which the mooring-chain was secured, being the underneath side. The lower part contained the powder, the upper the air-chamber to give great buoyancy. A loose metal top covered the torpedo, and was attached to a copper friction-tube fitted into the lower end by a chain, so arranged that when the torpedo is inclined by a vessel's striking, the heavy cover slides off, and throwing its weight on the rasp, draws it out, and explodes the tube and charge.

The newest kind of buoyant torpedo dependent on electricity has an apparatus called a circuit-closer attached, by which the mine can at a moment's notice be rendered harmless to a friendly vessel, and be picked up with perfect safety.

Locomotive or *offensive* torpedoes are essentially a naval arm, and to them the term *torpedo* is very properly applicable, whilst the term *submarine mine* more truly expresses those that are stationary. They may be divided into five classes.

Ships or boats might carry outrigger spar-torpedoes. The Confederates employed such boats, which they called "Davids," in the defence of Charleston. They were cigar-shaped vessels, only about one-fourth of them being above water, and that portion not unlike the back of a whale. A copper torpedo fitted with eight sensitive fuzes, to explode on contact with the enemy's side, was carried on a spar-end, which by means of a topping-lift could be lowered some eight feet beneath the surface. In this position the torpedo was sixteen feet from the boat.

The Federal war-ship *Housatonic*, of thirteen guns, was destroyed by such a torpedo-boat in Charleston Harbour. The officer in charge of the deck at the time reported that he discovered something in the water about 100 yards distant, moving towards the ship. It had the appearance of a plank, and the time from which it was first seen until it was close alongside was about two minutes. The "David" which made the attack also sank herself, and drowned her crew of nine men, by running over her own explosion, and possibly into the hole which her torpedo made in the *Housatonic's* side.

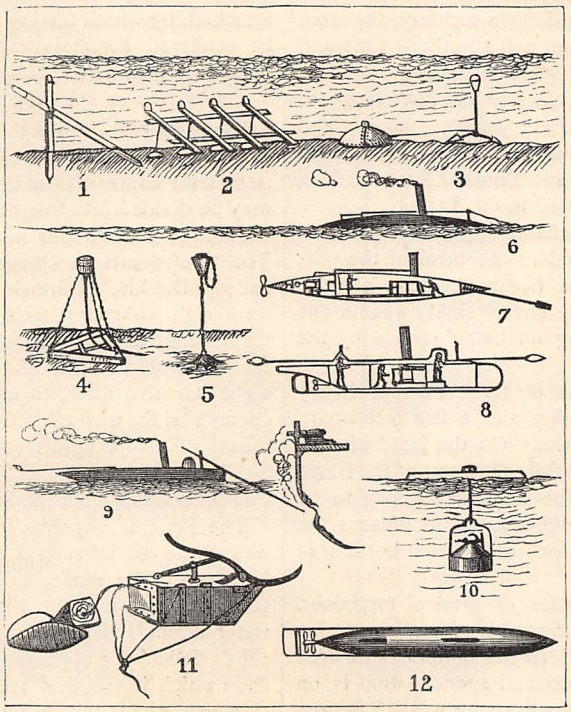
Messrs. Thorneycroft of Chiswick, and Messrs. Yarrow of Poplar, are the largest and most scientific builders of steam torpedo-launches in this country, and, as may be expected, have introduced many astonishing improvements. Their boats are more like the ordinary steam launch than the American "Davids," exposing very much more of their hull—a difference requisite to give ample internal working-room, a high rate of speed, and a fair certainty of working their spar-torpedoes in rough seas such as they are intended to encounter. The speed of these boats varies, according to their size, from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour.

Captain Harvey's *towing* torpedo comes next. Although it has never been used in any war, it is supposed to be a most efficacious weapon. It consists of an elongated wooden case, to hold 76 lbs. of gun-cotton,

carrying two projecting levers outside on the top, which work a firing-bolt and ignite the charge. When slung from the after yard-arm of a vessel in motion, instead of towing immediately astern, it diverges from her path to an angle of about 45°, thus allowing the vessel carrying it room to pass alongside or across the bow of the enemy, near enough to bring the torpedo in contact with some portion of her submerged hull.

Thirdly come *drifting* torpedoes. Captain McEvoy's torpedo is the best example. It is usual to suspend it from a log of timber or drift-wood, which floats on the surface, carrying the torpedo some ten feet beneath. So long as the apparatus continues to drift, all goes well; but as soon as the motion of the torpedo is interrupted by fouling a vessel at anchor or the piers of a bridge, the current running past acts on the rudder-blade, when a given number of revolutions releases a hammer, and causes explosion.

Fourthly, there are *locomotive machines*, with all the appliances and machinery for working contained within themselves, represented by the Whitehead or fish torpedo. Lord Charles Beresford a short time ago drew public attention in the House of Commons to the power of this torpedo, "which could do all but speak, and which threatened to change the character of naval warfare."



1. Pile Torpedoes. 2. Frame Torpedoes. 3. Ground Torpedo. 4. Venice Torpedo. 5. Buoyant Torpedo. 6. American "David." 7. Section of ditto. 8. Modern Spar-Torpedo Launch. 9. Ditto attacking Ship. 10. Drifting Torpedo. 11. Towing Torpedo. 12. Whitehead or Fish Torpedo.

Its construction is kept as secret as possible. The Whitehead torpedo is in reality an explosive submarine cigar-shaped cylinder, worked without the aid of electricity. The large size is nineteen feet long by sixteen inches in diameter. The bow portion contains a bursting-charge of 360 lbs. of gun-cotton (equivalent to about 1,000 lbs. of gunpowder), together with the fuze and detonating apparatus, arranged to explode on striking. The central portion carries the engines to drive the twin screws by which it is propelled; whilst the stern chamber holds the compressed air, reduced to a pressure of about 1,000 lbs. to the square inch, the air being employed for driving the engine. The engine, although weighing only 35 lbs., is capable of exerting a force of something like 40 horse-power. The torpedo is steered in a horizontal direction by an automatic pendulum working fore and aft. This fitment, and another for making the detonating material harmless in the event of the torpedo failing to strike the object attacked, is kept secret. Direction is given to the torpedo by means of an iron impulse-tube built into the vessel, where it can be discharged at a considerable depth beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo is passed into this tube on rollers, and eventually expelled from the ship by a piston. On its way out a tripper catches against a stud in the tube, and sets in motion the propelling power. Aim is taken by laying the ship herself on for the enemy—a line of sights parallel to the axis of the torpedo being fitted on one of the decks for that purpose. The speed of this torpedo on first leaving the vessel is about twenty-six miles an hour, with a proportionately reduced speed as the distance of travel increases—till about three-quarters of a mile is reached, when the motive-power is expended.

There are only two known attempts at using this weapon with intent to destroy: the first made by H.M.S. *Shah*, about midsummer last, when she unsuccessfully tried to sink the Peruvian rebel ironclad *Huascar*; the second, quite recently—the night of the 26th of December last, when Russian steam launches fired some Whitehead fish torpedoes against the Turkish fleet at anchor off Batoum. The vessels were most injudiciously lying unprotected, and unsurrounded by floating spars and a circle of hanging nets. Two of the expended Whiteheads—most perfect machines of the newest kind (it is not known how many were fired)—were picked up at daylight. Both had failed in the attack, although one bore unmistakable evidence that it had struck its mark and crushed in its head against the side of one of the ironclads. Providentially for the Turks, it only partly fulfilled its mission, failing to explode on contact, through an imperfection in the firing apparatus.

The last locomotive torpedo is a boat propelled by steam or other agency, with *no crew on board*, and steered by electricity. General Ballard, an engineer officer, many years ago designed and used such a boat, and drew attention to its value, particularly for harbour defence purposes; and there can be little doubt that this powerful arm of defence and offence will shortly occupy a prominent place in torpedo

warfare. By furnishing the torpedo-boat with three or four wires, you can start and stop the vessel at pleasure, place and explode countermines, force the entrance to a harbour, and do anything, in fact, with her that steam and electricity can do, so long as your motive-power on board lasts.

For some time past the authorities have been searching for antidotes against torpedo attacks of all kinds. The electric light carried at a vessel's topmast-head, to illuminate the sea around her at night-time, probably stands first. Then there is the "crinoline" of wire netting hanging from wooden booms, which stand out at right angles to the vessel's side and encircle her, and catch such nasty missiles as the fish torpedo, causing them to explode harmlessly away from the vessel's side. Then come Gatling guns, throwing a perfect hailstorm of large bullets; and lastly, many means of dragging and destroying the enemy's fixed or defensive mines. But of all these last, probably no method is more effective than that of employing torpedoes to destroy torpedoes—*countermining*, as it is termed. This is executed in the dark, under cover of the ship's guns, when the boat advances to the supposed site of the torpedoes, and sinks another, firing it by her boat electric battery, when sufficiently removed from the force of the explosion; 150 lbs. of gun-cotton so exploded would probably destroy one-half of the torpedoes within a radius of 200 yards, thus opening out a passage for the attacking ship.

The torpedo has, for some reasons difficult to explain, played an insignificant part in the Russo-Turkish War—probably chiefly due to the want of torpedo material, rather than the deficiency of objects to be attacked.

Another war with Russia will find her very differently armed, for she has recently ordered 142 of the most powerful torpedo-boats known, 100 of which are to be delivered at Odessa in the Black Sea within a few short months.

A last and most important item in the application of the torpedo is a sufficiency of well-trained officers and men. Strenuous endeavours are being made by all the Great Powers to be perfect in this respect.

England has the *Vernon* torpedo-ship at Portsmouth, the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

May England fully recognise the importance of this detestable yet fashionable mode of warfare, and it will be hereafter recorded in history that the torpedo has spent itself in vain upon our maritime supremacy.

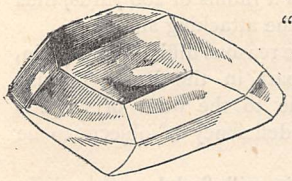
IN A MEADOW.

HOW may a grateful mortal speak his thanks
For such a day as this? The rillet plays
Between a Paradise of lilied banks;
Cool, sheltered by a million moving sprays.
The early sweets of life, that long had been
Forgotten in the darkened days of pain,
Come back to give old charms to each new scene,
And withered hopes, like trees, grow green again.

Midmost the leafage of the bending lane,
Half hid in shade, half shining in the sun,
Rumbles the heavy, rocking farmer's wain;
And after it barefooted children run
To cheer the waggoner, and reach the hay
Plucked by the hedges; and old women sit
To knit in silence and to nod away
The hours on cottage-steps with noon-light lit.

GUY ROSLYN.

DIAMONDS.



"DIAMOND me no diamonds," writes Mr. Tennyson, but for the nonce we feel disposed to disregard the injunction of the poet, and to bring before our readers a few of those things which are not generally known in connection with these precious stones. Attacking our subject *au fond*, we find that the diamond is pure carbon crystallised, and that it is known in three different molecular states, viz., crystallised, crystalline, and amorphous. The crystallised diamond is the stone used in jewellery; the crystalline is known as "boart," and is reduced to powder for cutting crystallised gems; and the amorphous suffers a similar fate, being largely used in a pulverised condition by the Swiss watchmakers for polishing the rubies with which their watches are jewelled. The commercial name of the latter is the carbonic diamond.

It will be no news to any to learn that the diamond cuts glass with great facility, but it is not generally known that not every stone can be used for that purpose, as it is requisite to find one whose angles are naturally acute. Most gems will *scratch* glass, but the diamond is the only stone capable of *cutting* it. Called adamant (the indomitable) by the Greeks, the diamond quite justifies the designation, being the hardest known substance. It is, however, very brittle, and being composed of infinitely thin laminæ, deposited over each other, a slight blow struck in the direction of these laminæ will cause it to split. From the authors of antiquity we find that the ancients credited the diamond with several properties which it certainly does not possess; one of these properties being its inability to acquire warmth when exposed to heat, the fallacy of which opinion was conclusively established when the first diamond was *burnt* at the Academy of Florence, in 1694, by means of powerful burning-glasses. The stone in question first split, then emitted sparks, and finally disappeared leaving no trace behind. Another idea was that it would resist, without breaking, the blow of a hammer; and this characteristic is mentioned both by Lucretius and Pliny.

The latter, speaking of the adamas—which most authorities agree must have been the true diamond—says, "These stones are tested with the hammer and anvil, and will resist the blow to such an extent as to make the iron rebound, and the very anvil split asunder." Loth to disagree with so eminent a writer, we would only remark that diamonds will not stand that test now-a-days, and that so long ago as 1476 the Swiss soldiery who subjected the jewels of Charles the Bold to a similar process found that crushed diamonds were of no very great marketable value.

Diamonds are of various colours, including blue, green, orange, pink, yellow, brown, and black; but the most valuable stones are those perfectly colourless, when they are said to be of the purest water. The diamond is also occasionally found opalescent. Among the various properties possessed by this gem is that of flashing out the colours of the rainbow, and it will also become phosphorescent on exposure to the light, the smaller diamonds acquiring that state by a much shorter exposure than those of larger size.

When cut, the diamond is known as the brilliant, rose diamond or rosette, and table diamond. The brilliant form is the most beautiful, as the lustre of the stone is then displayed to the greatest advantage. Strange to say, in this age of science, no one has yet proposed a theory which could account for the formation of the diamond, nor has any satisfactory conclusion been arrived at with regard to the matters which lend a tinge or colour to the gem.

We will now glance at the localities favoured by the presence of the King of Gems. Of these, India of course takes the precedence, the diamond being well known and appreciated in that region from the earliest age—indeed until the eighteenth century no diamond mines were known but those of India and Borneo.

The most famous mines of India were those of Golconda, in the territory of the Nizam, and at Raolconda, near Visiapore, in the Mahratta Empire. These mines were many years ago ceded to England, but they are now abandoned, and it is supposed that they are exhausted. There is, however, scarcely a nation of the globe in the regalia of which the treasures of these mines do not glitter. In the time of Tavernier, a French jeweller who travelled through the East in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Golconda mines employed no less than 60,000 persons, and their yield was so enormous that, as we are informed by Ferishta, the Sultan Mahmoud (A.D. 1177—1206) left in his treasury more than 400 pounds weight of these precious gems. Hindostan, Sumatra, Java, and Borneo—the "Landak" diamonds of the latter place being especially prized—have all yielded diamonds, but many localities which once abounded with these stones are now exhausted, and their very names are rapidly becoming obsolete. Brazil comes second on the list, and by far the largest quantity of fine diamonds are now exported into Europe from that country. They are met with mostly in alluvial soil derived from the materials brought down from the hills bordering the higher parts of the valleys in the district of Cerro di Fria, a lofty plateau measuring eight leagues by sixteen, at Minas Geraes, and San Paolo. The most fruitful districts of late have been Matto Grosso and Bahia; but it is said that the production of the Brazilian mines has already considerably decreased, and is every day on the decrease. It is calculated that during the first fifty years after the discovery of the Brazilian mines, diamonds to the astonishing amount of £12,000,000 in value were exported.

As might be imagined, the crown jewels of that empire are fairly supplied with diamonds, the value of these stones in the regalia being estimated at £4,000,000. When the gold-hunters of Brazil first discovered diamonds they had no idea of their value. So little were they appreciated that they were used for counters in card-playing. It remained for one Bernardo Lobo, a native, who had travelled in the East Indies and had there seen diamonds in their rough state, to recognise the true nature of the disregarded pebbles. The news of his discovery spread consternation in the diamond trade, and it was a long time before the dealers could reconcile themselves to the existence of a rival to the diamond of the East. As for the gold-hunters, gold had no longer any attraction for them, and the whole of their energies were now directed to diamond-finding. The land proved to be marvellously rich, and it is stated as a fact that a negro found a gem of 5 carats adhering to the root of a cabbage which he had plucked for his dinner. Diamonds were also found in the crops of killed fowls, but we are not informed whether the creatures were despatched with the object of ascertaining whether they had been diamond-hunting on their own account. In the event of a slave being so fortunate as to find a stone of 18 carats, he received his freedom, was crowned with flowers, and led in a triumphal procession amid the rejoicings of his friends.

A curious fact in connection with Brazilian diamonds is that they are of different specific gravity to the Indian; they are also somewhat inferior in lustre and brilliancy.

Coming to the very recent discoveries in South Africa, the first diamond is said to have been found in Hopetown division, Cape Colony, in 1867, by one of the children of a Dutch Boer named Jacobs. It weighed over 21 carats, and was, it is stated, after passing through several hands and narrowly escaping being thrown away as worthless, eventually sold for £500. Rumours reached England in the autumn of 1868 that diamonds had been found in the gold districts on Orange River, and early in the following year all doubts were dispelled by the discovery of an enormous diamond, now known as the Star of South Africa. According to one account, the first known owner of this gem was a Caffre witch doctor or sorcerer, who was with c nsiderable difficulty persuaded to sell it to a persor named Schalk van Niekerk; whilst another version is that it was found by a poor herdsman, who had the supreme happiness to dispose of it for 500 sheep, 10 head of cattle, and a horse. According to the same authority it was taken to Capetown, where an injunction was placed upon it by the emissaries of Waterboer, Chief of the Griquas, who claimed it as the possession of his own territory; but, for lack of proof, the injunction was removed, and the diamond finally reached England. It has been valued at £25,000 to £30,000.

Public attention was now quickly attracted to the South African diamond-fields, and by 1870 numbers of enterprising men and capitalists were already on the scene. The districts of the Vaal proved very productive. At a place called Pneil seventy-two large diamonds were discovered in a week, and no less than ninety-one were found by a single digger in a fortnight. Diamonds valued at £100,000 had been picked up by Europeans. As a rule, the Cape diamonds are of an inferior quality, and have a greasy, oily appearance. They are principally of a yellowish hue, and the effect of what is technically termed their "off colour" has been to enhance the value of the translucent and colourless stones of India and Brazil. Notwithstanding their comparatively small value, it is estimated that during the year 1870 Cape diamonds were exported to the value of £1,500,000.

Diamonds have also been found in Australia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alaska, Arizona, Mexico, and the Ural Mountains, but the production has not been sufficient to indicate any new centres of commerce. India, Brazil, and South Africa are the only accepted diamond-yielding countries of commerce and of history.

We will now pass in review some of the most celebrated diamonds of the world. The place of honour must, for several reasons, be accorded to the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. This stone is mentioned by Tavernier in 1665 as the property of the Great Mogul, and was then, according to him, a very high rose diamond weighing 280 carats. The same writer informs us that when Mirgimola, who betrayed the Great Mogul, his master, made a present of this stone to Shah Sehan, with whom he took refuge, it was in the rough, and possessed the astonishing weight of 787½ carats. Its true history is wrapped in obscurity, but according to a Hindu legend it was worn by one of the heroes of the Indian epic poem, the Mahabharata, which would give it a history extending over some 4,000 years. It is stated to have belonged to Vikramaditya, Rajah of Mjayin, 56 B.C., and to have passed to his successors, the Rajahs of Malwa, and thence to the Sultans of Delhi when Malwa came into their possession. After a number of vicissitudes, we find it safely lodged in the Lahore treasury at the time of the annexation of the Punjaub by the English in 1849, and once in British hands it was presented to the Queen, being forwarded to England by Lord Dalhousie in charge of two officers. The stone weighed 186½ carats when brought to this country, and was exhibited in this state at the Exhibition of 1851, when it was valued at £140,000.

The Orloff (or Orlow) diamond has a strange history. It is stated to have formed one of the eyes of the famous idol of Serringham in the temple of Brahma, and to have been stolen thence at the commencement of the eighteenth century by a French soldier, who had pretended to adopt the Hindu religion, and thus gained the confidence of the priests. He sold it for £2,000, and it was afterwards purchased by a Jewish merchant for £12,000, who, in his turn, disposed of it in 1774 to Catherine II. of Russia, for £90,000 and a pension for life of £4,000, added to which, according to some authorities, was a patent of nobility. The stone, which is flat on the under side and is rose-cut, weighs 194½ carats, and now glistens in the imperial

sceptre of Russia. It was this famous stone that suggested Wilkie Collins' novel, "The Moonstone."

But the most wonderful stone is the Braganza, or King of Portugal's diamond, which was found in Brazil in 1741. Mawe says it weighs 1,680 carats (some accounts make it 1,880 carats), and that in Brazil its value is estimated at £300,000,000! But unkind people suggest that it is not a diamond at all, but only a topaz; and the Portuguese Government, for reasons best known to themselves, resolutely refuse to allow it to be tested, or even to be seen.

Connected with the subject of doubtful diamonds, a good story is told of a monster which was found by a negro at Villa Rica, in Brazil, in 1809. The finder begged permission to present it in person to the emperor, and was accordingly fetched in a royal carriage, and honoured with a military escort. He laid his gift at the emperor's feet, and every one who saw it was astounded at its size. It weighed 2,560 carats, or nearly a pound. Its value was estimated at countless millions. Mr. Mawe, an eminent English mineralogist, happening to be at Rio de Janeiro at the time, begged permission to prove its value by scientific inspection. Permission was granted, but before he could be admitted into the room where it was deposited, he had to produce an order signed by the whole Cabinet of ministers. One sentinel after another was passed, and the chamber at last reached where, under the guard of three officers, each with a separate key to three chests, one inside the other, he was shown the incomparable stone. Producing a cutting diamond, Mr. Mawe *scratched* the great crystal —the untold millions vanished like a beautiful dream.

The various writers on diamonds differ very materially in their accounts of some of the more famous stones, in fact scarcely any two of them entirely agree, and it has therefore been thought judicious by the writer of this paper to side with the preponderance of evidence in cases where serious discrepancies are found to exist.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

THE GATHERER.

Rubber-clad Men-of-War.

A singular experiment is about to be made on board H.M.S. *Skylark*, under the superintendence of Lieut. Custance, which if successful may entail an additional encumbrance on our war-vessels. The idea is so exceedingly simple that one wonders it has not been thought of before. That portion of a ship which is beneath water is liable to occasional penetration by shot; but as the decks even of our strongest armour-plated vessels are seldom if ever covered with the same kind of iron plates as those which defend the outside, it follows that they are peculiarly exposed to what is called a "plunging fire." The projectiles thus hurled might force their way through the decks and pass out at the bottom of the vessel. An occurrence of this kind would of course almost immediately sink the ship, for a leak would be sprung in the most impossible place for stoppage, especially during a conflict. It has been suggested that if the bottom of a war-vessel were covered with india-rubber, even if a shot penetrated a vessel in the manner above described, the leak resulting would be sufficiently closed in by the pressure of the water on the rubber. In order to test the value of the suggestion Lieut. Custance is about to employ the following experiment:—One end of an iron tube will be closed with an india-rubber diaphragm eight inches in thickness, and be made perfectly water-tight. This end of the tube will then be sunk in the water until the india-rubber is in a position similar to what a vessel would be if covered by the same material. The bow-gun of the *Skylark* will then be depressed sufficiently to allow a sixty-four pound shot to be fired through the india-rubber diaphragm, when, if the tube floats, it will be evident that india-rubber can close up a shot-hole. The result may be important, for, as we have found earthworks to be the best means of arresting projectiles on land, it would be singular if for a similar reason we exchanged an iron casing for a thick india-rubber layer on the outsides of all our men-of-war! India-rubber we can grow, but iron we cannot.

A Hidden Quotation.

In the following lines a well-known quotation from a modern poet is hidden—one word in each couplet:—

A GLIMPSE OF NATURE.

A little lake fenced round with hills,
And fed by half a hundred rills,
That laugh and prattle as they hie,
Scarce knowing yet man's watchful eye.
A little spot of Nature's best,
Hid far away like tiny nest
Low-perched 'mid grasses, bush-o'ergrown;
A little world of things unknown
To those who gaze but from afar,
And know not what earth's beauties are;
Who barely see what nearest lies
And walk the world with self-dimmed eyes.
Far otherwise with him who walks
Closely observant; Nature talks
To him with no uncertain sound,
Shows him the things that lie around
Close to his path on every side,
Tells him where unguessed beauties hide,
And bids him look about to see
The sources of her harmony.
His life can never be all sad,
Who has such friend to make him glad;
For, springing up about his feet,
Companions make the moments sweet.

W.

A New Use for Insulators.

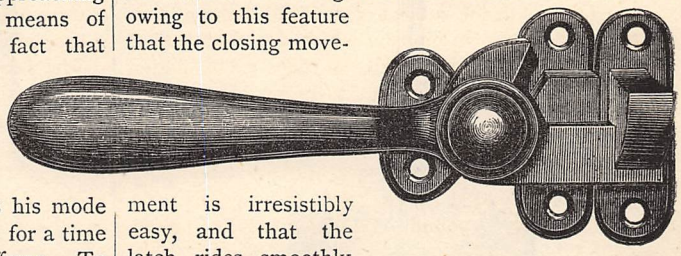
There is no more troublesome or distressing disease than rheumatism, whether muscular or fibrous. Many remedies have been suggested for its cure or alleviation, but it can scarcely be said that any one course of treatment is exactly suited for successful application to the great variety of forms in which the disease manifests itself. Indeed, speaking of rheumatism, we may almost parody the well-known maxim, and say, *Quot varietates tot remedia.* Probably each physician has his own way of approaching it; and so, too, has Mr. Thomas, by means of his Electric Insulators. Acting on the fact that electricity plays a prominent part in the support of physical life, and that to a deficiency of this property in the system is due that loss of health which is equivalent to disease, especially to that form of it known as rheumatism, Mr. Thomas makes his mode of treatment solely turn upon the retention for a time of the electricity in the body of the sufferer. To secure this result, a glass stand, something like that which is used to raise a piano or table a few inches, is placed under each foot of the bedstead or couch upon which the patient lies. The bed (or couch) is then drawn clear of the wall, and particular care is taken that the bed-furniture and linen on no account touch the floor or other articles standing near, such as chairs, &c.

These instructions having been followed, the electricity in the sufferer's body is insulated—that is, it cannot depart, glass being a non-conductor. In severe cases the attendant must not touch the patient or the bed with either dress or hand unless it is covered with silk, otherwise the electric current will escape.

A Latch and a Catch.

The shutting of a door or gate has often enough led to much inconvenience. For instance, if you have paid a visit to the hot-house to see what progress your promising vines or choice exotics were making, and if you have, as you supposed, left the door securely fastened, it would be rather annoying to find, perhaps next day, that the latch—as latches sometimes will—had missed its catch, and that consequently the cold had got access to your precious fruit and flowers. Now such a result would be impossible in all cases where the self-acting door-latch was in use. A familiar Scottish song humorously depicts a state of things bordering upon domestic strife, which would have been scarcely probable had the ingenious contrivance, presently to be described, been known to the parties who were sufficiently obstinate to quarrel about the barring of the door.

The self-acting fastener consists of a latch and a catch, each made of metal, and that of various kinds. They are to be screwed upon the door or gate, and there is therefore no risk of disfiguring the door by misfit or the accidental cutting away of too much wood. The principle upon which the fastener—which is the patent of Mr. Montague Davenport—works is very simple. It consists of a sort of lever, the opposite end of which serves as a handle for releasing the latch from the catch; the latter being, of course, screwed to the post, the former to the door. To prevent the latch from travelling too far back, a stop is inserted, against which, as against a very diminutive buffer, the handle acts—its return being speedier the narrower the range in which it works—and, by being thus kept horizontal, it is ready to glide down the catch the moment the door is "made-to," as the Germans have it. The nose of the catch is on the swerve—that is, is rounded downwards with a slight inclination inwards—and it is owing to this feature that the closing movement is irresistibly easy, and that the latch rides smoothly home. In fact, it is difficult to see how the gate, when drawn or pushed to, can do anything else but shut. The action, as already intimated, is automatic, the latch catching of its own accord by reason of the weight of the handle. There are no springs to get fractured by frost or rust; while corrosion, in the case of iron fastenings, is provided against by a coat of a specially-devised preparation. The self-acting door-latch is possessed of great strength, and there cannot be much chance of its wearing rapidly. Mr. Davenport has invented a double fastener, to close both from the inside and outside, which acts upon precisely the same principle as the patent fastening which we have described.

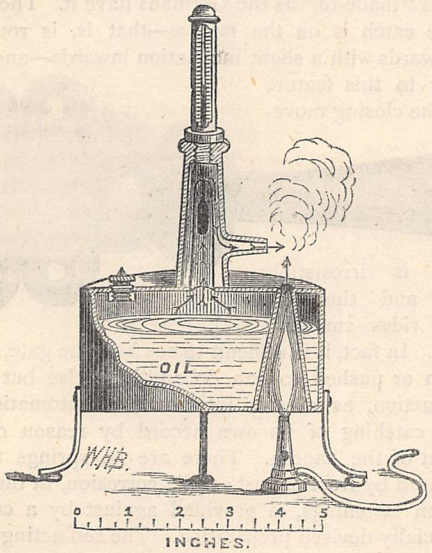


A Test for the Ignition of Oil.

Many to whom the names of Sir William Thomson and Professor Tait are unfamiliar could no doubt give a definition of the term "friction," as used by physicists, that would be quite good enough for all practical purposes. Friction may briefly be said to consist in the resistance that is offered by two bodies working upon each other, and where it exists there is always loss of energy—great or small according to the amount of resistance. In Applied Mechanics this point is of much importance, for in all cases where large heavy machines have to be driven their power may be sensibly affected by it. In order, therefore, to keep it as low as possible, the machinery has to be thoroughly "lubricated," so that its various parts may work freely among themselves. One of the commonest and best of lubricants is oil, and that oil is considered most satisfactory, after tests for other properties, whose non-liability to ignition stands highest. Some light mineral oils are absolutely dangerous, because of the low temperature at which their vapours take fire. Indeed, there is reason to believe that some cotton-mills have been destroyed from this very cause. But a remedy has been provided by means of which it can be easily ascertained whether or not an oil is safe.

Mr. W. H. Bailey, who has devoted much attention to this subject, has adapted an instrument for testing

the igniting-point of oil, and a reference to the engraving will render any detailed explanation needless. The oil is put into a small copper vessel, which is filled only about three-quarters full, as oil expands much when heated. A spirit-lamp or Bunsen burner is then placed underneath, and ere long vapour is seen to issue at the little tube at the side, the vertical and horizontal arrows indicating the point where



the vapour comes under the influence of the heat from the burner. As this vapour ascends, it passes the bulb of a thermometer which records the temperature, and so enables the experimenter to note the point of ignition. Oils are considered unsafe as lubricants if they ignite at a temperature lower than 212 degrees Fahrenheit. It may be added that the instrument here illustrated was to some extent suggested by Regnault's apparatus for testing the boiling-point of thermometers, and Mr. Bailey's may be employed for that purpose by using water instead of oil. It may also be used to indicate altitudes, such as the height of mountains above the level of the sea, by noting the varying boil g-points of distilled water.

A Self-adjusting Windmill.

To agriculturists the windmill shown in the engravings is likely to be of great use. It is of simple construction and according to the strength of the wind will adjust itself. The arms bearing the sails are so connected that an excess of wind will fold the sails together, and the motion of the sails is retarded by a brake wheel; and the hollow revolving standard is so arranged that, held vertically, it is free to be acted on by the slightest change in the course of the wind. Fig. 1 shows the wings expanded, with a sectional view of the revolving standard. In Fig. 2 the wings are closed—and a glance at A will show that the out-arm alone is fixed to the shaft, the other arms being at liberty to revolve thereon. The sails, however, are connected near the edges by leathern straps allowing them to spread out only to the size allotted to them. The rear end of the shaft has a crank arm which communicates with the pump rod. On the rear of the rear arm the brake wheel B is secured, in contact with which is the pivoted brake C, governed by a rod leading

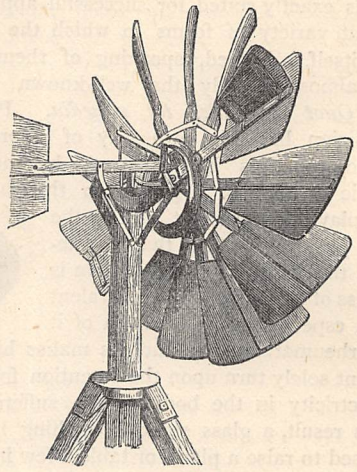


FIG. 1.

down the standard supporting the mill. The tail-board serves in the usual way to turn the wheel in the direction of the wind. The windmill has been suc-

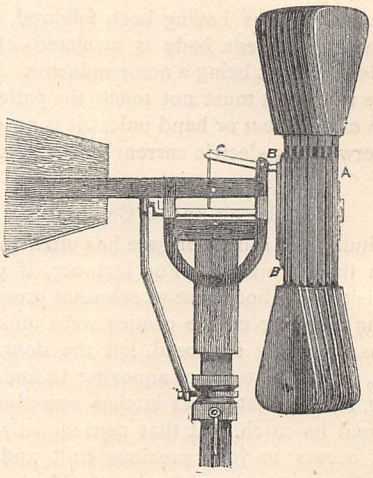


FIG. 2.

cessfully tested, and it is pronounced to be excellently suited for raising water for cattle, supplying water to houses, and to perform many other necessary duties for the agriculturist.

An Ornamental Trade.

The industries which depend upon the caprices of fashion rarely attain to any great extent, but the modes in which they are carried out are often (and possibly in consequence) more varied, fresh, and interesting than those which are reduced to system and pursued on a large scale. In the north of England the romance of trade has fled before the method which

has now settled down upon its chief industries of coal and iron, and which is crushing out the quaintness of life in the lead-mining districts; but in the small and peculiar industry locally called "jetting," and jet-working, the extent of that industry, and the nature of the district in which the material is found, leave it much in the condition in which so fluctuating an industry has been carried on in the north for scores of years. The finding of the jet is carried on now in some of the most secluded of the little dales in and on the borders of the great treasure-trove of Cleveland, under conditions of almost isolation in regard to the work, which is in a considerable degree speculative. The working of the jet into the ornamental shape it takes is becoming more and more methodised; and it has acquired in the town of Whitby a proportion which an ornamental industry rarely takes.

Jet was found at one time largely on the north-east coast near Whitby, and it was obtained by the easy but destructive process of "dessing" or quarrying down the face of the cliff in which it was embedded. It was also found in the Cleveland Hills, but more especially in the southernmost of the two spurs which penetrate inland from the Cleveland coast; and for long the bulk of the native jet obtained has been got from the latter depository. The mode of working is very simple, but for so limited an industry the arrangements of the working parties vary considerably, as do also the modes and remuneration. The jet-master rents a length of the foreground of a hill, and by that renting he acquires the right to penetrate to any extent he chooses into its interior, and thence extract the article he is in quest of; but the custom prevents him working more than a given number of men in such a length, so that there is a practical restriction. Running a level shaft into the hill-side for four or five score yards, cross-sections are driven from this, and the miners literally hew down the earth from these, retreating before it, and extracting with practised eye the jet, following up the horizontal seams, which resemble nothing so much as glue. Except in cases where a sort of co-operative system of mining prevails, the pay is something like a labourer's, for labourer's work, with the discomfort and the slight danger of mining work added. The jet-master has the risk, and has the reward; for though there have been instances where men have "toiled hard all the year" and found nothing, yet, on the other hand, when the price of jet has been high, there have been "finds" of seams which in the aggregate have amounted to £1,000. The importations of the article from Spain, cheaper if softer, have tended to bring down the price, and the diminution in the demand in recent years has been considerable.

Whitby for years has been the seat of the jet manufacture. In the little Esk-side town, the industry attained so remarkable a growth that its annual value to that place was estimated at £100,000; and it employed about 1,300 people, or a twelfth part of the population; but in the last two years, for the causes named, it has not preserved its former importance. When the jet, in its rough state, is brought into the workshop it is cleared of "scar" and dirt with chisels, then sawn to the sizes befitting the desired object. After being rubbed on small grind-stones, treadle-driven, it passes into the hands of the carvers. A visit to their rooms shows the various processes, and the variety of the articles and patterns produced thereby. With light chisels, leather-bound, some of the simpler patterns are being cut into shape; the "heads" of brooches are being traced from the pattern in front, flowers are having holes drilled by foot-turned lathes, and an endless variety of articles and designs produced. And in recent years there has been much done to improve the artistic quality of the designs, and to cultivate in the minds of those who execute them a love of art founded on knowledge. After the design has been thus cut, and the brooch, pin-head, piece of necklace or bracelet, has been thus perfected, it is polished by being held against revolving wheels lined with chamois leather, the interstices and hollows with list, and lamp-black giving the final touch before the article is carded or strung in the ware-rooms. Of the change that the operation makes in the value of the article, it may be said that the crude jet varies considerably in price, that whilst it may vary from two to ten shillings per pound, the finished article will have a value as high as £4 per pound, in certain cases, varying downwards with the diminution in size of the pieces and the skill of the designer. It must, however, be remembered that a considerable proportion of jet is wasted in the cutting out of some articles; and that, on the other hand, the chief centre of this ornamental trade derives great benefit from the dealings it necessarily has also in the articles which occasionally form the settings of jet.

Answer to Double Acrostic on p. 254.

ENOCH ARDEN.

E mili A
N apie R
O d D
C ap E
H ele N.

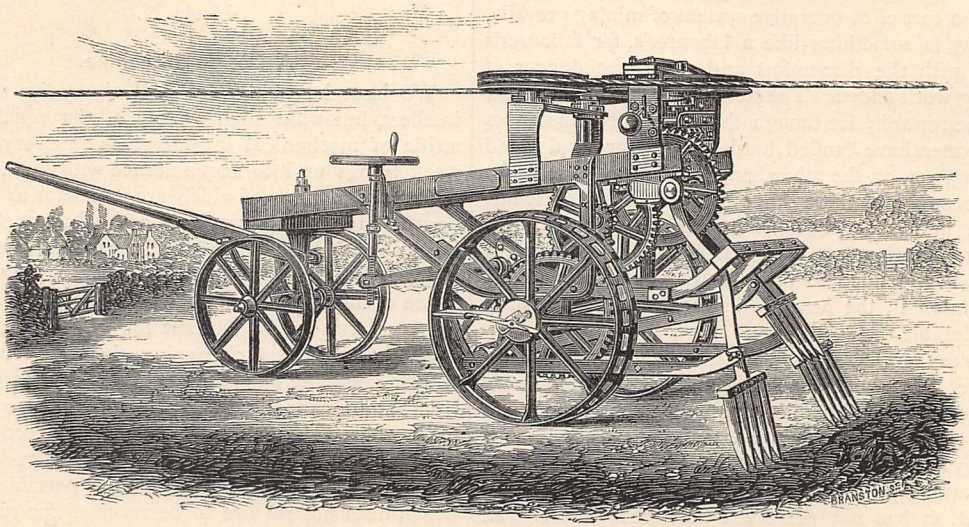
A Digging-Machine.

We have heard a good deal about the march of intellect, but what shall we say of the equally rapid stride of mechanical inventiveness? Every passing week brings us into acquaintance with fresh marvels of ingenuity, many of which are as useful as they are novel. Here, for instance, is a digging-machine, invention of Mr. J. H. Knight, by which a vast amount of work can be got through in a comparatively short space of time. The machine is mounted on a sort of carriage, with a pole in front for steering, and wheels specially adapted for gripping the ground. These wheels run loose on the axles until made fast thereto by what are called "clutches," of which there is one to each wheel to facilitate the turning of corners. On the top of a frame are three pulleys that revolve by a high-speed hemp rope driven by a portable engine, which does not require to be reversed for running in a contrary direction. On the lower end of the central

or driving pulley is fastened a pinion, which communicates the motion to the spur-wheel on the crank-shaft that actuates the digging-forks. This shaft is cranked in the centre, and has two other cranks at its ends, all three forming an angle of 120 degrees with each other. The shaft thus gives an oscillatory motion to three wrought-iron connecting-rods terminating in cross-ends, into which are fitted the tines of steeled iron forming the forks, which, by means of a hand-wheel, worm, and lever, can be raised or lowered, according to the depth of spit required, or lifted clear of the ground when not in digging action. Motion is conveyed to the machine by an endless rope from an 8 horse-power agricultural engine, moored as in steam-ploughing. The rope passes round a pulley on the driving-shaft of the engine, and also round the pulley of an anchor-carriage for securing the needful tension, and is then led to the machine direct, being supported in a straight line by pulleys carried on a movable stand, the direction being changed by angle-pulleys at the corners of the gradually increasing rectangle described by the rope. By passing round the driving-pulley, the rope causes the machine to propel itself by means of the land or bearing-wheels. The spent rope is carried on pulleys back to the engine, the tension being kept up by the anchor-carriage, which is in charge of the driver. The speed of the rope is about 3,000 feet a minute, and that of the machine about 100 feet, or one-thirtieth. The forks are driven into the ground one after the other, and send the earth flying behind more quickly than the eye can follow. One might fancy that the forks would simply descend into the ground and rise again without turning over the earth, but this is prevented by a pivot and lever arrangement, and also by the fact of the forward movement of the machine.

An Enchanted Metal.

Among the most remarkable features of the progress made in modern times, are the new metals which have been added to the ancient list. Gold and silver, copper, iron, lead, &c., these have been familiar for thousands of years, but it is only comparatively recently that the existence of other metals has been demonstrated. The last discovered is called Gallium, and possesses such singular properties as to seem enchanted. In general appearance it looks like lead, though it is not of so blue a colour, and might be termed an exaggerated lead on account of the extreme facility with which it can be melted. An amount of heat less than that of the hand (86° F.) reduces it to a state of fusion, when it resembles quicksilver. Though subjected to cold down to zero, it does not become hard again, but remains a liquid metal till touched with a piece of solid gallium, when it returns to its original condition as if beneath the wand of a magician. A species of alum may be derived from it, not to be distinguished from common alum without chemical analysis. Gallium is flexible, and can be hammered like lead, or cut with a knife ; but it only becomes slightly tarnished in a damp atmosphere. It crystallises in the shape of an octahedron. At present it is a rare metal, only about a dozen grains having been extracted from half a ton of zinc-blende from the Pyrenees. The discovery is a great triumph and a testimony to the truth of scientific theories, because it was foreseen by three independent observers some time before demonstration. Mr. Newlands, an English chemist, had several years before expressed his belief in the existence of a metal of the kind. M. Mendelejeff, a Russian, predicted from a study of the atomic numbers of the elements, that a metal would be found to fill a vacant space in the series, and actually gave its probable specific gravity, which agrees closely with the result of experiments with gallium. Finally, M. Lecoq de Boisbaudnan, following up an original system of spectrum analysis applied to zinc-blende for this very purpose, produced the metal itself, and gave it from France (Gaul), the country in which the discovery was made, the name of gallium.



THE DIGGING-MACHINE.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever."

MR. HASLAM lifted Dora and placed her in a niche of the rocks where the shadows fell darkly with a cool look, and the play of a small rivulet dashing from the cliff above made a pleasant sound, calling to the light airs of summer to gather here with cooling touch. The refreshing breath of this slight breeze fanned Dora back to life, but she opened her eyes languidly with a dim gaze, into which memory came gradually, bringing the blood back to her pale cheek in a blush of anger at her own weakness.

"I am quite well," she said irritably, in answer to Rachel's anxious questions. "It was only the heat overcame me for a moment. I was stupid to walk so far on such a hot day."

"And how will you get home again?" asked Mr. Haslam. "You are not equal to the task of walking three miles, and it is quite that distance by the road to Warewood."

"But if we climb the cliff and go through the cave," returned Dora, "we shall have but a mile to walk, and that will be through the wood, where it is deliciously shady and cool."

"But do you know the way?" asked Rachel; "it is death to lose one's path in that place."

"I know the way perfectly. One cannot make a mistake in entering the cave from the cliff side; it is entering from the wood which leads to error."

"I will go with you, if you like," said Mr. Haslam, "and see you safe through."

"There is no need, I assure you," cried Dora. "I can pilot Rachel and myself perfectly well."

And starting up, she walked towards the steep narrow path which wound upwards over the face of the cliff to the cave's mouth.

Rachel looked after her anxiously.

"I suppose there is no danger in our traversing this place," she said to Mr. Haslam; "but I have a great horror of it, doubtless owing to the dimly-remembered stories told me in childhood."

"There is no danger whatever on this side; you have, in fact, but to follow the path as soon as you have turned your back on the daylight; whereas, on the other side the danger consists in following the path. I have grown so familiar myself with the cavern that I think nothing now of the hidden death in it. I have found the coolness of the place a great refuge during this hot weather. I believe a walk through it will do your sister good."

"Then we will go that way," said Rachel quickly. "My own fear is in reality only a superstition."

"There is another alternative," observed Mr. Haslam, "if you like to adopt it. I can go to the rectory and borrow Miss Gwynne's pony-carriage for you."

"Oh, no!" Rachel cried hurriedly. "I am sure Dora would rather walk."

She felt at this moment that the Gwynnes had better be kept out of sight, and not thrust on her sister's memory. Mr. Haslam perhaps understood this also, for he now suggested another plan.

"I am sure I saw Nat Sobie's fly in the village just before I set out on my sketching expedition," he said. "Shall I fetch it for you? I shall not be more than half an hour away."

They had reached Dora when these words were spoken, and she at once exclaimed against the proposition.

Nat Sobie's fly! the vehicle in which Milly and Eugene Maberly took their flight from Warewood! She would rather walk ten miles than let Rachel enter that ill-omened conveyance. The painful thoughts that would arise from such a drive would be hard to exorcise and set at rest again.

Of course she did not utter a word of this.

"A walk through the wood will be beautiful," she said, "but a jolting drive in Nat's stuffy fly would be purgatory. I feel faint again at the horror of it. I would rather crawl home than enter that vehicle."

"And yet I believe it has brought some very great personages from the station to-day," said Mr. Haslam, "so the villagers declare. Now let me help you up this rocky road; when you have once reached the cave it will be plain sailing."

Dora was very breathless when they gained the summit, and rested for a moment in the arch of the cavern, looking down at the glorious scene lying at their feet.

"Now I shall go with you as far as the turning in the path," continued Mr. Haslam; "then I shall know you are quite safe."

Dora protested this was unnecessary, but Rachel was glad of the offer. They went silently through the darkness, he leading the way; and as they left the bright sunlight and the glory of the summer sun Rachel felt her heart droop with a strange awe; but Dora walked onwards, with no thought beyond the memory of her last visit to this place, when Harry held her hand and whispered in her ear.

Gradually the pale glimmer from the shadowed light in the wood began to dawn on them, and they all stood still when they reached the turn in the cave, as if newly struck by the wild terror and savage grandeur of the rocky valley beyond, which opened on their sight through the narrow way.

"There is something dreadful about the desolation of this spot," Rachel said in a low voice. "It is said to be haunted by the victims who have perished here in smuggling times, and in times of old when men might disappear mysteriously and be heard of no more."

"According to one of Joanna's legends," said Mr. Haslam, "the ancient miners once dug here for tin, and it was they who tapped the river and made the hill suck it in and swallow it. An older tradition declares an earthquake to have done the mischief, and it makes the cavern the abode of a Wehr-wolf, from whose demoniacal presence came the name of Warewood. But I do not credit this story, as the Wehr-wolf is a Saxon creation, and far more wicked than the lively elves and pixies who haunt the Cornish woods."

"But the Wehr-wolf, in reality," said Rachel, "was a Saxon robber, who disposed of his victims down that grim pit beyond us, and when the sea floated back their bodies they were supposed to be the corpses of shipwrecked men, and so he escaped justice for many years."

"I wonder if we are the first who have utilised this hob-goblin place into a short cut?" said Dora.

"No; I claim that honour for myself," returned Mr. Haslam. "I often come this way from the wood to the beach; it saves a tremendous round. I wonder the country people don't make use of it."

"My father would not allow it if they tried to do so," replied Dora; "but they do not; their superstitious fear of the place is much too great for that."

"Then I suppose I am a trespasser?" observed Mr. Haslam.

"You are indeed," said Dora laughingly. "There is no right of way to the public through this wood."

"Don't inform against me," said Mr. Haslam gaily. "Here we are, safe through. Now good-bye, and do not try such a long walk again in July, Miss Musgrave."

Dora smiled a little sadly. "Last July I thought nothing of it. At twenty I suppose one is much older than at nineteen."

She stepped out into the light, and looked for a moment like a picture with a dark frame of arching rocks around her. Her face was still very pale, her eyes were cast upward to the sky as if in new wonder at its glory, her figure seemed strangely shadowy and slight. Standing thus solitary, with the wild surroundings of bare rock in weird fantastic forms, and gazed on from the darkness in what seemed a mere oval of shining light, she impressed Rachel's mind with a sudden fear and foreboding, which made her ask her own heart hurriedly why she had never seen before how good and lovely and brave her sister was.

She turned hastily to wish Mr. Haslam good-bye. He pressed her hand warmly.

"Thank you for your confidence," he said in a low voice; "you shall not regret it. Looking out on your sister now, it is easy to see how changed she is. I think your father should get advice for her."

"I have been very blind," murmured Rachel; "and selfish," she added to her own heart. "I have thought my grief the only sorrow in my home, and now I see others have felt more than I."

Another instant and she stood by Dora's side, and Mr. Haslam waved his hand to them and was lost in darkness.

The sisters went up the stony valley slowly, for Dora was still faint and weary. When they reached the pines she sat down on the brown-scented earth beneath their shade, on which there lay thickly strewn a bed of aromatic spikes fallen from the firs. She leant against one of the tallest trees and listened to the floating music in its boughs, which seemed the rushing of unseen wings going to and fro among the tree-tops, as though some mournful spirits passed, wailing as they went.

"How the pine-trees moan to-day!" said Rachel. "Are you rested, Dora? Let us go on."

"Stay a moment," Dora said uneasily. "You must not tell papa, Rachel, that I am ill."

"Oh, yes, Dora, I ought to tell him. Do not ask me to keep silence."

"I assure you I only fainted through the heat," Dora persisted eagerly; "and it is a matter of no consequence. I have fainted often lately."

"Often!" repeated Rachel.

"Yes; in the mornings, especially when dressing, and I have recovered quite comfortably without fussing any one."

"You have done wrong," Rachel said gravely, "in keeping this secret."

A sudden vivid blush spread over Dora's face.

"See here, Rachel, I would have spoken of it, but I feared to be misunderstood. If you, or my father, or any one put down this weakness of mine to some cause which I would not bear to hear named, I should grow too angry to live. Simply, I could not bear it. I would not have it said or thought—do you understand?"

"No one would dare to say it or think it," returned Rachel quickly. "We all know you have too much sense and dignity, Dora, to suffer from a foolish grief."

"I hope so," the girl answered; and the blush fading out of her face left it snow-white. "I have no idea of dying for sorrow for the sake of a blundering boy. I mean to laugh and grow wise. And no one shall ever know that I have had a hard battle in tearing up old rooted memories, which had grown around me from childhood. There was the fight, Rachel!—the lover I could forget, but the old friend, the dear companion of so many happy years, would not leave my heart for a little anger, though it was and is righteous. But the strife is nearly over, and I am coming out conqueror. I have been sadly foolish. I should have known that a girl at twenty is older in feeling than a man of twenty-two. He has but fancy to bestow, and she gives love. Rachel, my next lover shall be a veteran

with forty winters of snow upon his head. Now let us go home. Having made my confession, I feel strong enough for a walk of a dozen miles." But in spite of this boast, Dora took Rachel's arm and leaned on it heavily, as they strolled onwards with slow pace.

How beautiful it was in the long green vistas of the wood, where amid sleeping shadows the chequered sunshine sparkled on the sward, or quivered on drooping boughs heavy with foliage, or sprinkled some leafy broken dell with golden flecks, on which the butterflies hovered and the bees darted to and fro, as though half deceived into deeming these little sun-flakes some bright rare flowers just dropped from heaven.

A turn in the leafy glade brought them into a new path, narrowed by encroaching underwood and darkened by over-arching boughs of beech, through which the light came down like a green and golden fall of rain, mingled with myriad shadows sprinkled by the trembling leaves.

"Who is this coming towards us?" asked Rachel suddenly, in a startled voice. "Surely it is not Milly?"

"My dear Rachel, how can it be Milly? It is a perfect stranger—and not at all like Milly," added Dora in a moment, as she gave one earnest glance towards the figure approaching them and then dropped her eyes.

Rachel, however, kept her gaze fixed on the stranger almost to the point of rudeness, until she herself, catching the look of those wondering eyes, stopped and said, in a clear but rather thin voice—

"Can you oblige me by telling me the way to Boscombe? There is a near road through the wood, I believe."

"I assure you there is not," said Dora, answering instantly for Rachel. "You must go round by the high road."

"Thank you. Must I, really? and is it a long way?"

"It is nearly three miles," observed Rachel, in that curiously cold, calm voice of hers, which came from her lips at such unexpected times.

"Three miles!" repeated the lady in a vexed tone. "What a long way! And I must get back to Boscombe; I have left my fly there."

"I am very sorry it is so far," returned Dora politely. "My sister and I found it a very long walk to-day in the heat."

"Are you returning from Boscombe now?"

"Yes."

"Then you have not come by the road," said the lady eagerly.

"No; but I do not think you would like to traverse the way we have come." And Dora smiled and would have passed on, but the lady interposed, staying her in the path.

"Pray stop, pray explain! I have reasons for being most anxious to get back to Bude to-night, and I fear I shall not succeed unless I can reach Boscombe within an hour. In my interest in the scenery," she said, smiling, "I lost my way, and all idea of time likewise." She kept the smile on her lips, and grew suddenly beautiful by the curious change it wrought on her face. It was a marked change, not easily forgotten, like the lifting of a veil that had shrouded her fairness. But this outburst of beauty affected Rachel disagreeably. Like the withdrawal of a cloud from a hidden mountain peak, displaying its grim rocks as well as its green slopes, this sudden shining out of brightness seemed to lay bare some evil as well as good. She saw in it the fascination of a fair false face.

"Then I fear you must pay for your lack of thought," she said, with cold eyes fixed upon that fading smile; "for there is no other way by which we can direct you to Boscombe except by the road."

Rachel's antagonistic manner roused the lady into replying, in rather a sarcastic voice:—

"Surely, if you have availed yourself of a shorter road I can do the same."

"What is possible to us would be quite impossible to you as a stranger," Rachel answered, with cold civility.

"Pardon me, I doubt that. I am willing to run a little risk in order to avoid a three-mile walk. I am not afraid of cliffs or climbing."

"Believe me, there is no way by which you can spare yourself the walk," Dora said emphatically. "It is not a question of climbing cliffs, but of traversing a very dangerous cavern, which no one should enter without a guide."

"But you have come that way," persisted the lady, with all the incredulity of a person to whom falsehood is tolerably easy.

"I confess we have; but then, we know the place pretty well."

"Then you can direct me how to go through it."

"Oh, no, Dora!" cried Rachel eagerly. "I entreat you do not! It would be a most unsafe and wrong thing to do."

The lady's handsome face flushed, the line between her brows deepened, her voice took a sharper tone.

"Pray do not interfere with your sister," she said curtly to Rachel. "And if you persistently refuse to direct me, I shall endeavour to find the way myself."

"I repeat there is *no* way," said Rachel, "through Warewood. I shall be happy to direct you to the road."

"Thank you; I know my way by the road. I intend to pass through the cavern."

A little frightened by her resolute voice, Dora stood aside, making room for her in the narrow path; but Rachel barred the way.

"Excuse me," she said, in a low firm tone, "I must insist on your turning back. You are trespassing; there is no public pathway through this wood. It belongs to my father."

The rights of property were evidently respectable in the lady's eyes; a slight hesitation was visible in her manner.

"I was told that people sometimes passed this way to Boscombe—notably, a gentleman whose name I have forgotten."

"Mr. Haslam, perhaps," suggested Dora.

"Haslam? Yes; that was the name. And since he goes this way safely, I presume I can."

"He knows how to avoid the danger; and you,

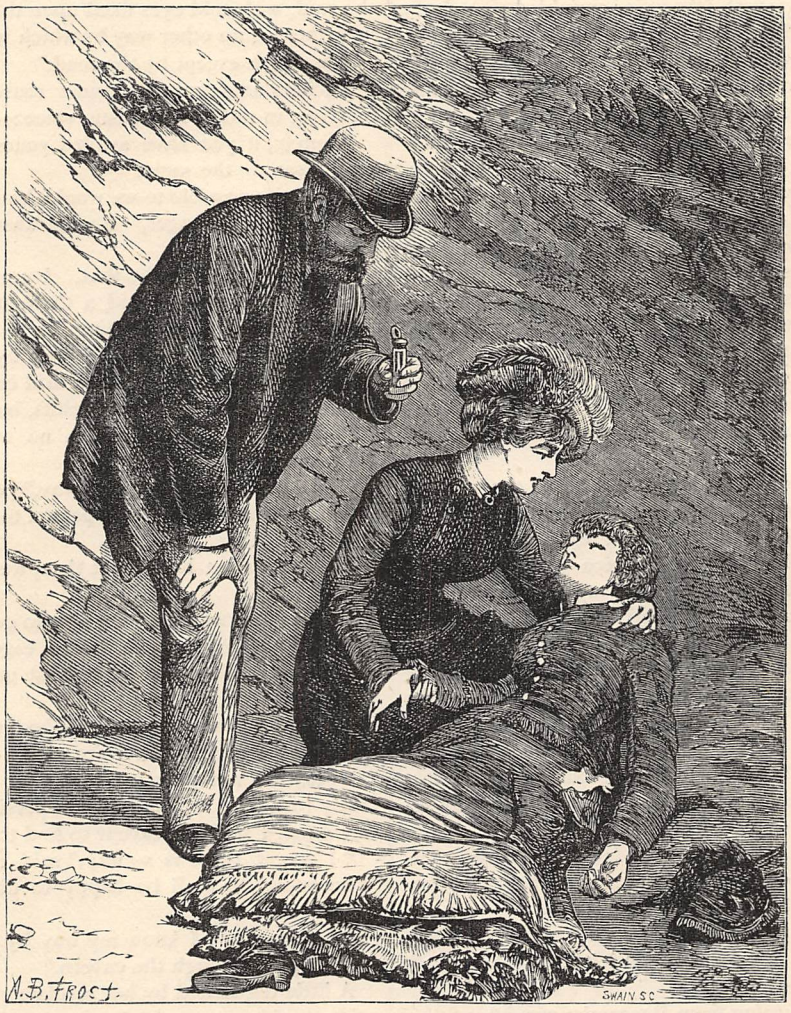
being ignorant, would probably fall into it," resumed Rachel. "At all events, I could not answer for it to my conscience if I allowed you to run the risk. Speaking in my father's name, I must forbid you to proceed any further."

"You are extremely outspoken," observed the lady, laughing in an abrupt hard way to hide her annoyance.

"You give me credit for very little sense. *I* flatter myself I can walk as safely in a dangerous path as this Mr. Haslam."

"Do you think, Rachel, Mr. Haslam is still in the cave?" interposed Dora eagerly. "If so, I am sure he will gladly take this lady safely through it."

"It is not at all likely he has remained there," re-



"SHE OPENED HER EYES LANGUIDLY" (*p.* 321).

"I do not know that you have any right to stop me; and supposing you have the right, it is extremely uncivil to use it."

"I am sorry to appear uncivil, but in reality I am doing you a kindness. No stranger unguided can go safely through Warewood Cave. If my sister were not unwell and very tired, I would willingly go back with you and be your conductor."

The lady could not well answer this speech angrily, so she stood silent, looking from one young face to the other with hard, restless eyes. At last her lip curled, and she said slowly, in low, clear tones, full of scorn—

turned Rachel. "He was going to the rectory, he said, when he left us."

The lady listened and smiled again.

"To the rectory! Then I am not likely to be helped by Mr. Haslam. But it does not matter: I am one of those who can help themselves."

She drew nearer and laid her small, gloved hand softly on Dora's arm.

"I am willing to take all risks, and I am quite curious to see this place. You will direct me how to avoid its snares—which I do not quite believe in—will you not?"

"You may be willing to risk your life, but I will not

let my sister share in the risk," said Rachel resolutely. "I absolutely refuse to give you any direction or permission to pass further into the wood."

"Indeed!" said the stranger sarcastically. "You take a great deal upon yourself, young as you are. You may repent one day of your presumption."

Then she turned to Dora: "I will not ask your sister a favour," she continued; "but will you tell me if I am likely to find the rector at Boscombe at the hour at which I shall reach it?"

"I fear not; I believe you will have to go to the rectory if you wish to see Mr. Gwynne."

"And how far is that from the village?"

"Quite a mile."

The lady's face clouded over; her eyes threw a swift, hard, direct glance at Rachel.

"Then I shall not go to him. Taking the longer road leaves me no time. Remember, Miss Musgrave, if misfortune—of which I might have warned them—fall on your friends through this the blame will be yours."

"What friends?" asked Rachel in a bewildered manner.

"Your friends at the rectory. Good-bye!"

With a slight inclination of the head, she turned abruptly and retraced her path, walking with such a swift step that in less than a minute she was lost to sight amid the tangled green interstices of the wood.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

"The rustling grass is greener after the tender rain.
The hopeful heart is nobler for suffering and pain."

"WHAT an odd person!" exclaimed Dora, with an air of relief. "I should never have had the courage to withstand her as you did, Rachel. I should have let her go on and walk into Tregeagle's Kitchen and be swallowed up alive, since she was bent on it."

"No, you would not; but you are not well to-day, so I had to act for you. The stupid woman! it was fortunate for her she met us, or she would have gone on and killed herself."

"You are always good in an emergency," said Dora; "you are only timid when there is nothing to do. In my place, when Harry made that blunder, you would have cleared his mind in an instant of its fog. It was such an absurd cause of quarrel, we can neither of us ever own it or ever make it up. It would be too ridiculous."

"All quarrels are small, unless there is a just reason for them; and there being no reason in this case, I do not despair of its being made up one day——"

"When I shall care no more about it," interposed Dora, with a half-sigh. "I am fast reaching the centre of indifference."

Rachel did not reply; she felt she only hurt Harry's cause by talking of him.

"It is odd how we feel inclined to quarrel from mere prejudice," she said, "as I did with that strange lady. I took a dislike to her even before she spoke."

"Was it because at a distance you fancied her like Milly?"

"No, I should not hate her for that reason. I am obliged to think ill of Milly, but I do it sorrowfully, without hatred. Somehow, Milly is not a girl whom one can hate; but this woman, I am sure, one could hate very strongly."

"Did you notice that she called me Miss Musgrave? How should she know my name if she is a stranger—a tourist from Bude?"

"She may have asked some one to whom our house belonged, and then, hearing me say this wood was my father's," said Rachel, "she would guess who we were."

"I can't make her out," returned Dora. "We will ask Nat Sobie who she is when he comes back from Bude."

They had emerged from the wood now, and were passing up the open stretch of meadow-land leading to the house The beech avenue was growing dark with lengthening shadows, but the terrace was bathed in sunshine; and standing here, they saw Mr. Musgrave waving his hand to them to come on faster.

"Papa has news for us," said Rachel, the flush on her cheeks deepening slightly.

"What a time you have been away, girls!" cried Mr. Musgrave's cheery voice, rolling down to them over the green slope, long before they were within proper speaking distance. "I have been searching for you far and near."

He had not patience now to wait for their arrival, but ran down to them with vigorous stride.

"I have had a visitor, girls! Guess who it was."

"It was a messenger from Milly," returned Rachel instantly. She spoke more quietly even than usual, but the effort brought a cold whiteness to her face.

"Right, my dear. A very grand lady, too, she was—staying now at Bude, she said."

"We met her in the wood" exclaimed Dora. "She wanted to walk through Warewood Cave to Boscombe, and asked us the way."

"Good gracious! You did not tell her?"

"Rachel refused to let her pass, and absolutely ordered her out of the wood as a trespasser," answered Dora laughingly.

"She was so obstinately bent on risking her life that I could only save her by being downright rude," said Rachel.

"And who is she, papa?" asked Dora eagerly.

"That is the question, my dear. I really don't know. She gave no name. She asked to see me as a stranger travelling in the neighbourhood, who had been requested by Lady Martock to deliver me a letter and small package from her niece."

"It is Lady Martock herself," said Rachel decidedly.

"But Lady Martock has just got married to some French marquis. Mr. Haslam showed us the announcement of her marriage in the paper," returned Dora.

"And may she not be travelling in England with her new husband?"

"It is possible, but not probable," said Mr. Musgrave.

"Have you ever seen her, papa?" asked Rachel.

"Never in my life."

"Then I believe she has reckoned on not being recognised, and it was she herself whom we met."

"If she came to my house like a masquer at carnival it is an impertinence I shall not pardon," said Mr. Musgrave. "But I cannot believe it was Lady Martock. It was some queer, doubtful friend of Milly's. I do not think she would have trusted her aunt with what she has sent me."

"And what has she sent?" was the instant question, asked eagerly.

"Her mother's diamonds, which she entreats me to guard for her till better times. She has redeemed them, she says, without her father's knowledge, and she does not wish them to fall into his hands again, to be again sacrificed to the gaming-table."

"And is she married?" asked Rachel, quailing a little at the sound of her own voice.

"It seems so; but she explains nothing as she should do. She is an odd, reckless girl. Here is her letter." He held it towards Rachel, but she shook her head; she could not at that moment have taken Milly's letter into her shrinking hand. Dora took it and read it aloud:—

"DEAREST UNCLE,—A friend of mine, who has good reasons for not wishing her name to be known as my messenger, will bring you this letter, and a small case containing my dear mother's diamonds. They are not safe in my hands, so I entreat you to guard them for me till better times. I have a right to them, as with infinite difficulty I have redeemed them from the person to whom they were pledged, in payment of money lost at play.

"Now I will speak of myself. I am as happy as I can expect to be, but I cannot be explicit, because there are dangers in my path which will not allow of frankness, or even permit me the pleasure of hearing from you. I hope you have by this time forgiven me my rash and sudden marriage. I meant to have told you everything before I left Warewood, but circumstances I had not foreseen broke up all my plans, and forced me to quit you without a leave-taking.

"My husband and I met first in Switzerland, but there were difficulties in the way of our marriage which seemed insuperable, and I resigned myself to a parting which was very bitter. When we met again, old feelings were revived, and we married. If I caused you pain by my silence, pray forgive me. I could not help it; fate was too strong for me.

"Are the dear girls good and happy as ever? If they do not quite hate me, give them my dear remembrance—I dare not say love. I cannot tell you my name and address: this will come as a surprise one day—that is, if Mr. Maberly has not told our secret, and given you the history of our tour last autumn.

"One word more—you must not speak of me to any one as married, or seem to know anything about me. Secrecy is a matter of most vital importance to me at present. I entreat your silence and rely on it. I am sure you would not bring sorrow and ruin on me. Name me to no one, I implore you. And believe me, as ever, your affectionate Niece,

"MILLY."

This letter was only dated; it bore no address, but the paper was Austrian. "She sent it by her mysterious friend, that it might not bear a post-mark; she always loved a mystery," said Mr. Musgrave, re-folding the letter, with a set look of pain upon his face. "But if she thinks she spares us sorrow by not acknowledging her marriage with Maberly, she is mistaken. It has ceased to be a matter of any consequence to us."

"Quite," Rachel answered softly. "I knew some months ago that Mr. Maberly quitted England on leaving us, and accepted some foreign chaplaincy."

"Did you, my dear? Who told you?"

"Cordelia named it, but I would not let her tell me much. I turned the subject of the conversation instantly."

"Quite right; we wish to hear nothing of Mr. Maberly: the man is gone out of our lives for ever," returned Mr. Musgrave, in a quick, sharp voice. "I am sorry my niece has such a weak and treacherous husband."

All three now walked homewards quietly. Rachel spoke oftenest, as if wishful to let her father and sister see she was cheerful and unscathed by Milly's letter. Dora was the most silent: she had thoughts she would not speak at present.

"There can be no reason why Milly's marriage should be a secret," observed Mr. Musgrave as they reached the terrace. "The truth is, she is still unwilling to confess her treachery; it is a subterfuge of hers to hide it: she is ashamed to own outright that she ran away with Rachel's lover. That is the real meaning of her withholding her address and making a pretence of secrecy."

"We cannot be sure of that. You will obey her wish for silence, father?" Dora said anxiously.

"I have no desire to talk of her, and we are under no necessity to name her, so we will not mention either her or her letter to any one, if you both think it best."

He looked uneasily at Rachel as he spoke, but though her face was a little worn he saw no flush of pain on it; she was simply quieter and calmer even than usual, that was all. She caught his anxious gaze, and felt sorrowful and ashamed that all his care should be for her, while Dora's grief was unguessed at. She took her father's arm and led him away towards the paddock, where a small grey pony was disporting himself amid cropped daisies and July grass.

"I am going to look at the new purchase," she said gaily to Dora. "Have tea ready by the time we return."

"This is the prettiest Dartmoor pony you ever saw," said the pleased Mr. Musgrave. "He will carry you splendidly when broken in. He is a real beauty."

They stood leaning on the paddock rails looking at him. Rachel was making up her mind to speak of her sister. Her father mistook her silence.

"I trust, my dear, you will not let the news Milly sends grieve——"

"Oh, papa!" Rachel cried; "do not think of me in that way: do not speak to me pitifully! I have only one grief. I fear Dora is ill. Have you noticed how pale she is? She fainted to-day on the sands: lately she has fainted often. Mr. Haslam thinks I ought to tell you of it, that you may get advice for her."

Mr. Musgrave looked at Rachel with eyes full of surprise and pain.

"Why have you waited till a stranger advised you to speak?" he said hurriedly. "And Mr. Haslam, too: a man who has not the slightest right to intrude his counsel on my family."

Rachel was astonished at her father's tone; but it was her peculiarity to get calm as others grew angry; so her sweet low voice seemed to gather a new gentleness as she answered him.

"I would have told you earlier, father, had I known it, but I only became aware to-day of Dora's weak-

ness. She is so uncomplaining, so cheerful always, that I have been deceived into thinking her well when she is ill."

Tears came into Rachel's eyes.

"Yes, Dora is always bright and lively," said Mr. Musgrave. "I never thought of her as needing care. She and I have both been watchful of you, Rachel, as the one requiring it."

Rachel had no answer ready; something rose in her throat and stopped speech. She took her father's arm, and they walked homewards silently. A creeping fear was growing chill about Mr. Musgrave's heart; he saw both his daughters pale and changed, and he felt he had not done enough for these motherless girls: they needed more life, a larger view of the actual world than he could give them here. In this solitude they were growing morbid, and there was something unhealthy in the fixed ideas, the brooding thought, which was the natural growth of the quiet, narrow life they lived at Warewood. A year ago he had known the time was come when they should emerge from this green and leafy cloister; but secret feelings of his own had made the knowledge painful to him, and held him back from doing what was his plain duty to them. These feelings, too, had influenced him in consenting to Rachel's sudden engagement. He had welcomed it too gladly; a happy marriage coming to her without effort had seemed to him to justify his lonely mode of life, and given him cause to think that he had done well to please himself. But the hope of Rachel's happiness had been broken off abruptly as it rose, and the golden thread in Dora's life had snapped also; so now he would hesitate selfishly no more: his daughters should see the world, and dream no more the visions that arise without sleep.

Middle-aged as he was, he too had followed a beckoning phantom of the woods, and dreamed dreams of happiness never to come. He had thought to give his girls a tender friend, a judicious counsellor, under whose dear help he might have filled Warewood with friends without need of travelling to find them. But a stranger had stepped in and stolen this cherished dream from him, and there remained to him only the desire and the effort to hide this secret and last delusion of his waning years, and bring back brightness to two pale young faces clinging to him for help in their first battle of life.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

"And hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us."

IT was a full month before this hot July that Mrs. Gwynne first spoke to her husband on a subject that was beginning much to trouble her. Mr. Haslam was in London then, busy in law courts, but he had not left them unvisited. Twice since his holiday at Easter he had travelled down from the Great City to the summer peace and sounding sea of Boscombe, and each time Mrs. Gwynne noted that the flush of joy and expectancy which had bloomed on Cordelia's cheek at his coming faded at his departure into a weary look of dejection. Something weighed upon her spirits; her smile was forced, her eyes were often dim, her thoughts astray. It was in truth not her love, but the concealment of it, that choked the spring of her usual bright and overflowing cheerfulness, which, like sunshine, spread happiness around her. Each time Mr. Haslam came to Boscombe she looked to him to speak, and could but wonder and grieve when again he went silently away.

It was just after his second departure that Mrs. Gwynne, in an irritable mood, struck a blow at her husband's easy tranquillity.

"My dear," she said, "have you any idea what can bring Mr. Haslam to Boscombe so often?"

Mr. Gwynne was cutting the leaves of a new number of his favourite magazine, and the question was not so interesting as the peeps he gained between the pages of some fresh facts with regard to deep-sea dredging.

"Comes often, does he? Well, I see no reason why he should not."

"And I see no reason why he should," returned his wife. "There is nothing at Boscombe except the sea."

"And what can a weary man desire more? Surely the sea is big enough and beautiful enough to content him."

"That is not the question at all," said Mrs. Gwynne. "There is as big a sea elsewhere as there is at Boscombe, but he would not find our rectory there."

"And so he comes here," rejoined Mr. Gwynne, in smiling content. "What is there surprising in that?"

"Nothing; only I think we should look into his motives a little."

"His motive is plain enough," returned Mr. Gwynne. "He comes to see me."

"To see you!" And Mrs. Gwynne laid her knitting in her lap, and took a long look at her husband. "You are joking, I suppose?"

"I don't see why you should suppose that, Susan. I am not so dull a person that a friend may not be glad to see me. Haslam and I give each other new views: he is a man of the City, dealing with men; I am a man of the country, dealing with nature—each has something to tell the other. I am glad Haslam is so friendly now; I enjoy his visits to Boscombe very much."

"Do you?" returned Mrs. Gwynne, a little drily. "Then I confess I should be glad to hear he was never coming again. And I think if he had never seen Boscombe at all it would be the happier for you and me."

Mr. Gwynne stayed his hand in its rapid cutting of paper leaves, and fixed his eyes on his wife.

"Now, what do you mean by that, Susan? Don't get oracular, my dear, for I am a slow hand at riddles."

"This is no riddle; he that runs may read if he chooses. Mr. Haslam is in love with Cordelia."

"Mr. Haslam in love! Cannot a man come to a friend's house without being in love? And with Cordelia! The child would have told me had he said a word to her of that kind."

"You think so, perhaps; but I have seen sorrowfully that Cordelia is changed. She is not so candid as she was, or so happy."

"What have you seen?" asked Mr. Gwynne, anxiously. "I have noticed lately that she is not quite so bright as usual."

"It is more than that. She is—John, I grieve to say it—she is deceiving us. Mr. Haslam is secretly her lover. And the village people know more about this than her own father and mother."

A rigid pale look of distress came over Mr. Gwynne's face.

"You must be mistaken, Susan. Cordelia is my dearest child; she would not deceive me. I have every confidence in her affection and truth."

Mrs. Gwynne was sorry for her husband's grief; she began to soften matters.

"It is not Cordelia's fault. Mr. Haslam has gained an influence over her. Doubtless she is acting under his command."

"You make things worse, Susan. Do you mean she is forgetting her duty to you and me at his request?"

"I fear so. I have heard they meet often and walk together; and, unless he is honestly and openly her lover, this ought not to be. We must care for our daughter's name, John."

Mr. Gwynne put down his book and clasped his forehead with his hand. All this was new, strange, and dreadful to him. He had never thought of his daughter having a lover; her quiet, contented life had glided on by his side in so many years of dear companionship, that the idea of separation through her marriage would at any time have been a shock; much more so when it came to him now with the shadow of deceit upon it.

Cordelia deceive him! The thought was like a moral earthquake; it overthrew his dearest, deepest feelings; it uprooted a thousand old ways of thinking and speaking of her which made up the sum of his life. He could not look at her face again without having his heart torn; it would be as if he looked at his home in ruins; the sense of treachery and insecurity would follow him even into darkness and sleep. There would be no rest henceforth for him evermore. Life would be a heap of confusion, his years would fall into wreck.

"You take this too much to heart," said Mrs. Gwynne, gazing at his bowed face uneasily. "You must remember young people will fall in love."

"That is poor comfort, Susan. And Cordelia is not a romantic girl in her teens; she is twenty-seven."

"That is both young enough and old enough for love," said Mrs. Gwynne, striving to speak lightly. "Come, we must not be selfish; if Mr. Haslam is honestly in love, and means to ask her to be his wife, we must try to be glad. The day will come when we must leave her, and then, if not married, she would be very lonely. Harry will be sure to marry."

"Yes," said Mr. Gwynne. He held his book again in his hand, but did not turn a page: a blank, chill look had fallen on his face. "Yes," he continued absently. "Oh, yes; Harry will marry, of course; but Cordelia—I don't see how we can part with the child, Susan. I fancied she never thought of marriage, that she was content to stay with us. Ah, my dear! it is all a mistake of yours, depend on it. Mr. Haslam may be in love as much as he likes, but not Cordelia. She is not so easily attracted—she has no foolish romance—she is a sensible, good girl."

His face brightened again; he looked eagerly towards his wife to strengthen his faith by her assent, but she shook her head sadly.

"Cordelia is not romantic; but at her age an attachment is more serious than to a younger girl. Look at the Musgrave girls; I thought Dora cared for Harry, yet she has not mentioned his name since he went away. And Rachel, you see, has broken her engagement, and flung away a man's love as she would a toy. Cordelia has none of that sort of lightness; until this Mr. Haslam came she never had but one attachment in her life. You remember it? It was but a childish affair apparently, and the poor young fellow died, but since that time she has thought of no man till now."

"Till now—why now? Mr. Haslam is a man of honour; he would not come here on false pretences and win my child's affections unknown to me."

"Would he not? Have you never heard the old proverb?—'All is fair in love and war.'"

"It is a villanous proverb: it holds no place for a moment in an honest man's mind. You should not use words so unadvisedly, Susan. You do not know what you are doing: you are trying to shake my belief in the honour of a friend and in the love of a child."

"I am trying to save the child from sorrow, that is all," said Mrs. Gwynne, with unwonted impatience. "I cannot help it if you take the matter in a wrong way. I know she is not a girl to make light attachments, as that childish love of hers for a playmate proved. Do you remember how she suffered when he died, and how long it was before her shaken health recovered itself?"

Mr. Gwynne rested his forehead on his hand while his memory went back ten years, and, as in a picture, set his daughter of that time before him. A bright, beautiful girl, with glowing colour and fresh young voice, and happiness in her free step and ringing laugh. Slowly the picture faded, bringing him the pale gentle face, the tender smile, the sweet low tone, and the kindly, watchful eyes of the Cordelia of to-day.

She was more lovely in her father's sight now than of old, but, painfully to himself, he had to own she was greatly changed. But it was the natural change of time and experience, nothing more; it would have hurt his pride to confess that any other cause had brought a shadow on his child's youth and beauty.

"I recollect the time of which you speak," he said. "She was very sensitive at that age; it was natural she should feel a friend's death very deeply."

Mrs. Gwynne ignored the sort of protest there was in this speech. "Her attachments are very rooted, very constant: she has not the power of change that some women possess. She is just one of those girls who get what poets call broken-hearted; and seemingly not grieving at all, they grieve to death. I wish we had never seen this Mr. Haslam!" concluded Mrs. Gwynne, with sudden passion.

"My dear, why should you say that? I cannot at present hurt my own pride or my daughter's sense of dignity by acknowledging Mr. Haslam to be of so much importance to either of us."

"Then henceforward I shall hold my peace," said Mrs. Gwynne, in a vexed tone, growing angry in the argument because she was scarcely able to follow her husband's thoughts, or understand that he shrank from giving full credence to her words, because then he must confess that his confidence in Cordelia was shaken. Something of this she saw, with a little natural jealousy. Dearly as she loved her daughter, she liked always to be first in her husband's heart. Her voice grew slightly sharp. "Remember, I have warned you that people are talking. My advice is, never to ask Mr. Haslam here again; but if you do, then use your eyes, and you will see that he is more to Cordelia than you think. And it is hard on the girl, and harder still on you and me, that we should all hang on that man's word till he chooses to speak. I hate men who close their lips when they ought to open them frankly. There is some selfish secret at the root of their silence, I am certain."

"SHE TURNED TOWARDS HIM" (*p.* 333).

With this Mrs. Gwynne departed, leaving a darker cloud of care with her husband than her eyes were able to discern.

Could it be possible?—had a stranger come between him and his child, and made it easy to her to walk in a deceitful silence with him for three months? In the heart where he had garnered up his very soul must he look for treachery and hard unkindness? To believe this would be like the rending of flesh and spirit; he

could not do it. He looked round the old familiar room vacantly; his gaze fell on his dear well-filled book-shelves, with no recognition in his eyes; then they turned to the window, and the great restless sea flashed upon them, and he smiled. No man could love the sea as this Cornish rector did. In all phases of its glory, its peace, its fury, it was dear to him. He had plucked lives from it, he had fought with it, he had caressed it, laying his hand upon the crest of its waves as we do on a head we love. The sight now of its sweet blue summer clearness calmed him, and he went out to meet his daughter with his great brave heart as full of love and trust as was the heart of Jacob before his sons deceived him. But the trust faded, for, moved by his wife's words, he grew watchful and anxious. He began after this day to look upon Cordelia's face, not with the careless glances born of ease and health with which our too confident eyes gaze daily on those we love, but with earnest distrustful look, that gathered in the sudden flush and the quivering of her lip when she caught his watchful eyes fixed upon her. Thus day by day there grew into his knowledge the shadow of sorrow on her face, and all those subtle, hitherto unmarked changes in her manner, which denoted some hidden pain. Steadily, too, she evaded all his questions, and for fear of these she avoided the old friendly rambles by sea and land, the evening saunter in the garden, and the twilight talk in the library before the lamp was lit. At all these times now her father was left alone, and creeping between them, with stealthy step, came a shadow of coldness, which blew a chilly breath upon their love day by day. But the girl faded in this shadow, and often, as her father sat alone sermon-writing, there came a mist before his eyes, in which he saw her face passing away into death and darkness. Then thrusting his work aside, he would ask himself if it could be true. He would say, "It is all the weak dream of coming age and feebleness; there is no wall of estrangement between me and my child; my home has no blight or chill upon it—all is as it was."

But his own words failed to bring conviction; the dull change in his life wrought by Cordelia's silence was too real and present. He began to feel bitterly alone.

"Am I forsaken for a stranger?—this Haslam—a grey-haired man—not handsome, not attractive, not young even—the last man in the world to catch a woman's eye! Is my girl blind? What can she see in him?"

Thus his thoughts bewildered him as he strove to unsolve the great mystery of love; the reason why the heart goes out instantly to some and is a shut book to others; strove likewise to comprehend why for a stranger's sake his best-loved child could grieve him.

One day he spoke bitterly against Mr. Haslam, and Cordelia fled from his presence weeping. After this, the invisible barrier between them widened: she was afraid to step across it to come to him, and he was too proud to stretch out his hand to give her aid.

Sad days were coming on him; age was full of trouble; it was but sorrow and labour now to live.

About this time, too, there came to the rectory news of Harry, which added anger to Mr. Gwynne's grief. The young man was spending more money than his father could afford; he was growing reckless; giving himself up to garrison idleness and folly, without a thought of the sorrow he caused at home.

This was a bitter grief to his mother; her son lay more upon her heart than her daughter: thus, when her husband would willingly have taken counsel with her respecting Cordelia he found her mind closed to that anxiety.

"Oh! I do not think she cares so much for Mr. Haslam as I feared," she answered absently. "And I am glad of it. In these times girls have to be hard of heart, or rue their softness. Men flirt with a dozen and love none. I pity girls; there are too many of them in the world."

"I pity fathers and mothers," said Mr. Gwynne. "Sons are selfish and extravagant, and daughters peevish and idle."

"Do not let us abuse our children: they are all we have." And laying her hand upon his arm his wife looked at him through tears.

"My dear Susan, I did not apply those words to our own children. Cordelia is a dear, good daughter as ever man had."

"And Harry is a good son," persisted the mother. "If he is going a little wrong now, it is Dora Musgrave's fault, I am certain of it."

To a mother a son is never to blame; in her mind it is always some other man, or ofttimes a woman, who is responsible for his sins.

Thus it happened that in the very heart of the summer, when the sunshine lay clear and bright even in shady places, there was a perceptible cloud hanging darkly over Boscombe.

On Sunday, when the kindly rector preached to the people, his children's faces haunted the manuscript of his sermon, and as he turned the leaves he was troubled, gathering up his words painfully, and then bursting into earnestness with a sudden tremble in his voice.

"Our parson's failing," the villagers whispered to each other, and many a kindly eye was turned on him pitifully as his lined, rugged face and silver hair rose above the pulpit. Often, too, as his tall, slightly-bent form passed out among them in the churchyard, motherly women thrust their husbands forward to say a word of warning kindness, begging him to care more for his health.

The little church at Warewood only had one service on Sundays, alternately in the morning and afternoon; to this he rode mostly on horseback, the old sexton tolling the bell to call the people together when he saw him riding down the hill. It was here he always met the Musgraves; and when the service was in the morning he lunched at their house, and all drove back together to Boscombe Church for the afternoon and evening services. This was beginning now to be a hard day's work to him. In former years he had thought nothing of it, either in summer or winter; and his tall figure, in all its easy strength, was looked for on the hill as surely as one looks for the sun. And

in all weathers it had been seen every Sunday for thirty-five years.

But one Sunday in this hot July the old sexton stood waiting, bell-rope in hand, and the people lingered about the churchyard stile, or sat in shady places in dotted groups, while the grey-haired clerk, with shaded eyes peering against the sun, went down the glaring path again and again to look up the hill to Boscombe for the rector's well-known figure. But its shadow never fell that day on the broad stretch of sunshine lying between them and the sister-church. Later in the day the people knew their good pastor had been taken ill suddenly after morning service at Boscombe, and, thinking slightly of his illness at first, he had not allowed his wife to send a messenger to Warewood. But in the afternoon, when getting on his horse to go to his duty there, the strange giddiness that had seized him in the morning came again, and he fell, and was carried to his bed.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

"———————— this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own."

ON that Sunday evening, when her father was declared to be in danger, a great darkness fell upon Cordelia's soul. Words dropped by her mother in haste and anguish had betrayed the fact that her father had been grieved in spirit for her sake, and troubled thoughts for her had driven sleep from him.

In her terror and pain, Mrs. Gwynne laid the blame of her husband's illness on her daughter, saying no single word as to the share her son might have in bringing fever and unrest to his father's mind. And Cordelia, pierced with sorrow, took the blame meekly. She was not without self-reproach. For three months she had suffered her lover's silence, and borne the ache of patience at his request; but now, rather than endure longer a delay which had become a cruelty, she would renounce her love for ever. She resolved firmly to assure him that unless he could frankly and honourably acknowledge his affection they must part. Again and again, eluding her entreaties, he had delayed to declare himself openly her suitor, and her mind was beginning to be shaken by doubt; a feverish distrust had laid hold of her, poisoning the springs of her faith in him, and making her love an anguish.

She knew he was at Boscombe, for only the day before, as she stood on the rugged path winding along the cliff, she had seen him on the beach below walking with Rachel and Dora. Yet he had not come to the rectory, neither had he appeared this morning at church. This weighed against him in her mind, filling it with vague resentment and misgiving. She could not guess the sudden revulsion of feeling which had withheld him from the joy of seeing her face. Was he justified in staking her happiness on the truth of a newspaper paragraph? This was the question which had held him back from the peace which now seemed within his reach. The doubt had fallen on him suddenly with a woman's shadow—a woman passing his window, whose shadow flitted for an instant, like a grey spirit, over the paper lying on the table before him. The window was flooded with evening sunshine, and his own heart was exceeding glad within him, when this flickering shadow went by like an evil ghost, and brought darkness and sorrow with it.

He started up and rushed into the little village street, and saw only children at play and old men mending nets at their cottage doors.

"Who has passed?" he cried out huskily.

"Only the Warewood fly, master: going to station, I reckon."

The vehicle had turned the sharp angle of the small street before he had time to take one step in the direction in which it was going. He looked up the empty road with a dismayed and angry glance. "Who is Nat Sobie driving to-day?" he asked in a forced voice.

"I dunno, sir. 'Tis a strange lady and gentleman, come down from Bude, I b'lieve."

Edward Haslam went back to his room, and crushed the journal in his hand. It had registered a lie, he felt sure of that. It was *her* face which in passing had looked in upon him, *her* shadow which had flitted before his eyes and almost touched his hand.

All that fevered night this was his belief, but after sleep came hope, and he awoke in the morning sunshine with thoughts of Cordelia, and with the fleeting vision of Lady Martock fading away into dimness.

How could that shadow be hers? It was only a fancied likeness, an illusion born of his vivid thought of her, as he had sat resting his head upon his hands, reading again and again the announcement of her marriage. And why should that announcement be false? Her niece had said she was about to marry—was obstinately bent on it, and surely she was married. Gradually he wrenched his mind back to this belief, and went down to the village inn to gather facts to strengthen it. Here he found ample information, of a useless kind. He was told what the strangers had to eat and drink, and how hard they were to please. And the gentleman had strolled up the cliff to see Boscombe Church, but the lady had walked towards Warewood, and only returned in time to give Nat Sobie a bare hour to get to the station, which was short enough, considering his horse had but three legs, so to speak.

More tangible evidence was forthcoming soon, in the shape of a card left on the old-fashioned window-seat. It bore the name of a perfect stranger—"Mr. A. Bruntwell"—and underneath was written in pencil, "Miss Bruntwell."

"So they were brother and sister?" said Mr. Haslam to the landlady.

"So it seems, sir," she answered, peering curiously at the card. "But he is a deal older than she is, if he is her brother."

Not able to learn more, Edward Haslam bore away his cares to the solitude of the sea-shore, and paced to and fro beside the restless waves, till the closing day flung azure shadows and flashes of purple and crimson glory across his shining path of sand.

The sky was a clear amber, bearing a monumental

stillness, as if change were impossible, and on this calm amber the sun had painted deep rose flushes, which spread upwards into the zenith and downwards into the purple sea. The waters glanced and quickened beneath the glories which in the sky remained so calm and still; their ceaseless change and the rush of their ever-sounding waves made a living contrast with the passionless silence of the heavens. It was a contrast which spoke to the soul. Like human life, the sea was moved and troubled, and snatched brief moments of only a seeming rest, while far above its changes and its storms brooded the everlasting peace, which spread its measureless calm above and beyond the worlds.

To Edward Haslam, in his present mood, this calm spoke of death—the relentless, inevitable, and eternal calm, which coldly waited for his day of darkness.

"And in the evening there shall be light," he said softly, in the tone of one who doubts, yet longs for faith.

Then he turned suddenly from his long wistful gaze on the sea, and met Cordelia face to face. He held out his hand eagerly, but she drew back, and only gave him hers coldly.

"You have heard that my father is ill?" she said.

"Yes. I was coming to inquire for him. Is he better?"

She shook her head sadly and turned away; he drew nearer to her, and would have taken her hand again, but she started back abruptly, and standing silently by the edge of the sea, looked down into the clear shining waters.

"Have I vexed you, Cordelia?" he asked wonderingly. "Perhaps you are angry that I have been a whole day at Boscombe without seeing you. But that has been a greater pain to me than to you."

She looked up and met his gaze: there was a world of reproach in her sad eyes.

"How long is it since you first spoke to me in such words as those, and asked my silence till you could gain the goodwill of my father and mother?"

"Why do you ask me such a question? Do you think I have forgotten the time? Can I ever forget the day when I first spoke? You had just saved me from a ghastly death when I took you in my arms and owned at last how dear you were."

Cordelia heard him calmly, without the quick blush, the shyly-drooped eyes, with which she had been wont to listen to him. Her sorrow to-day was too great for the happy emotions of love.

"And have you redeemed your promise to acknowledge openly that we were all in all to each other?" she said.

"I could not—I dared not," he answered. "I had things to tell your father that I feared would separate us, and my courage failed me when I tried to speak. I could not part from you, dearest. I could not draw near the risk of parting."

"But you must do it now," Cordelia said, in a low steadfast voice. "I will submit to this silence no longer. I am not used to the pain of a secret, and it has been a grief to me; yet I am not speaking now for my own sake, but for my father's: he has seen me sorrowful and anxious, and he has suffered for me. It is I who have caused his illness; my mother has reproached me with it."

Her voice shook and trembled; she turned away quickly to hide her tears.

"Your mother is unfair to you; she accuses you unjustly!" cried her lover hotly. "I cannot believe that either you or I have caused your father anxiety; he has other troubles to vex him. Your brother——"

"We will not speak of Harry now," Cordelia interposed. "It is for me at present to do my share towards setting my father's mind at peace. No shadow of care for me shall rest upon it."

Her resolute tone startled Mr. Haslam.

"Let me tell you," he said eagerly, "that I know now the cause of Harry's folly, and I can help him to wiser thoughts. I can set your father's heart at ease about him."

Cordelia looked at him in patient sadness.

"The question now is not of him, but of you and me," she said.

Her lover was silent. At this moment his hatred of the Martock money and the Martock name seemed to him as heavy and as bitter as the salt tide rolling inwards at his feet. One look at the sweet, firm face, gentle as a flower yet staunch as oak, showed him that whatever might be the power of love in Cordelia's heart, it held a feeling holier and stronger still, and this now was fighting against him.

"Cordelia," he said, with a sort of desperation in his voice, "since you wish it, I will speak to your father at all hazards the moment he is well enough to hear me; but should he think that, situated as I am, I am not at liberty to marry, what will you say?"

She looked at him in quick amazement. "I cannot imagine any circumstance so restraining you," she said; "for unless you were free to marry you would not have spoken to me."

"You forget for how long I was silent," he returned in a gloomy tone. "I spoke at a moment when any man might be forgiven an error in judgment. With your arms about me, and that black pit at my feet, silence seemed a sin."

Cordelia coloured deeply. "Do you wish me to think that gratitude forced you to speak, or that I wrung a confession from you by my own act? You hurt me by your words. What I did for you I would have done for——"

"A dog, doubtless," said Mr. Haslam bitterly. "Well, let it pass. Twice at this place I have been brought very close to death, and yet my life was spared. For what? Surely not to cause you grief, Cordelia?" he added, with a sudden change to tenderness; and once more he held his hand towards her. But she would not see it; she kept her eyes fixed steadfastly on the far-off clear amber of the still heavens, against which the vague blue of the sea floated dimly.

A cloud fell over her lover's face as he watched her; his outstretched hand dropped down by his side inert; he yearned passionately to take her in his arms and stifle her cold words with kisses, yet he stirred not an inch nearer to her.

"This is the first time you have refused me your hand, Cordelia," he said, in quiet reproach.

She turned towards him now, with a flush passing swiftly over her paleness, and an indignant quiver in her voice.

"In that spot, beneath those trees"—and she pointed to the green-crowned heights above them—"when you and I first spoke to each other heart to heart, you promised that you would not ask for a touch of my hand until my father had heard your story and sanctioned our engagement. You have not kept your word; we have met as lovers and it has been a grief to me. For your sake I have played a part I hate. I never thought to bring sorrow on my father's grey hairs, or hear just reproof from my mother's lips, but both these have fallen into my lot through my love for you. When I gave you my word, I never dreamed of a suspense and silence lasting three months. You have made me suffer very terribly for my rashness in trusting you. Good-bye: I am going home now."

Her voice had sunk into mournfulness, it ended brokenly, and she moved away with such passionate haste, that for a moment her lover could scarce overtake her.

"Cordelia," he urged pleadingly, "do not let us part in anger. I am going to Paris for a week; when I return, I trust to find your father well enough to see me."

"Going to Paris!" repeated Cordelia, standing suddenly still, with the whiteness of an indignant anger on her face. "Will you keep my father's mind in suspense and pain for a week, while you take an idle journey to Paris?"

"It is not an idle journey, but a necessary one. Believe me, Cordelia, it is indeed."

She raised her eyes in wonder to his face, but doubt had dimmed the clearness of her vision; she could only read in his troubled look the old hesitancy, the old desire to defer the declaration due to her.

"My father's life hangs upon a thread. He may die in a week." She clasped her hands together tightly. "Nothing shall hold me back from striving to save him; if you will not help me, leave me. Go to Paris if you will, Mr. Haslam, but in that case you and I speak to each other no more. To-morrow I shall tell my father that your shadow, which has stood between me and him, has flitted away out of our path for ever, and I shall entreat him to forgive me that it ever for an hour made me forget my duty."

As she finished she was white as marble, and there was a hardness on her face which Edward Haslam never thought its soft lines could wear. He saw that the exaltation of the moment, the passionate anxiety of the time, had carried her into a mood inimical to her love—a mood which would change, but which he dared not brave under fear of losing her. He gave way, but he grew pale to the lips.

"It shall be as you wish, Cordelia. I will come to the rectory to-morrow. Are you satisfied?"

Perhaps his tone was a little hard, for Cordelia did not answer tenderly, although her lashes trembled with unshed tears.

"For my father's sake I have urged you to speak, not my own—you know that."

"If you care so little, surely you might let me defer this conference for a week. I *ought* to go to Paris."

Cordelia stopped in her hurried walk.

"Have I said that I do not care? I tell you, my father's life is hanging on your words. There must be clear speech between him and me, or he will die. And if you will not assist me to throw down the cold wall standing between us, I must do it alone, with my own hand. I will never ask for your help again."

Once more she went on hurriedly, not looking back to see if he followed her, not even glancing his way, but in another instant his shadow fell again beside hers.

"Cordelia, I will speak to-morrow, even if I lose you through it. But I have things to tell you. Where, how can I see you again this evening?"

"I will meet you in an hour's time, on the path above the cliff—by the great rock," she said hurriedly. "But *must* you see me? Do not ask me to come unless it is a necessity."

"It is a sad necessity," he answered. And with sudden passion he flung his arms about her and held her tightly for just an instant, then let her go, and watched her figure flit all along the sea's edge, till a jutting rock hid her from his sight.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE LILY.

H, lustrous virgin, flower of light,
Chaste maiden, cold and pure as snows,
How your white beauty glads my sight
And ranks you with the queenly rose!

It seems as if the dewy morn
Cold splendour threw, and you had birth;
Of night's white lustres were you born,
To dazzle with calm light the earth?

To see you 'neath the golden moon
Across the green of summer lawns,
Gives dreams of ancient haunts of June,
Tall Artemis amongst her fawns.

Innumerous beauty Nature gives,
Yet, stately one, you gleam to view
With loveliness that only lives
In the grand glory that is you.

W. C. BENNETT.

MAY FLOWERS.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., ETC.

NO month of the year has more euphony in its name than that of May. We naturally associate it with flowers, and with the opening glory of the young summer. Our older poets were profuse in their praises of this "merry month," and it is difficult to reconcile the bitter and changeable weather which often marks the earlier part of May, with the enthusiastic references to it by early writers. We find not a few people who believe that our climate has changed in the meantime, and that it has gradually become colder.

When we think of the extra wrappers and overcoats which the last attacks of winter not unfrequently require of us in the beginning of this month, we are inclined to hold with Goldsmith that

"Winter lingering chills the lap of May,"

and that the older poets drew somewhat upon their fresh and vivid imaginations. The actual truth is that May comes to us eleven days earlier than it did to Shakespeare. The change in the calendar in 1752, which slipped out eleven days, so that our almanack might keep pace with the sun, and thus inaugurated the "New Style," in reality makes our 1st of May happen on what to our ancestors would have been the 19th of April! Eleven days make a great difference at this time of year—all the difference between the non-appearance of the nightingale, and other birds of song, and particularly with the blossoming of our wild flowers. Thus Milton was quite correct when he spoke of the

"Clouds that shed May flowers;"

and there is no reason in the world to call in the hypothesis of a change of climate in order to account for the fact that the May of the older poets seems to have been a more charming month than it often is nowadays.

The meadows are one sheet of white and yellow with daisies and buttercups whenever the sun pours down his warm beams. But the moment night draws near, and even when clouds obscure the sky and threaten rain, what a change occurs in the floral landscape! Each daisy has closed its petals, although few people are aware of the reason, and that it is because the daisy is in reality a *colony* of small flowers, some of which are specialised for the benefit of the community, as the outer white petals. These never produce seeds, but they roof over and protect the seed-bearing florets of the yellow disk, and thus prevent their nectar, so sought after by small insects, from being dissolved out by the dews of the early summer nights, or the rain which falls by day. The dandelion, whose bold yellow eye seems to stare so brazenly from the same meadow, has a habit of closing in a similar way to the daisy, and for a like reason.

The celandine and upright buttercups accompany the early summer daisies. The dark, glossy green leaves of the former, and the star-shaped yellow flowers which spring from them, are favourites of childhood, and of all who can enjoy over again the holy innocence which the pleasures of that period produced. Wordsworth in one of his poems speaks of a

——"flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine;"

and he cunningly alludes to the changeable weather which prevails when this common flower makes its appearance,

"Spreading out its glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none."

Of the buttercups, the same poet complains that they

——"will be seen
Whether we will see or no."

But he was not aware of the reason for this. People have often speculated why certain colours are more abundantly assumed by flowers than others. On examining the reason by the law of colour we find that the most luminous colours are those which are abundant. Flowers can be seen in proportion to their luminosity, and as their colours exist in the first instance for purely utilitarian reasons—viz., to attract insects—it follows that those flowers possessing the most luminous colours will gain the advantage over their fellows, inasmuch as they will be the first seen by the winged tribes on the look-out for nectar and pollen.

So we can hardly wonder that buttercups reign so abundantly during the summer months. Robert Browning somewhere speaks of them as "the little children's dower." We have numerous species of buttercups growing in our pastures, woods, meadows, and green lanes, whose resemblance to each other is very great, both in flower and leaf. The ancient idea, whence these flowers obtained their popular name, was that cows which fed on them gave a peculiar yellow tint to the butter derived from their milk. In reality cattle refuse buttercups of all kinds, for their leaves are intensely acrid, one species sufficiently so to raise blisters on the human skin. Sheep and goats, however, will feed on the young leaves, although even that omnivorous animal the pig will have none of them. One abundant species of buttercup has a bulbous development of the underground part of the stem, whence its botanical name of *Ranunculus bulbosus*. Formerly this plant was known by the name of "St. Anthony's turnips." Besides the name of buttercup, we also know the same flowers by their other popular synonyms of crow-foot, king-cup, cuckoo-buds, &c. The appellative "cuckoo" applies to many flowers

which appear in May, because it is then the bird appears. Thus we have cuckoo-flower, cuckoo-pint, &c. It is to buttercups, under their ancient name of cuckoo-buds, that Shakespeare alludes in that verse which is unparalleled for its panoramic description of an English May meadow :—

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

The "lady-smocks" above mentioned are the same as those also called cuckoo-flowers. In the north of England they are better known by the name of May-flowers (*Cardamine pratensis*). In the Cheshire meadows we frequently see them growing in such dense masses as actually to give a colour and tint to them. The plant is in reality a cress, and is edible, as all the Cruciferous order are, of which this is a member. The appellative word "lady's" in the names of many of our common wild flowers, as "lady's mantle," "lady's bedstraw" &c., is an allusion to the Virgin, and is therefore a proof of the antiquity of the popular cognomen, for it must have been given in the pre-Reformation days. During extra damp seasons the "lady's smock" or cuckoo-flower is *proliferous*—that is, it brings forth young buds or plants at the edges of its leaves, and these, falling to the ground, perpetuate the species without the use of seeds.

The marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*) is the flower called by Shakespeare "mary-buds." It may be found abundantly by the sides of meadow-dykes, or in dank pastures, sometimes making the latter look like "fields of the cloth of gold" with its brilliant yellow and large flowers. And yet the botanist notes in the marsh marigold a singular transformation. These rich yellow parts of the flower are in reality glossily coloured sepals or divisions of the calyx, parts which are usually green in other flowers. Petals there are none, or rather they are aborted into almost invisible honey-glands or nectaries. If the marsh marigold were a rare or an exotic flower, the chances are we should take sufficient notice of its beauty to propagate it artificially.

We cannot take leave of our May meadows without noticing the cowslips and oxlips, which in many places almost carpet them towards the close of the month. The names are relative popular distinctions of smallness and greatness, for the oxlip has every individual flower nearly as large as a primrose. This species is not nearly so abundant as the cowslip, nor are its petals so prettily marked, nor its perfume so delicately sweet. Both belong to the same order as our common primrose, as does also the beautiful water violet (*Hottonia palustris*), whose pretty faint lilac-coloured flowers may possibly be found growing in spikes from the bottom of the dyke which crosses our meadow. Recently these flowers have claimed special attention from the botanist, for the phenomenon of *dimorphism* they present. If we examine the inner structure of a few flowers plucked at random, we find that the pistil and stamens have changed places. One flower has the pistil where in another the stamens are situated, and *vice versâ*. This modification of the position of the organs of reproduction favours crossing, for the stamens in one type are so placed that their pollen will dust the head of an insect visiting the flower, just where the same part will come into contact with the pistil in the other type. In our common primroses these two kinds have long been known under the names of "pin-eyed" and "thrum-eyed," although their *raison-d'être* has only lately been understood.

If we leave the meadows and stroll along some of the luxuriant green lanes which are now perfect paradises of delight, with the hawthorn bloom sheeting the hedges with its "May blossoms"—in olden time the especial garniture of the "May pole" raised on every village green—we find flowers enough and to spare. The hedge-banks are gay with clusters of the sky-blue germander speedwell (*Veronica chamædrys*), unquestionably one of the most charming of our wild flowers. It is extremely sensitive to light and closes whenever the sky is overcast, showing then only the subdued whitish blue of the under side of the petals. At the bottoms of the hedge-rows there may be found miniature forests of lovely white stitch-worts (*Stellaria holosteum*), also known to children in the northern counties by the name of "milk-cans," just as the speedwell is called by them "bird's-eyes." Its ten glossy white petals are arranged in a star-like form, whence its botanical name; and the bright yellow stamens within add to its delicate beauty. Perhaps close by may be found, in rank abundance, the glossy green leaves, covered with irregular dark spots, of the "lords-and-ladies," or cuckoo-pint (*Arum maculatum*), a near relation of the white trumpet lily (*Richardia Æthiopica*), cultivated in cottagers' windows.

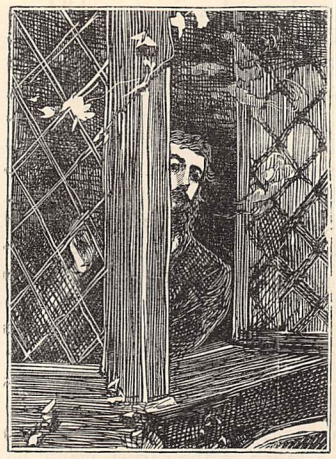
We recommend our readers not to taste the leaves, for they are intensely acrid, and will soon swell the tongue and give acute pain. The inflorescence of this plant is very remarkable, for the purple spike which rises from within the enfolding spathe has separate clusters of stamens and pistils. Within the spathe there is an arrangement of hairs, all pointing within, so that insects can get to the bottom without difficulty, but cannot get out, as they are imprisoned on the principle of an eel-trap or mouse-trap. Not till the stamens have shed their pollen, and it has accumulated at the bottom and completely dusted the insect prisoners, are the latter allowed to escape, and this they do by reason of the hairs then shrivelling up. But they carry the pollen-dust thus distributed over their bodies to another plant, and so unconsciously perform the important act of *crossing* which all flowers so much require.

In the damper parts of the hedges we shall find the sweet woodruffe (*Asperula odorata*), peculiar and easily recognised by its white flowers having the smell of new-mown hay. By the Germans this plant is known as the *Wald-meister*, a name which almost exactly corresponds to the old English name of woodruffe. A most delightful summer drink is prepared by immersing fresh bundles of woodruffe in a bowl of hock; when sweetened, and with a cut orange added, it goes by the name of *Mai-wein*, and as such is sold during this month in every German wine shop. The

MAY BLOSSOM.

smell of the sweet woodruffe is identical with that of the vernal grass, the presence of which latter gives to newly-mown hay its well-known perfume. It is due to a chemical principle called *coumarin*, which of late years has been artificially imitated and prepared from gas-tar refuse. The pastures are in places gay with the red flowers of the ragged Robin, whilst the wet bottoms of the hedge-rows are lighted up with the rose-coloured blossoms of the red campion. Many another plant is seen hastening on to inflorescence, so that when June has set in, our fields, woods, and meadows will be clad in the garbs of their intensest summer beauty.

LOVE AND ORDER IN THE HOME.



THOUGH it may not be always easy to clearly define what constitutes *a home*, there is no difficulty at all in discovering what does not. A fine house, with all the most modern improvements, well-fitting doors and windows, smokeless chimneys, dry walls, convenient water-supply, excellent drainage, a perfect immunity from draughts and insect life, good servants, and good tradesmen in your immediate vicinity, go far to constitute a comfortable residence; while tasteful furniture, rare pictures, beautiful ornaments, and a good collection of good books, add still greater charms: yet all these, and a thousand other attractions, pleasant to the eye and very conducive to physical comfort, would never constitute a really happy home, without two other grand qualities—qualities like, yet unlike; independent, yet each to a great extent dependent on the other for its usefulness; each insufficient, of itself, to do all; each beautiful, but doubly so when allied; each within the reach of the humblest, as well as the highest—more lovely as well as more useful in the cottage than in the palace; each a corner-stone of happiness, and forming together the very foundation of peace—two grand simple qualities, all-powerful in heaven and on earth—Love and Order!

Let every person who possesses a home of any sort or condition whatever, look round and observe how far it is governed by those twin sisters; consider well if every action of every day is prompted by love, and carried out by order; if affection is the ruling principle, punctuality the ruling practice of every-day life.

It is the personal interest of every individual to make his or her home the brightest, pleasantest, most attractive spot on earth to every one near and dear to them; there should be no place like it. But we fear there are many people who never attempt doing so—many more who attempt and fail.

There are numbers of men who find *home* less attractive than the stately club, or the stifling theatre, the exciting billiard-room, or the insidious bar-parlour; many who even prefer the weary sordid street, with its legions of restless pilgrims and fated wanderers, to their own fireside; and yet every one admits, theoretically at least, that, "be it never so homely, there's no place like home!" Having admitted the fact, they immediately turn their backs upon the unparalleled place, and seek elsewhere for enjoyment! Such being the case, it may not be out of place in a Family Magazine to offer a few remarks upon the simplest way of making our houses our homes too. And here we may observe that, in the first instance at least, this is entirely and essentially a woman's work—to the very last it will require a woman's patient, cheerful, energetic, hopeful, loving nature, to make home happy and keep it so. But love alone—no matter how true, devoted, admirable—will never do. David Copperfield and Dora, though perhaps the most loving couple on record, would unquestionably have drifted into matrimonial shallows, and been probably wrecked upon domestic rocks and reefs, had not their wise Master removed poor disorderly Dora from the storm which even her sweetness and lovableness could not prevent.

Man, though naturally an orderly, is by no means a patient or enduring animal. He cordially hates *a muddle*, and no amount of adoration can reconcile his mind to it for any length of time. Equally he abominates prim inartistic formality; therefore those things are to be religiously avoided. For women may say what they like to the contrary, but the great end and aim of their existence is man—to spoil him as a baby (to which circumstance much of his future assumption of superiority is due), to indulge him as a school-boy, to secretly admire him in incipient moustachios, and to love him honestly, faithfully, admirably as a man. His praise, esteem, friendship, affection, love, are (or ought to be) to a very great extent the laudable object of their ambition. From the moment a woman is able to understand anything, she recognises in some mysterious way that man is a superior being—a being to be looked up to, reverenced, admired, and even, under exaggerated circumstances, feared; a being whose commendation is coveted; whose praise is sweet, though it be given with the intolerant egotism of a school-boy; whose contempt is a thing too awful to be calmly contemplated. Sisters, when the boys go to school, is not the house a desert? are not all the ways of the school-room and playground, to you, weary, flat, and unprofitable? And when they come home—noisy, arrogant, domineering though they be—are not you and the house changed? Mothers, are not your grown-up sons an influence, a ruling power? nay, are they not absolute despotic tyrants? When Sub-Lieut. Jack, or Middy Tom—or even poor usher Ned—pays you a visit, do you ever think of appearing at the breakfast-table in your striped flannel dressing-gown? Do the girls, though there are only brothers and cousins in the house, dream of coming down in curl-papers? Not likely. Wherever there are men, women do all in their power to make themselves pretty and attractive, thereby tacitly admitting the superiority of the opposite sex! "Stuff and nonsense!" some strong-minded lady exclaims indignantly; "we acknowledge no such thing. Men are not our superiors; we are quite as good as they are, and mean one day to have equal rights and privileges with them." But such exclamations, and even the very existence of strong-minded women with a hankering after

"rights," prove beyond question that man is still superior, and the wildest flight of woman's ambition is merely to be equal with him. Until that time of equality arrives, women, or the great majority of them, will continue to make themselves attractive; and the only mistake is that it is too often only a surface and individual attraction.

A short time since, I had occasion to call at the residence of a comfortable middle-class farmer. On the parlour table there were three delicate monthly roses, with their lovely blushing petals, and pale shiny green leaves, thrust carelessly into a *ginger-beer bottle*. Just like those poor roses, is a pretty woman prettily dressed, in a disorderly room, and however much we may admire the flowers, however delicate their beauty or sweet their fragrance, the *ginger-beer bottle affronts us*. At first we may overlook it, in the enjoyment of the bouquet, but when we draw back a little to admire it at our leisure, then the obnoxious bottle thrusts itself upon our notice; it stares at us, disconcerts us, positively worries us; and ten to one, if we cannot find a more sightly vase for our nosegay, we will give up contemplating it altogether. The moral is that men, or at least most men, are far more impressed and influenced by *order, or its reverse*, than is generally supposed; they recognise more clearly than women that "order is heaven's first law," and earth's too. We know many women who rather like confusion; there's something comfortable about it, they say; but men do not. Even when personally untidy, they like neatness and regularity in others. When a business man returns from his office, where he has been plodding all day over columns of neat figures, and ledgers, and day-books, kept with mathematical precision, it frets him to see a disorderly room—table-cloth and window-curtains awry, sofa-cushions wrong side up, books and work wandering apparently at their own sweet will over the chairs or the carpet. His first impulse is to put the table-cover straight; his second, to throw himself into his easy-chair and shut his eyes to it. Being a business man, he follows his *second* impulse, after one hopeless, helpless glance round. Everything is out of place, and before very long he begins to feel out of place too, and seeks some more congenial atmosphere to spend his evenings in. Disorder has driven many a man to destruction; for the masculine is essentially a well-regulated, methodical, systematic mind, though perhaps a slightly intolerant one. Conscious of his own ability to find a place for everything, and to keep everything in that place, man makes few allowances for the multitude of extraneous things a woman has to see to, and of which he really knows nothing. He is only very sure that he hates a muddle; yet the house seems perpetually in one. He detests things being taken out of their place; still there is ever something missing from his writing-table—the letter-press, or paper-knife, or an ink-bottle, or the taper. He can't endure a noise; yet his entrance seems the signal for a general rattling of fire-irons, and clatter of cups and saucers. His pet aversion is hurry; still, the moment he comes in there begins a general scramble after something lost during the day—a scramble commenced by the dearest little wife in the world, who rushes to kiss him and hang up his coat, and continued energetically by his children—healthy, happy, rosy, affectionate, but rather tiresome children, because *disorderly*. Perhaps he has a headache; and the whispered, still audible threats to pack these children out of the room if they are not mute as mice, the frowning commands to the servant to be extra careful, which invariably result in her being extra careless, the well-meant but fussy attentions and inquiries are infinitely harder to bear than calm, polite, positive indifference. Love, no matter how devoted, cannot, without order, make any home really happy; and, on the other hand, order without love changes the home into a sort of prison. To have a well-regulated table, and trim bright fire, without cheerful, happy, loving faces gathered round them—to have automatic servants, and a wife with one cold mathematical eye always fixed on you, flashing rebuke if your easy-chair does not happen to be placed on its own particular octagon of the carpet, would be simply intolerable.

But when we find merry voices, shining faces, ringing laughter, or gentle, hushed, still not suppressed, enjoyment; when we see a neat room, the blinds straight, the hangings even, the pictures in a line, the books, if there are any, neatly arranged, everything orderly without being stiff; when we find sympathy and companionship between parents and children, observe more looks than mere words of love, find more to reflect on in the tone than general substance of the conversation; when we find the head of the family don his slippers and curl himself cosily up in his easy-chair when he comes home from business; when we see his sons, if he has any, gathered eagerly about him, or engaged in some intellectual pursuit; when we find the fireside supply amusement enough for a winter's evening, we may rest assured that we have seen a happy home!

But how is such a blissful state of things to be arrived at? some one asks—some one worried to death, perhaps, with troublesome children, tiresome servants, heavy expenses, and limited income; with duties innumerable, that must be performed, though they be not at all conducive to order, cheerfulness, or even quiet. How is father to find an orderly sitting-room, if it has been the scene of dressmaking operations all day, which must be continued? how can tea be all ready to the minute when it's washing-day, or ironing-day, or any other cleaning-up day, which it usually is about six days in a week? *Only by order, and the most rigid economy of time;* only by unfailing good-humour, good management, and resolution. "Order and quiet," says the mother of the great Goethe, "are my principal characteristics. Hence I despatch at once whatever I have to do—the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the evil without looking at it: when all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good-humour." She was a lively, orderly, energetic, sensible woman, and her example had doubtless a great influence on her illustrious son; and we would strongly

advise every one to take pattern by her and get through the most disagreeable portions of their work first. Get through the ugly, fussy things in the morning, and surely some pleasant, sightly, useful portion may remain for the evening, when the men are at home. Or if there does not, what does it signify? if you work all day, rest in the evening; no one can work all the time—it's absurd to attempt it. Devote a few hours to rational, cheerful conversation, to music, to some innocent recreation with your children; you will feel morally and physically the better for it, even though you may have to work extra hard the next morning to make up for it. Or, if there are no children, devote yourself to your husband; study to interest, to amuse him, to make him happy; for man is such a complex creature that, if left to himself, he is very likely to choose and follow a path that will lead only to unhappiness.

But some one asks, Is it fair to throw the whole onus of making home happy on the female portion of the establishment? is it just or reasonable to expect a woman to be always doing? We think it is, especially when she is only expected to do what is in very truth her duty, and should be her pleasure, and what is very requisite for her own happiness and her children's well-being. Besides, woman must take the initiative; she alone must be the home queen, to the end of the chapter. This, for many reasons; she is more adaptable than man—conforms more readily to circumstances of all sorts; she has more "faculty," and often bends gracefully where a man would break miserably; she is more observant, too, and soon reads a man's character, and understands his tastes, habits, and disposition; for with all his grand physical strength, daring will, stern resolution, and quick courage, man is a very weak, helpless creature; useless, or worse, in the touches and tendernesses that make existence bright and joyous, instead of dark and dreary. And it is a very singular thing that, in all our ideas of home life, man is a very prominent feature. Women, no doubt, can get on very comfortably together; but there is a want of stimulant and energy, a sort of easy calm—pleasant, but apt to become a little monotonous—where the household is entirely composed of ladies. Let the husband, or father, or brother come but once in a week or once in a month, and his advent is regarded as an event to be looked forward to and prepared for; and there is nothing in the whole world better to see than the anxious, busy, careful preparation of a loving wife or tender mother, against the coming of him she loves. How many final glances are given round his room, to be sure that nothing is forgotten; how many final touches are given to her own hair, or collar; how many half-shy, half-proud peeps in the mirror, to convince herself that she is looking her very best! It is indeed good to see how she watches for his arrival, remembers all his favourite dishes, anticipates his wants, and waits upon him with a graceful air of proprietorship. And putting aside everything else, looking at the matter from its lowest level, it is woman's *interest* to study man; by study only can she really know him, and knowledge gives her power and influence over him; and assuredly the greater her power over him, the more earnestly will he strive to please her in all things. It is a beautiful arrangement of Nature to make the strong subservient to the weak, and the weak lead even while she bows to the strong.

Few persons fully realise how essential a really happy home is to men—how strong a magnet is needed to draw them away from the temptations and pleasures of the world; equally few perhaps reflect what a grand thing it is, where home is the dearest spot on earth to the young husband or grown-up son. Women have, comparatively speaking, little to draw them from their homes, and much to keep them there—house-keeping, children, needle-work, social duties, fully occupy their time. Men, on the contrary, have often much to entice them away, and little to attract them back sometimes; therefore it is for them that all true women should strive to make their homes cheerful and attractive. There are many men by nature cold and unobservant, some careless and indifferent, who seem to take no notice whether their homes are orderly or the reverse, who would rather dawdle in the most slatternly drawing-room of a neighbour than rest contentedly in their own—men who have no real idea of responsibility, regularity, or wholesome restraint, whose minds are always "staggering about;" but there are few, very few, who do not *respect* good qualities, even where they do not emulate or imitate them. There may be a few men who are not so proud as they should be of pleasant, orderly, well-managed homes; but we feel certain that there are fewer still who are not ashamed of the reverse. And we have unbounded faith in the fact that *Love and Order* will eventually smooth away all difficulties, and ultimately construct a real lasting Happy Home!

IVY

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IVY.

A CASTLE, and an ogre, and a princess—beautiful, of course—and a prince who loved her, and wanted her to be his wife; and a good fairy who helped them, always taking their part against the ogre.

Just like a fairy tale, but it is all true. Sometimes Ivy, as she paced the terrace alone, and thought of Chris, felt as if she had really got

into a fairy tale. "For I am imprisoned by my unkind grandfather, and I am sure Chris loves me as much as the princes always loved; only, where is the good fairy who, with a wave of her wand, will liberate me, and unite us, to live happy ever after?"

"Come in, darling," said the fairy from the window; "it is too late for you to be out."

"Oh, dear auntie, I am not cold, and I must stay out, for he said he might be able to come to-night, and the moonlight is so beautiful."

The next moment a little light shawl was flung out from the window, with a "Naughty child!" and then she put it on gracefully, and resumed her walk up and down.

Presently a low whistle reached her listening ears. She called softly in answer, and then in a moment the prince was beside her, his arm round her, his lips on her cheek, his voice sounding, oh, how sweetly in her ear! And she was happy. Stolen waters are sweet. The fairy was keeping watch, and the ogre safely out of the way, so there was no danger. And the moon shone down lovingly upon two of the happiest of mortals, smiling perhaps because the sight is not unusual to her. But all things have an end, and ere long the castle clock told ten, and like Cinderella, Ivy was flying away, her shawl falling from her shoulders. The prince caught her again to put it on, begged for one more kiss, and a promise to meet him again on the moonlit terrace, which she could not resist. It was an unfortunate delay; as she ran in at the castle door she met the irascible ogre, who in a fury demanded where she had been to, and why she was so rosy and trembling. She clasped her hands and implored forgiveness, till the fairy, hearing the angry words, came out to shield her pet, and joined her in begging the ogre's forgiveness.

"And *you* connive at it," said he furiously, "you who ought to know better. I am ashamed of you."

So the fairy was in high disgrace too; the princess was sent sobbing to bed, and her aunt's eyes were no drier than hers. But they comforted each other upstairs.

"If I could only get away from this dreadful place!" sobbed Ivy. "It is just like a prison."

"You shall, my pet," said Aunt May.

"*How*, dear, good auntie—tell me how?"

But the fairy only nodded her head, and bade her sleep sweetly and dream of Chris, which she did. For Ivy was, after all, only like other young ladies of seventeen, and though it might have been very romantic to sit at her window and gaze with tear-filled eyes at the moon, and sigh over her fate, it was more sensible to lie in her soft white bed, and shut her eyes, and forget all her woes in a sound healthy slumber, only waking when a housemaid bade her "Get up, Miss Ivy; it's half-past seven."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"TOO YOUNG."

"YOU have come to meet my granddaughter, sir, and you will do nothing of the sort." Cupid had (very mischievously) enticed the prince to the terrace against his better judgment, in the hope of meeting his fair lady-love, and it was rather unpleasant to be greeted thus by her infuriated grandfather instead.

And poor little Ivy, from her window, distractedly waved a pocket-handkerchief to her banished and retreating lover as he passed beneath it, but in vain. The ogre's eye was upon him, and he dared not look up.

Ivy consoled herself by writing a broken-hearted little note, which however, being intercepted by her grandfather, never reached him.

In vain the moonbeams streamed upon the terrace night after night; the prince came no more, and the little maiden was condemned to her prison.

In a strange and mysterious way (I fancy the fairy knew how), sundry little notes got from one to the other, containing things almost as sweet as moonlight whisperings, and Ivy adopted a consolatory habit of sleeping with one under her pillow, which generally had the effect attributed to a piece of bride-cake in such a place.

Now it fell on a day that grandpapa went on a journey, and left Aunt May and Ivy to amuse themselves as best they could without him, and the way they amused themselves was this. Aunt May's fingers and Ivy's became wonderfully busy over a dress of white and shiny appearance, and certain white flowers and a white veil; and there were many meetings with the prince, and thus passed some happy days—the happiest Ivy ever spent, I think. And one bright morning she and Aunt May got up early and went by train (taking with them a large box) to a small and rather out-of-the-way place, which you would not find on the map, where the prince met them, and begged them to be quick as it was nearly eleven. They hurried to an inn near, and in a small poking room, without any mirror (alas, for her vanity!) Ivy rapidly attired herself in the white dress, and Aunt May threw over her the white veil, and then lifted it to kiss her and call her a beautiful darling. And Ivy cried a little, and laughed a little, and said, "Could it be true?" and then dried her eyes and said she was so happy; and then Aunt May cried a little too, and said it *was* true. And then they drove to a small church, not far off. At the door stood Chris, but with a countenance so dejected that Ivy's fell from sympathy. Beside him stood a tall, smiling man, in a white tie, and they both advanced and began speaking at once, so that it was difficult to hear what either said. But what Chris said was that he had been a fool (which was perhaps true), and what the clergyman said was that he was very sorry, but such a very young couple had plenty of time before them.

"But what is the matter?" asked Aunt May, very much puzzled. Now the truth was that such things as licences being necessary had never entered the heads of any of these young people (Aunt May, being very little older than either of them, was not much wiser), and the clergyman, although professing himself very willing, declared himself obliged to decline to perform the ceremony that day, adding however that at "some future time," &c, &c.

Then, feeling very flat and very much disappointed, and Ivy in tears, they went back to the inn, where the unhappy little bride divested herself of her bridal garments, and then as fast as they could they went home —Ivy and Aunt May to the castle, and Chris to his own home. For a whole week after that, Ivy saw and heard nothing of him, and then she——but I will tell you what she heard in another chapter.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"GOOD-BYE."

THE following are two little notes she received successively :—

"DARLING IVY,—I am distracted; my father is a tyrant; he says I have eaten the bread of idleness long enough under his roof, and he has decided to turn me out.—Yours" (never mind what he signed himself),

"CHRIS."

Note number two.

"DARLING IVY,—I am nearly *mad*. I shall *never* see you again! But I *must*, I *will*. My father has taken a berth for me in the *Medea*, and I sail on Tuesday week for America."

Ivy got no further; her eyes swam with hot tears, and they were running down her cheeks when Aunt May took the letter from her.

"Tuesday week!" said Ivy wildly. "Auntie, I *must* see him! Oh, he cannot go; how cruel! Oh, if we had only been married I could go with him. 'The governor,' she read on—"he means his father"—

"—— has found out about *you*, and says he shall put a stop to it."

"How cruel; oh, how unkind!" wept Ivy. "Aunt May, I can *not* bear it! I *must* say good-bye."

"You shall, my pet," said Aunt May.

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A small room in the castle, the hour nine in the evening, a stolen meeting between the poor broken-hearted children (for they were children then), the fairy keeping guard, and the ogre for once, for the last time, eluded.

"Oh, I cannot let you go, Chris; it will break my heart!"

"Oh, don't say that, Ivy; you will break mine!"

"I know you will marry some one else."

"*Never!*"

"But you will love some one else?"

"NEVER!" (still more emphatically).

"But always be true to your little Ivy, and come back to her?"

"I swear it! And you—you will never marry any one but me, Ivy?" (rather imperatively).

"*Chris!*" (in a tone of pain).

"And love no one else?"

"Oh, Chris! how can you?"

"But promise me! Promise!"

"I promise: I—— Chris, let me whisper it, it's such a naughty word—I SWEAR!" (this in a solemn whisper).

"Ah, my own darling, good little Ivy!"

So they parted, and away sailed the prince over the sea, leaving the princess weeping in the castle tower; away glided the ship that bore him into the distance, to the other shore; and there we must leave him, for we must return to Ivy—Ivy, very dejected and melancholy, very sad, poor little thing, and yet very full of hope, and trust, and love. Many were the tears she wept, and the sighs she sighed, for her beloved Chris so far away, yet there was the time to look forward to when he would sail back to her; and when she thought of that she felt brave and strong, and her heart beat high with happiness. And Aunt May, and even her grandfather (who really loved her), were always very kind and tender to their darling, and though "grandpapa" bade her "forget Chris," Aunt May did not, for she knew it was impossible.

And thus the days went by, and the weeks and the months, and at last the years. And Ivy grew older, and I suppose wiser, and I am sure prettier; and she had many people to admire her; and sometimes there were moonlight walks upon the terrace, and sometimes sentimental passages; but never any sentiment on Ivy's part, for she kept her promise to Chris, and never loved any one else, and her heart was true to him from top to bottom. Aunt May had given her heart away too, in those years, and her hand, and she had some dear children of whom Ivy was very fond. And the ogre? He had gone to his long home, and lay sleeping in the church-yard: and so the years went on.

And when seven years had come and gone, the good news reached Ivy that Chris was coming home, and her heart bounded as she thought of the old promises they had made to each other, that now would be fulfilled; and she read over all his old loving letters, that were so like his own loving self, the letters she had received from him in the old happy days. They were all she had to live on for seven years; and she kissed a thousand times over the old faded photograph of his dear face. And in all the world no maiden's heart was fuller than Ivy's of bright sweet happiness and joyous hope. Then she heard that he was on England's shores once more, and from that moment she watched hourly from the window, as of old, her heart beating high, her cheek flushed with eagerness and joy—and at last he came.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

YOU know this is not a fairy tale; if it were there would be nothing sad in it, for fairy tales are always happy. Did you ever know one that did not end happily? The right people always marry each other, the good are rewarded, the wicked punished, the princesses disenchanted, the monsters turned into princes. But my story is of real life, and it is sad, and if you do not care to hear a sad story do not read on, but stop here and imagine a happy ending for yourself. No story of real life can be without some sadness, and if you expected this to be a fairy tale, and therefore to end happily, I am afraid you will be disappointed.

I told you that Ivy had outgrown the fairy days, and that she had become an ordinary mortal in every-day life. (Do you remember no days in your life that now seem to you your brightest and happiest? and were not those when you were an innocent and joyful child, living from moment to moment, with no sighs

for the past, no longings for the future? Ah! you were happy then as you never will be again.) Ivy's was very ordinary every-day life too, with the usual round of breakfast, luncheon, five o'clock tea, and dinner; letters and visits to exchange, and drives, and walks, and parties. And Christopher's coming nome was just a little event in Ivy's world, that made a stir for the moment, and then faded into the past.

It was not the Chris she had parted from seven years ago; not the Chris whose photograph and letters she had kept for seven years; not the Chris she had been so nearly married to one day; not the Chris who had sworn never to love any one else, but to be faithful to her all his life.

No; it was another Chris who somehow impersonated him, who had his blue eyes and his hair, his smile and his voice—in fact, all but his heart—and had come home instead of him.

Ivy's Chris, Ivy's *own* Chris, was a Chris of the past, whom she kept locked up in her heart, never to change.

"My *poor* little darling!" said Aunt May, who somehow understood it all.

Oh, Chris! Chris! why did you ever come back? Better that you had stayed on the other side of the sea, and let Ivy suppose you faithful to her, than that you should return so!

* * * * * * *

Before another year had gone, Chris was again on his way to America, but not alone this time. Some one went with him, to whom he had bound himself by promises (such as he had once made to Ivy, and broken) and a golden ring. And he left behind him, instead of a bright little maiden, full of joyous hope, smiling through her tears at his departure—a quiet, pale woman, with a pain at her heart, so deep down that few knew of it: a gentle, loving little woman, on whose life he had (let us say unwillingly) cast a shadow that darkened it. I do not say that all the brightness was gone from it; she was too brave and unselfish for that; but she never found any one to take the place of Chris in her true heart. And thus the years went on.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"NOT SO VERY LONG AGO."

MORE years have passed, even ten, since we last saw Ivy—years that she has lived quietly and uneventfully, with no great change in her life. I ought not to say uneventfully. What life *is* uneventful? for the smallest events sometimes influence our whole life, turning the whole course of the stream. But Ivy is still the same; she has not changed; fair and sweet as ever, her name, nature, and circumstances are still the same.

Aunt May's children grow up around her, and there is one almost as fair, and sweet, and gentle as Ivy at her age, and she is Ivy's pet.

We do not find them at the castle again, though that is still their home, but away in the sunny South, just those two, Ivy and Lily; because Lily, like the flower whose name she bears, is fragile and delicate, and must go where England's wintry fogs and damp cannot harm her; and Ivy—who better than Ivy can care for her in the strange land where her mother cannot come?

A fair Italian city, and a blue Italian lake: a soft, sweet evening, and they are sitting together in the moonlight.

"What are you thinking of, Cousin Ivy?" asked Lily, looking up into a pair of eyes like her own.

Ivy smiled. "I am thinking," said she, "of long ago, Lily—long, long ago."

And in truth a memory of long ago had risen to her mind—a memory of the dead past that had lain sleeping. Only a name she had heard had roused it—a name that long ago she had known and loved. She had heard it that day from the lips of a little child, a little fair-haired boy in deep mourning, who had made friends with her; and when she asked him his name, he said, "Chris," and then ran away, leaving her thinking, recalling, dreaming; and thus her little cousin found her.

"You are always thinking of 'long ago,'" said Lily, "yet it cannot be so long ago, for you are not so very old."

Not so very old, perhaps, in years, but old in experience of pain, of disappointment, of suffering. How the sound of that name had brought it all back! Instinctively she felt there was some connection between the little child with *that* name, and him she had once known, and loved, and parted from ten years ago. And then she thought of the child's black clothes. Could it be——? Her heart beat fast; but *his* death should be nothing to her. What right had *she* to dread to hear of it? it was another woman whose heart must ache, whose eyes must weep, not hers. She need not dread it: what difference could it make to her? her life would not be changed by it. But she must know, she must hear it, she *would* hear it.

"Now don't look so grave and sad, dear Cousin Ivy," said Lily's voice again. "Talk to me. Don't sit thinking of long ago; think of *now*."

"I *am* thinking of now," said Ivy. "I am thinking of that poor little boy, Lily, in such deep black: it must be for his father. He is a dear little fellow. Come, I think it is time to go in."

She prepared herself to hear it, but she learnt that it was not Chris who had died, but his wife; and Chris himself was in the hotel with his little son.

"*It cannot be so long ago, for you are not so very old.*"

Her cousin's words rang in her ears. No, after all it was not so very long ago, and at thirty-four one need not consider oneself so very old.

Ivy would have been no woman if the fact of Chris being free again, and under the same roof with her, and every chance existing of their meeting, had not raised up old feelings and revived old hopes.

But they did not meet for several days. At last, one afternoon, just as she and Lily were returning

from a walk, they saw a horse at the hotel door, and beside it a gentleman preparing to mount; Ivy saw that it was Chris. His little son was near him, and he made some remark to him, which Ivy overheard, in the old familiar and loved tone, and then he sprang on his horse. He looked back and nodded to the child, and then rode slowly off. As he passed Ivy, his eyes rested for a moment on her face. Slowly a look of recognition came, he lifted his hat to her and smiled his old sweet smile, and then he rode on.

"Do you know him?" said Lily, "that handsome man? how funny!"

"Yes, I know him," said Ivy quietly. "And he is the father of the little boy."

Of course they met after that; not only once or twice, but often, again and again. He sought her out, he made friends with Lily, they all three were great friends. They walked together, drove together, and spent many happy hours together. Whether it was that time and trouble had softened him, Ivy knew not, but he seemed now more like the Chris of old than he had seemed when he had come home ten years ago. It was like the old time come back again, and Ivy was almost as happy as she had been then. Her old feelings for him were rekindled: she felt young and light-hearted again. And, almost unawares, there crept back into her heart the sunshine of a bright beautiful hope, that "long ago" had dwelt there; and she knew that now, as then, she loved him, and with the same deep, true love—perhaps stronger—that had lived all these years, and now need never change or die.

* * * * * * *

Home again! When summer began in England they were back again at the castle, and again Ivy sat at the window and watched, for *he* had said he would come, and she fancied herself back again in her days of hope, and youth, and happiness, which Lily had said could not be so long ago. And when the days were warm and bright, and the evenings sweet and moonlit, Chris came.

I told you my story was a sad one, but perhaps you have thought that I was mistaken, and that you would find it end happily after all. Well, it is not too late now to turn back, if you would rather imagine Ivy happy at last. Do not even peep on any further. At least do not say I have not warned you.

Chris is walking in the moonlight now, but it is not by Ivy's side, it is not round Ivy he winds his arm, it is not in Ivy's ear he whispers lovingly, it is not Ivy's cheek he kisses tenderly. Yet the moonbeams fall as brightly on *that* pair. Ah, Chris! what are you doing?

"I am so happy!" Lily says, throwing herself into her cousin's arms—her poor, loving, faithful cousin—little knowing how exquisite the pain she causes, whispering of her own new joy: "I *am* so happy! he says he loves me."

THE CIVIC ROBES OF LONDON.

"I see Lord Mayor written on his forehead,
The Cap of Maintenance and City Sword
Borne up in state before him."—MASSINGER.

JOHN WILKES, ALDERMAN, 1769.

ALTHOUGH we may not all have been fortunate enough to be participators in civic hospitality, we have most of us, at some time or other, seen the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Common Council in full splendour. In our utilitarian age, little has been left us of the distinctive costumes in which our forefathers delighted, but the City of London is one of the most favourable spots for seeing that little, and nowhere perhaps are robes of office donned with more pleasure and satisfaction to the wearers. Moreover, as they differ according to the nature and dignity of the occasion, there is a great variety.

In the library of the Guildhall—which is open, by-the-by, to everybody, and is, we fear, too little known—are preserved, not only photographs of many recent Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and officials generally, but rare old prints and sketches of their predecessors.

From 1189 the roll of Lord Mayors is pretty complete. Earlier than that, the office existed under a different name. In William I.'s reign they were called Portgrave or Portgreve, corrupted to Portreve and Provost; in Henry I.'s, Justiciar; but in Henry II.'s, Mayor, from Major Chief; and when in 1354 they were Lords of the Manor of Finsbury, Lord Mayor.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

So wrote the great bard; but in truth names explain a great deal, and the fact that the Lord Mayor and members of the Civic Parliament were in early days, such as the reign of John, addressed as Barons of Parliament, and that then the City's Chief Magistrate was a veritable and acting Privy Councillor, explains much with regard to the robes of office he wears, which on full-dress occasions closely resemble those of peers, the collar being of the class only permitted to be worn by such as were actually about the king's person. Since the reign of Richard III., the Lord Mayor has been the sovereign's chief butler at coronations, receiving a gold cup and cover as guerdon.

The office certainly is an appropriate one, for insensibly we associate his lordship with good fare of all kinds.

Among the City archives is a splendid volume containing portraits of those who took part in the coronation of George IV. The then Lord Mayor is portrayed in the costume he only dons in the presence of royalty, as when members of the reigning family honour the City with visits of ceremony—a long red velvet robe, trailing to the ground, lined with white, bordered with gold lace, and having four distinct bands across it, of ermine, headed by gold lace. This is always worn over court dress, with point-lace frills and ruffles ; a three-cornered black hat, with large black ostrich-feathers—terribly hearse-like and funereal—replacing the velvet hood of past days. This quaint but most unbecoming head-gear the Lord Mayor keeps on when he heads the procession round the Guildhall to the banquet on the 9th of November, preceded by trumpeters and followed by his suite, ere he takes his place at the table with the most honoured of the guests.

SWORD-BEARER IN MODERN COSTUME.

He has two chains of office : the gold one with which he is invested upon his election—the very few who have been re-elected have two such chains —and a collar of pure gold, sixty-four inches round, with links in the form of a double S, a York and Lancaster rose, and a knot joined by the Tudor emblem, viz., a portcullis, to which hangs by a ring of diamonds the jewelled badge bearing the City arms and motto, "Domine Dirige Nos." This is the veritable badge of office, which, on occasions even when no robes are worn, is suspended round the neck from a blue ribbon. On all the robes of a Lord Mayor the device of the Cap of Maintenance should be worked in black velvet on the left shoulder. It replaced the Roman Cap of Liberty, and was in John's time of brownish fur, surrounded by the City motto.

When a new Lord Mayor is nominated, and on the 2nd of November goes to the Lord Chancellor to lay the choice of the citizens before him for the sovereign's approval, he is apparelled in a violet silk trimmed robe, and formerly he had a train-bearer. On November 9th, when starting in the procession, his robe is scarlet ; this, on his return to the Guildhall, he changes for the entertainment robe of satin damask trimmed with gold lace. On ordinary occasions when transacting the business of his office, he wears either a scarlet or violet silk gown trimmed with sable and barred with black velvet, so that altogether his lordship has as much choice of costume as any fine lady.

Looking back at the old portraits, the changes which time has wrought in the make of these several garments are slight. The robes are much after the order of the every-day dress of Edward IV.'s time; the useless lappets and other addenda were then indispensable adjuncts. Loose and flowing, the gown touches the ground, the arms appearing through an opening, above which for state robes are several rows of tasseled gold lace, and pendant sleeves from the elbow. Robert Tichborne, "Maiore, 1657," wears the same in the print wherein he appears mounted on a horse with silk trappings ; a low-crowned hat, plaited collar, and tight sleeves denoting the period. Sir Richard Saltenstall, Mayor in 1597, wears the low Elizabethan hat and full ruff, but the sleeves of the gown are full on the shoulders and come down to the wrist. Isaac Pennington, the factious Lord Mayor, 1643, has three perpendicular stripes above the sleeve aperture. Thomas Harley, who held office in 1768, is portrayed holding a muff ; the famous John Wilkes, 1775, wears a plain furred robe ; and Sir Rowland Hill, the first Protestant Lord Mayor, 1549, wears an under-jacket trimmed with fur and tight sleeves.

SWORD-BEARER, 1789.

A SHERIFF IN MODERN DRESS.

The actual gown of office is much the same always, the rest of the dress only following the reigning fashion, but in the earlier periods a hood formed a part of it.

When the Mayor and citizens met Richard II. at Blackheath to conduct him to St. Paul's in state, they wore the king's colours, parti-coloured gowns of white and red ; when Henry VI. returned from being crowned in France, the Lord Mayor greeted him in crimson velvet, a gold girdle about his waist, a gold baldrick above, while his three henchmen were in suits of red spangled with silver, the Aldermen in scarlet with purple hoods.

The income of the City's Chief Magistrate is £10,000, with the Mansion House, a very worthy palace. Some twenty gentlemen compose his household. There were many more, among them the Fool, who at the inauguration dinner had to leap, clothes and all, into a large custard-bowl, then an indispensable dish, to

"Make my Lady Mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders,"

as Ben Jonson tells us.

The Sword-bearer who used to be the senior of the four esquires, all of whom dined with him at his table, has no sinecure, though out of the four civic Swords of State he is only required to carry one.

The Pearl Sword was given by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the Exchange, and has a crimson velvet sheath set with pearls. The Black Sword is supposed to be used on the anniversary of the death of Charles I. and of the Great Fire, and on all fast-days, when his lordship ought to go to St. Paul's, though there are too many claims on his time now to make that possible. Then there is the Sunday Sword, and the Common Sword for sessions. The Sword-bearer is one of the most prominent figures in civic processions, for he wears a curious fur cap, in form not unlike a Persian caftan, and a black satin damask robe bordered with velvet, with pendant tassels about the sides and sleeves, and displays lace ruffles, and a chain of office.

The Mace-bearer, who is likewise Sergeant-at-Arms, wears also a black sleeveless robe, and displays a wig. The mace he carries is the emblem of the jurisdiction exercised by the Lord Mayor, and was tendered to the sovereign with the keys when Temple Bar existed and the reigning monarch passed beneath it. All maces originated in clubs, weapons of warfare, and thence became emblems of dignity. This one is silver-gilt, some five feet three inches in length, surmounted by the royal crown and imperial arms. It bears the fleur-de-lis, the rose and thistle, and the names of those in office when it has been repaired—Sir Edward Bellamy, John Elderton, and others—and displays bands of crystal, and some three rubies, three sapphires, and six large pearls.

The City Chamberlain wears a black silk gown, trimmed with sable; the Town Clerk, a brocaded black robe, bordered with velvet and richly tasseled, and a white wig; the City Solicitor, a black gown and wig; the Remembrancer, a black robe and wig, with the legal and clerical muslin bands; the Comptroller, a black gown; the Recorder, who discharges the duty of judge, regal red robes (on state occasions only) and wig, the former trimmed with fur; the City Chamberlain, a fur-bordered robe; the Secondary, a black robe with a lace tie; and last, but by no means least, the City Marshal, who veritably marshals the civic processions, and has many onerous duties. He appears in a red uniform coat, with gold epaulettes and much gold lace, white breeches, high boots, and cocked hat, a sword at the side, a wand in the hand.

The Sheriffs were originally appointed to assist the Aldermen and Bishops in their duties; they wear court dress, with the chain of their office, and when they take their seat in the Court of Aldermen, adopt similar robes. Their installation, formerly fixed for eight in the morning, is conducted with much pomp, and among other items it was ordained they should receive a saddle-block, "that they might climb into saddles as beseems their dignity," for they were expected to be good horsemen.

The Aldermen, who constitute the Upper House of the Civic Parliament, were not only styled Barons, but were buried with baronial honours, and very stringent were the rules laid down for their apparel. On certain great occasions they wore suits lined with silk, but had to pay £100 if they gave away any part of their robe during office. They were likewise subject to a penalty if they wore their cloaks without fur. When one of the body died, the Master Sword-bearer received either a black gown or "XXXIIJ$^{s.}$ and IV$^{d.}$." At the swearing of the Sheriffs, Aldermen wore violet robes and cloaks, barred, and they were then expected to attend with their horses. This was in 1735, on which occasion they wore scarlet gowns and cloaks when the new Lord Mayor took his oath at Westminster. On Good Friday, when they met at St. Paul's Cross to hear the sermon, they had "their pewk gowns without their chains and tippets;" the ladies with them to wear black, and on minor occasions the Aldermen themselves wore black; those who had passed the chair having their cloaks furred with grey amis, and lined with changeable taffaty, the others with green taffaty, bordered with calabre furs. Now there is only a choice of violet silk and sable or red robes, lined with white, bordered with fur; the sleeves short at the elbow, and cut square; having bands of velvet as headings to the fur; and large black hats, with ostrich-feathers; this latter is the guise in which they are most often seen. They have not escaped the bitterness of sarcasm. Butler wrote of the Alderman of his day—"His fur gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, and like the feathers of an owl, when he pulls it off he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a rabbit, he'd his skin pulled off."

The Common Council is, on a small scale, the City House of Commons, and they carry on their deliberations in their chamber in the Guildhall, having the power to make acts and ordinances for the good government of the City. The members wear Mazarin gowns trimmed with badger-fur; up to 1766 they wore black, as we gather from the rhyme of a political ditty—

"Oh! London is the town of towns—
Oh! how improved a city,
Since changed her Common Council gowns
From black to blue so pretty!"

Those who visit the civic entertainments can see for themselves the splendour of the present; bygone glories are intimately associated with our national history, and even the all-important state coachman, who, with the other servants of the Lord Mayor, wears golden liveries of a richness such as few retainers of nobles can boast, plays his part in the pomp and dignity which surrounds the City King and the City Government.

Sweet Spring-Time.

Words and Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK.

PIANO.

Allegretto. *f*

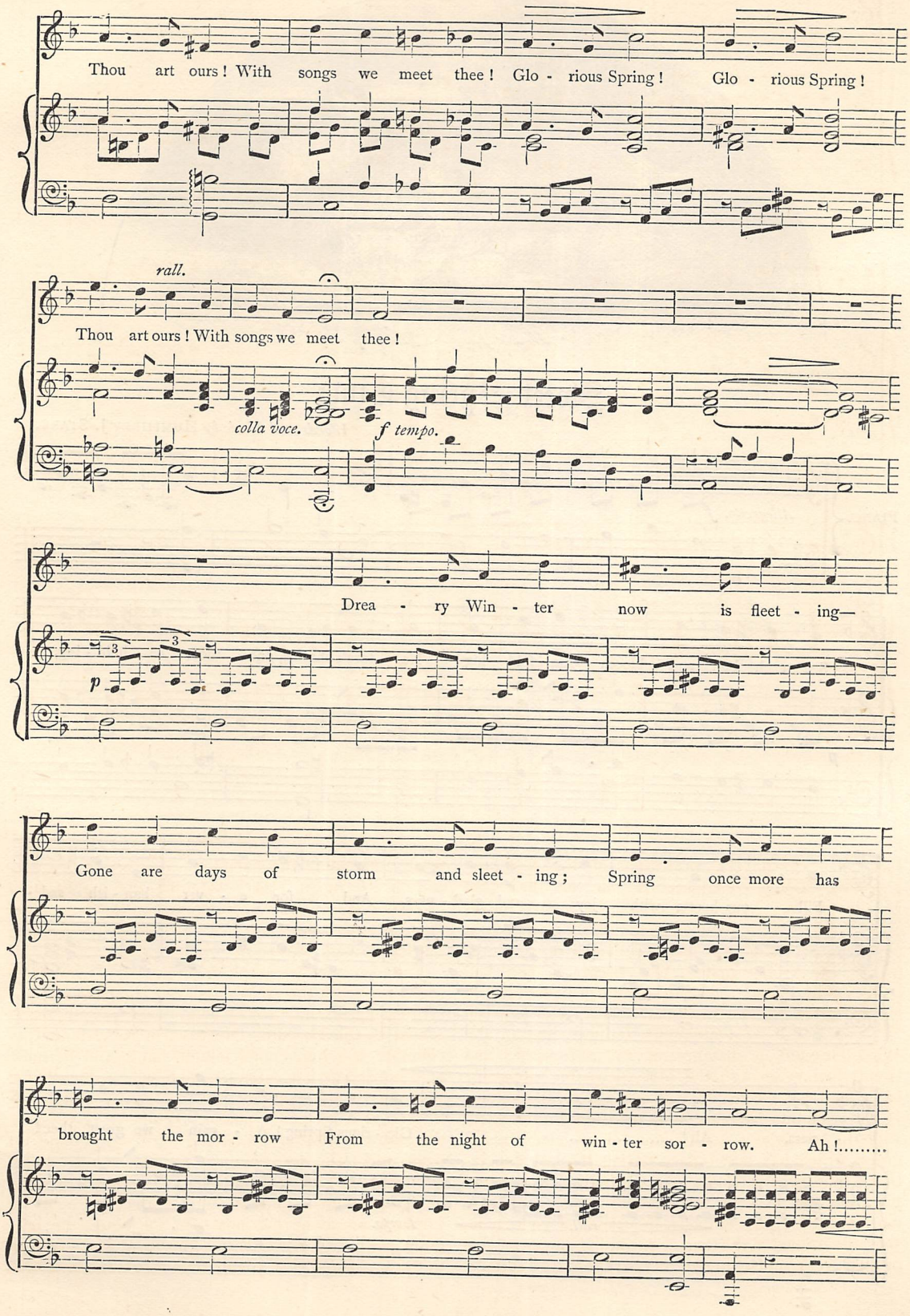
See each bud and bloom un - fold - ing! Na - ture's charms, once more be - hold - ing,

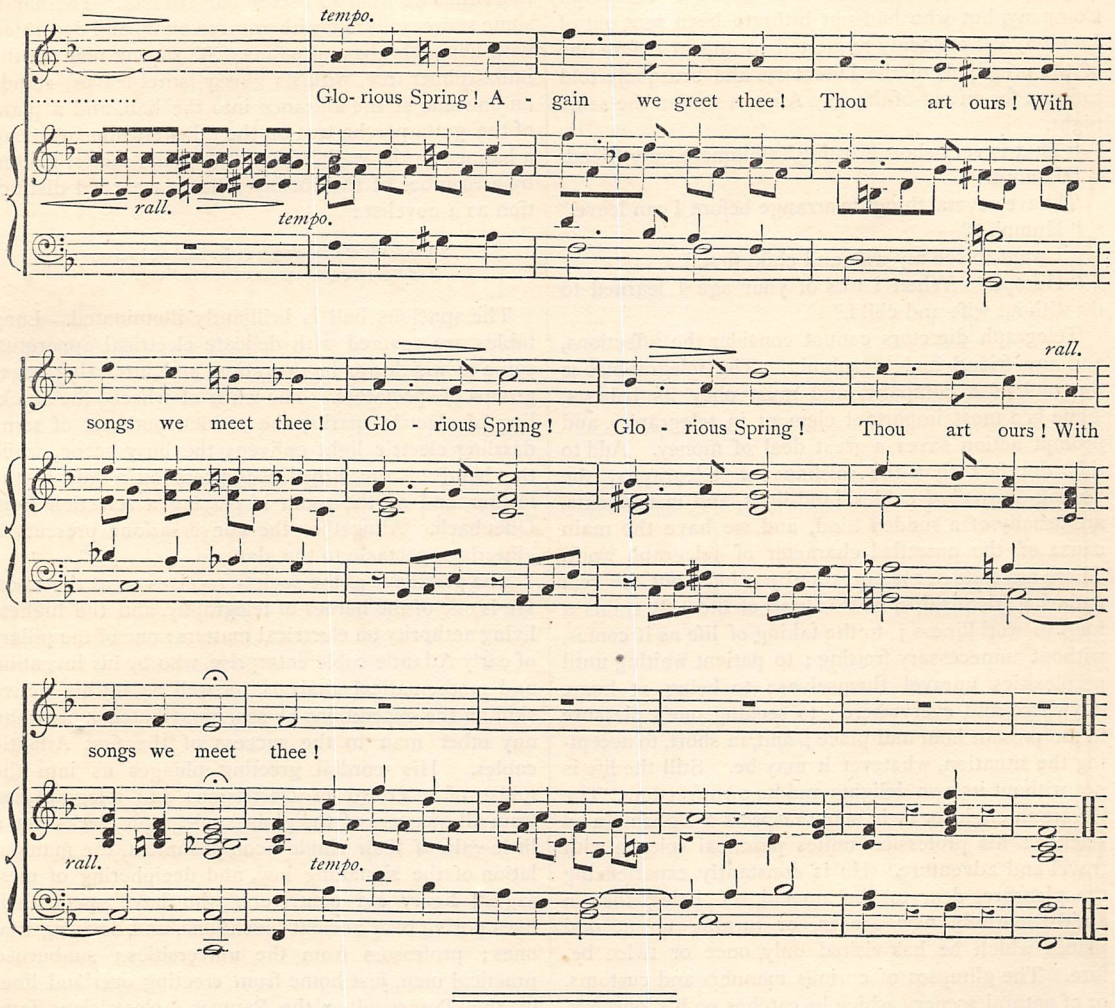
p

Fill our hearts with joy and glad - ness, And for e - ver ban - ish sad -

- ness. Ah!..... Glo - rious Spring! A - gain we greet thee!

rall. *tempo.*


Thou art ours! With songs we meet thee! Glo - rious Spring! Glo - rious Spring!
rall.
Thou art ours! With songs we meet thee!
colla voce.
f tempo.
Drea - ry Win - ter now is fleet - ing—
p
Gone are days of storm and sleet - ing; Spring once more has
brought the mor - row From the night of win - ter sor - row. Ah!.....



A CONVERSAZIONE OF TELEGRAPH ENGINEERS.

THE profession of the telegraph engineer is one of the most modern of all the higher means of livelihood. Forty years ago it was hardly dreamed of, since the first public telegraph line had then only begun to be worked on a small and obscure scale between Paddington Railway Station and West Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles; and twenty-five years ago the first successful submarine cable had just been laid between Dover and Calais. It has risen into existence as a recognised profession, with the marvellous development of the electric telegraph which has taken place during the last generation. The construction and maintenance of overland lines, and the making, laying, and repairing of submarine cables, now employs thousands of gentlemen, specially trained in the theoretical and practical science of their work, and scattered all over the earth's surface, some undergoing the monotonous career of a cable-station electrician, others watching the manufacture of cables at construction factories, or the erection of land-lines, and others at sea engaged in the exciting but trying work of repairing faulty cables.

The life of the telegraph engineer, who is employed in the service of the great submarine companies, is one of great uncertainty and change. Iron destiny, represented by the Board of Directors in some fusty City chamber, has him completely in hand, and he must hold himself prepared to obey their sudden decree, and start off to any point of the company's system, or farther, at a moment's notice. While he is enjoying the opera at Malta, the teredo-worm is, perhaps, at work under the sea gnawing out the "fault" which will summon him next morning to Bombay; or while he is spending a quiet evening with his friends in London, whom he has not seen for years, the telegram is on its way ordering him to Monte Video or to New Zealand. A young friend of mine who was

employed on the staff of the Eastern Telegraph Company, but who had not hitherto been sent out of London, was suddenly requested to appear before one of the principals of the Directory, and brusquely told to leave for an out-of-the-way African station the same night.

"That is very short warning," stammered my friend.

"Humph!"

"I have several things to arrange before I can leave."

"Humph!"

"I want to see my wife and child first."

"Humph! When I was of your age I learned to do without wife and child."

Telegraph directors cannot consider the affections, and my friend had to submit. The telegraphist is the tool of a company, and must obey its behests. Time is a most important element in telegraphy, and prompt action saves a great deal of money. Add to this the fact that the mishaps of telegraphy, the "break-downs" of cables, land-lines, and instruments, are usually of a sudden kind, and we have the main cause of the unsettled character of telegraph work. There are sudden meetings and partings, but few real enduring friendships, in this kind of life. It trains a man to worldliness; to the taking of life as it comes, without unnecessary fretting; to patient waiting until perplexities unravel themselves; to being at home anywhere and everywhere; to seeking one's pleasure in the present hour and place; and, in short, to accepting the situation, whatever it may be. Still the life is not without its own delights and its own freedom. The telegraph engineer is in some respects a Bohemian of science: his profession unites practical science with travel and adventure. He is constantly experiencing the pleasure, dear to the nomad, of being thrown amidst entirely new scenes, or turning up at odd places which he has visited only once or twice before. The glimpses of curious manners and customs, or of natural scenery, which he catches on his journeys, the various men he meets, or scraps of story which he hears, all serve to give the colour and peculiar charm of foreign travel to his business.

The Society of Telegraph Engineers is one of the youngest of our scientific societies. It was founded in 1871 by Colonel T. P. Bolton, and Major Webber, R.E., and speedily took a prominent position. The Institution of Civil Engineers, of which it is a kind of younger brother, has always helpfully accorded to it the use of its large meeting hall; but the society itself has its own excellent rooms and library in Broad Sanctuary. The papers read at the meetings comprise such practical engineering questions as the material, construction, and preservation of telegraph lines and instruments, rock-blasting, torpedo-firing, signalling, and any theoretical question within or bearing on the domain of electrical and magnetic science. The conversazione of members and associates of the society takes place yearly about Christmas-time, and it is undoubtedly the pleasantest and most interesting of all our scientific conversaziones.

The conversazione is usually held in the Ball-room of Willis's Rooms, King Street, Piccadilly, and it is there that we wish to escort our readers. The handsome staircase is laid with crimson cloth, and decorated with living shrubs and palms. A growing plant of the india-rubber tree, with its glossy laurel-leaves, stands on one side of the entrance into the hall, and a plant of the gutta-percha tree on the other; while overhead a banner on the wall displays the proud motto, written by a member of the society who has earned distinction as a novelist:

> "The lords of lightning we; by land and wave,
> The mystic agent serves us as our slave."

The spacious hall is brilliantly illuminated. Long tables are covered with delicate electrical apparatus, some of which are in operation, and attracting eager groups of spectators. The whirr of wheels, the crackling of electric sparks, the sudden outburst of some dazzling electric light enlivens the busy scene, while the band of the Royal Engineers on a dais at the farther end of the room is playing a selection from Offenbach. Altogether the conversazione presents a glittering spectacle to the glance.

The president of the society receives us at the door. He is one of the heroes of telegraphy, and the highest living authority on electrical matters; one of the pillars of early Atlantic cable enterprise, who by his invention and mathematical analysis, as well as by his active skill on the expeditions at sea, contributed more than any other man to the success of the first Atlantic cables. His cordial greeting plunges us into the midst of a crowd of electricians and telegraphists, from all quarters of the globe: telegraph clerks not a little vain of their single acomplishment, the manipulation of the signalling key, and deciphering of messages; hoary old contrivers, who have spent their lives poring over ancient inventions, and devising new ones; professors from the universities; sunburned practical men, just home from erecting overland lines in the Transvaal or the Pampas; electricians from cable stations on the coast of Brazil or Nova Scotia; a few famous engineers or architects, perhaps, and a sprinkling of Indian Civil officers, and foreigners. Here a man who has been buried alive for years, in a remote station among the East India Islands, is introduced to another, who has just returned home from a surveying expedition for a land-line across the Rocky Mountains. There a young gentleman who has been in the habit, lately, of smoking his evening cigarette at the foot of Cook's monument at Botany Bay, unexpectedly encounters an old friend in another youth recently escaped from the alligators, mosquitoes, and filibustering Yankees of Colon and Panama. Clerks are here who have panted out the day for years in some close tropical instrument-room at Teheran, or the West Indies, or spent their holiday in English fashion salmon-hunting in some Newfoundland river, or ibis-shooting in the deserts around Aden. And there are one or two of the old Atlantic men, conspicuous over the crowd by their statelier bearing, for the men who were out on the first Atlantic cable expeditions bear something of the same kind of fame amongst their colleagues as the survivors of the Balaclava Charge.

Amongst the general mass of visitors, we can distinguish more than one "somebody." That energetic man with the handsome features, keen eye, and grizzled beard, who is witnessing the action of a new model grapnel for fishing up submarine cables from the bottom of the sea, is at the head of the profession of telegraph engineering, and is likewise eminent as a civil engineer. He was the pupil of Stephenson and the friend of Wheatstone. He is the introducer of the pneumatic system of transmitting messages, and the inventor of the floating docks now used for the circular ironclads of the Russian navy. Eight years ago, when on his way to India to lay the Persian Gulf cable, he was on board the *Carnatic* when she was wrecked with loss of thirty lives on the island of Shadwan in the Red Sea; and after keeping afloat for some time in spite of a broken collar-bone, he was picked up by one of the ship's boats.

This other quiet gentleman, examining a galvanic battery, has laid cables in all quarters of the world, and is recently returned from Australia and New Zealand *viâ* San Francisco. Once, it is said, when returning from Brazil, the mail-steamer he was a passenger in hooked up one of the cables which run from Cornwall to Lisbon, on her anchor, when putting out to sea. The cable was damaged, but the captain of the ship intended just to fling it back again to sea without loss of time, when the electrician begged him for an hour's delay, which was granted. A rude battery was soon extemporised, and by its aid the electrician communicated along the damaged cable with the telegraph station at the Lisbon end. He told the station electrician there what had happened to the cable, and exactly where the injury had been done, so that the place could be easily found for repairs. He received, it is said, the acknowledgments of the Lisbon electrician by the electric sensation on his tongue, applied to the end of the cable. This good Samaritan work done, the ship proceeded on her way.

That dark young man with the Jewish cast of features is the now famous inventor of the speaking telephone. He is by birth an Edinburgh Scotchman, although now a naturalised citizen of the United States, and a professor of music in Boston University. Five years ago he accompanied his father, Mr. Mellville Bell, author of "Visible Speech," to Canada, and from thence went to Boston. He is now explaining to a little group the genesis of the telephone, how from the researches of his father into the position of the vocal organs in uttering the vowel sounds, he was led to teach deaf-and-dumb mutes to speak as well as those who hear, and then to communicate musical sounds to a distance by means of electricity, and from that step by step to discover the small articulating telephone which he holds in his hands, and which enables two persons to converse although twenty or a hundred miles apart. His own elocution is admirable, and it appears quite in keeping that he should have taught not only the dumb to speak, but even inanimate metal.

Let us now turn to the objects exhibited. The antiquarian department comprises many priceless old volumes, pieces of primitive apparatus, and portraits of the pioneers of electro-magnetic science. Among the books we may notice the celebrated treatise on the loadstone, "De Magnete," of Dr. Gilbert of Colchester, physician to Queen Elizabeth, wherein he establishes the great truth that the earth itself is a globular magnet; the letters in which Franklin described his famous kite experiment at Philadelphia, which demonstrated the identity of thunder and lightning with the electric spark; and the Latin pamphlet in which Oersted, the great Danish natural philosopher, communicated to the world, in 1820, his important discovery that the electric current has power to deflect a poised magnetic needle, and thereby laid bare the long-sought connection between electricity and magnetism, and put into the hands of future inventors a practical means of telegraphing, which is still the basis of some of the finest telegraph instruments at the present time. Among the old apparatus there is to be seen a piece of the first submarine cable ever made, that laid between Dover and Calais in 1851, which "broke down" soon after being laid, and had to be superseded by a new one laid in the following year. Here, too, is the original "needle instrument" of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke, which was used on the Great Western Railway line, between Paddington and West Drayton, in 1837, the first public telegraph line in the world. In appearance it resembles an American clock; it is based on the principle discovered by Oersted, and has five needles, capable of being intelligently deflected by the electric currents sent along the line. This instrument is distinguished by a history which is both tragical and comic in its nature. Shortly after the Paddington to Slough line had been in operation, a daring murder was committed in Slough by a Quaker of the name of Tawell, who effected his escape by train to London. A clergyman gave the alarm at the Slough telegraph station, and a telegram was sent to Paddington giving particulars of the Quaker's appearance. That telegram was received on this instrument at Paddington, and as it was unprovided with the letter "q" as a signal, the clerk at Slough was forced to violate the Queen's English and describe the murderer as a "*kw*aker." The warning, however, was in good time—a detective was ready at the Paddington terminus when the train drew up at the platform, and we may imagine the astonishment of Tawell when the handcuffs were placed upon him, for at that time the telegraph was but little known amongst the public. This clever apprehension, however, spread abroad the fame of the new invention, and awakened the public to a wider and keener sense of its importance. Side by side with this superannuated old servant of the early telegraph, we notice the little rude coil of wire, tied up in coarse sheeting, from which Faraday drew the first magneto-electric spark, the parent of all the elaborate and powerful magneto-electric machines now in vogue, by whose means electric lights are generated of a brightness far exceeding any other earthly source known, and now employed to illuminate large buildings, wharves, ships, and locomotives. The beam from the Dungeness lighthouse, which is to be seen shining over the Channel with almost solar

splendour, has, we may say, been kindled at the tiny spark which Faraday drew from the coil before us forty years ago.

Space would fail us to go over even the most interesting of the recent and novel instruments and contrivances displayed before us at a conversazione of telegraph engineers. On all the new sending and receiving instruments designed to transmit messages at the surprising rate of 150 words a minute, or more, to print messages, write them, draw likenesses, and even send a number of messages on the same wire at the same time, we must perforce be silent. Nor must we say anything of the musical telephones, which convey musical notes only, and are distinct from the articulating telephone, which also conveys the human speech, but which may prove to be even more serviceable because of their greater power, and the means they afford for sending a number of messages along a wire simultaneously by help of a number of different notes. Before leaving, however, two striking effects of electric light force themselves upon our attention, one as conspicuous for its evidence of terrible power, as the other for its softness and beauty. We are startled by a series of abrupt explosions proceeding from a darkened side-chamber, which has been reserved for all optical experiments requiring darkness, and find them to be the reports accompanying the discharge of Mr. Spottiswoode's giant inductorium, the largest in the world. The lurid zig-zag spark, rupturing the air by the intense electric energy, is in fact a lightning-flash —forty-two inches long—and the reports we heard are the accompanying thunder-claps. One feels inclined to shrink even from the violence of this miniature thunderbolt, and the eye is pleased to turn from it, to rest on the beauteous tints of the electric glow in a series of Geissler vacuum tubes close by. The current passing through the partial vacuum in these tubes, represents the electric discharges which take place in the upper and more rarified regions of the atmosphere; and the many-coloured light which its passage evokes is, indeed, a mimic aurora borealis. There is a delicious softness in the hues, on which the eye is never tired of gazing, and which can only be matched by some of the tender lights of a tropical sunset, or the flush of the aurora in the northern winter sky.

J. MUNRO, C.E.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BY the sad sea waves, when the tide was high, I was not born, but re-born. I purposely avoid the expression "born again," lest it should be supposed that any metaphysical meaning underlies my words; and the real fact is that the circumstance to which I have alluded had a purely physical aspect.

Looking at it from every point of view, being born again must, I suppose, signify entering upon a new life, which again includes the idea of being cut away from some old life and its associations.

Now, this is precisely what happened to me on that remarkable day, I decline to say how many years ago. I may just observe, however, that when this noteworthy transformation took place I had reached the mature age of twelve years.

Some of us have found out, I believe, that this nineteenth century is carrying us on with a rapidity hitherto unprecedented; they say that we have inherited hearts quicker to feel and brains quicker to understand than our forefathers. If this be true, it follows that development, taking its start from a higher point, will advance with a greater speed.

This being premised, I shall not, I trust, shock any philosophical mind if I venture to assert that already, at twelve years old, I had reached that inquiring period finely described by a modern writer in some such words as these:—

"Man goes his way carelessly; all at once there is silence—pause—a lacuna of sensation. 'How strange,' he says, 'is my fate! Is it true that I exist? What is the world?'"

I had not read these words then; probably they had not been written; but they illustrate well my state of mind. There was silence—pause—a lacuna of sensation; only in my case it followed, not carelessness, but a tempest, or rather a series of tempests, which one after the other had swept over me, and which at last, by the force that was in them, had brought me to these "precipitous, black, jagged rocks," under which for some hours I had been wandering, and to that one gaping mouth, still blacker than their blackness—fit opening to the "dead men's cave."

Into which, of course—having, as our French neighbours would express it, "death in the soul"—I crept. But the pause in sensation had not yet arrived; on the contrary, I was sensation all over. Sitting huddled together amongst the tangled sea-weed, I glared out upon the placid wavelets, that in the gentlest fashion

were playing with the sand and sea-weed, as if each one of them were a link in that chain of causes whereby had come upon me this uncomfortable state that I have specified as "death in the soul."

And the wavelets, as was natural, took no notice of me and my soul-death, and there arose on the horizon no cloud, "small as a man's hand," prophetic of coming woe; but, on the contrary, there were the loveliest colours in sea and sky, for evening was drawing on, and the month was June, and, sweeping from brown heaths above, came soft and fragrant winds, that puffed in and out of this dead men's cave and blew my hair about my eyes, and, so far from concerning themselves about my trouble, seemed to be laughing at me. The consequence of this was that, to my passionate agitation, a sentimental sadness succeeded.

Children (but this I found out later) are far more sentimental than grown-up people. That delicious emotion we call self-pity, analysis of which has so troubled some philosophers, is, as a fact, very generally indulged in by the young. In self-justification I must say that I had some ground for the complaints which I poured out that day. They were silent complaints, even tearless; already, it should be understood, I had picked up some notions about a human being's dignity; I was posing before a heartless world.

In a few words, then—to retrace the history of what I still call "my other life"—I was the only child of my mother, and she was a widow. My father I do not even remember. Life begins for me with the memory of my mother's devotion. But for the counteracting influence of a nurse, whose will was as strong as my own, I should have been a Nero in knickerbockers. As it was, I submitted, under protest, to the ministrations of three successive tutors, each of whom, I remember, left the house in a sudden and mysterious manner. After each departure my mother cried and kissed me, and said that "nothing, no nothing, would make her desert her darling child."

Shortly after the last tutor had vanished—he was a tall dark man, to whom I had conceived a peculiar objection—nurse said, looking at me darkly, "Tutors won't do, ma'am. Master Archie must go to school."

My mother answered by showering caresses upon me; but that same evening one of my uncles called.

"'ONLY LISTEN, ARCHIE,' SHE PLEADED" (*p.* 354).

I had a short conversation with him, and my remarks apparently were not of a pleasing nature, for when my mother joined us, he attacked her. "That boy," he said, "will grow up an insufferable little prig, if you don't send him to school at once."

I am sure that was his expression, for I remember wondering, with some awe, what "an insufferable little prig" could be.

It alarmed my mother, for then and there she requested my uncle to find out a school for me. He did so, or rather, he had one ready in his mind; and my wardrobe was immediately set in order.

One circumstance I remember in connection with this period. The late complacent tutor seemed to be on my brain, and when mamma and nurse were putting the final touches to my box I addressed them with some solemnity—

"*Don't* let Mr. Palmer come back when I've gone away."

And nurse got up, and her face was flushed, and she said, "Of course we won't have him back, Master Archie. We don't want sneaks about here."

And then, to my surprise, my dear mother went out of the room, and Martha took me in her arms and cried, and said that when I came back she would be far, oh, ever so far away!

But Martha was premature. I went to school, and more than once I returned, and things at home remained unchanged.

At school I made good way. I had always had a fair amount of shrewdness. Petted as I was, I no sooner discovered that kicking against the pricks of discipline punished no one but myself than I gave in, and became, not a model boy—for I was generally in scrapes of a minor character—but a worker.

The school was in Harrow, preparatory for the public school, into which my uncle and mother had decided that I should pass in due time.

Had that due time ever arrived, it is probable that I should not at this present moment be writing about the remarkable phenomenon which introduced me to a state so new as to be, in the light of memory, considered a second life.

I was sent for to the drawing-room one day, and went with alacrity, expecting to see my mother. She was there, but, to my disgust, not alone. The tall, complacent tutor—taller, smoother, more complacent than ever—was standing by her side. I cherished a deep contempt for tutors—home-tutors, that is to say—which hitherto I had indulged with impunity, and I acknowledged him only with a careless nod. Great was my surprise when I saw a frown gather on his face. He presumed then to pat me on the head.

"We have come out of our way to see you, Archibald," he said.

I stared at him speechlessly. My mother's hand was in mine; it was trembling—her lips moved, but he looked at her with a smile, and she said nothing.

"We trust that you are a good boy," he went on, "and are paying attention to your studies."

Now this was quite too much for me, for never before, with all my experience of home-tutors, had I been so addressed by one.

"Bother your impudence!" I burst out. I had heard my uncle use such words to a groom, and it struck me that they were appropriate. They may have been, but they made my mother tremble and weep.

"Let me tell him, dear Eugene," she cried out; "I have spoiled him, you know; he does not understand. Archie, darling, Mr. Palmer is your new papa, and he is so good, my pet, and so kind, and takes such a deep interest in you, and it was quite his wish to come to-day, and tell you all about it himself. And, oh! Archie, you *will* love him, and be grateful to him, won't you?"

How I felt, or what I answered, I cannot say. The rest of that day and of the weeks that followed seem a hideous dream. Mr. Palmer's smile followed me about; I could not get his smooth face out of my head. I reached the point of even dreading the holidays.

But they came at last, and I went home, to find all the arrangements of the house changed. Martha had gone, of course; indeed, all the servants were new. Mr. Palmer's mother and sister had possession of the rooms—nursery, night-nursery, and play-room—which from time immemorial had belonged to me. I found presently that by every one in the house, excepting my mother, I was considered an interloper, and she only ventured to indulge me in secret.

I felt very angry and bitter, and in a sulky mood found out my mother one day, alone in the summer-house. I had been trying to fix upon some cutting speech, and, as I flattered myself, I had succeeded.

"I say," I began, "I wish to goodness these wretched holidays were over; couldn't you arrange to leave me at school next time?"

"Do you like your school so much, Archie?" she said in a frightened way.

"Anything's better than this kind of misery," I answered, smiting the grass savagely with my cane.

"Oh!" she answered, as if relieved; and then, as I looked up surprised, "I was afraid, you know, darling, that you were particularly fond of Harrow; but, of course, that was silly. Mr. Palmer says I am always running away with ideas. One school is as good as another to a boy; and it is such a pretty place, Archie, down close by the sea, and advantages of sea-bathing and a pleasant home; and not even your uncle can say that Mr. Easton's is that."

She paused for breath.

"What!" I cried out, half in anger, half in terror, for I was cunning enough to see Mr. Palmer's hand in this, and wise enough to know that he hated me; "you mean to send me to another school?"

"Only listen, Archie, darling!" she pleaded.

"I won't go!" I answered furiously; "so there!"

"Archie! Archie! do you wish to break my heart? It's for your good, dear—all for your good."

I used a hasty word about my good, and my poor mother trembled and clung to me.

"Oh, Archie!" she cried—"Oh, Eugene!"

"What's up now?" I said.

I knew soon enough, through the medium of certain sensations as disagreeable as they were novel: a cold hand against my neck, and the coiling of a lithe whip round my shoulders.

It was the first time my small person had been so degraded, and, doubtless, the pain inflicted was severe enough; but of this I remember nothing. I am inclined to think that I did not feel any pain at the time; what I do remember—and with such vividness that even now, after all these years, I experience a faint return of the very same emotions—is the swirl of angry passion about my heart: hatred, wrath, thirst for vengeance of any kind, joined with a burning sense of shame and loathing of my own insignificance.

"How dare you behave so in your mother's presence? She has been too gentle with you. It is time a man took you in hand," my stepfather said, plying his whip all the time.

My poor mother, in strong hysterics, was hanging on to his arm, and pouring out incoherent words; and

this, I suppose, impeded his movements, for Mr. Palmer was a man of immense tenacity, muscular and powerful.

Whether this were so or no I cannot tell; all I know is that I managed to twist myself out of his iron grasp, and before he could seize me again my teeth were fastened in his calf. Never, so long as I live, shall I forget the awful exultation of that moment; I was like a possessed creature. But that my mouth and teeth were busy, I should have laughed aloud. My whole being was one thought—I was hurting him and revenging myself—and far back as all this is in the past, I feel myself shuddering now. Oh, it is a terrible conception, this narrowness of the plank that saves a young soul from perdition! Had it not been for my second birth, had my stepfather actually had the ordering of my life, I should have been a demon incarnate.

The scene that followed I will not attempt to describe. My poor mother, I believe, was carried upstairs fainting; I, when my tyrant's hand was tired of holding the whip, crept up to my room and went to bed.

How well I remember that day! I was far too indignant either to cry or to ask for anything. I would lie there until I died, I thought; not another morsel of anything should cross my lips; and my uncle and other people would come then and see how I had been ill-treated, and every one would hate and shun Mr. Palmer.

But somehow the hours were long, and I felt battered and faint, and I thought that before beginning actually to starve it would be nice just to taste bread-and-butter and tea for the last time. There could be no doubt, too, that with some one near me I should die more easily; besides, I had certain wishes about my dogs and treasures, messages that I wanted to have conveyed to my friends—no one likes to go out of the world without any circumstance or pomp. The upshot of the matter was that when my mother's maid came in with a daintily arranged meal on a tray, I allowed myself, after very faint resistance, to be persuaded to eat and drink; and when I had eaten, those heroic determinations about death waxed dim. It struck me that I could punish my stepfather in some other way—have the advantage also of witnessing his discomfiture; while, if my death were to be his punishment, I could never know how he took it.

I therefore allowed the sympathetic Jane to make much of me, and gave her to understand that she might stay in my room for a little time if she pleased. She did please, and I, of course, felt that I was bound to be agreeable.

It was late when she left me, but I could not sleep. All my limbs ached; I think I was feverish; and when, between night and morning, the handle of my door turned, I started up trembling.

My mother's gentle voice reassured me.

"It's only I, darling Archie," she said. "Is my poor dear boy not asleep?"

I turned my face to the wall.

"Oh, yes!" I said sullenly; "I am your poor dear boy, of course!"

She began to cry helplessly.

"Archie, if you only knew what I have been suffering! I had far rather he had beaten me, oh! far rather; but he did it for your good."

"Will you just shut up about my good?" I said; but her tears softened me, and I turned round and allowed her to kiss me, and take my hand in hers; and when we were so far reconciled, "Look here, mother," I said; "what's the use of this kind of thing going on?"

She did not answer, and I put the matter more plainly. "He's a brute, you know; you must see that. Let him have the house: I suppose he must, as he's your husband; and you and I come away together. Uncle Harry 'll help us to find another house. Mother, why do you go on crying?"

She shook her head sadly. "You don't know what you are saying, my poor boy," she answered; "and I ought not to encourage you to talk so. Mr. Palmer is a good man, Archie, and everything he does is done from a sense of duty; and, my darling, we were going very wrong before, in the providence of God, he found us out, and it was very good of him to wish to save us."

"I wish to goodness," I said, "he had kept his goodness to himself, then!"

"Oh!" she cried, "don't say so. Archie, Archie, I fear your heart is not right; vanity and pride, my darling, are deadly sins, and the immortal soul is of more worth than all the world put together. I should be a wicked mother if I wished to save your poor body at the expense of your soul. But it is all my fault," she added wringing her hands; "the sins of the parents are visited on the children. If I had trained you earlier, it would have been easier: Mr. Palmer says so. Forgive me, Archie, and try for my sake to learn all about these things, and be good."

"I would do anything for your sake, mother," I answered; but the poor unregenerate nature put in—"only don't cram Mr. Palmer down my throat!"

"It is natural you should feel it, darling," she said vaguely, "and it will be better for you, I dare say, at school. Mr. Simpkins is such a good man, and so clever and kind."

"Is he the master of the new school?"

"Yes, dear."

"You know him, mother?"

"I have not seen him; but I have seen his letters, and they are beautiful, and——"

"I hate a person who writes beautiful letters," I interrupted; and my poor mother began to cry again.

"You are making up your mind to dislike him, Archie; you will be unhappy, and I shall break my heart."

"Of course I shan't be unhappy if he behaves himself," I said impatiently; delighted with which small concession, my mother began to talk about the many advantages of the school, and I presently discovered that she—which, of course, meant Mr. Palmer—had determined that I was to start on the following day.

I think she was surprised to find me so ready to fall in with the new arrangements. The real fact was that one feeling possessed me to temporary exclusion of all others—hatred of the man who, by my mother's action, had been set over me. While I was young, and therefore weak, to get away from him; to become grown up, in order that I might defy him; sooner or later to punish him: this was the burden of my thoughts that night.

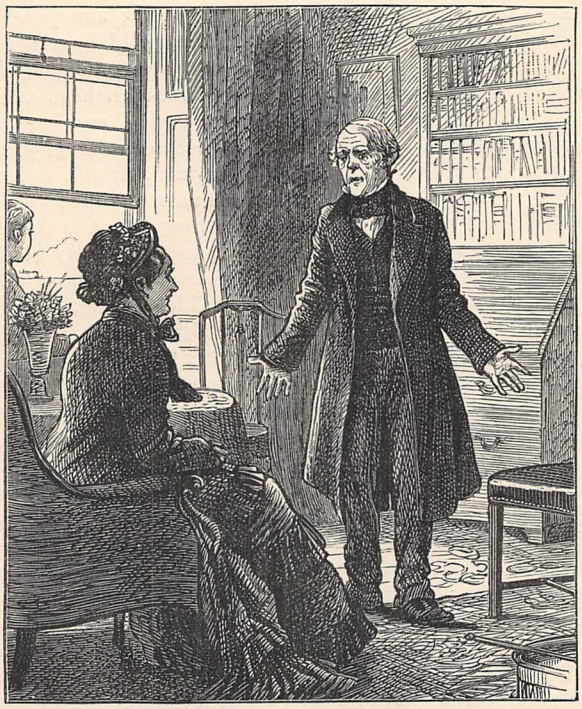
CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HAD I been a few years older, those words "pleasant home" would certainly have rung an ominous music to my ears. Even at that early period, being endowed with more worldly wisdom than my mother, I was disposed to fancy that I should find my new master what school-boys still call a sneak. But one point in his appearance pleased me.

Mr. Palmer—tall, smooth, dark, complacent—was my mental image of the sneak absolute.

Now, Mr. Simpkins was utterly unlike him. He was a small man, white-haired and wrinkled. He had a little tight-looking mouth and turned-up nose (a class of feature, by-the-by, which, however it may grace a woman, I have learned not to admire in a man) and his eyes were grey and watery.

As for his distinguishing characteristic, not the most superficial observer could have mistaken it, for did he not wear it neatly written on his front?



"'LOOK AT ME, MY DEAR MADAM,' HE SAID KINDLY" (*p.* 357).

Parents, I have heard—and they ought to be critical—have been seized with a confidence so boundless, after their first interview with this excellent man, that they have without hesitation left their children in his care; even in one case drifting away, as Carlyle would express it, into chaos, and landed there, forgetting the formality of the half-yearly cheque.

Mr. Simpkins, then, was a good old man; the world said that he would have been a richer man had he better understood the art of taking care of himself.

I beg leave to remark that the world was never at Mr. Simpkins' school. But let that pass. Under certain circumstances, young people are apt to be bitter. Besides, it is scarcely to the point; and in a world where the benevolent schoolmaster is rather the exception than the rule, we must beware of drifting, lest in some unhappy day we should be informed that the beautiful new country we had congratulated ourselves on discovering was none other than the unlucky parent's chaos.

I started with the expressed intention of giving the advantages of my new school; I have wandered from my point, probably because I find it a little difficult to represent them adequately, for though sentiment may have been strong in me in that early period, I think I lacked imagination.

To cover the deficiency I must try to look at things through my poor mother's eyes. By what art she had gained Mr. Palmer's consent to her plan that she should take me to my new school that day I cannot say; but so it was arranged, and early in the morning we started together.

She was so tearful and depressed that I was bound to take a hopeful view of matters, and before we had reached our destination she was happy in the belief that sea-air and a pleasant home, and a kind fatherly master, who would take an individual interest in my welfare, were what I had been crying out for inarticulately from my babyhood.

With a mind thus biassed, it is little wonder that to her eyes there were evident advantages which, even with the magnifying-glass of childish fancy, I failed to discover.

I mentally denominated the house "a hole;" she thought it "the sweetest little cottage she had ever seen." Whatever I may have thought of Mr. Simpkins' personal appearance, his long-winded speeches I at once qualified by a convenient term, well known to school-boys and others: to wit, "rubbish." She listened entranced.

I must have a good memory, or it may be that at certain times we are peculiarly open to abiding impressions; for, as a fact, I remember every word of Mr. Simpkins' inaugural lecture.

We were in the drawing-room; it was small and shabby and, when we first came in, close. Mr. Simpkins, or some one else—I suspected a little figure in faded pink silk, picturesquely busy picking daisies on the green outside—had opened the window when we were seen approaching, and country sounds and sights and smells, with a peep of blue sea in the distance, glorifying the little room, diverted attention from its dinginess.

I went to the window, being a little curious about that tiny figure outside. I had never before seen any creature pick daisies in so methodical a fashion. My mother was seated in what I came to know afterwards as the parents' chair; it was the only one in the room that could be thoroughly relied upon; Mr. Simpkins, serious and calm, stood by her side.

"Your son, my dear madam," he said, "will have a home with us." ("Oh, indeed!" thought the person at the window.) "Not only a home, but a training-ground, where his body and mind may be prepared for the battle of life. I use the word body advisedly. It is my belief, madam—it is, I may even say, my conviction, expressed in print and otherwise—that the ordinary schoolmaster does only half his work. The body requires training as well as the mind, the will as well as the understanding."

He cleared his throat. The little sceptic at the window wondered how long he had been making it up; the mother of the sceptic thought it all very clever: but her mind was full only of one anxiety, which, during the pause, struggled to her lips.

"But you will be gentle with him; oh! Mr. Simpkins, you will be gentle with him at first?"

My furious signs prevented her from saying any more. There was no need, as presently she no doubt felt, with some confusion; for what a winning smile was this on the good man's face!

"Look at me, my dear madam," he said kindly; and then, in a tone of gentle reproach: "Do I look like a tyrant? Be candid with me, I entreat of you. Between schoolmaster and parent there should be perfect confidence. If you have any fear, even the slightest, take your dear boy away. I anticipated pleasure from our intercourse; that pleasure I am ready to forego—one word—and——"

"You mistake me, indeed you mistake me," my poor mother interrupted, with alarm. She thought that Mr. Simpkins would refuse to take me in, and doubtless there flashed upon her mind the picture of a return home with her rejected boy, and of all Mr. Palmer would say and do in consequence.

But he was willing to be reassured; indeed, he was so kind as at once to take on himself the blame of the misunderstanding.

"I have always been too sensitive," said my new master. (I have noticed since that ultra-sensitiveness is a weakness few people are ashamed to confess.) The person at the window hereupon, mentally still, substituted for "sneak"—which, owing no doubt to a temporary one-sidedness of view, had been of late the conception uppermost in his mind—the milder expression "fool."

The next words of the conversation escaped him, for the little figure outside was going through a series of puzzling contortions, and he was seized with a sudden desire to see its face.

He did not succeed, and, a little cross, he once more turned his attention to the room.

"There can be no doubt of it, my dear madam," Mr. Simpkins said, and his sonorous voice sounded far, "there is a dignity in labour." Now, what remark from my mother could have provoked such a speech? "I often tell my children this," he proceeded. "Work with the brain, yes—and few are more competent than is your humble servant to open out to them the treasures of classic lore—but let us work with our hands too; let us call nothing common or unclean; let us be, in the highest sense, complete men."

"Oh! I say, you know, you'll fall if you go on like that."

It was a remark somewhat to this effect that interrupted my future master's flow of words.

I really could not help speaking. The singular little creature in faded pink silk, I felt sure, would tumble over her nose if some stop were not put at once to her extraordinary proceedings. Besides, I wanted to see her face. I am sure she heard me, for her contortions ceased, and she recommenced that methodical gathering of daisies which had first perplexed me; but she did not turn round. Mr. Simpkins did.

Twisting himself so as to command the window, "Ah!" he said, "my little Clementina. That dear child is so fond of daisies."

"She must be," I said. And my mother asked, with a kindly smile, "Your daughter, Mr. Simpkins?"

He shook his head and looked grave.

My mother feared she had been indiscreet, and blushed. I, not having reached the susceptible age, persevered—

"Is she one of the children in the village, sir?"

"N—no," Mr. Simpkins answered.

"You should not ask so many questions, Archie," my mother said.

Our host waved his hand.

"You will understand my reluctance to speak," he said, "when I tell you that poor Tiny—our pet-name for her, madam—is a deserted child; she was left in the care of my dear wife—who, you will have doubtless heard, went to heaven some six months ago—by a gentleman, reputed to be wealthy. That gentleman, madam, left this neighbourhood at dead of night, and has never been heard of since."

"How very strange!" my mother murmured.

I was all the more anxious to see the little girl's face, but when I looked out she had vanished.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WE returned to the inn for dinner, and after dinner I wandered out by myself.

The effect of the preceding day's humiliation had not worn off. I was angry with everything: with sky, and winds, and waves, chiefly however with a certain piece of rock, some few yards from which I had taken up my position. Four or five small stones I had aimed at it, but it would not be hit, and at last my play became earnest. I knit my brows; my eyes flashed fire; my hand trembled with eagerness. Again and again I tried: failure still, followed always by a stronger energy of determination. It was a duel; the stone represented Mr. Palmer: my will was set

against his will: I would conquer or die. All at once I was interrupted.

"You'll never do it, you know, if you get into a passion," said a small, childish voice behind me.

I turned round, half angry, half confused. There she was before me—the pink-clad lover of daisies. Pretty little girl! I wish I could describe you as you were that day, standing between me and the light, your curly head in high relief against the warm evening sky: the beauty of your lithe figure; the warm olive and rose tints of your piquant little face; your dark eyes full of laughter, yet withal appealing, half-veiled by long silken fringes; your small, delicately formed brown hands, crossed on an apron white as snow—yes, I do not think I am drawing on after-impressions. I shut my eyes and I seem to see you, even as I saw you at that moment—an eventful one for me, though I was very far from being aware of the fact.

Indeed, after that first instant of surprise and gratification, my mind returned to its gloomy altitude. That any one should have been deliberately watching me when I had supposed myself alone was an aggravation of my discomfort—another proof, were proof needed, that things in general had combined against me.

"Why," I said, "didn't you tell me you were there?"

Her answer did not tend to allay my displeasure, though it was spoken in the most winning way.

"Because it was such fun to watch you."

"I hate being watched," I said sullenly.

"Oh! do you?" she replied; "but we can't always have what we like; at least, Mr. Simpkins says so."

"Mr. Simpkins be hanged!" was my irreverent rejoinder. "But I say, Miss What's-your-name, why are you in such a hurry?"

"My name," she answered with a charming dignity, "is Clementina; but people call me Tiny, as it's short. Good night; I mustn't stay idling."

"Why, what in the world have you to do?"

I noticed, as I spoke, that she stood between two wooden pails, which looked a world too large and heavy for her miniature hands and wrists.

"You were picking daisies when we came," I observed further, "and if that is not idling, I don't know what it is."

"Oh!" said Miss Tiny, "that was different. I always pick daisies when parents come."

"What for?"

"Looks well," the mite answered, her eyes shining with fun. "Mr. Simpkins sees me, you know, and says, 'That dear child is so fond of daisies.'"

The mimicry of his style was perfect.

"What!" I cried; "does he do it always?"

"Generally; at least when the mammas come

"What a precious old humbug he must be!"

"Don't use naughty words, Master Archie."

She tried to pass me: I stood in her way.

"Come," I said, "tell me really, where are you going?"

"To get in the salt water for Mr. Simpkins' joints."

"Does he make you do it?"

"Of course; there's no one else. Do stand out of my way, Archie."

"I won't stand out of your way till you tell me what you mean."

She put down her pails again; "My dear boy," she said, with a perfectly grown-up manner, "I am beginning a new career: we all begin a new career at Mr. Simpkins'; the first thing we have to learn is the dignity of labour."

"Dignity of humbug!"

"Don't interrupt, Archie; it's rude. By-the-by, can you black boots?"

"Of course not; why do you ask such silly questions?"

"You'll find it difficult at first, for Mr. Simpkins likes to see his face in everybody's boots; but I'll teach you."

"You black boots, then?"

"Yes!" and then she looked at me comically.

"Poor Archie!" she observed. "I'm so sorry for you. They say your spirit wants breaking."

"I do believe," I said, "you're telling me a heap of stories."

She went on without heeding my interruption.

"My spirit wanted breaking. I was brought up in sinful luxury, Mr. Simpkins says. Were you brought up in sinful luxury?"

I stared.

"It's very nice," said this strange child plaintively. "It's pretty dresses, and cakes, and every one speaking kindly. Oh!"—clasping her small hands!—"I do love pretty dresses, and once I had such a number."

"Where are they now?" I asked.

"Sold, to pay my keep."

"But why doesn't your father pay for you?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"My papa was in debt, Archie, and that's worse even than dying: for when people die they go to heaven, and when they're in debt they go away, and you don't know anything more about them."

Since I knew nothing about the manners and customs of people in debt, no comforting answer occurred to me, though I began to sympathise deeply with poor Tiny.

Meanwhile, her mind returned to the empty pails.

"Shan't I just catch it for being late!" she cried.

I did not know Tiny then, and I was surprised to hear her singing gaily, as she pattered along the firm, damp sands.

"She was almost crying a minute ago," I remarked.

Meanwhile, she had gone on to where the water lapped the land.

I think I must always have had a love for what is vaguely called "the beautiful"—for that part, at least, of the great unknown which enters through the avenue of the eye. This at least is true: I cannot recall the time when brilliance of colour and contrasts, distinct and vivid, have not impressed me. And that night I paused in rapture.

The sun had gone down behind heaped-up clouds, which during the day had brooded, nightmare-like, over the western horizon, but which now seemed

enwrapped in a gorgeous garment of crimson and gold. Colour, colour, everywhere! The waters took a blood-red hue; the waves crept in, warmly glowing, to the shore; the rocks were a purple bulwark, the sands a pavement of ruddy gold. As for that little figure, with bare feet and brown shining face, round it the rays seemed to congregate. The crimson-tinged waves flashed about her feet. It was surely coloured light and not sea-water with which she was filling the pails.

"You seem to like getting the water," I said, going forward.

She rose, all flushed, with a pail full to the brim. She was panting; and, to the detriment of my new boots, I walked into the water and took it from her hand.

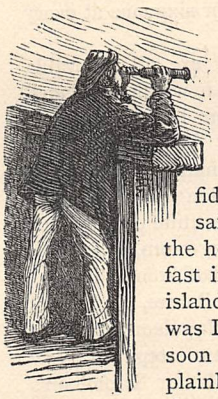
"What's the use," this young philosopher remarked, "of not liking what you have to do?"—to me a novel way of looking at necessity, and not altogether pleasing. Indeed, since I was in a talkative mood, I was ready at the moment to put her through a course of dialectics, in order to the disproving of her proposition—a vain intention, and never to be gratified. Tiny was in a hurry, and refused to talk.

I found out later that there was in this small and fragile-looking creature a vast amount of latent determination. I thought I had a strong will, and, as a fact, I believe I have never been found deficient on this head; but then, as often after, Tiny was one too many for me.

She persisted in silence, and presently I yielded to her will, gave up the pails, and went back, somewhat moodily, to my mother.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SAINT HELENA IN 1877.



"SEE the land there, sir—about a point on the port bow? That's St. Helena, sir, that is." Of course I didn't see the land, but experience had taught me that I might have confidence in the marvellous power of a sailor to make out the dark streak on the horizon, and I went down to breakfast in a confident hope of seeing the island on my return to the deck. Nor was I disappointed; for on coming up soon after nine o'clock, the island was plainly visible as a line of cloud upon the water. Four hours of steady sailing with the reliable south-east trades brought the good ship alongside of the precipitous rock, rising so strangely in mid-ocean, which has so absorbing an interest in the history of the world.

The only landing-place at St. Helena is Jamestown, the capital and only town of the island, nestled down in a ravine, with sheer cliffs running up on either side. Off Jamestown, therefore, we dropped anchor, and at once the health-officer was alongside and satisfied himself as to the propriety of our landing. On his leaving, we were surrounded by boats innumerable, some of them anxious to take passengers ashore, others bringing women with necklaces and ornaments of native work to sell. A great number of washerwomen came too, with letters of recommendation from former customers. I have known instances where these letters would not have been so readily presented had the laundress been able to read English. One such letter ran—"Never had my things so badly washed in my life." Another—"The woman only expects you to pay half what she asks."

Taking one of the many boats that were fighting for precedence at the foot of the gangway, a few vigorous strokes from the swarthy oarsmen brought us to the stone steps of the landing-place, and we were in St. Helena. Our first greeting was from a small boy, who had been vigorously ringing a bell, and now came forward and gave the bell into our hands. Examining it, we found pasted upon it an announcement that, by special request, *The School for Scandal* would be performed that evening at the Old Rock Theatre. Here indeed was a surprise. Upon this island, the whole population of which would hardly fill the theatre in Drury Lane or in Covent Garden, was a theatre, and in that theatre was to be acted no less distinguished a comedy than the masterpiece of Sheridan. We naturally thought with some fear and trembling of what the result might be in the hands of the St. Helena stock company, but nevertheless mentally determined to see for ourselves.

Following the quay for about one hundred yards, we came to the gates of the town. The inhabitants seem hardly alive to the fact that their illustrious prisoner is no longer with them, and accordingly the gates are closed every night at half-past nine o'clock, and no one can leave the town after that time without an order from the governor.

Passing through the gates, we enter the main street of Jamestown. The town, indeed, consists of one main street, which follows the winding of the valley. On the right, immediately on entering the town, is Ladder Hill, on the top of which are the barracks, and which you ascend by a terribly long flight of steps. On the left is the garden attached to the governor's town house, which is open to the public; and adjoining the garden is the site of the house, recently destroyed by fire, in which Napoleon passed his first night in St. Helena, and where the Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, also passed a night on his return from India.

The island is very barren of vegetation, and the fruits produced are not many. Dates, bananas, grapes, mangoes, guavas, and figs are perhaps the most abundant. Meat is very scarce and dear, the inhabitants relying a good deal on Australia for the

supply. When an ox is killed, the joints go to a few favoured residents and to the barracks. We were to have brought a bullock for them from the Cape, but the animal unfortunately broke its neck coming on board.

In the evening we set out for the Old Rock Theatre, the ladies walking down in evening dress, without any need for shawls or hoods, although, as we were in the month of June, it was the middle of the St. Helena winter. The room dignified by the title of the Old Rock Theatre is reached by a very shaky flight of steps, dimly lighted by an ancient lantern. The stage, a very diminutive one, is at one end of the room, and raised about a foot from the floor. The band, by a wise arrangement, plays in the yard. We found the room well filled, and learnt that the comedy was to be played by ladies and gentlemen from the principal families in St. Helena, with reinforcements from the garrison stationed there. Of the performance, suffice it to say that it equally surprised and pleased us, though had the ghost of Sheridan been present, it must have been greatly puzzled when two of his characters sat down to examine an album of photographs.

The following day we devoted to the object of our stay upon the island—a visit to Longwood. To the stranger, anxious to visit Longwood from Jamestown, there are three courses open. He may drive, or rather, he may sit in a basket pony-carriage, with a man walking at the pony's head; or he may ride, in which case he will be accompanied by a small boy, who fearlessly holds on to the animal's tail; or, thirdly, if he is energetic enough he may walk. The distance is probably not more than three or four miles, but the road is a continual ascent, and the walk is fatiguing to any but the robust. The horses of the island are rather a sorry crew, and some have a vicious habit of pounding the rider's legs against the wall of rock that skirts the road. So we decided for the pony-carriage, and, in a leisurely way, started on our journey. When the winding road has brought you about half-way to the summit of the cliff, you see on the right, "The Briars," a substantial comfortable-looking house, with a pavilion adjoining it, which was placed at Napoleon's service by its owner whilst the furnishing of the house at Longwood was being completed. Leaving on the left the footpath leading to Napoleon's grave, you reach a little colony of houses, amongst them the "Rose and Crown Hotel," a primitive little establishment at which prudence suggests your ordering some lunch, which may await you on your return.

This accomplished, another mile of level road brings you to the gate of Longwood. However thorough a Briton you may be, I think the feeling on seeing the desolate little one-storied house must be, "What a terrible place for a man who had lived the active, restless life of the fallen Emperor!" High up on a barren cliff, bleak and unsheltered, with watch-houses and signal-stations on every point of vantage, with a regiment encamped upon the adjacent plain and a cordon of sentries round the house, he may well have felt that he was needlessly reminded that he was a prisoner, and have instituted imaginary comparisons between his condition there, and the way he would have been treated had he surrendered himself to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, or the Emperor Francis II. of Austria. It is easy to realise the feeling that must have been in his mind when, on seeing Longwood for the first time, he exclaimed, "*Nous n'aurons de trop que le temps.*"

Old Longwood and Napoleon's grave were bought by the French in 1858, the house having then been allowed to fall into a very dilapidated state. The buildings were repaired, and each room was repapered with paper of the pattern used when Napoleon was in residence there. The French Government, with characteristic good taste, forbid the attendants to receive any gratuity from visitors to the house or the grave, the one condition being that you shall inscribe your name in the visitors' book. Perhaps, at some far-distant date, a Frenchman will be able to visit the tombs of Wellington and Nelson in our metropolitan cathedral without being pestered for sixpence at every turn.

The first room you enter (they are all miserably small and low) is the drawing-room, in which are placed the French and British flags. From it you pass into the room in which Napoleon died. Where the head of the bed stood is now a fine marble bust of the Emperor, surrounded by a wooden railing; with these exceptions, the rooms are destitute of any furniture. You pass from the dining-room, in which Napoleon died, to his bed-room, bath-room, library, and billiard-room. Leaving the house, you pass through the garden, in which Napoleon used to work so vigorously, and turn your steps to New Longwood. This house was built for Napoleon's use after his arrival, but he never lived in it. An iron railing still separates the garden from the field adjoining, and Napoleon considered it was put there to remind him that he was a captive. Of course, nothing of the kind was intended, and Sir Hudson Lowe gave orders to have the railing removed; but before this was done, Napoleon's increased illness rendered it unnecessary.

Leaving Longwood, we returned to the "Rose and Crown," where we got lunch and some beautiful bouquets of flowers, and then set off to visit Napoleon's grave. The grave is down in the valley, by a stream of deliciously cool and pure water. Napoleon was in the habit of walking down to the stream and sitting by it in the shade of the trees, and he desired that when he died he should be buried by it, as the only thing that had given him any pleasure on the island. M. Morilleau and his wife, the courteous attendants, show you the grave and give you a glass of the water. Here again you inscribe your name in the visitors' book, and then ascend the hill to the main road where the carriages await you.

On the following day we joined our good ship again, and were soon under weigh for old England, bearing with us many pleasant associations and memories of St. Helena.

NAMELESS.

THE summer sun is on the trees,
And not a path is shady;
You sit within the porch to read,
A very dainty lady.
And is't a poem makes you grave,
Or just an old love-story
Of maiden bright, and valiant knight
Who rides away to glory?

I know the kind of story well:
The maiden's hair is golden,
The knight wears armour as they did
In days we now call olden.
They make their vows by moonlight, dear,
In language rather stilted,
And then she pines alone for months,
And wonders if she's jilted.

But he comes gaily back, to find
She is of maids the truest,
And lovelier far than maidens are
With even eyes the bluest—
Not lovelier, sweet, than you to-day,
With sunshine on your bower,
A leafy nook, in which you look
The very fairest flower.

Would I might read the story too,
And chat with you about it;
Perhaps it's just as well I can't—
Indeed, I do not doubt it.
A pretty picture, dear, you make,
And in my heart I'll frame it;
I do not know what you are called,
And so I cannot name it.

REA.

SOUPS FOR SPRING.

SPRING soup, as its name almost implies, is simply good clear stock in which almost every young vegetable that exists may be served. Of course one important point for consideration is how best to enable these bright young vegetables to retain their colour. It is obvious to any one that, even were the flavour the same, yellow-looking peas would be far inferior to those that are a bright green. Yet it will be found that many cooks who succeed admirably in preparing good stock somehow fail to attain success in this respect, notwithstanding the old-fashioned idea of boiling a copper penny in the water. First, what vegetables shall we choose? I think any or all of the following: young carrots, turnips, peas, small spring onions without any stalk, asparagus-tops, cauliflowers, cabbage-lettuces, and last but not least, thin slices of the white part of celery.

The great secret of boiling all vegetables is to throw them into boiling water, in which salt has been mixed, say in the proportion of a brimming salt-spoonful to half a gallon. These young vegetables—after, of course, being thoroughly washed—must be parboiled in this boiling water before being put into the stock. Another point to be borne in mind is that the carrots, turnips, &c., should be boiled as soon as they are cut up into shape; short thin strips are best for ordinary soup, although of course, if appearances are much studied, they can be shaped with a tin cutter into any form desired. Again, the green peas should be freshly shelled, and the asparagus freshly cut.

With regard to the stock or clear soup, the methods of making which I have often described before: for spring soup it is essential that it should be light-coloured; stock made from veal and chicken bones will be found best. Also, pray let the soup be in keeping with the purity of the fresh young vegetables that will be served in it. Indeed, I often think the most practical receipt for making stock and soup is to tell cooks what *not* to put in it.

Pray avoid as far as possible, or indeed altogether, spice, pepper, and mushroom ketchup. I have often tasted soup in which I could detect no flavour whatever except ketchup and black pepper. Recollect that the real beauty of the soup consists in the juicy flavour of the meats of which it is composed, and to destroy this delicate flavour is to destroy the soup.

In making spring soup it should be remembered that the peas and asparagus-tops when used should be boiled just before serving the soup, and not if possible be allowed to remain in the soup for hours. It will also be found a great improvement to add a few small leaves of fresh tarragon to the soup. I mention the tarragon separately in order to warn you against its indiscriminate use. Tarragon has such a powerful flavour that it is apt, like garlic, to assert its presence only to the exclusion of all its companions. When fresh tarragon-leaves cannot be obtained, a pinch of dried tarragon can be boiled in a little stock, and the latter added to the soup, after the tarragon has been strained off.

A great authority among cooks recommends what he terms *croûtons à la duchesse* to be added to spring soup. The following is his receipt:—

Cut the crust off a rasped French roll into strips. Stamp or cut out these with a round tin or steel cutter, into small pellets about the size of a shilling, and dry them in the oven ready for use. A small handful of these *croûtons* must be thrown into the soup just before sending to table.

It is undoubtedly a fact that in the present day there are many families who never buy meat for the purpose of making stock, owing to the extravagant price to which meat has risen, but who instead use extract of meat in addition to the bones of joints, trimmings, &c., that may be left. Now it will often be found that when bones are used it is almost impossible to get the stock bright.

Imitation soup can be made from extract of meat without bones. Take a carefully cleaned carrot, turnip, onion, and half a small head of celery, and put them into some boiling water together with some parsley, a little salt, and a pinch of dried tarragon. Let these boil for an hour or more and then strain them off; add now a little gelatine, about two tea-spoonfuls of extract of meat, mix to a quart about half a tea-spoonful of arrowroot in a little cold water and add, and let it all boil up.

The gelatine gives it a glutinous taste that makes the lips sticky. The extract of meat, of course, gives it the meaty flavour; the little quantity of arrowroot does not really thicken the soup, but takes off the watery appearance; and if you wish to be very artful, and wish the soup to look as if it had really been made from meat, you may throw in a piece of butter the size of a pea, which will cause just a few specks of fat to float on the surface, generally observed in all soups made from real meat, however carefully skimmed.

We will next consider another most delicious soup fit for, and in season in spring—viz., green pea soup. I think the chief points of importance in making green pea soup are to try and obtain as much flavour of the pea without extravagance, and also to obtain a really good bright green colour. For the first purpose we

must utilise the husks of the peas, and for the second purpose we shall require some spinach.

Take about a quart of peas, having first placed all the husks, which should be thoroughly green and not yellow, into two quarts of stock to boil. Next strain this off, and add to the liquor half the quantity of peas (reserving the brightest green half), two handfuls of spinach, two small green onions cut up, and a couple of lettuces also cut up. Let all this boil for some time, and then let the whole be sent through a tamis or fine wire sieve, for which purpose it will be found to save time if the pulp, after straining, be pounded in a mortar. At any rate, have patience and send the whole through the tamis. The remainder of the peas must be boiled separate, being thrown into *boiling* water in which the steam is not shut in, and must be added to the soup before serving. Though not absolutely essential, a few slices of lean ham boiled in the soup will be found to be a great improvement; a small piece of butter may also be added to the soup before serving. Small pieces of fried bread should be handed round with the soup.

Another very palatable soup that makes an agreeable change is vegetable marrow soup; although, perhaps, strictly speaking it is more of a summer than a spring soup.

Take a few small vegetable marrows; these must be peeled and cut into small pieces. Next have ready some good, strong, white stock; let this stock boil, and then throw in the pieces of vegetable marrow. When these are boiled and are quite tender, send the whole through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon, and add about half a pint of boiling cream; and serve some pieces of fried bread separately.

I would here give some general directions with regard to cream. Nearly all white soups—indeed, I cannot call to mind a single exception—require boiling cream to be added to them. Now, cream (in London especially) is not only very expensive, but ofttimes almost impossible to be obtained in a really pure state. Is there any wholesome substitute that can be added instead? I think, yes. If proper precautions be taken to concentrate the original stock, it will be found that the addition of double the quantity of milk to the cream ordered, and one yolk of an egg, will have, if not the same, at any rate a very similar effect.

Suppose, now, in making the foregoing receipt for vegetable marrow soup, that the quantity of stock was, say three pints, and that we were going to add half a pint of cream. Let, first, this stock reduce itself by boiling till it is reduced to a quart; then take a pint of milk, boil it till the white foam is on the point of rising, and pour it quickly into the stock. Recollect that boiled milk has a different flavour to raw milk. I would also warn cooks to have a little water ready to quickly pour into the empty saucepan out of which the milk has been poured, or the sediment will burn at the bottom of the saucepan, and cause considerable trouble when it has to be cleaned. Should the saucepan be an enamelled one, and get burnt at the bottom and sides, common ashes will be found best for cleaning it. But to return to the soup: we have not mentioned the yolk of egg. This must not be added till quite the last thing. Take a cup into which the yolk must be placed, pour the hot soup into the tureen, next take a spoonful of this hot soup and add to the yolk, and beat it up; then a little more soup, till the cup is nearly full; then pour the cupful into the tureen, and give it one stir round. By this means all fear of the egg curdling will be avoided. Of course this process should be done quickly, in order that the soup does not get cold, but thick soup like this retains its heat for a very long time.

Another very delicious white soup that is in season in spring is Palestine soup. This soup is generally made by boiling the Jerusalem artichoke in white stock, but it will be found to be a very great improvement to slice the artichokes—say a quarter of a peck—and to allow them to soften gradually in a covered stew-pan, in about a couple of ounces of butter. Care must, however, be taken that these artichokes in softening do not get browned. When tender add them to a quart of good white stock, in which, if possible, some chicken bones have been stewed; and after allowing them to boil for some time, rub the whole through a tamis, or wire sieve. A bay-leaf boiled in the stock will be found to improve the flavour. Then add the half-pint of cream and a small lump of sugar. Fried bread should be served. Now, of course, what we have said with regard to the substitute for cream applies equally to this soup.

A very delicious addition to any good clear stock is some balls made of spinach. Take a small quantity of spinach, and having carefully washed it in plenty of water, so as to entirely remove the grit, boil it in a saucepan till it is quite tender; then mash it up well, removing any stringy pieces that may be in; add a little butter, pepper, and salt, a suspicion of nutmeg, and the yolk of one egg. Squeeze it all as dry as possible in a cloth, and roll this spinach pulp into small balls about the size of marbles, and let them get a little dry on the outside. Next beat up the white of the egg thoroughly, and dip these balls in one by one, throwing them quickly into boiling water. This coagulates the egg and helps to prevent the balls breaking in the soup. These balls should be added to the soup only long enough to get them hot through; a few minutes, in fact, before serving are sufficient. These green balls in the soup, especially if the stock be bright and light coloured, have a very pretty effect.

I would here again remind you of the importance, now that hot weather is approaching, of warming up soup even when it is not wanted for use, in order to prevent its getting bad. Recollect, also, that soup in which a quantity of vegetables have been boiled is apt to turn sooner than that which contains meat only. Soup when cold, if it turns to a hard jelly, will keep for a long time; but soup that contains vegetables, and that is not a jelly when cold, soon decomposes. When soup that has been a jelly seems to run partially liquid, and has an appearance of being slightly frothy on the top, you may be sure that it is turning—if, indeed, it has not turned quite sour.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha' to spare."

BOTH very desirable advantages at most times in women's lives; money, especially just now, having an uncomfortable method of taking wings, and not going one-half so far as we desire it should. But judging from the present fashions, there seems to be less chance than of yore of having "siller" to spare for those who walk in silk attire, for the silks of the season are very rich and extravagant, and at the same time very costly.

The unprofessional purchaser outside the barrier of trade will not attach much importance to the distinctive names of Pompadour Pekins, Brocatelles Droguets, Velours Miniature, Bourrettes, Barodas, Chintz Porcelaine, and Velontine Jardinière; but on examination they prove to be some of the prettiest reproductions of old modes, taken from a period when dress was never unbecoming. Many a modern belle will this year appear in the same rich and tasteful brocades for which Mesdames du Barry and Pompadour won so much admiration. Many of the newest patterns are copied from the delicate sprays and sprigs which we associate with Dresden china, being carried down between broad brocaded stripes, the groundwork often satin.

We have before us at this moment a bundle of patterns of the new silks. We will describe three as fair

specimens of what would be suited to wearers of all ages. To begin with one which might be worn by quite a young woman—a light beige brocaded ground, the tint of coffee with which a good deal of milk has been mixed; on this a brocade of blue leaves here and there, and an elaborate design of olive-green with flowers in old gold, mauve, blue, and red. Another, for an older married woman, has the same beige ground closely covered with brown leaves and old gold flowers, with small red and pink blossoms here and there. And a third, for a dowager, the foundation bronze, with shaded bronze brocaded leaves all over it, and blue flowers.

Old gold is the tint of the year; it is a dull yellow of the cinnamon order, but very becoming; greens of olive tints, bronzes, Bosphore, peach, crevette, silver-grey, turquoise, all these will be worn; but next to old gold comes chamois, or gomme, whatever you may prefer to call that yellow-brown tone; and gend'arme, a heavy deep blue, is likewise to be most popular.

For those who do not affect brocades, there are still several soft makes of silk, most of them of the gomme tone, which will be used for drapery and for polonaises, and these display either small broken checks of a contrasting colour or stripes.

Velvets are likely to be worn, but for full dress this new Velontine Jardinière will be sure to find favour. The ground is very soft, of a terry make, with tiny sprays of flowers scattered all over it.

Satins will be used in all shades as well as white and black; and Duchesse satin is the widest, and at the same time far the best; it is easily distinguished from any other, from the fact that the end cut has a tendency to curl. English satin never finds favour, and yet in good truth it is far the richest and best class of satin made. The colour in black is all important; indigo is the best tone, the raven's wing not matching with other things so well.

Brocaded satins are very fashionable, of one uniform hue, ground and pattern.

White is now used in brocades when interwoven with colour, but cream is preferred to white when it alone is introduced, so brides are still destined to appear in tones which are more closely allied to cream and weak coffee than pure white, and the brown tinge gains ground in cream.

Kilt-plaitings are very much worn; so is any class of plaiting which can be lined with a contrast, and arranged so as to show the lining. It is almost impossible to convey by words how skirts are draped and arranged. Most of the newest models open up the front straight or diagonally, so as to give the appearance of being cut up, which is further carried out by revers of contrasting colour or materials. The back has generally a train-piece, the front a tunic or scarves. Beads of many varieties appear on cuffs, plastrons, and pockets, where pockets are seen; but now they are beginning to be more useful and less ornamental, and to disappear in folds.

Bodices are made with yokes, with triple capes, and the full bodices of fifteen years ago are coming in again—that is, gathered in front and on the shoulders, or with a basque at the back and a belt in front—the belt made of a crossway fold of silk or satin drawn tightly to the figure. The sleeves are either the Marguerite, with puffs at the shoulders and elbows, or coat-sleeves, the cuffs being trimmed for demi-toilette; lace-insertion is let in diagonally or perpendicularly.

Fringe is a favourite trimming: there are two new kinds—frange de chenille plume, being untwisted chenille, which falls straight and looks rich and bright; and Laminée fringe, consisting of silk braid or silk pressed and flattened, often falling in a double row. Loops lined with a contrast form a border to tunics and skirts, and battlements and rounded scallops, piped, are worn universally, pipings being a feature in fashions.

In washing materials, however, there is much to tell. Plain sateens and cretonnes in good colours will be worn, and these will be trimmed with embroidery, a new kind being worked in blue and red intermixed on white jaconet and cambric foundations. Some of these plain materials have printed borderings, exactly like the silk embroidered braids, which are torn off and applied as galons—a capital notion. Fancy cretonne, Oxford linen, Galateas, and Athaleas are all to be worn, as also Zephyr cloths; but in these there are some novelties—the Snowflake Zephyr, and the Loch Marée, which is of firmer make; and the Leno Zephyr, which will be worn for dressy occasions in place of the obsolete printed muslins; it is clear and transparent, with a knickerbocker yarn running through it. Ever since bourrette came in—in which waste silk was utilised—a variety of stuffs from this refuse have appeared in the market, and now a capital washing material under the name of waste silk is to be had, with checks and stripes, and has much the appearance of silk, which indeed it is, only that it will wash.

Under the head of millinery there are many novelties. The shapes of bonnets carry us back to the time when the generation now in middle age were enjoying the golden hours of youth. They all have strings, made either of fringed silk or satin ribbon, double faced, each side a distinct colour, and sometimes silk on one side and satin on the other. They are positive bonnets—not mere excuses for the same—trimmed so as to appear large over the face, and are of the cottage form, having Marie Stuart brims, or even double brims, which are edged with beads as large as peas, gold beads and pearl beads. Straw and chip, drawn bonnets, and shapes covered with satin are the fashion, and black or white bonnets in preference to any other, which, as they will suit all dresses, will do away with the necessity of having so many as we have been hitherto obliged to have. Feathers are worn in tufts high up on one side; if coronets appear, they are covered with dark velvet; silver wings and even silver bonnets are worn, and flowers of all impossible shades. Hats still turn up at the front and sides, but are smaller; caps are larger, with every colour grouped together on them, the idea further carried out by silk drops of the same shade on the lace. Pearled lace is used alike for caps and bonnets.

TRAVEL AND SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WE have always secretly demurred to the word "pot-hunter," when used as a term of reproach, and in contradistinction to the supposed true sportsman, who is to be actuated by vanity or a love of adventure and excitement alone. We had sooner potter about all day with dog and gun, and only get two or three brace of birds, which we could take home to our own larder, or send to appreciative friends, than be stationed in the warmest corner at a battue, to slay scores of furred and feathered creatures of whose ultimate destination we were ignorant. We derive more satisfaction from catching a quarter of a pound trout than the largest uneatable chub or barbel. In fact the sole *raisons-d'être* of sport seem to be the obtaining of edible and the destruction of harmful animals. But we have hardly dared to utter such sentiments above our breath, and it gave us therefore genuine delight to read the words with which Captain Parker Gillmore, an arch-authority, commences the preface to his new book, "The Great Thirst Land."

"I shoot for the pot—*id est*, to fill the pot—when that is done I cease to take the lives of valuable food-furnishing animals." We settled down to the reading of the narrative with avidity, confident that we should not be disgusted with those repeated accounts of useless, wanton, wholesale slaughter which disfigure the pages of several other adventurous travellers and good shots, and which sometimes tempt us to hope that a portion, at least, of their victims fell to that early English weapon which is not so deadly as the rifle.

Journeying by waggon sounds very delightful. You always have your home with you. Who, when a boy, has not envied the inhabitants of those travelling caravans which go about the country from fair to race meeting? It is like yachting by land. And besides the advantage of a roof over your head every night, you have that of not being stinted in luggage. You have not to consult seriously as to how small a quantity of clothing, medicine, ammunition, you can possibly do with, as you have to when every package has to be carried on sumpter animals' backs or men's heads. A waggon gives you a good margin. And yet our travellers sound like overburdening themselves when we hear that the weight of their luggage was four tons and a half! But then they took out eleven guns, twenty thousand rounds of ball cartridge, one hundred pounds of gunpowder, five hundred pounds of pig-lead, and five hundred pounds of shot. It reads like the preparation for a little war. They got all this luggage stowed away in the hold of a steamer bound for the Cape of Good Hope, and sighted Table Mountain on the twenty-third day. One of their fellow-passengers, whose name was Holly, a resident in the Colony, attached himself to them and begged to be taken on their staff. He said that he could speak Dutch, knew the ways of settlers and Kaffirs, was thoroughly up in the management and driving of cattle, and, in short, could save them any amount of delay, trouble, and expense. Such a man, no doubt, would be very useful; the drawback was that Mr. Holly's habits did not seem to be very sober. However, they made allowances for an idle life on board ship, and were willing to believe his assertions that he was not habitually intemperate, and as they liked him in other respects they agreed to allow him to join them in their trip up-country.

Their original intention had been to hire a small coaster at Cape Town, sail to Walwich Bay, and start for the game country from thence; but they could not obtain a suitable vessel in the first instance, and were assured that it would be difficult to buy draught-oxen on their arrival if they got there. So they had to reship their four and a half tons of luggage, *plus* a waggon bought for £110 in Cape Town, and go on to Natal. The prices asked for oxen there were so exorbitant that they proceeded to Pieter-Maritzburg, the political capital, and then their difficulties commenced in earnest.

It seems that there are a set of cattle-dealers and other agents who arrogate to themselves the right of fitting out travellers at the most ruinous rates, and if their impositions are resisted, and fairer bargains obtained from outsiders, they make use of every device which suggests itself to adepts acting against novices to thwart the expedition, often with such success that the disappointed sportsmen are obliged to give up their proposed journey, and sell off their stores, &c., for what they will fetch, much to the profit of the rapacious conspirators.

Then Holly was a lazy fellow, who did nothing but sing "The Red, White, and Blue," unless he was perpetually being bullied; and then picked up the first Zulus who offered their services, thus getting together a very inexperienced staff. Another difficulty was about horses, since in hunting big game, elephants especially, a man's life often depends upon his being well mounted. Now it is not a light matter to buy a horse anywhere, but in Africa there is something extra to be considered besides soundness, sure-footedness, freedom from vice, and speed; you have to ascertain whether a horse has been *saulted*. It seems that horses there are subject to a disease corresponding to the distemper in some breeds of dogs—*i.e.*, they all have it, and most of them die of it, but they never have it twice. When they have passed through the ordeal they are said to be *saulted*.

At last horses, dogs, oxen, Zulus were procured, and a start was made, but a break-down occurred almost immediately, owing in great measure to the careless-

ness of Holly, who got drunk again, and was summarily dismissed. But accidents were perpetually recurring; the head driver, the most important man of the party, was in league with their enemies, and paid to stop them. When he saw an ant-bear-hole he guided one of the wheels into it, and it took many hours of severe labour to get the waggon out again; he put the drag on going up-hill; he tampered with the treck-tow, which snapped whenever a severe strain was put upon it, leaving the vehicle in a morass or the bed of a river till a blacksmith and an extra team could be obtained, to repair damages and drag it out.

When at last Captain Gillmore discovered his tricks he lost his temper, and went at him with his fists, *more Britannico*, a procedure which, if not legally defensible, must surely be condoned considering the provocation. A piece of impatience far more lamentable was that which, about this time, led him to attempt the self-extraction of an aching tooth with a pair of pincers; for though he managed to pull out a large molar, it proved to be the *wrong* one.

What the travellers would have done for a proper conductor, the driving of oxen being a difficult art which it takes many years' practice to acquire, it is hard to imagine, had they not been overtaken by a party of Dutch Boers who were returning with their waggons to their settlement at Potschefstrom, which was 400 miles on their journey, and made a bargain with them to keep in company for that distance; one of their number, William, agreeing to act as their driver.

Another bright spot was the gratitude of a poor destitute Kaffir boy whom Captain Gillmore picked up and took into his service, calling him Umganey, after the falls where he met with him. Umganey proved a most useful and faithful servant. To balance this, Holly turned up again, having ridden after them to beg forgiveness and another trial, which was given him. But he proved quite useless, and soon had to leave again.

They were now in a fair way of getting to their hunting-grounds, though with upwards of four tons weight in their waggon, it is no wonder that they were brought to a standstill occasionally, and there was a good deal of toil connected with their journey. In going up steep hills, for example, the two travellers had to keep close behind the waggon with large blocks of stone in their hands, ready to jam them under the hind wheels directly the word "Klip" was shouted: a service of some danger to the hands and arms. However, the advantage of several waggons travelling in company is that when one gets stuck the oxen can be brought from the others to help it out of its difficulties; and so they got on pretty well, though the Boers were in such a hurry to get home to their *frows* and *kinderkins*, that the sportsmen found little opportunity for making excursions in pursuit of game. But they consoled themselves with the thought that they would have plenty of shooting by-and-by.

One of them, unhappily, was doomed to disappointment. Morris was soon attacked with fever, and had to be left behind, to his companion's great regret; and though he was able to rejoin him after a few days' rest, he was unable to remain long. He had a few days' spring-buck and coram shooting, but his ambition to encounter the lion and the elephant was not for that time to be gratified. He grew worse and worse till they reached Potschefstrom, where it became evident that it was no use struggling against fate any longer. So he took advantage of a mail-cart going to the Diamond Fields, from whence there was constant communication with Port Elizabeth, and started with the intention of getting to England as soon as possible. Captain Gillmore, thus left to pursue his journey alone, lightened his luggage by leaving behind what articles he could dispense with, had the waggon thoroughly repaired, and made a fresh start.

William the Boer driver's engagement was now over, and Captain Gillmore found it difficult to replace him, but having had some experience in the management of teams by this, he was not so dependent, and two Scotch settlers, whose hospitality he soon afterwards enjoyed, did their best to assist him. Among other troubles, some of the men deserted for the Diamond Fields; and his clothes had been stitched with a sewing-machine, so that when a rip began in one of the seams it ran right up, giving him a good deal of uncongenial tailoring to do. Game, however, became more and more plentiful, and that was the principal thing.

The traveller's object was big game, with some ivory and ostrich feathers to help pay his expenses, and his programme was to hunt in the Bechuana country, where elephants still abound. Kama, King of the Bechuanas, however, is very particular as to whom he allows the shooting, and the Boers and other traders warned Captain Gillmore over and over again that he was wasting his time—Kama had refused everybody lately; and quite right too, considering the wanton way in which the game had been destroyed. But the Englishman had his own reasons for expecting that an exception would be made in his favour, and pursued his journey to Soshong, the capital where Kama resides, situated on the verge of the Kalahari Desert, or Great Thirst Land. This part of his expedition, from Potschefstrom to Soshong, appears to have been the pleasantest, for though his friend had gone he was seldom without genial companionship. He generally outspanned in the neighbourhood of a settler, and though sometimes this was a Boer who anticipated that annexation which has since become a fact, and bore no love to the English, he also fell in with Scotchmen who had married Dutch wives, and who could not make enough of a countryman in that distant land; with an Irishman who was, if possible, equally delighted to see him, and who kept repeating that it was a great day for Ireland, entirely—why, he did not explain; and with other friendly folk. He also joined waggons with a young white trader and keen sportsman who was going his way, and they travelled together through Gordon Cumming's ground, on the Limpopo river. The sport comprised pig-sticking, hunting jackal with the dogs, hartebeest and quagga shooting. Above all, he was at that period in pretty good health.

On outspanning one evening in a particularly charming spot, they found that they had for neighbours another trader, who was travelling with his newly married wife and her sister. Fraternisation took place, it was agreed to rest there all the next day, and the gallant captain organised a fishing party and picnic in honour of the ladies. The fishing proved a success; so did the luncheon.

After the meal the unmarried damsel wandered in search of water-plants amongst the reeds on the bank. Suddenly she stumbled upon a lion, which seemed inclined to spring at her, but she faced him and screamed, so he hesitated. The men seized their rifles, ran up, and shot him before he had made up his mind whether to fight or fly.

Two or three journeys from this place, the traveller came to the boomslang-tree from which Hendrick, Gordon Cumming's faithful driver, was carried off from under the waggon by a lion. The tree bore the name of the mighty hunter, as well as those of Baynes, Hartley, and Mauch.

At Soshong the traveller was most kindly received by the missionaries resident there, and introduced to King Kama, to read the account of whom quite revolutionises one's ideas of African potentates. He is described as an affable, courteous gentleman, excessively well-bred. He at once gave leave to hunt in his country, explaining his reason for refusing permission to Boers and traders; and it was not long before Captain Gillmore made a fresh start. But though he was now soon in the midst of that big game to encounter which is the sportsman's highest ambition, all zest for the wild life seems to have died out. Cut off now from all white companionship, he regretted his friend Morris continually. His boy, Umganey, was literally the only friend he had; a conversation amongst his other followers, overheard at starting by one who could interpret it, showed the nature of their feelings towards him. "Our boss is a fat cow, he has plenty of milk: let us milk the cow," was the burden of their song. He does not dwell on his discomforts, but it is evident that from that time he was never free from fever. Whether he had typhoid or dysentery he does not say; but if not, how he escaped is wonderful. For the water he had to drink was so full of animalculæ and every description of impurity that it clogged a filter at once; boiling converted it into a sort of soup, and the only way to get any use out of it at all was to drain it through a stocking. Still he appears to have kept up his spirits pretty well, till he got a nasty fall from his mare's putting her feet in a hole while chasing giraffes at full speed. After that, though he went to work again in a week, it is evident that he was thoroughly done up, and only excess of pluck kept him going at all. His Kaffirs took advantage of his condition, and were in a chronic state of mutiny.

One night as he lay in his waggon, exhausted with fever, he felt his favourite mare jerking and straining at the fore-wheel to which she was tethered; and knowing that this must be from fear of wild beasts, roused out to find that the fires which it is necessary to keep burning to scare the lions, &c., had been allowed to go very low. He called, but there was no response; all his boys, including the faithful Umganey, had gone off to have a jollification with some other Kaffirs in the neighbourhood. So he had to see to the fires himself, and in tearing down wood to replenish them with, was twice stung by a scorpion—a fact which is mentioned without any allusion to the after-effects, as if the sting of a scorpion were no more than that of a hornet. That must have been a bad night he passed—enfeebled by accident and fever, deserted by all, surrounded by lions, and suffering from the agony of two scorpion-stings! Some men would have gone mad; but so far from losing his reason, Captain Gillmore even kept his temper with the two mutinous ringleaders who led the rest into mischief, and forbore to shoot them even when they threatened his life. He was obliged at last, indeed, to knock them down; and then they deserted in real earnest, leaving the fever-stricken traveller a frightful amount of hard work to do, which was still further increased when Umganey fell ill and could not assist him.

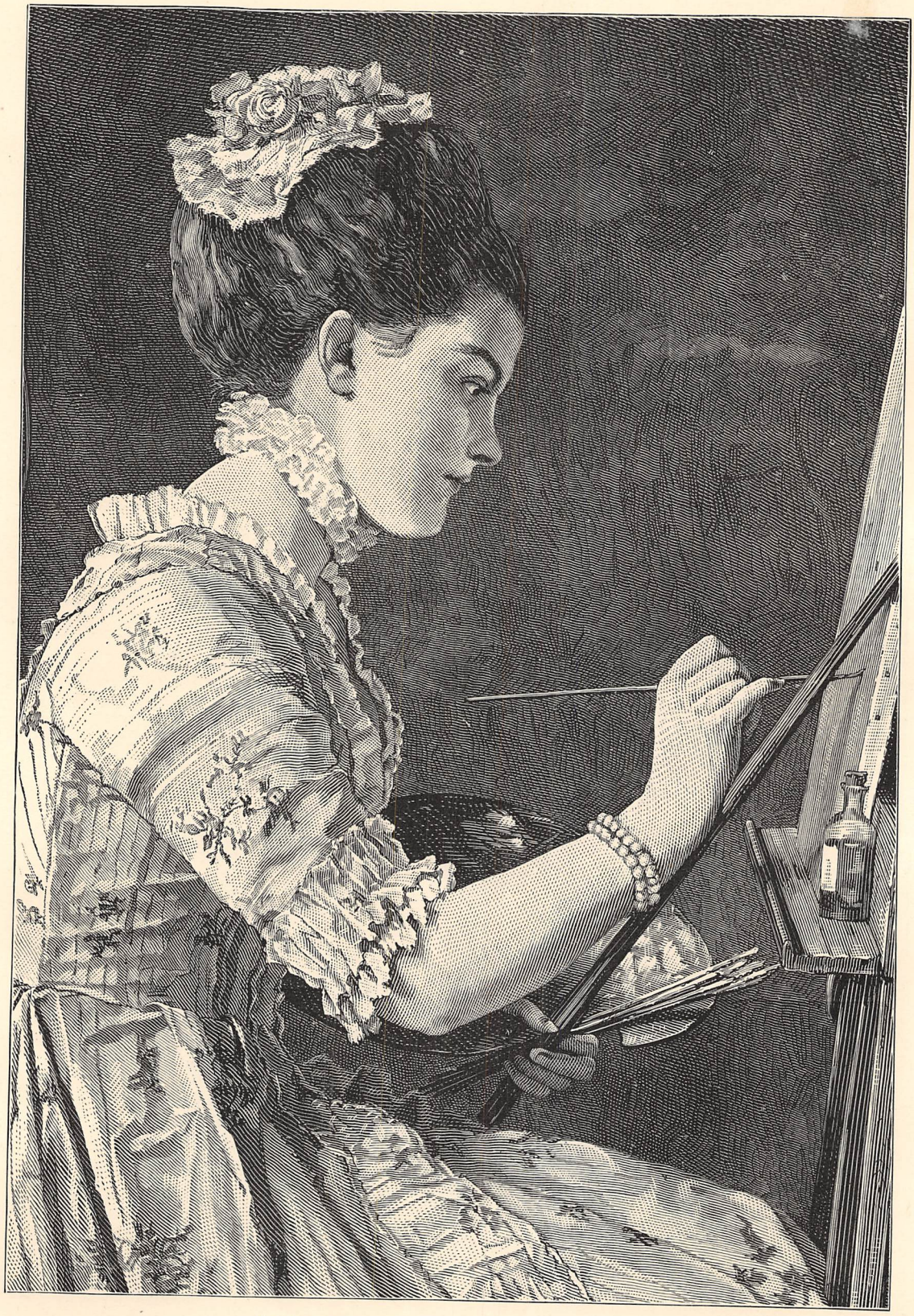
It is the old story of African travel—a constant strain upon the physical, moral, and mental energies of the sportsman or explorer, which one would deem beyond human endurance if there were not living proof to the contrary.

The awkward part of travelling across this Great Thirst Land seems to be this: you are forced to outspan close to the rare and far-distant pools of water, and the lions, panthers, &c., that must drink once in the twenty-four hours, assemble at the same spots, so that the oxen and horses must necessarily be taken every night into the very midst of their enemies. The impossibility of judging where a lion is from his roaring is owing to his putting his mouth close to the earth, which causes the sound to roll along like thunder, producing at the same time a vibration which is very trying to weak nerves.

The wild animals drink at these sparse watering-places in regular order: first the small antelopes, then the larger, the zebras and buffaloes; after these the giraffes, then the rhinoceros, and lastly the elephant. The lion, however, drinks whenever he chooses.

At last the returning traveller reached the Diamond Fields and civilisation, to be assaulted, knocked down, and stripped of everything about him, by white highwaymen, and left to find his way on foot to Kimberly, one hundred and fifty miles distant. Arrived at this place, however, his adventures were over, and all that was left for him was to return to England and recover his health, which we take the liberty of heartily hoping that he has done. For our space is filled, and those who wish to hear how the Kaffir beauty teased the white man by eating live caterpillars; how hyænas bite off people's cheeks as they lie asleep around the bivouac fire; how Mr. Finnety shot lions right and left, as good shots at home do partridges, and many other entertaining and instructive facts connected with natural history, ethnology, geography, and sport, must turn to the book entitled "The Great Thirst Land" itself.

LEWIS HOUGH.



"AND TRACED A CHILD'S FACE DELICATELY FAIR."

PERFECTION (p. 369).

PERFECTION: TWO SONNETS.

I.

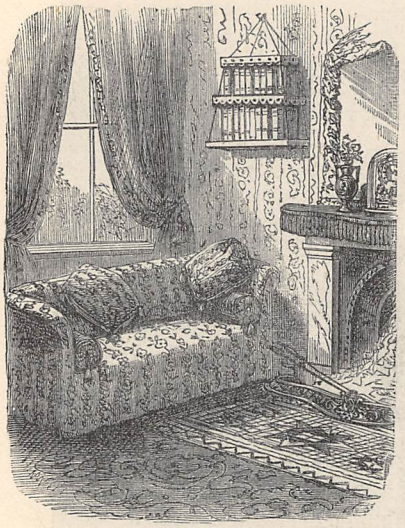
ALL-CONSCIOUS of a power that strangely came
And thrilled each nerve, a maiden lingered long,
Seeking some noble subject pure and strong,
That she might paint, and win a golden fame.
But all her seeking was but fraught with shame:
She sought perfection and she sought in vain;
Men, women—heroes, heroines—the stain
Of long life-journeys tarnished every name.
And then she took her brush, half in despair,
And traced a child's face delicately fair,
Unmarred by sin and sweet with every grace;
And these the words she wrote beneath it there:
"Perfection is not; but its noblest trace
Is surely hidden in a child's sweet face."

II.

A dreamer read the lines and turned away,
His soul all stirred within him—"Can it be?
Perfection nearest found in infancy?
The early dawning brighter than the day?
The moulded figure weaker than the clay?"
And then before his eyes cloud-fancies passed,
And in their misty shapes he traced at last
Grand noble faces, bright with purest ray;
Faces all marred, but rich with wondrous glow,
Refined with fire and purified by woe—
Women in weakness of their womanhood,
Men in their strength, living for others' good:
For as in gold are set fair jewels of price,
Most perfect lives are set in sacrifice.

G. W.

HOME CONTRIVANCES.



NO one who has not tried can form any idea of how many useful "contrivances" there are in the world;—of how many apparent impossibilities may be conquered, how many ends widely asunder may be drawn together;—of how many difficulties may be surmounted, and dangers averted, by the practical application of a little of the floating ingenuity to be found in every family.

Every one knows that necessity is the mother of invention, and a careful, energetic, prudent mother she is, fostering her offspring in youth that she may be fostered by them in age; but it is something short of actual necessity which calls for contrivances, and something short of invention which supplies them.

When the drawing-room furniture becomes actually shabby, instead of packing off the chairs and couches to the furniture shop to be re-covered, or exchanging them at a great sacrifice for new ones—which will necessitate new carpet, rug, and curtains, or at least make the old ones look very guilty and downcast—they should be tastefully and carefully covered at home; they will look just as pretty, frequently prettier, than if they had been sent to the upholsterer, without putting their surroundings to the blush. Even when their shape is old-fashioned, a little contrivance does wonders; the shabbiest and most ungainly couch can be made to look not only passably, but positively pretty, by a well-made cover of some soft, self-coloured washing material with a floral border, or a delicate-patterned chintz or cretonne: a cover contrived to conceal defects, tone down angularities, supply deficiencies, and present a grateful outline to the eye. If the back is stiff and awkward, try what a few *soft square* cushions carelessly placed will do. If the ends are straight and prim, pad them well with cheap wadding, see that the covers do not drag, and avoid attracting attention to them by ornamenting them with showy antimacassars. The fragments of lace and satin, so fashionable and popular, and we may say plentiful in the modern drawing-room, look well on handsome chairs, which they are meant to ornament, not protect from either dust or friction, but a pretty antimacassar on a shabby chair or lounge only makes the shabbiness more painfully apparent.

Is there a vacant or bare-looking corner in your back drawing-room, or breakfast-room? Think what a nice ottoman can be easily contrived to fill it up—one of those empty square trunks in the box-room, a few yards of grey wadding, which costs about 1½d. a yard, and a few yards of chintz or cretonne. Have a small, neat pattern with a clear ground. Contrive your cover to fit well—that is the main point; don't let it be too short, or too long, or too wide, or too narrow, nor have one side full and the other skimpy. Above all, have the corners exact, and get the sides to hang evenly and gracefully; place it cornerways; place all furniture—couches, easy-chairs, tables—at some angle—a correct one to the eye, if you can—and the result will be surprising. We have seen pretty, tasteful, modern furniture look stiff and old-fashioned from being arranged in lines, and a well-worn old suite look effective and charming from artistic arrangement, and a few cleverly contrived aids in the way of cushions, covers, and padding.

Having transformed an unsightly box into a pretty and useful article of furniture, we may, in houses where such contrivances are not needed or permitted in the drawing-room, with great advantage transfer it to the bed-room, where a pretty seat in a window, or by the fire, is not only a great comfort, but a box in the disguise of an ottoman relieves overcrowded drawers and wardrobes, so adding to comfort and orderliness; and here we may say that without orderliness there can be no real comfort; without comfort, hardly can we hope to maintain perfect health; and without health there is no happiness.

All covers should be made to wash, and come off easily, therefore tacks should be religiously avoided; the cushion, which must be made separately, ought to come over the edge of the box a little, and be firmly tied on with tape; the covers, if you can contrive to make them fit properly, require no fastening. Not only may empty boxes be utilised, but dressing-tables too shabby for respectability, too old-fashioned for pleasant contemplation—for the eye delights in novelty—useless to the furniture dealer, yet too good to be broken up for firewood, can by the judicious use of coloured roll muslin, and old lace or leno window curtains, or even worn-out grenadine evening dresses, be transformed into tasteful, graceful toilet-tables. We have seen a pretty and most convenient dressing-table contrived, on a pinch, from two villainous-looking deal packing-cases placed on their ends, and the discarded leaf of a table placed on top; each box was covered all round with pink glazed calico, tacked on tightly, and that draped with the best portions of a pair of old lace hangings that had lain in a drawer for years, discarded as utterly useless. There was a frill about eight inches deep tacked to the table-leaf, and the whole finished by a white dimity toilet-cover trimmed with fringe. The

contrivance was not only pretty to look at, but it was a most comfortable table to sit at, the space between the packing-cases being most convenient for the feet.

Book-shelves for the bed-room may be easily contrived from the boards of old boxes, which in some mysterious way accumulate about a house. Three pieces should be selected, of three sizes; carefully paper them, and when thoroughly dry, have a hole bored in each corner about half an inch from the edge; get a few yards of green or red window-cord, pass it through the holes of the largest shelf, then place four firm knots on the four ends at equal distances, then draw the ends through the holes of the second-sized shelf, and so with the third; then fasten all four ends firmly together, leaving the two front ones a little longer than those meant to be next the wall. When the shelves are firmly and evenly hung up, get a few yards of ornamental leather, and tack it round the ends and front of the shelves. It hides the edges of the board and the knots on the cord, and most important of all, keeps the dust from the books.

Calling on an acquaintance, not very long ago, I observed a hearth-rug of a very original design in the breakfast-room; it was entirely composed of shreds of cloth, blue, black, scarlet, and grey, about three inches in length and half an inch wide, arranged in a systematic and pretty pattern, the grey forming the walls of Troy as a border on a black ground, the centre an intricate design of stars and squares, the whole stitched firmly and neatly on a piece of coarse canvas. It was large, comfortable, pretty-looking, and would doubtless last a long time; and, I was informed, had been made by the servant during the leisure hours of two winters.

"But where," I asked, "did she get all the pieces of cloth?"

"Collected them patiently and carefully," was the reply: "saved scraps left from the children's clothes. I fancy she must have a particular friend a tailor, for she has manufactured a sort of winter rug for her bed entirely from cloth selvages, and one for mine, very pretty and beautifully warm, from fragments of scarlet flannel collected with patience, and put together with a great deal of ingenuity." Apropos of rugs I would give a hint for the making of one, which I tried and found to answer very well. Get a dozen yards of wadding and eight of cretonne, four of one pattern and four of another; cut each piece into two widths and join them together, then arrange the wadding between, and bind the edges neatly with coloured braid; a narrow fringe all round is an improvement. Sew a few dozen cheap shirt-buttons on it at regular intervals, to keep the wadding in its place, and you have a warm, useful, pretty rug, equally serviceable for the couch or the bed, at a very small outlay. Of course it comes cheaper still if you have any old curtains, dressing-gowns, or any other soft materials that can be used instead of cretonne.

One pretty addition to the bed or dressing room which, though not exactly a contrivance, may be worth mentioning and describing—this is a shoe-bag. A yard of holland will make one to hold four pairs of boots or shoes. The holland should be folded into three parts—two of equal size, the third smaller—and shaped to fold over like the adhesive part of an envelope. The two equal parts should be stitched together, then divided lengthways into eight compartments—each large enough to hold a boot or shoe—by rows of feather-stitch, herring-bone, or rows of narrow braid neatly put on. The whole bag, flap and all, should be bound with braid or finished off with fringe, or it might be made of piqué or dimity, to match the toilet mats, and trimmed accordingly. Two tapes should be fastened at the back to tie it to the foot of the bedstead, or to hooks put up in any convenient place. The envelope-shaped flap may be either tied, hooked, or buttoned over, and then the boots and shoes are out of the way in a careful, orderly manner, secured alike from dust and damage.

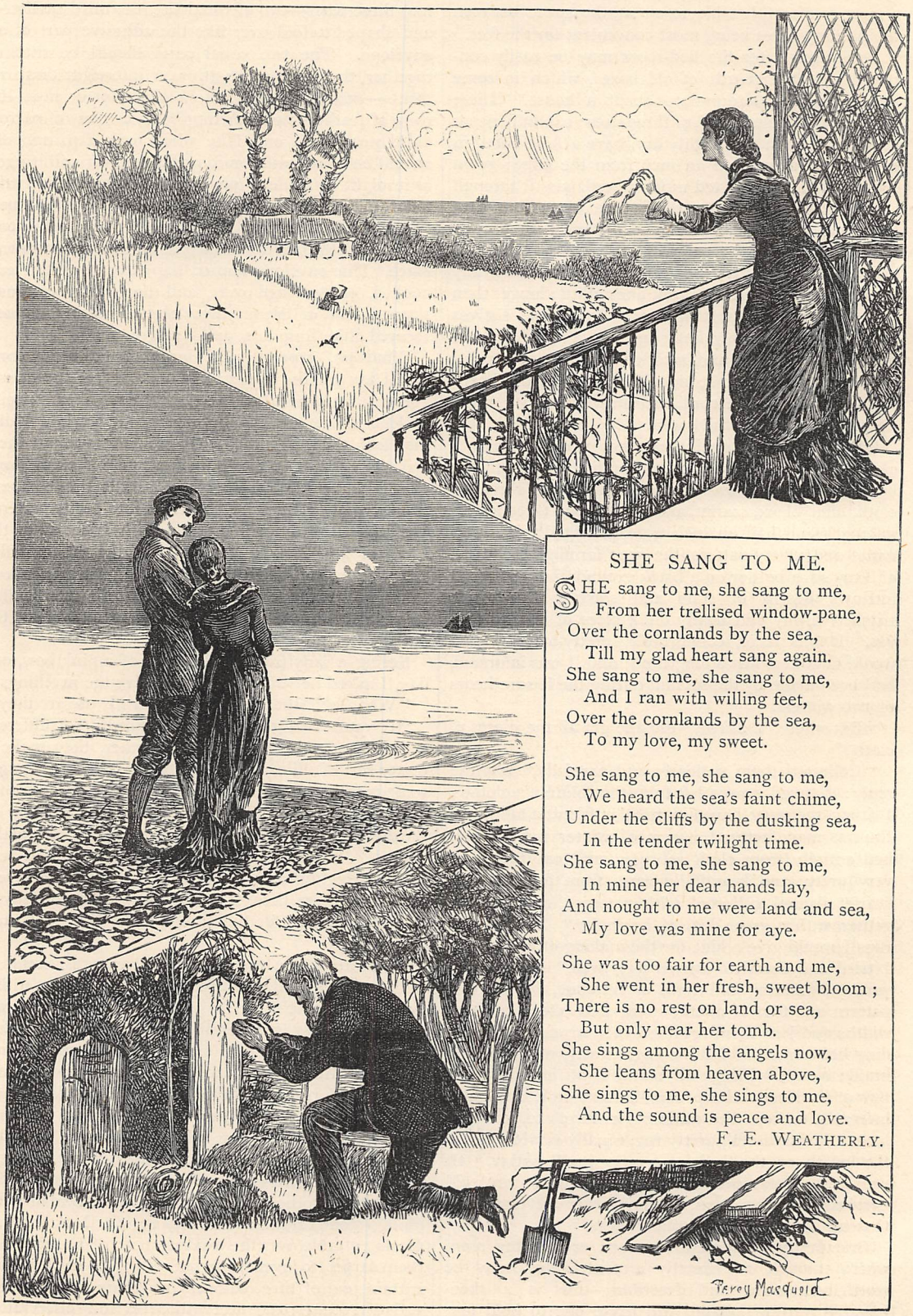
Windows, especially in large towns, are a continual tax on the patience and pocket of the housekeeper. It is needless to say how soon clean muslin or leno short curtains become grimy, or how badly they look then, and how troublesome it is to put them up quite straight and keep them so. On back windows a useful substitute for short curtains is tissue paper; white or pale yellow looks best, cut into pretty patterns and pasted neatly on the panes, with sweet oil or the white of an egg. It gives plenty of light, excludes observation, and only requires dusting with a feather-brush, while the cost is scarcely worth mentioning. In many instances it will be found to answer all the purposes of ground glass.

Seeing a lady fringing the ends of a pink bow, one day, I asked her why she did not save the ravellings.

"What for?" she asked, "what earthly use are they?"

"If you save a great many," I replied, "of different colours, and mix them *softly* together, they make a pretty sort of filling for the grate." And sure enough some months after, when I visited her, I found a soft, fluffy, flossy ball of all the colours of the rainbow in the drawing-room stove, and very pretty and original it looked. Indeed, silk ravellings are useful and well worth saving for many reasons; they stuff cushions very well, and where there is a baby they do beautifully to wad a couverette for the cradle, being light, soft, and warm.

These are but a few of the contrivances, useful as well as ornamental, that are to a certain extent within everybody's reach. If a good housekeeper did not contrive things innumerable—if her dresses when altered, re-trimmed, and turned, did not cut up into frocks for Minnie—if Minnie's did not descend by easy stages to Florrie, and if Florrie's pinafores did not cut into bibs for baby—if she was not always altering, planning, and contriving, where would she be at the end of the year? Clever contrivances cover at least a third of the expenses of a prudent housekeeper. She brings them to bear on everything, from reversing the dining-room curtains when they begin to look faded, or placing a table over the weakest spot of the drawing-room carpet, to ingeniously concocting two new window curtains out of three old ones, or making the two best ends of a counterpane meet without exciting observation.



SHE SANG TO ME.

SHE sang to me, she sang to me,
From her trellised window-pane,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
Till my glad heart sang again.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
And I ran with willing feet,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
To my love, my sweet.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
We heard the sea's faint chime,
Under the cliffs by the dusking sea,
In the tender twilight time.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
In mine her dear hands lay,
And nought to me were land and sea,
My love was mine for aye.

She was too fair for earth and me,
She went in her fresh, sweet bloom;
There is no rest on land or sea,
But only near her tomb.
She sings among the angels now,
She leans from heaven above,
She sings to me, she sings to me,
And the sound is peace and love.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—I.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE works, gigantic in extent, necessary to insure the punctual opening of the Paris Exhibition on May 1st, have been pushed on with an alacrity which mere money payments, on however liberal a scale, could never have secured. French patriotism, if less noisy, is perhaps more earnest than it was eight years ago, and every one concerned in rearing the vast Industrial Palace of the Trocadero, from the rich contractor to the humblest blouse-clad private in the great army of labour, takes a personal interest in hurrying the completion of a task in which he feels the credit and prosperity of France and Paris to be somehow involved.

That the site was itself well chosen there can be little doubt. Napoleon the First, who had an eye for artistic effect, selected that especial portion of the Champ de Mars, not as yet known by its resonant Spanish name, whereon to erect a palace of another sort, the sumptuous abode of the infant King of Rome. It stands boldly forward, overlooking the river that skirts its base, and the distance from the bustling streets of the city is not great enough to make the daily excursion thither a too fatiguing pilgrimage.

Some critics consider that too much space and attention have been bestowed upon amusements and refreshment-rooms. Very likely, had the Trocadero been on British ground, we should not have deemed centrifugal railways, skating-rinks, a mock observatory, and a multiplicity of restaurants indoor and outdoor, indispensable to the success of the enterprise. They manage these matters, however, otherwise in France, and it is probable that to the bulk of the Gallic visitors the opportunities for recreation, and the numberless little marble-topped tables cunningly ensconced beneath shady trees and flower-decked terraces, will appear among the most attractive features of the Grand International Show.

The river frontage of the huge building already presents an imposing, if not entirely a comely aspect. Beauty of outline has indeed been somewhat sacrificed to convenience, since long galleries were thought essential for the due exhibiting of the million and one ingenious machines, art treasures, and industrial products there to be shown, and therefore the galleries of the Trocadero Palace are perhaps disproportionally lengthy. They are calculated, however, to accommodate a crowd of sight-seers, with the minimum of jostling or of vitiated air.

The eastern half of the immense pile is appropriated to French exhibitors, and we may be sure that every nerve will be strained to collect under its roof the many useful things, and the still greater number of pretty things, manufactured within French frontiers —silks and statues, porcelain and cannon, the tough steel of Creuzot and the almost equally tenacious glass of Blanzy, with a tempting array of those elegant gimcracks known in trade parlance as *articles de Paris*, and of which many of the most skilled producers are now expiating their political errors in New Caledonia.

The western moiety of the great central building is allotted to foreign nations, and it is not without a pardonable pride that an Englishman observes how large a portion of the available space, no less than one-fourth, belongs to Great Britain and her colonies. In addition to this, one-half of the spacious vestibule has been assigned to the British Commission, and is set aside for the purpose of exhibiting the many trophies and the costly gifts—a mass of glittering objects—brought back by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales from his memorable tour in India.

In the western or foreign department of the Exhibition, one uncomfortable gap is noticed, and one formidable competitor makes herself ominously conspicuous by her absence. Germany declines the invitation to submit her wares and her works of art to the appreciation of a French public and the award of a French jury. But if Germany be absent, and Spain backward, Austria takes a prominent place, and will send her matchless Bohemian glass and Prague jewellery, her Viennese sabres and mosaics, and the corn and wine, and opals and turquoises, of Hungary and the Carpathians. Russia and Turkey have been otherwise engaged than in preparing for this peaceful contest, and Japan eclipses the far more important empire of China. Belgium will do something, and America very much more, to render the forthcoming Exhibition worthy of its illustrious predecessors; but there is no disguising the fact that English visitors, English exhibitors, are regarded as the mainstay of the coming show, and hence the tremulous anxiety with which our neighbours watch the political barometer, any depression in which will affect the welfare of their own Festival of Industry.

One noteworthy feature will distinguish this Exhibition from all that have preceded it. Five countries, of which Sweden led the way, will send soldiers to form a sort of guard of honour over the departments assigned to the respective nations. The Austrian white uniform will be in juxtaposition with the British scarlet, and the Swedish light blue with the darker blues of military attire in Holland and Italy. America will be more pacifically represented, but a very large contingent of transatlantic visitors is con-

fidently anticipated by the hotel-keepers and lodging-house proprietors of Paris.

Perhaps it is because we are, as Napoleon called us, a nation of shop-keepers, and therefore understand in practical matters that time is money, that we are so creditably forward in preparing for our contribution to the giant fair which the month of May is to see set forth in the French capital. Our hosts, it is rumoured, are not in their private capacity so prompt or so punctual. The French Government and the municipal authorities of Paris have shown forethought and energy, but individual exhibitors have been perhaps over-confident that plenty of leisure lay before them.

The British section has certainly been extremely fortunate in one respect. It has been placed under the superintendence of a president who gives it more than the prestige of his royal rank. The Prince of Wales does real work, and encourages others to do real work, in organising and pressing forward our own share in this latest of Exhibitions; and the Indian department in particular has been cared for in a manner which will insure its being regarded as one of the principal attractions of the Trocadero. Even the Oriental attendants, robed and turbaned, who will keep watch over the stalls of Delhi scarves and Benares goldsmiths' work, would suffice to win the suffrages of the novelty-loving Parisian public.

At the farther end of the British section stands the fine Colonial Hall, and this we may expect to be better filled, and stocked with a more varied store of the earth's productions — mineral, vegetable, and animal—than any other part of the building can supply. In mechanism, and in the manufacturing arts, our colonies will of course be easily outstripped by the elder and more densely peopled countries of the world; but no empire or republic can possibly get together so vast and diversified a collection of the natural products and agricultural wealth of all soils and climates.

Even when Exhibitions were regarded as a novel and perilous experiment, and the great glass palace of 1851 arose in Hyde Park, less ostensible interest was taken in the new project than is displayed towards the Trocadero undertaking by the Executive and Legislature of the country to which it belongs. The session of the French Parliament is to be avowedly curtailed for the reason that any stormy dispute, or hard-fought division, within the walls of the Chamber, might do harm to the Exhibition. A compromise has been effected between opposing parties, for the benefit of the Trocadero, and fickle Paris appears to have dressed herself in the smiles of her blithest good-humour to do honour to her guests.

The truth is that the very existence of the Exhibition, the fact that it will open at the time announced, and such measure of success as it is likely to attain, are all taken as subtle and welcome compliments to France, to the stability of her institutions, and to her assured future. She has made great progress since the war and the Commune, and now she asks the world at large to visit and admire the enormous Temple of Industry which she has set up.

JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD.

ON KEEPING LATE HOURS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE old-fashioned advice, "Go to bed with the sun and rise with the lark," if not meant to be understood in a literal sense, nevertheless plainly inculcates the necessity, if we wish to retain good health, of wisely dividing the day into a period of rest and a period of activity. Indeed, nature demands such a division, and we should bear in mind that it is impossible to infringe any one of her laws without paying the penalty. Yet I know that the very words, "law" and "penalty," are distasteful to the ears of many of my readers. These are they who wish to live free-and-easily, who do not, or say they do not, mind about after-penalties so long as they can enjoy present pleasures, who hurry through existence fast and heedlessly, to whom life is but a short and fitful fever, but who probably never did, and never will, know what true enjoyment means.

"I don't want to live to be old and decrepit"—have we not all heard such expressions?—and "a short life and a merry for me." But who does live to be old and decrepit? Mostly those who have been blessed with strong constitutions to begin with, and have lived hard and free, and thus opened the door for rheums and pains and chronic ailments to come in, and be the torturers of their later years. For, mark what I say, decrepitude and old age by no means always, nor should they often, go hand in hand. It would be easy, for example, to imagine the quiet and happy existence of one who, descended from healthy parents, and reared on sound principles, well trained in body, well schooled in mind, embarked at length in life with a full determination (and the very possession of a *mens sana in corpore sano* would render this easy of accomplishment) to be always moderate and temperate in all things, to be a philosopher in fact, neither hurried in business nor mad as to pleasure, using but never abusing the good things around him, and habitually conforming to the few and ordinary rules of health. For such a one, accident apart, we might confidently predict a green old age—nay, more, for he would never feel, nor seem in manners to others, old. He would retain his faculties until the last, and not only these, but the power to enjoy life and see others about him enjoying it too. Nor would he have aught of that vain clinging to youth, which is so common to most of the middle-aged, nor any of that gloomy apprehension of coming demise which is born of nervousness,

the result of long years badly spent. The sunset of a life such as we depict would be fully as rosy as the dawn; the old man would but feel weary; like the child at the close of a summer's day, who, tired of its gambols, longs for rest in the maternal arms, so would he long for rest on the lap of earth. And that wish would be granted him; he would sleep and the veil that had hidden him from the Great Unseen would be lifted.

But in reality how few such lives and deaths as these have we ever known or heard of? and for this simple reason: continued disobedience of the laws of nature is followed by the early-death-penalty, just as surely as the gloom of winter succeeds the autumn's sunshine. Yet you may object to this statement of mine, you may tell me that you know of many men, who have died at fourscore years and over, who have been almost till the last hale, hearty, and upright, but who have confessed to having lived the freest and fastest of lives. I grant what you say, but still I maintain that such men were giants in the might of their health and the vigour of their constitutions, and that in all probability, had their mode of life been different, not eighty only but a hundred would have been the age they might easily have attained.

The method in which we in the present day conduct our business, and the way in which we take our enjoyments, have, I am convinced, a tendency to shorten our existences. Life with most of us is a fitful fever, a race that is run thoughtlessly and heedlessly; our nervous systems are kept constantly on the stretch, and are thus too soon worn out beyond the power of repair; we become in reality old before our time. The keeping of late hours, with its numerous attendant evils, is one thing that tends greatly to abbreviate life. It is no excuse to say that late hours are fashionable; unhappily this is so, and sadly indeed does society need reformation in this respect, for late hours, late suppers, late parties, and late play-goings yearly claim their victims by the thousand. Were this climate of ours ever so favourable to longevity, it would be no reason why we should turn night into day, no reason why we should be abroad when deadly dews are falling, or abed in stuffy rooms when the glorious sun is shining, and when there is life and health in every breeze that blows.

There are two classes of people who, it seems to me, are the chief sufferers from the habit of keeping late hours—first the votaries of fashion or pleasure, and secondly those who devote their lives to literature and the study of the sciences. I would have a word to say to both. The first I would remind that refreshing sleep and rest are just as necessary for the keeping of our bodies in health as are food and exercise. "Apollo does not always bend his bow," and a due proportion of sleep is required by all, that the system may recover, and the nerves be freshened and recruited after the bustle or toils of the day. I have, in a previous paper, tried to explain that during sound sleep the capillaries of the brain are in a great measure bloodless, that if these minute arteries are weakened by long excitement of any kind, they are unable properly to contract, their elasticity is in a great measure gone, and only a semi or partially bloodless condition of the brain is possible, and consequently deep sleep cannot be procured, but only in its stead a semi-unconsciousness, during which past events and past thoughts are mingled and blended together in what are termed dreams, which, whether pleasant or the reverse, indicate the absence of that balmy sleep which alone is nature's sweet restorer. Now a certain time of quiet repose of mind before retiring to bed is necessary to those who have spent the night in joyful excitement, to allow the blood to return from the brain, if anything like refreshing sleep is to be expected, for only the weary labourer can throw himself on his couch and go to sleep at once. But do the keepers of late hours ever get, or ever seek to get, this period of repose, this prelude to a quiet night? I fear but seldom. And if their bodies are deprived of sufficient rest and sleep, surely it is as absurd to think they can last as long as they otherwise would, as to expect a piece of simple machinery, a clock for example, to go on for ever without winding and repairs.

But independent of the evils that arise from insufficient or unhealthy sleep, there are others—and numerous enough they are, in all conscience—connected with the habit of keeping late hours, to one or two only of which I would call attention. Over-excitement of the brain, at a time when it should be in a state of repose, is one; intemperance in eating and drinking is another. Indigestion and its thousand and one attendant ills are almost certain to follow the latter, and as to the former it is in itself the cause of much after-misery; much of the nervousness, the peevishness of temper, the loss of memory, and general weariness of life, which it is even fashionable to complain of, are due to it, and I might go even farther and say with truth that that most awful of all chronic ailments, insanity itself, might be traced to this same cause. And cannot, think you, we medical men attribute many cases of illness to evenings spent in hot, stifling, crowded assemblies; to say nothing of the accidental ailments acquired through catching cold from exchanging such places suddenly for the bleak damp air of night, through which the journey home may be taken? This latter danger may be guarded against certainly, but how often is it so? But I am sorry to say that the larger proportion of our places of entertainment are wofully deficient in ventilation, and that many are the sufferers in consequence.

On the other hand, the habit of writing or studying by night, so common among many *littérateurs*, is very far indeed from being conducive to longevity. There is only one plea, and that but a poor one, which can be advanced in favour of the custom—namely, that in the stillness of night there is little to disturb the flow of ideas, no rude sounds to break in upon a train of thought; perhaps not, but I myself have seldom met with one of those consumers of midnight oil whom I considered in the possession of sound and vigorous health. There was always a screw loose somewhere, and generally in the *heart* or nervous system. Do such men as these flatter themselves that by lying

longer in bed next morning, they can make it up to nature for a night spent in the dissipation of thought, and somewhat dreamful slumber, or that the hours filched from the night may be repaid by borrowing from the day? If they do they really deceive themselves. There is no time, in my humble opinion, like the morning or forenoon for fresh and vigorous literary labour, especially if the night has been well spent, if good rest and sleep has been had, for then the mind will be strong simply because the body is refreshed; and it is a well-known fact that many of our best and most prolific writers are, and have been, men guiltless of lucubration.

On the benefits and pleasures of early rising, it would not become plain me to wax poetic and sing, even if there were song in me, but I may tell of its utility. While many do not take or cannot get enough sleep, plenty there are who have too much or, at least, who lie too long in bed, and who thus not only positively weaken their bodies and dull their intellects, but lose, oh! such precious time. It would be impossible to lay down general rules as to the amount of sleep one should have. About eight hours in winter and seven in summer is a fair average, but the young need more, and so do those who are weakly and debilitated. I should advise every one to trust to nature herself, not, mark me, as to getting up in the morning, but as to going to bed at night. If you make it a rule to be called at a certain hour every morning, say six, or seven at the most, you may go to bed either at ten or eleven—when, in fact, you feel you could sleep.

In conclusion, let me entreat my readers as they value their health, as they value precious life itself, to endeavour as far as possible to acquire the habit of retiring early and quietly to rest, and rising early in the morning. The latter is not so difficult as some imagine. Some mechanical aid may, however, be needed at first, and it is better, I believe, to trust to an alarm clock than the generality of servants. Get out of bed at once—I don't mean quite suddenly; this might be hurtful. I say at once because I fear if I said five minutes you would drop off again. You may think me cruel when I tell you that this must be done whether you have passed a restless night or the reverse. Well, perhaps I am, but get up all the same; and, take my word for it, if you spend as much of the day as you can in the open air, and take plenty of exercise, you will sleep all the sounder for it when night comes.

A RIVER STORY.

I WAS fain to supplement my income, pending the time when my learning, eloquence, and acute instinctive grasp of difficult cases in all their bearings, should have brought the British solicitor to my feet—with such literary work as I could obtain.

Having an uncle an editor, and two college friends successful journalists, my efforts were not doomed to that disappointment which awaits the vast majority of young men and women, who are tempted by some early magazine acceptance to engage in that great, never-ending competitive examination, comprised in the endeavour to earn a living out of periodical literature, and I got as much occupation for my pen as I could perform without neglecting my legal studies and prospects. Amongst other pickings I received a guinea a week for an article in the *Blank Review*. Ostensibly it was the review of a book, but in reality the said book was the excuse or text for an essay which was intended to be witty, but was too often, I fear, merely flippant.

"I do not care for a dull account of the book you review; all I want is a paper," said the editor. And I did my best.

One of my most facetious papers, I remember, was written apropos of a little volume of poems issued in the orthodox green cover, and entitled "Echoes of the Heart," by "Dora." I did not take the trouble to read them, but just dipped in here and there without even cutting the leaves, to get points for funny "copy." I found one couplet, for example, in which *girl* was made to rhyme with *curl*, whereupon I spelt girl, *gurl*, throughout the article. I called "Dora" a *gurl*, drew an imaginary picture of her as a gushing young thing of fifty, with spectacles, and an ink-stained thumb, and suggested that her proper occupation was the artistic cooking of a sheep's heart, rather than writing nonsense about the echoes of her own. I inquired how a heart can have an echo, and insinuated that the Gurl of the Echoing Heart must be a ventriloquist; with a great deal more flippant stuff of the same kind, winding up with an affectedly serious diatribe against poetasters of both sexes, and the publishers who print their effusions: a disgraceful article which was exactly to the taste of the *nil admirari* class, from which the readers of the *Blank Review* were principally recruited.

It was during this early period of my career, and at

the season when London is dullest, that I met my old college friend Sinclair in the Strand, and naturally asked what brought him to town in the autumn.

"I have been ordering a dog-cart in Long Acre," he replied; "but why are not you out for a holiday?"

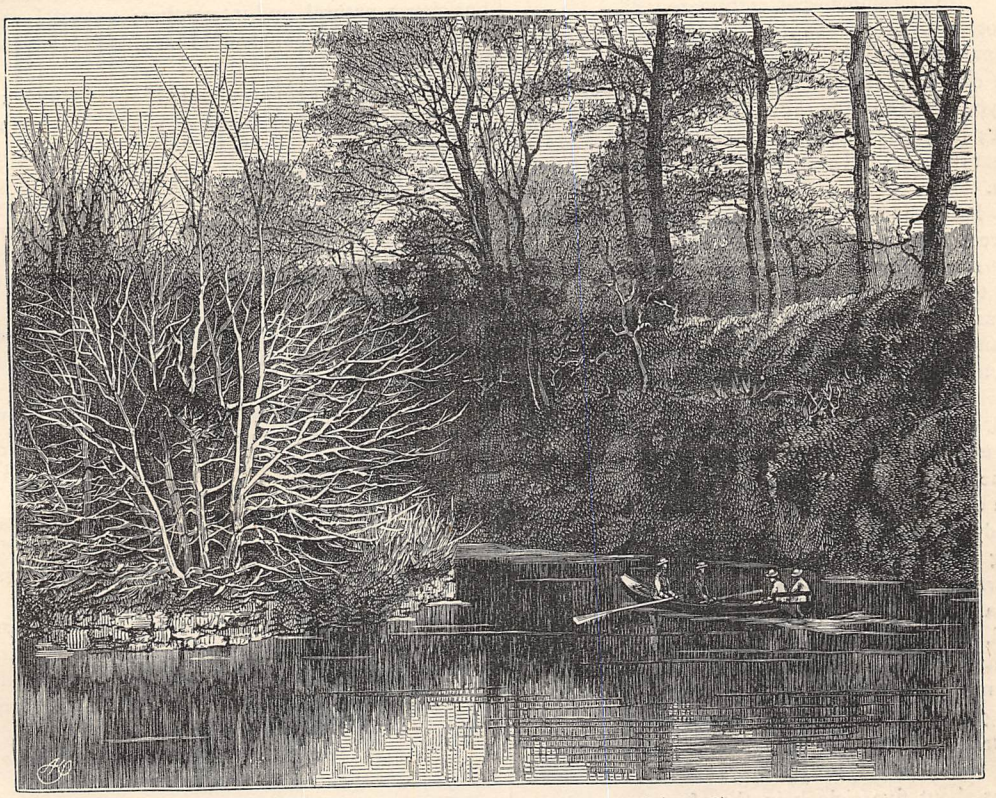
"I have nowhere particular to go to, and no one to go with me. As has been often said, London when empty has more people in it than any other place has when full;" said I. "Besides, if I went out, I should be paying for my empty chambers all the time, as well as for my temporary lodgings."

"Ay, ay; but still, a breath of country air does a couple of hours. It is not any compliment to ask you, I own, for we are monstrous dull. But you have as good as owned that you have nothing to keep you in London, and it would be very good-natured if you would come and take an oar."

"Take an oar?"

"Yes; I am rather tired of sculling those two about every afternoon by myself. Some of the girls in the neighbourhood have taken to rowing themselves, and letting their husbands, brothers, &c., steer, but my women-folk don't seem to see it."

"You speak in the plural."



"IT WAS A CALM AND GLOWING EVENING." (*p.* 378).

man a world of good. And you can afford it; you have made a start, and I expect the two ends meet, eh?"

"Yes, but I am waiting till they overlap before I indulge in luxuries."

"Look here," said Sinclair after a pause, "I wish you would come back with me to Aitcham this evening."

"You live at Aitcham now?"

"Yes, I have taken a furnished house there till the end of September. Rather a pretty place on the banks of the Thames; lawn sloping to the edge of the river; perch and pike, they say—I have never caught any; boat-house, and all that. My wife took a fancy to the place, and it is just the same to me as any other until the hunting begins."

"Is it far?"

"Oh, no, near Pangbourne; we shall run down in a

"Yes; my wife, you know, must have some one to speak to."

"She has *you*——"

"Pooh! it is easy to see that you have no experience. Why, we have been married nearly two years! I can't talk of furbelows, and my wife can't talk of hunting. She wants another woman to talk to, and so Miss Filmer is staying with us. And I want a man to talk to, and you will be he, won't you? There is a quiet little room opening out into the garden, where you shall do any reading and writing you want, undisturbed all the morning. Come!"

He led me to my chambers, made me pack my portmanteau, and had me down to the station and in a railway carriage, almost before I had quite made up my mind whether I would go or not.

"You have not forgotten how to row, have you?" he asked, as we rushed through the country.

"No, I fancy not; but I'm not in the condition I was when we rowed in our first boat during the May races. What time do you dine, by the way?"

"We never dine."

"No!"

"No. We breakfast and lunch, and go on the water when the latter meal has been digested, and come back to a cold spread when we have had enough mist and moonlight. It is very romantic, I assure you."

"No doubt," said I, thinking that I would have a pressing engagement to tear me back to town very soon. "Do you know what nightmare is?"

"Not very well; I saw a picture of one once, in an old almanack, I think."

The clutch of the metropolis is never shaken off while you remain in the railway carriage which started from it; nay, the turmoil of the streets still sings in your ears for several minutes after you have left the station.

We had almost reached Sinclair's villa before the sweet odours of grass and flowers got fair hold of my senses, or the strange stillness of everything ceased to confuse me.

It was a delicious place; the house was white, and wide, and low, and covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, and shaded on three sides by a broad verandah, upon which the French windows of the sitting-room opened. The stables and kitchen were out of sight and smell somewhere; the lawn was cool with trees, and the bright, swiftly flowing river shone at the bottom of it.

A lady sat in a cane camp-chair in the verandah, reading the paper; she heard our voices and rose, and I was introduced to Mrs. Sinclair. My friend had made a good selection; she was handsome, well-dressed, courteous, hospitable, without knowing it. By which, as I cannot read people's hearts, I of course mean that she gave one the impression of not knowing it. She rather patronised me as being a benighted bachelor, after the manner of matrons of twenty.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and she wanted to have dinner for me in a couple of hours, but, of course, I would not let them alter their domestic arrangements, so I had a light snack then and there, after which I declared my readiness to take to the water.

Passing out on to the lawn, accordingly, I found another lady with Mrs. Sinclair, and was made acquainted with Miss Filmer, a quiet, retiring little girl, rather nice-looking when you came to notice her particularly, which one might very well neglect doing when there were several other girls present. Mrs. Sinclair called her Daisy, and a most appropriate name it was for her. The boat-house, which was also arranged as a convenient bath-house, giving promise of an early plunge next morning, contained an outrigger, a canoe, and a skiff. The latter, which was afloat and only fastened by a padlock, was loosened; the ladies seated themselves in the stern, Mrs. Sinclair taking the tiller, and as her husband remembered that I had rowed on the stroke side at the University, I was placed on the after-thwart, in easy conversational contact with them. When Sinclair wanted to join in the talk he had to raise his voice, and to demand repetition of any laughter-causing observation with a "What's that?"

I had not rowed for some time, and my hands were rather tender, but I took it easy and saved them.

It was a calm and glowing evening, the scenery was that which I like best, the conversation of the ladies was by no means of furbelows, as Sinclair had put it, but clever, natural, and interesting; so that I was enjoying myself thoroughly, and no longer calculated on an early departure.

"Are you talking about books?" cried Sinclair from the bows. "Mind what you say, Kate; Jones there is an authority."

"No, no," said I; "I am only a hanger-on to journalism."

"Oh, I am so glad that you are a literary man! I do so want a really good opinion about a certain book. Miss Filmer, you must know, is an authoress."

"Oh, no, Kate!"

"You are, Daisy, and you are a great deal too diffident. Diffidence is a great bar to success, is it not, Mr. Jones?"

"In my proper profession, the law, it certainly would be fatal," I replied laughing. "And I think that in authorship a little confidence is just as well. But what is your work, Miss Filmer—a novel?"

"No, though I am accused of diffidence, I was so ambitious as to write verses. But I was rightly punished for my temerity, and their worthlessness was fully exposed."

"The most disgraceful, the most unmanly, cowardly attack that was ever penned!" cried Mrs. Sinclair indignantly. "Some of the poems are beautiful; all show originality and talent; you shall see them for yourself, Mr. Jones, and judge."

"Oh, no, please!" said Miss Filmer, who looked really distressed.

"I hope you will not refuse me the pleasure of reading them," said I.

"She cannot; you shall have my copy," cried Sinclair from behind me. "I am no judge of poetry myself, but I thought them capital, and so did the publisher—really, you know, because he printed them without making any charge."

"I am afraid he has lost money, poor man," sighed the poetess.

"Oh, Miss Filmer! What was the name of the review that attacked you?"

"The *Blank Review*," replied Mrs. Sinclair for her friend. "Did you ever hear of it?"

"Yes," said I, as carelessly as I could, but a bit of a lump began to rise in my throat; "I have seen the periodical. Did Miss Filmer publish under her own name?"

"No, she took the *nom de plume* of 'Dora' fortunately; I think she would hardly ever have got over

the attack, if it had not been for the shelter of a pseudonym."

"Mr. Jones will think me very thin-skinned," said Miss Filmer with a smile; "but I do not think that I should have taken any fair criticism of my book, however severe, to heart. Indeed, some were kind and others harsh, and I set them against one another. But this particular notice seemed to be dictated by personal malice, for it sought to turn me into ridicule, as well as my work. It made me feel as if I had done a bold and unwomanly thing, and certainly cured me for ever of authorship. No success would compensate one for being made the object of such attacks."

If I gave you my real name, which of course is not Jones, you would recognise the fact that I am not generally considered deficient in that useful forensic quality—er—suppose we call it *brass*. Even in those early days I was not easily put out of countenance. But on that occasion I *did* wish that the bottom of the boat would open, and a friendly barbel of whale-like proportions absorb me quietly.

For once in my life I did feel most utterly and intolerably ashamed of myself. That pretty little, delicate, gentle girl, so refined, sensitive—oh, it was just as if I had struck a blind man, or an infant!

"That is the old form," gasped Sinclair. "But I—say—you know—we have—to come—back—again."

"You will knock my poor husband quite up, if you row so fast," said his wife with a smile which had a touch of anxiety in it. And in truth, trying to escape from my reflections, and not aware what I was about, I had set him a racing stroke, and we were tearing through the water at a grand pace. I easied at once, and presently we turned; I was so thoroughly disconcerted, however, that I made my blistered hands an excuse for changing places, and so shifting the brunt of conversation to Sinclair.

Before we retired that evening, I borrowed the volume of poems. It was indeed the "Echoes of the Heart" which I had treated so unkindly; but why did they let her choose such a provoking title? I read every line before going to bed, and felt more ashamed of myself as I proceeded. It was not merely the merit of the verses which rebuked me, though they were more than meritorious, but the kindliness, the broad charity, the flashes of eloquent admiration, excited by all that is most noble in humanity, should have guaranteed the book against insult, at all events. I passed a bad night over it, but recovered my self-possession in the morning, and at breakfast expressed myself in terms which brought colour into the cheeks and light into the eyes of the poetess. As for the hostile critic, I alluded to him in a way which prevented the ladies ever mentioning his libel again, for fear, as Sinclair told me, lest I should find out who the culprit was, and become engaged in some personal conflict with him. That I might be spared no element of remorse, Miss Daisy proved to be an orphan, and poor; her father, a retired colonel, having fallen into the trap which catches so many old officers, and become director of some company which broke down and swallowed his little property.

However, I managed to calm myself down, and tried to make amends by being as agreeable as I could to the young lady I had unwittingly injured. It was rather a dangerous operation, considering that I was several years short of thirty, and she was still younger, but it had the fascination about it which dangerous games often have. What with bathing, boating, and making amends, a fortnight slipped away presently, and when I returned to town at the end of that time, I could hardly be called a free man.

LEWIS HOUGH.

THE GATHERER.

The Melo-Piano.

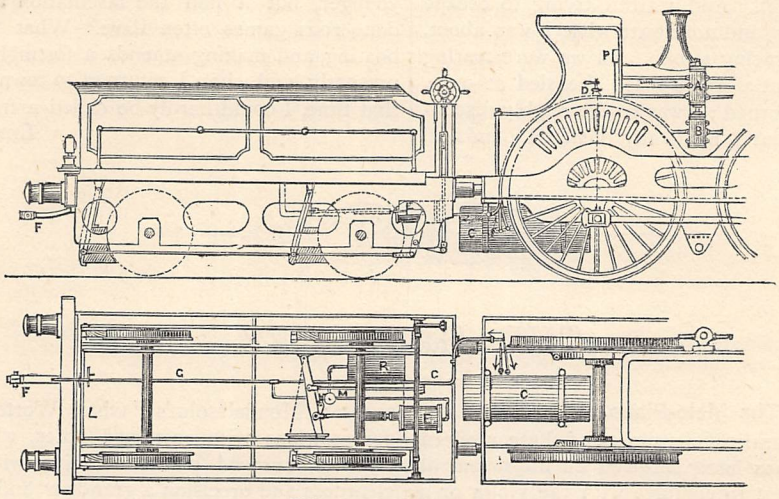
The favourite musical instrument of these modern times, the piano, has lately received an improvement which will enable it to compete with the violin or a wind instrument in producing long-sustained notes. The absence of the power to maintain these has, ever since its invention, been the one great drawback of the piano; but now, by simply pressing an additional pedal, a series of hammers are set free, causing a continuous vibration of the string of any key the player has struck, so long as that key is pressed, and ceasing the moment the pressure is withdrawn. By it also the transition of the sound from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* is achieved with a singularly delicate gradation approximating to the organ itself. Beethoven's sonatas, Mendelssohn's "Ohne Worte," and similar compositions with sustained notes, when performed on the improved piano, combine with its original clearness and precision a grandeur and beauty which it has hitherto been impossible to obtain. Three distinct modes of playing are within reach of the performer: first, the ordinary manner; secondly, the addition of these sustained notes by touching the new pedal; and thirdly, a handle enables him to remove the pianoforte action, when there remains a tone like that of the harmonium, but free from reediness. The new instrument is called the Melo-piano, and as the mechanism can be fitted either to grand or cottage pianos, may be expected soon to come into common use. It is the invention of Signor Luigi Caldera, of Turin.

Rafts for Saving Life.

When a vessel founders in mid-ocean, or goes to pieces on a rock, it too frequently happens that the boats she carries are totally inadequate to save the lives of those on board. Often they are smashed by heavy seas sweeping over the decks, or "stove in" against the side when lowered, and even if successfully launched, do not afford accommodation enough for crew and passengers. Many terrible instances of this are on record—when, after the lifeboats had left the sinking ship, crowded to the water's edge, the ears of those in the boats have rung with the cries of scores of others left behind clinging to the reeling hull. Under such circumstances, the first thought of these latter remaining on the vessel, if the weather moderates at all, is always the construction of a raft on which to reach the shore. Such rafts, extemporised from beams and planks roughly bound together, have saved the lives of hundreds; but in how many cases the ship has broken up before it was possible to make them! It is now proposed that vessels should be provided with rafts beforehand, and carry them on board, so as to be immediately available when required. But as a raft is a very clumsy thing, taking up a good deal of room, it became necessary to devise some plan by which they could be adjusted to the ship without interfering with convenience in working it. One method suggested is that a part of the upper deck should be so constructed as to be capable of floating by itself, and of being quickly fitted with mast and oars, and lockers for provisions. This idea is stated to be applicable not only to merchant ships and passenger steamers, but to ironclads; for instance, the *Devastation* could have the hurricane deck made upon this principle, and the *Invincible's* upper deck might carry a raft. Some of the vessels of the navy could have them in several places, as the *Wivern*, on poop and forecastle, and also amidships. Such rafts on the poop or forecastle would be made of cork, in compartments, or with air-tight cells. Places could be found for them, too, on the other turret-ships. The recent experience in naval warfare has shown that the destruction of an ironclad is often accompanied with great loss of life, these vessels going down so quickly, as the Turkish monitor sunk by a Russian shell in the Danube—when, if we recollect rightly, hardly any of the crew were saved—and the same thing happened to the armour-plated ships blown up by torpedoes. The use of these dreadful appliances in modern encounters at sea has naturally called attention to the means by which the lives of brave seamen may be saved after they have done their duty to the last. Some officers, however, think that the proposed rafts would be too cumbersome for ironclads, and prefer the system of buoyant hammocks, by which a man finds a life-preserver in his very bed. A raft has been designed which could be carried as the captain's bridge; and, even if awkward on board an ironclad, they may be applicable to vessels used for trading and passenger purposes.

Continuous Brakes.

It may be hoped that railway companies are as anxious as the general public to reduce the possibility of accident to a minimum. If they succeed in achieving this result, they will consult their best interests in every way. Continuous brakes have often been suggested as an effectual remedy; and we give diagrams illustrating the action of the Westinghouse automatic brake, which is considered to present certain valuable features. For simplicity, we deal with the tender arrangement only, but it must be understood



THE VACUUM BRAKE.

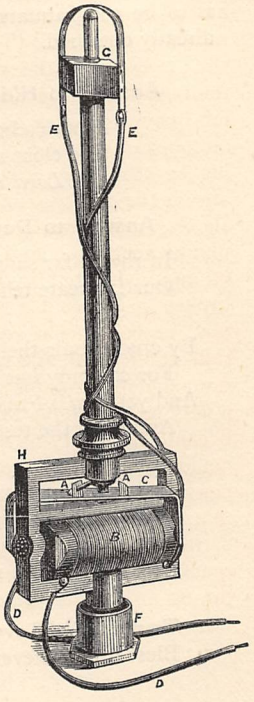
that similar apparatus (without, of course, the motive-power) is used with each carriage. An air-pump—of which A is the steam, and B the air cylinder—placed on the locomotive compresses the air in the main reservoir, C, underneath, and the auxiliary reservoir, R; the vessels being charged with air at a pressure of from sixty to eighty pounds per square inch. The communication between C and the train is made by a single line of gas-pipe under the carriages, joined together by

hose and couplings, F. The pipe from C is connected with D, the handle for working the brake. From C the air passing along the whole line of pipe and through the triple valves, M, causes the pistons to rise, and charges R. There is now throughout the whole system a uniform pressure, of which the amount can at any moment be ascertained by referring to a gauge, P, on the engine, and on each van. A tap, L, is fixed at each end of each carriage, and these must all be open except the one at the rear of the train, which must be closed. The brake is now *off*. To put it *on*, all that is necessary is to reduce the pressure in the brake-pipe, G. This causes the piston at M to move down, which at once opens the communication between R (still fully charged with compressed air) and the brake cylinder, E. Instantly rushes the air into E, forces out the piston, and applies the brake.

There are three ways of applying the brake :— 1. When the driver has occasion to do so, he turns the handle, D, to the opposite side. This severs the communication between C and G. Then the triple valves, M, act as already described, and the brake is *on*. Now, by placing D in its first position, the pistons at M are raised, R is recharged, the pressure in G is thus increased, and the brake is taken *off*. 2. If the guard wishes to apply the brake, he opens the tap, L, the pressure is reduced, and the brake is *on*. It is obviously essential for the guard to have the means of applying the brake, as for example in the case of fire, breakage, or other accident, or in the event of the driver not seeing, or neglecting, or misunderstanding signals. 3. Automatic action. If a train when running become divided, the hose-pipe between the carriages is at once broken, and the pressure in G being *ipso facto* reduced, the brake is *full on* in both portions of the train. The Westinghouse brake would thus appear to be admirably adapted for its special purpose, and its automatic action is justly regarded as perhaps its most perfect point.

Self-acting Lamplighters.

If Mr. St. George Lane Fox's scheme for lighting lamps by means of electricity be practicable and economical, as there seems every reason to believe that it is, and if vestries and other public bodies be induced to adopt it, the occupation of the lamplighter (as such) will be gone for ever. His proposed plan will here be briefly explained, but his interesting paper on the subject gives much ampler details than we have space to enter into. The lamp-area in a town or city would be divided into a certain number of districts, each containing some 300 lamps. These would be put into communication with each other by an insulated wire, which would traverse the circuit of lamps, and return to the station whence it started. At this station there would be a magneto-electric apparatus for generating the necessary currents which, when sent along the wire, would turn on the gas, light it, and turn it off. To each lamp is applied a mechanical arrangement (see engraving), which is only 2½ inches high by 2½ inches wide, and by which the system is worked. The socket F is fastened to the top of the gas-pipe, and the frame H is hollow to allow the gas to flow up to the burner at the summit. The gas is turned on or off by a valve, the lever of which is seen caught by one of the studs A. The two studs A A are carried on the upper part of the permanent horse-shoe magnet C, which is supported on the point of a fine pivot working in a cross-piece in the frame H. This permanent magnet has a reciprocating horizontal movement, and if we suppose its position in the diagram to be reversed, the other stud A would in that case carry the pin or lever back through a small space. This pushing of the lever one way or the other serves to turn the gas either on or off. The magnet is moved by a change in the polarity of an electro-magnet consisting of a soft iron core in a coil B. According as the current is sent forward or backward through the coil, so is the polarity of the core altered, and the permanent magnet is turned on its pivot. The current that turns the gas on or off is conveyed from the magneto-electric machine at the central station by the wire D D, which connects all the lamps. Let us suppose the gas has been turned on, the next operation consists in sending along the wire D D a powerful discharge, derived from a condenser raised to an enormous electro-motive force. Around the primary coil B is wound a secondary coil of fine wire, and of much greater length. The condenser discharge creates a secondary current along the wire E E, thereby developing a small spark just over the burner. The discharge which passes through the primary wire has the same effect simultaneously in the secondary wire in all the lamps of the circuit, so that the gas having been turned on as already described, the whole of the lamps are lit. If the first and last lamp of a circuit be within sight of the station, the continuity of the circuit will be ascertained by the lighting of these two lamps. To put out the lamps, it is merely necessary to send a reverse current through the primary wire, which will cause the permanent magnet to turn on its pivot and strike the lever of the valve, so as to turn off the gas. An ebony collar G prevents the dissipation of the secondary current. The gas is sealed at the valve by glycerine or oil of bitter almonds, which is well adapted to resist the action of frost. The wires are carried from post to post at a height of sixteen feet above ground, this mode being less expensive and more expeditiously fitted than underground transit, which, however, could



be resorted to where circumstances made it preferable.

Mr. Fox's scheme has been subjected to a protracted test, and has been found to work with efficiency and economy, one estimate putting the annual saving at £1 per lamp. His experiments have been conducted with patient and conscientious thoroughness; and whatever may be the ultimate fate of his invention, he is to be congratulated upon the results that he has already obtained.

Answer to Hidden Quotation on p. 316.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."
Lord Houghton's "The Men of Old."

Answer to Double Acrostic on p. 254.

In rhyme far sadder than the saddest prose,
Our Laureate tells of ENOCH ARDEN'S woes.

I.

By cruel hands the innocent is slain,
For calumny has touched the Moor's young wife;
And yet *EmiliA* makes the treason plain,
And seals the testimony with her life!

II.

In British annals many a noble name
Shines with the light of an immortal fame;
Nor less shall *NapieR* win applauding hands,
As on Magdala's rock he proudly stands.

III.

To make *OdD* even, one would need to be
Blest with a cleverer head than you or me!

IV.

Though of Good Hope there's one, yet sailors tell,
You're disappointed when you know it well;
For if you round a *CapE* in stormy seas,
You lose both equilibrium and ease.

V.

A beauteous queen, yet frail as fair,
She lives renowned in story—
HeleN, who brought to some despair,
While others reaped but glory.

M. L. T.

A Rival to the Sea-Serpent.

For many years strange rumours have been afloat of a gigantic earth-worm which has committed great depredations in the south of Brazil, and Herr Fritz Müller has recently communicated some wonderful accounts he has heard of this marvellous creature, which is known by the name of the "Minhocuo." The descriptions given by different persons of the animal vary considerably as to its size, appearance, and operations, but all accounts concur in attributing to it vast and almost incredible dimensions and power.

By one observer it is described as an animal of gigantic size—a yard thick; by another, as measuring over eighty feet long, and having horns. It is said to have scales like an armadillo, and a skin as thick as the bark of a pine-tree, while trees are upturned in its movements from one place to another, and trenches are formed several yards wide. A noise as of thunder is heard when the Minhocuo is moving underground, and his appearance is considered to be the presage of a rainy period.

That some hitherto unknown animal exists in the regions mentioned appears probable, and it may not be long before the diligent inquiries of scientific men may bring to light authentic particulars of this interesting prodigy.

The Manufacture of Rubies.

By far the most valuable of precious stones—far exceeding in value even the diamond—is the true Oriental ruby. We now learn that a method of making artificial rubies has been discovered in France—rubies not merely in imitation of the real stone, but made of the same material and to all appearances exactly like the priceless gem.

The similarity between the natural and artificial stone appears indeed complete, as they are both of the same hardness and weight, both crystallise hexagonally, and lose colour when heated, and gain it when cooled. As there seems no difficulty in their manufacture, it is probable that there will be thrown into the market a number of artificial rubies at a comparatively moderate charge, and that they will be largely used in ornamental jewellery and art decoration. Whether this new manufactured article is, however, likely to be prized as the natural product, is a question on which many will probably at present have their doubts.

The Out-door Business Girls of London.

We are glad to find that our recent paper on this subject* has borne practical fruit, in giving an impetus to the good work of establishing institutes and homes for the numerous class of females employed in the factories and workshops of the metropolis. At Bromley-le-Bow, in the centre of a densely crowded district where nearly 2,000 girls are engaged in the match manufacture alone, the committee appointed to further the movement have secured the building known as the Old Palace—formerly used as a hunting-box by King James I.; and this not only forms an institute in the ordinary sense of the term, but also affords a home for a limited number of those who may have no settled abode. The Old Palace—a lofty brick-built mansion, containing twenty large airy apartments—is admirably suited to such a purpose; and the arrangements made by the promoters clearly indicate that they appreciate all the requirements of the undertaking. A subscription of twopence weekly constitutes membership; and the girls on leaving their places of employment at the end of the day can proceed direct to the institute, where they are first enabled, if they desire it, to obtain tea at a moderate charge, and then provided with various means for spending the remainder of the evening pleasantly and profitably. Thus, rooms are set apart for reading and suitable amusements, and for classes formed for teaching sewing and the elementary

* Vol. III., page 661 (October, 1877).

branches of education; while in the longer summer evenings a large piece of ground, formerly a garden, at the rear of the building will be available for out-door recreation. It is intended, also, in course of time to form a lending library for the use of those who belong to the institute, and such alterations and improvements in the existing arrangements will be introduced as experience in the work may suggest. At present the funds will permit of only twenty beds being fitted up for those who (by payment of a small sum) sleep in the home. There is, however, ample room for more, and it is hoped that after a time nearly double that number will be accommodated. An excellent feature of the establishment, and one which cannot fail to be a great boon, is the provision of a large kitchen-range for the purpose of cooking the dinners of those girls who live at a long distance from their work. To expect that this, the first institution of its kind, should have been *started* without aid from outside would be, of course, unreasonable; we still think, however, as we stated in our former article, that in order to be thoroughly successful, the great aim should be to make it entirely self-supporting. If this be done—if those for whom it is intended be enabled to feel not only that it forms a place of evening resort at once attractive, enjoyable, and useful, but that there is also absent from it all appearance of patronising charity—there need be little apprehension as to the result; and we believe that the establishment of the Bromley Institute would prove to be only the beginning of a movement that would soon extend to all the large cities of the kingdom.

Double Acrostic.

My first, the dead love of my second, lives
Immortal through a poet's tragic lay;
My second is the character that gives
Unto the poem such a wondrous sway.

I.

Where nodding Fortune signified her wishes,
I stood upon the sea-coast nigh the fishes.

II.

A Turkish town, a woman's name,
As house a-fire known to fame.

III.

Philosopher of olden days
Who, among other curious ways,
Did often walk in sleep.

IV.

Upon the Continent my name
Is well known in the roll of fame;
A father and a son with me
For ever will remembered be.

V.

I constant fly from east to west,
My tongue goes fleetly as the wind;
Oft I speak false, must be confessed,
For what I say I do not mind.

VI.

A loreley of olden times,
Whose name just fits into these rhymes.

VII.

Part of a dress worn in the East
By a once mighty Eastern priest;
But now 'tis worn in East or West,
Or anywhere where 'tis possessed. J. G.

Sewing by Galvanic Battery.

One of the latest applications of the galvanic battery is in driving sewing-machines, which it is stated can now be done at the moderate expense of a few halfpence a day. The battery is of a novel construction, and was invented by Dr. Byrne, of the United States, whose ingenious discoveries are being introduced in England by Mr. H. Edmunds, jun., of London. Dr. Byrne employs a platinised compound negative plate, dilute sulphuric acid being the exciting solution, and with a battery of this kind, with eight cells, he has kept a heavy sewing-machine in motion. He has also invented what is called the Pneumatic Battery, the principle of which is the injection of air into the solution, the result being the development of a current of extraordinary power, and of great heat. With one of ten cells, a stout platinum wire, thirty inches long, was quickly made red-hot. How or in what precise manner the introduction of air causes so large an increase of power, is a question now being carefully investigated by scientific men, and has aroused much interest. The pneumatic battery is expected to prove useful in the fine arts.

Medicated Baths.

"How I wish we had a bath-room in the house!" is an exclamation frequently heard in those establishments where the lack of conveniences, or the necessity of practising economy, prevents the introduction of this great sanitary agent. As the knowledge of the medical properties of certain forms of the bath spreads abroad, the desire to possess so valuable an article naturally increases, and the attention of manufacturers has been turned to the construction of a simple, cheap, and efficacious means of enjoying its advantages. Mr. James Allen, of London, has designed a new Hot Air and Vapour Bath which seems to combine these qualities. It may be used not only as a simple hot-air bath, but with herbs, such as camomile, or poppy, also with laudanum, spirit of camphor, vinegar, &c., or a sulphur bath can be instantly made by mixing half an ounce of milk of sulphur in a pint and a half of water in the boiler. An iodine bath can likewise be obtained if wished for, and the directions for use are of the simplest character.

While writing of baths, it may be worth while to mention a form of shower-bath invented by M. Bozerian, and favourably reported upon from the hospital of Saint Antoine, where it has been in use. The leading idea is that the bather himself supplies the shower, pumping it up by working pedals with his feet. It comes down with additional force, and the exercise is said to be beneficial.

The Source and Use of Iron.

The material used by man for the construction of some of the works and tools needed for his comfort and convenience changes frequently; but the reign of iron seems enduring, and generation after generation its use is extended. As time passes, too, the source from whence we obtain that valuable metal varies—varies not only with the variation in the kind of iron required, but also in consequence of the exhaustion of supplies of ore or fuel, or changes in the latter. Not two centuries ago our iron trade was decaying, for the immense tracts of woodland that had supplied the blast furnaces were being swept away, and we had to have recourse to Sweden and Russia to supply our needs. In 1740, we had in England only 59 blast furnaces, and their product was about 17,350 tons—or something like the output of one furnace now in many iron-producing districts. Sussex had at that time the largest number of furnaces, and there were none north of Yorkshire. By the use of pit-coal and by the use of the steam-engine the iron manufacture has been revolutionised, whilst discoveries of iron ore have assisted in changing the centres of the trade, and now it has practically moved from the southern to the northern counties. In recent years, the quantity of iron ore produced in the United Kingdom has ranged from fifteen to sixteen and a half million tons. By far the largest contributor is Cleveland, the output of which has grown in little more than a score of years to from six to six and a half million tons. The north-western district—Cumberland and Furness—adds over two million tons of the rich hematite ores; Northamptonshire raises about a million tons; Scotland, chiefly from the west, produces about two and a half million tons; Staffordshire, over a million and a half; Lincolnshire, half a million; South Wales and Monmouthshire, an equal quantity; Derbyshire and Shropshire, over two hundred thousand tons each; and Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwick, Nottingham, Cheshire, Durham, North Wales, and Ireland contribute the remainder in smaller proportions. To the sixteen million tons of iron ore we produce, we add from half a million to a million tons imported from Norway, Spain, and other parts, and smelt down the bulk of the whole. The smelting furnaces give, perhaps, the best idea of the locality of the iron manufacture, and it may be said that we have in the United Kingdom about 960 of these costly structures erected, but many of these are old and practically obsolete. They are erected in only twenty-four of the counties of England, Scotland, and Wales, in numbers varying from one each in Somerset and Hampshire to 194 in Staffordshire. The mere number of furnaces built is no true test, however, of the comparative importance of the industry in any district; nor is even the better one of the number at work; for out of the 960 furnaces, the proportion in operation is not much over two-thirds, and it is frequently less than that—the districts with old and small furnaces usually having the largest proportion idle. The production of pig or crude iron is the truest test; and it may be said that our present rate of production varies from six to six and a half million tons. Of this about a million tons are furnished by Scotland, and over half a million tons by Wales—the great bulk, in the latter instance, being from Glamorgan and Monmouthshire. Coming now to English counties and districts, and giving exact instead of approximate figures, we may group the producing counties. Northumberland, Durham, and North York form the largest contributory district, and it produced in the latest year for which official returns are procurable 2,084,185 tons. The north-western district, comprising West Cumberland and Lancashire, gives 989,871 tons; the West Riding of Yorkshire with Derbyshire and Northampton produces 621,086 tons; Staffordshire, 679,515 tons; the ancient iron-making district of Shropshire, 106,714 tons; Lincolnshire, 125,198 tons; Gloucestershire, 28,108; Hampshire and Somerset, a remainder little more, bringing up the total for England to 4,664,153 tons. These then, are the sources of our iron supply, so far as Great Britain is concerned; we import a little, but comparatively trifling, in any form, although of late the proportion has been rising.

Let us now endeavour in some degree to indicate some of the uses of the six million tons of crude iron. We export a considerable proportion of the pig-iron in its crude state. The quantity so exported has in two or three years exceeded one million tons, but it may be set down now as about 900,000 tons. Of this Germany takes more than a quarter, and Holland a proportion almost as large; France, Belgium, and the United States being amongst the other large buyers. But we export much more in a manufactured state: we send out a quarter of a million tons of bar, angle, and rod-iron; about half a million tons of railroad-iron; and hoop-iron, sheet-iron, and other kinds, bring up the manufactured iron exports to over 1,500,000 tons.

For the manufacture, we have in England, Wales, and Scotland about 7,200 puddling furnaces for the conversion of the crude iron into a material fitted for manipulation in the rolling mills, and we have a vast number of foundries. The proportions used in these two modes vary in the different districts, and vary in different years. In one large district at the present time, out of a million tons of pig-iron made, about a third is exported, a small quantity is sent inland, and the balance is tolerably equally divided between the malleable iron works and the foundries. In another, producing cheap crude iron, one half is sent out of the district, and the remainder is divided in unequal proportions, the mills and forges claiming the largest. But the change which is coming over the iron trade is modifying the proportions greatly; on the railways steel is now preferred in many cases to iron; it is used for boilers often; it is being used now in ship construction; and thus an enlarged proportion of iron is yearly converted into steel, and there are now over 110 Bessemer converters in Great Britain, as well as numbers of Siemens and Siemens-Martin furnaces.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

"He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest."

THE turning-point in Edward Haslam's life was come. The words he had to speak this evening to Cordelia would decide whether comfort and love and the joys of home should be his, or whether he should have to bear still the yoke of a barren solitude, embittered by the disappointment of a last hopeless affection.

The struggle in his mind was hard and terrible, the doubt of Lady Martock's marriage growing on him as it did hour by hour. If she had truly taken another husband, her position as a wife would force her to endure his marriage passively; but if she was still a widow, then he knew that, being disappointed both in her avarice and her love, no consideration would stay her revenge.

What that revenge would be he did not ask himself; he shrank from the question with as keen a fear as he had shrunk from the abyss in Warewood Cave. If only he could be certain Letitia was married, what a relief it would be to his over-burdened thoughts! But no such certainty came to him. For all proof he had only the newspaper announcement to rest on, and was perforce fain to quiet himself by the oft-repeated assurance of the unlikelihood of its falsity. Again, he told himself the shadow that had passed so swiftly was but a fancy, the spectre of his mind, raised by the memories ever haunting him. It was his weakness to feel always the shadow of Letitia standing between him and happiness; but now he would suffer this no longer: he would fling the haunting past off at once and for ever!

Yet that journey to Paris, how he still longed for it! To grasp the certainty of safety, to see with his own eyes the living woman with her new husband, having herself cut off the power of molesting him, what a breath of life that would be to him!

Some impatience and anger against Cordelia mingled with this thought. Her hurry imperilled their future; and if through this haste happiness was flung away from him, a thousand fathers would not compensate him for the loss.

At this moment Mr. Gwynne and his importunate sickness were nothing to him. Cordelia was all. He longed to snatch her to his heart, and hold her there and defy the world. To escape with her to the uttermost parts of the earth, to live in barest poverty and wildest solitude, would be paradise compared to the burning and arid waste of life which stretched away before his mental vision if bereft of her—his last hope and his last love.

The rugged path on which he was walking to his tryst with Cordelia was the same on which, last November, in the midst of a coming storm, he and Lady Martock had met face to face. Her spell was upon him, her spirit with him, as he wound along the wild and solitary way, amid the glories of purple heath and the splendour of golden gorse. And as he neared the tall shining rock, which, jutting out at right-angles with the path, hid its further progress, he almost fancied he again saw the flutter of Letitia's robe, and the hard, clear whiteness of her face.

But when he reached the spot, he found only the sublime solitude of sea and sky, untouched by any trace of life, save the shadow of a solitary sea-bird flying wearily homewards from its pilgrimage inland.

After one gaze upward and around, he drew a breath of relief, and sat down to gather patience and await Cordelia's coming.

At this spot the path was very narrow; just a hand-breadth of land lay between the rock on which he sat and the edge of the dark and jagged cliff, which went down for a sheer descent of two hundred feet before it touched the glistening sands. Far away stretched the glorified sea, wearing a shimmering garment of many colours, cast upon its waves by the setting sun. Far as the faintest distance the eye could travel towards the west the trailing glories ran, blending sea and sky in hues too bright and wonderful for the most vivid brush to dare portray. In the midst of this dazzling mass of colour the sun went down, and the crimson waves seemed to wash against a crimson sky, mingled with gleams of fiery gold, through which a wave here and there ran darkly, like lances flung by the hand of the coming night upon the dying day.

The man's fixed gaze took in the wondrous beauty of this scene, and with it the sense of a presence—a something that disturbed the solitude and marred the holy calm that should have breathed about its wild and lonely grandeur. Again he roused himself and peered behind the rock, and all across the darkening heath, and up the road towards Boscombe, and saw Cordelia coming, and no figure, no shadow save hers, on rock, or heath, or path.

All his being glowed at sight of her; the fulness of earthly love was upon him, brimming his heart over with its intense joy and comfort; and yet upon his brain weighed still that heavy hand, impressing a fear

of loss, of having snatched from him this last, purest, deepest happiness of his barren life.

"Cordelia!" he said, holding out his hand and drawing her towards him with a strong grasp, "I have waited for you long, my love."

His arm was around her, his kiss on her cheek; it was a warm, passionate kiss, speaking of love, grief, fear, in a way that a thousand heaped-up words might vainly strive to do. Cordelia drew back startled, and their eyes met in a long gaze, half love, half dread of the shadow ready to step between them.

"What is it?" Cordelia said, putting her hand upon his shoulder, while her drooped eyes fell before the passion and pain of his.

"It is something I have to tell you. Let us sit down; I have a great deal to say."

She obeyed his wish, and both found a seat upon the heather; the great rock, like a screen, shutting them from view on the Boscombe side, while on the other the path stretched away in bare solitude, uncrossed even by the shadow of a bird.

"Last November, by this rock, on the day the *Bosphorus* was wrecked," said Edward, hesitating slightly, "I met a lady—an old friend—who told me she was disappointed in the sunset she had come to see. If she were here now, Cordelia, she would have no cause to complain of lack of glory in sky and sea."

Cordelia's abashed eyes lifted themselves again to his face in wonder.

"I have no time or heart this evening to praise the glory of the sun or of the moon," she answered, in a tone of sad, cold quiet. "I cannot stay here long—you forget that—my father may need me at any minute."

He felt the rebuke of her words; but he had referred to Lady Martock purposely; he knew not how else to bring her name upon his lips.

"It is of this friend—this lady—I wish to speak. I mean Lady Martock."

Cordelia's grey eyes held his inquiringly—her lips were parted in amazement.

"Lady Martock! Miss Martock's aunt?"

"Yes, the same."

"And she is an old friend of yours?"

"She was more than a friend, Cordelia. She and I once promised to take each other as husband and wife."

"Why tell me this?" asked Cordelia, her breath coming quickly, and a bright, sudden colour tinging her cheeks. "No woman likes to hear she is not the first one loved."

"Do you think I tell you willingly? I would bury the dead fact among the ghosts laid in the dead sea, if I could; but it cannot be so quieted: it is like an ugly spectre, always rising up to haunt and vex me."

"I cannot see why," Cordelia said, looking away from his gaze now, and playing nervously with the heather-blossoms beneath her hand.

"See here, Cordelia, there is not a grain of shifting sand lying down upon that beach more rootless and profitless than my dead love for that woman; and yet it haunts me, because a miser, in a wicked will, staked a fortune on that love. A great sum of money was left by Lady Martock's grandfather to my wife—he thought his granddaughter Letitia would be that wife; but his real wish was to benefit me. Always bear that in mind. Do you follow me, Cordelia?"

"Yes—no!" she said, looking at him with bewildered eyes. "If you loved her, why did you not marry her?" she added, faltering, and her lips quivering as she spoke.

"Because she was inconstant and covetous. She was ignorant of her grandfather's intentions; she knew Lord Martock to be a rich man and me a poor one—hopelessly poor, she thought—so she forsook me and married him just one week before her grandfather died."

"And he did not alter his will on hearing of her marriage?"

"It is a disputed point whether he ever heard of it. Could I have been certain he knew it, and still persisted in his intentions, my feelings would have changed."

"I understand; you have always felt you had no right to this money?"

"Just so. And I have abstained from marrying because, in case I die single, the money will eventually go to Lady Martock."

Cordelia's breath came short and quick, a burning spot arose on either cheek, her eyes, grown strangely bright and clear, gazed fixedly outwards on the sea.

"Cannot you renounce this fortune?" she said, very low.

"No; I have no power to do so. It is not left to me, but to my wife and children."

"Then your wife could refuse it?"

"Perhaps for herself, but her right would not extend over heirs unborn."

Cordelia made no reply; there was a sense of weight and oppression on her heart, a daze upon her brain; she was as one who hears and does not understand. Wealth was an unknown thing to her, a something past the comprehension of her mind, with which her thoughts could not deal either as a curse or a blessing. Only as the first could she look on it if it separated her from her love, and was not righteously and justly her inheritance.

A painful silence fell between them, in which the low and silvery whisper of the summer sea came softly on the ear, and the stillness of the summer land was faintly broken by the tiny rustle of the heath as the warm wind passed over it.

With lips that quivered slightly, Cordelia broke the silence, her words being hurried and low.

"Ought you not to marry this Lady Martock, she being a widow now?"

For answer her lover caught her hand and drew her closely to his side.

"Cordelia," he said, "Lady Martock is no longer a widow. But had she remained unmarried to the crack of doom I would never have been her husband. She might get this money through my death, but never through my life. I confess I have had scruples as to my right to marry and deprive her of it, but these

are gone; she has married now, and I feel myself a free man."

He would have touched Cordelia's cheek with his lips as he spoke, but she drew back and gently disengaged her hand from his fervent clasp.

"You must give me time," she said, "to think of all this; it is so new and strange to me, I cannot see my duty clearly. And I do not perceive why this matter should have stayed you from speaking to my father. He has such a clear, just mind; he would have told you what was the right way to deal with the question. And I do not think he will like me to take possession of money never intended for me, and belonging rightly to another."

"Do not say that!" exclaimed her lover eagerly. "I have told you old Lord Martock's wish was to benefit me, not Letitia."

"But she was his granddaughter," persisted Cordelia; "and her claims are so great, even in your mind, that they held you silent, at the cost of pain to me and sorrow and sickness to my father. What held you back, when it was your duty to make things clear between us, except your thought of duty to her?"

A flush rose up in Edward Haslam's face, then it grew gradually deadly pale.

"I acknowledge it, Cordelia," he said; and his voice sounded strange and hard in her ear. "It was a feeling of duty to her which kept me silent at the first. It was not till I heard she was engaged that I spoke a word of love to you. A man might forgive a woman her first marriage, but surely never a second. Here is the announcement of her marriage in this paper, and I am free of blame towards Letitia Martock."

Cordelia shivered, and drew her light summer shawl closely about her.

"But not quite free of blame towards me," she said.

"No, not if to love you with a last hope, a last longing for a restful place in my hard journey of life, be blame; then I own I have done wrong."

She gave him a quick glance, and her eyes filled up with tears which did not fall. She saw his face pale and haggard, and a certain hard, unfamiliar look settling down upon it darkly.

"I will not reproach you," she said very gently. "But had you been candid at the first, you would have spared me much pain. I did not know you were holding back a secret. I thought you asked for time only to win my father to like you."

"You accuse me cruelly, and say in the same breath you will not reproach me," said her lover in a bitter tone. "Did I not want time—I who, in my moroseness, had gained ill words and ill-will from all? And chiefly I wanted time that this woman, who comes between us, might marry, and stand aloof from us for ever."

Cordelia shrank a little from his vehemence, yet she laid her hand tenderly on his arm.

"I am the one mostly to blame for this secrecy," she said. "You had a strong reason for it; I had none, except the desire to please you. Oh! I have been very cruel to my father. Daily and hourly I have let a wall of separation and silence grow up between us, till I think he has hated the sight of my face, because it brought him pain."

"But that will be all over to-morrow when I see him. You shall not reproach yourself. And if you have lost some of his love, you have mine, which is greater than his a million times doubled."

He put his arm around her, he bent her head upon his shoulder, and wondered jealously that she took no comfort from his words and his caress.

"Does Lady Martock care much for this money?" she asked abruptly.

"Care! Have I not told you she is covetous? She cares more for it than she does for her own child or her own soul: for which, perhaps, she thinks but little."

With a sigh, Cordelia leant forward and pressed her forehead upon her hands; more and more heavily the conviction was growing on her that this woman, whose very name was strange to her till now, this first love of her love, had a hold upon him still, from which he could not shake himself free.

"You are a lawyer," she said, in a faint broken voice; "can you think of no way by which I can give her the money? since you say it is mine if I become your wife. And—and in return she might yield all claim on you."

"What makes you say that? Why suppose she has a claim?" asked her lover sharply. "She has no claim; she has renounced all right to my affection; she has dealt treacherously by me. I tell you there is no woman whom I despise and hate as I do Letitia Martock. She shall not have this vast sum of money to rejoice in and to squander; it is yours, and in your hands it will do good. You shall realise your wildest dreams of benevolence; you shall build schools, churches, hospitals; you shall plant gardens for the poor in the wilderness of cities; you shall fulfil all the desire of your heart."

Again his arm held her tightly, and his voice vibrated with the passion of his pleading; but Cordelia rose, shivering strangely, and turned her face homewards.

"You are not going?" he exclaimed imploringly. "You have not said one loving word to me yet, Cordelia."

She looked at him very sadly: her thoughts could not be chased away from the one theme written on her heart.

"If Lady Martock believed the will was made with the view to benefit her, why did she not prove this in a court of law? Why did she not try to set it aside, on the grounds of her grandfather's mistake in thinking she would be your wife?"

Looking up as she spoke, she felt a sudden surprise at the change in her lover's face. It looked troubled, and hard and angry.

"Ah! why?" he said almost savagely. "Ask her why she did not dispute the will. She can tell you—I cannot. Ask her why she has refused all offers of compromise, which I have made to her over and over again. She will answer you, perhaps; but I can tell you no more."

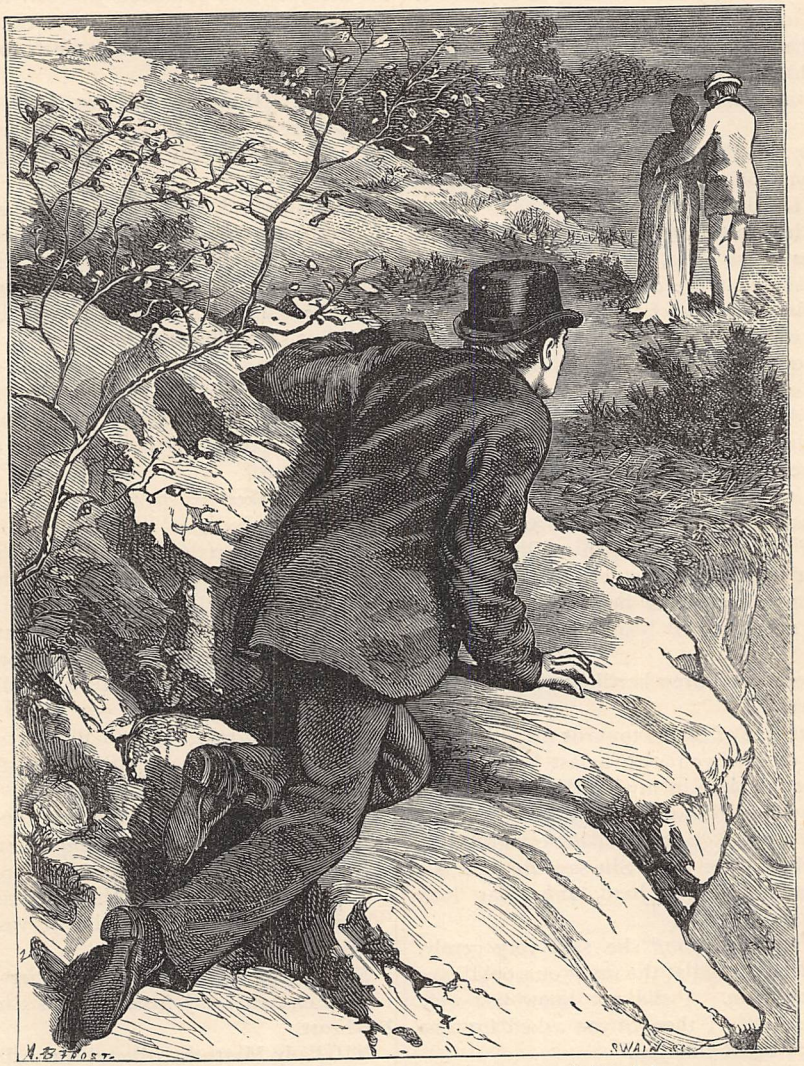
His hold on her arm relaxed, he turned away, taking a few hurried paces to and fro before he came back to her.

"I wish she had disputed the will," he continued in a hard tone. "I wish she had braved and dared anything that would have taken from me the curse of a barren fortune, which I have never touched and never coveted, but for which I am always supposed to be hungering. But no! to do that would have hurt herself; therefore she kept silent, and laid the suffering of silence and endurance on me. The shadow of this accursed money, like the hand that sows tares, has flung deadly evil on my path, and made my life a desert."

In his agitation he strode up and down on the narrow way till he grew ashamed of his outburst, and in the reaction of his mind stilled himself into sombre coldness.

"Are you going home?" he said to Cordelia, in a chill tone; for she had walked on a little, doing this, in fact, in the delicacy of her feeling for him, being unwilling he should see she had witnessed his loss of self-control.

"Yes," she answered; "I have stayed too long; they will be anxious at home about me. And it is so selfish to be away now, when perhaps I am needed."



"I HAVE NOT RISKED MY LIFE FOR NOTHING" (*p.* 389).

The path was very narrow: there was scarcely space for two to walk abreast; yet he kept beside her on the outer edge, not seeking again to induce her to remain longer.

"You understand now, Cordelia, why I wished to go to Paris?" he said moodily. "I should have liked to verify the fact of this marriage before speaking definitely to your father."

"I do not see the necessity," returned Cordelia,

"for such a journey. I perceive it would have been better if you had never sought me; but having done so, and we two being pledged to each other, Lady Martock's marriage can be nothing to either of us. If there was no impediment between you and me when she was single, the report of her marriage being false or true cannot affect us. Your wish to go to her only makes me suspect you still love her."

She spoke these words with a visible effort, and with a deep flush rising on her cheeks.

"It is many years since I loved Letitia Martock. It is settled; I shall not go to Paris, Cordelia. The one misery I could not suffer would be the falling of a cold shadow between you and me."

Cordelia raised her eyes to his, and the first smile that had touched his lips that day broke on them as he caught her frank, tender glance.

"You have been very cold to me, darling," he said, stooping to gaze on her changing face; "but it is not for want of love—is it?"

"No," she answered; and her sweet, low voice, like a breath of joy, made his heart leap.

"And you are not changed, Cordelia, by my story?"

"No, no; I have not meant to be cold. I am only a little shaken by what you have told me and by my father's illness."

"Promise me nothing shall change you," he persisted, holding her hand now in both his.

"There is no need to promise;" and her eyes smiled at him in sad tenderness. "I shall love you till I die," she said simply. "Are you content?"

"Yes," he answered; "content for a time. Remember, in all the world I have but you."

And stooping, he laid his lips on hers. In that solitary land, where there was no eye, save soaring sea-bird's or small shining insect on the wing, to look on them, he would have thought it hard to part without one caress.

This was their farewell. They had come to diverging paths: one led steeply up through the heathy wilderness to Boscombe Church and Rectory; the other, in a succession of rugged steps, went roughly down to the sands and the village lying in deep shadow beneath the cliff.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Till to-morrow; and then I hope we shall soon make 'good-bye' a word impossible between us."

Cordelia smiled again, and her hand lingered in his.

"Then, till to-morrow. And I shall tell my father you are coming."

Hopes, fears, forebodings, thoughts past speech, an undistinguishable throng, were crowding down on Edward Haslam; he shook them off, grappling with his inner self as with a fiend.

"I will come!" he said. "And it shall go well with us both, Cordelia. Married or unmarried, Lady Martock's avarice shall not part us. Let us lay her ghost in this red sea."

He turned to point to the crimsoned Atlantic, and saw the long, lean shadow of a man lying across the path, and stretched up over the heath to a grotesque and hideous length by the lurid western light. But even as the vision struck his eye it flitted away, suddenly as the flight of a bird.

"It was some lout following us," he thought, in a vexed way; and he would not speak of it to Cordelia, but turned quickly and accompanied her some distance up the steep path, till he knew all chance was gone of her being troubled by a sight of the shadow's owner.

He watched her till she entered the darkness of the pines around the Rectory; then, forgetting the wayfarer in the fulness of his thoughts of her, he went swiftly down the sharp descent to the still village, in which a few lights began to gleam, mingling with the creeping shade gathering on the beach.

As his tall figure disappeared, the head and shoulders of a man rose over the cliff's edge, and, after a somewhat hard struggle, the nether man followed the upper, and a pair of lank feet were at last planted firmly on the path.

"Till to-morrow!" said this figure, waving a long, grasping hand in the air. "I have not risked my life for nothing. I think, my lady, Robert Bruntwell has done you good service this day."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

"'Take thy beak from out my heart,
And thy shadow from my door.'
Quoth the raven: 'Never more.'"

BETWEEN the north coast of Cornwall and the south lies a great range of hills, running down like a backbone through the county—strong, stony, and bare on the north; green, wooded, and fresh on the south side.

Amid the foldings of these hills, darkening in the July twilight, yet faintly glistening in the rising splendour of the July moon, stood a small, lonely inn. It stood in such solitude and silence that the creak of its sign-board—"The Three Cornish Choughs"—was as audible and distinct to the ear as a clap of thunder would be in a noisy town.

On either side of this cottage-inn the road, with sharp abruptness, wound around intervening hills and vanished from view, leaving a sudden sense of loneliness on the mind. Strange echoes wandered down at times from these high tors; and shadows crept up them like grey ghosts, darkening their awful gloom.

The gorge through which the road was cut wound along between the foldings of the hills in wildest solitude. Travellers were few and rare, coaches now were dead and gone, pack-mules had perished long ago; vans alone remained, passing with lumbering rattle on market-days, waking up the lone echoes, which slept again another seven days. The railroad took all the traffic. The little inn looked bare, sad, and deserted; and the three choughs, like ravens, kept watch over its desolation.

It stood back somewhat from the road, in what was once a fair garden; but patches of herbs and vegetables, mingled with thin weedy flowers, untended and straggling pinks and London pride spreading over the paths, gave it now a look of raggedness and ruin. Like the inn itself, it bore an air of desolation, and appealed mournfully to the passer-by, as though it

whispered: "Once I was lovely and bright, and tended by gentle hands; but they are dead and gone, like the merry packs of drovers who once came by, and like the bugle-sounding mails, and all the fair assembly of life they carried, sunk now into dust and ashes."

A broken gate shut the garden from the road, and on this, swinging it to and fro like a child, stood a strange bent figure, with long unkempt hair sprinkled with grey, and restless eyes, peering up and down the darkening road with uncertain glances.

"Come in, Guinever!" cried an old, quavering voice from beneath the creaking sign-board. "It's time for childer to be abed."

"Let me bide a bit, mother. The mail-coach be coming! Gwinny will run out and get a penny then."

"Hark to the poor dear!" returned the old woman, apparently apostrophising the three black choughs groaning slightly in the wind. "And there haven't bin narra coach upon the road for twenty wisht years. Come in, Gwinny; the coaches be dead as Tregeagle, and there'll be no pennies rolling in the dust to-night!"

But poor idiot Gwinny never moved, except to swing the gate a little faster, and point down the southern road with a laugh on her shrivelled face.

"Plenty of pennies for Gwinny! Coach is coming, mother; all ablaze with gentry! Quick! draw some beer for the men, and get milk for the ladies—the pretty ladies who pat Gwinny on the head, and say she's a pretty child, worth gold to her mother!"

"Lord help us! What a memory she have agot! So they used to in the old times, afore the faver took her and made a innocent of her. Yes, yes; so they used! And a pooty child she was, too. Now, Gwinny dear, mother is going to fetch you in."

She went down the garden, and put her hand on her daughter's arm, then stood still, amazed.

Up through the windings of the pass floated a weird echo, like the roll of multitudinous wheels and the tramp of a troop of horse.

"Save us!" ejaculated the ancient possessor of "The Choughs." "Our Gwinny be right! There's the echo of the mail-coach, sure enough! 'Tis the ghost of the ould Quicksilver, maybe, and Tregeagle driving!"

A mingling of curiosity and of awe settled on her wrinkled face, as with hand upon her ear she stood listening to the wild sound rushing up the gorge. The solitude of the hills, their solemn shadows, their time-worn legends, had set a spell upon her from her birth; and old and withered as she was, there was a mingling of poetry, of superstition, of old-world stories in her ancient brain, which would have been a mine of riches to a searcher for dying traditions.

"Yes, yes; first the echo, then the coach—we always hear it afore it rattles in. Pennies for Gwinny to-night! Please comb my hair and make me pretty afore the ladies come, mammy;" and with a childish smile the poor idiot-woman looked in her mother's face, and appealed to her worn, bleared eyes for maternal approval of her beauty.

The echo had ceased, but the sound of wheels and of horses' feet was a reality now in the air, travelling rapidly through the dimness, bringing a gruesome sense of expectancy with it—a fear born of the solemn hills and solitude through which it rolled.

"It's a hearse!" said Gwinny suddenly, clutching at her mother's skinny arm with a low cry of terror. "Look! there's its shadow on the hills! Who is coming in it dead, mother?"

Projected by the setting sun, a huge shadow of the coming vehicle was flung upon the hill above the road, and, the lower part being hidden, the portion visible certainly had a weird look of waving figures on it, which might be the plumes of a hearse. Old Widow Treherne, of "The Three Choughs," had thoughts regarding this vision which she would shut up in her mind till Sunday; then, at the evening meeting, she might tell them as a warning and experience.

But scarcely had this resolve floated dimly through her ancient, hill-shadowed mind than the ghostly vision vanished, and, sweeping round the sudden turn, there dashed into her astonished sight a carriage and four horses, with liveried men-servants on the outside seats. Up to the broken gate the horses swung in a rapid trot, and here, with a sudden swerve backwards, they were pulled up, and stood still, steaming. The instant this occurred the idiot Gwinny was in the road by the carriage door, holding out long, lean hands, begging childishly for pennies.

"Is there a gentleman here who came on horseback, waiting for Lady Martock?" asked a clear but thin voice; and then, confronting Gwinny's ugliness, there appeared at the carriage window a face clear-cut, pale, and beautiful, with a hard and weary look in its great glittering eyes.

Gwinny grinned in answer, and the overawed owner of "The Choughs" came forward and thrust her aside.

"No, ma'am; no gentry haven't passed by to-day."

"Have you some kind of sitting-room in which I can wait a little while?"

"Yes, ma'am, a very nice room. And I'll warrant it clean: nobody have sat in 'un these ten year gone."

"Then I will alight and wait till the gentleman arrives," returned Lady Martock, undeterred by this inviting description.

As the carriage door was opened, Gwinny peered within, and saw a lovely child asleep upon the seat, an outlandish figure—a Norman nurse—seated beside him. Then she plucked at Lady Martock's dress, saying in her most wheedling voice—

"Tell the witch-woman to let the pretty boy come out and play with me, will you?"

In angry disgust, Lady Martock twitched her robe from the dreadful fingers holding it, and then turned to her servants.

"Don't permit this creature to come near the child. —My good woman, you should keep this poor idiot out of the sight of visitors: she is very annoying."

This last was to Widow Treherne, who, being terrified at the prospect of perhaps losing money, at once ordered Gwinny peremptorily to bed, and meeting with no obedience, seized her broom—an instrument with which the helpless creature was not unacquainted—and with this drove her daughter into a corner of

the kitchen, and held her there while Lady Martock took refuge in the mildewy parlour.

Now, although the broom was at times—when Gwinny was in a troublesome mood—a downright necessity, it never failed to put her in a towering rage.

"I'll be revenged!" she cried. "I'll curse them all; and Gwinny's curse kills!"

Lady Martock heard her, and closed the door with a shudder. She, too, was seeking for revenge, and lying down in her heart were curses which, as a lady and being of sound mind, she could not shout forth as this poor idiot did; but they were with her, and spoke in whispers deep though not loud. The thought brought a dreadful sense of likeness between them, which made her shiver and clasp her forehead with her hands. But from the agony of this momentary light she soon started up, and, finding no bell, opened the door and looked into the kitchen.

Gwinny sat sobbing in a corner, gazing piteously on her bare arms, which the broom had visited a little too roughly. On catching sight of Lady Martock's face, she shook her lean fingers in the air menacingly.

"I hope the pretty boy will die!" she cried, "and you'll get poor and silly, and be beaten black and blue, like me! You are a wicked woman! Gwinny knows what you are!"

This, to a rich customer whose carriage horses were pawing outside "The Three Choughs" as though disdaining the road, positively appalled Widow Treherne. Once more she seized the broom, and this time that domestic weapon came down with power on Gwinny's shoulders; and with a yell like a beaten animal the poor creature fled from her mother's anger out into the darkening road.

"I'm loth to beat her," said the widow, subsiding breathlessly into calm, "but I'm obliged to sometimes, or I couldn't live for her maze-jerry ways."

"Was she born like that?" asked Lady Martock in a subdued voice.

"Bless you! no, ma'am. She was as pooty a child as yours till she was six years old, when the fever took her, and she've bin a pattic * ever since. And she's fifty-five now, and I'm seventy-four, my lady. And it's hard work to make 'The Three Choughs' pay in these times."

"No doubt—no doubt. And I wish my friend would come. Good heavens! can a fever make a human creature a brute? And she was once a lovely child, like mine!" she said to herself.

This thought brought Lady Martock's steps through the ruined garden and out upon the road, whence she looked through the carriage window on her sleeping boy, and some of the hardness of her long prosperity fell from her. She began to wish for peace—the peace that avarice and passion kept far from her.

Gwinny was crouching on the further side of the wheel, and startled her by her cracked voice, screeching vindictively—"You made mother beat me—a poor little child like me! And I've cursed you for it—you and your boy; and Gwinny's curse clings and kills!"

"*Est-elle folle?*" asked the Norman nurse.

Lady Martock did not answer; she had turned to greet Mr. Bruntwell, at this moment riding up at a sharp trot. He alighted hurriedly. "I am sorry you arrived before me," he said. "I hope you have not been waiting long."

She took his extended hand coldly, and dropped it even as she touched it.

"Not long," she answered. "But this is a very strange and dismal place that you have selected, Mr. Bruntwell, for our interview."

"And very retired and quiet," he rejoined. "And I thought as you were in such haste to effect this business, and I could not go on to Bodrigan——"

"But I have changed my mind," she interposed. "I shall have to trouble you now to return to my house with me. I do not feel so sure as I did that the course proposed is right."

"Pray wait first to hear what I have to tell you. Ah! my old friend Guinever! What a sad Guinever, Lady Martock!" And Mr. Bruntwell looked at the gaunt figure of Gwinny with a laugh.

"Not sadder, perhaps, than the Guinever of the legend," said Lady Martock in cold quiet. "This one has had her life ruined for her, being innocent; the other ruined her life herself, being guilty. One is poetical and wept over, the other is prosy and beaten. I perceive this is an enigma, and I never pretend to understand such things."

Neither did Mr. Bruntwell. He stood aside for her to pass in; and then following her to the musty parlour he closed the door. An instantaneous change of expression passed over their faces as this was done.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

"Well, I have been successful: I have ascertained their plans. He means to marry this girl."

"Does he? He shall not do it while I am alive," returned Lady Martock in a tone of iron.

"Certainly he cannot do it fairly while you live," said Mr. Bruntwell. "And you would be very culpable if you permitted him."

"And yet there is my boy—how can I answer to him for my conduct at a future day?"

"If you gain this vast sum, Lady Martock, which justly belongs to you, I do not think your son will have cause to complain."

She looked at him without answering; she had weighed consequences too often to pause now to discuss them.

"Are you sure Edward Haslam dares propose to himself to marry?" she said.

"Absolutely sure. I was only a few feet from the lovers as they talked. This happened by a lucky accident. Seeing them approaching, and not wishing to be seen, I scrambled a little way down the cliff, meaning to restore myself to safer ground as soon as they had passed, but, to my surprise, they sat down close by my ambush. And since I could only have killed myself by attempting to descend the cliff, and have betrayed you by ascending, I naturally kept where I was. It was dangerous footing. I ran the risk of my life."

* A simpleton.

It was a risk which seemed to affect Lady Martock very little; she only glanced at him impatiently.

"In your visit and mine to the village," he continued, "we gained only hearsay; now I have heard with my own ears, and am in a position to tell you the exact truth."

Here she broke in feverishly on his self-complacency—"And what is that truth, Mr. Bruntwell?"

"That to-morrow Mr. Haslam asks Mr. Gwynne for his daughter's hand, and will plead for a speedy marriage. He is deeply attached to Miss Gwynne."

"I will never believe that!"

"I heard him say it. I heard him also speak of you."

"And what did he say of me?" she asked sharply.

"You will be hurt if I tell you," said Mr. Bruntwell in a deprecating tone. Secretly he was resolved thus to hurt her. She should lack no bracing-up to her purpose that his tongue could give her: such a lawsuit was not a thing to be lost by a woman's weakness.

"Not I!" she answered carelessly. "The time is past when words of Edward Haslam's could hurt me."

"He declared there was no woman whom he 'despised and hated as he did you.' Remember, I repeat his words reluctantly, and at your own request."

A moment's silence followed the sound of the lawyer's voice. Like a swelling flood there rushed over Letitia Martock's heart the memory of other words—tender, passionate words, uttered by Edward Haslam in those past days when his life's happiness was in her hands. And this happiness and her own she had sacrificed, and with it—this was the gnawing thought of fire—she had flung away also the wealth she coveted, and given it into the possession of another woman.

"I doubt if you could have heard distinctly," she said, rallying herself, with a smile of unbelief. "Mr. Haslam must be much changed before he could speak of me in such terms."

"I heard quite well. I was a little beneath the edge of the cliff on which they sat, so I was but a few feet from them. Luckily, a ledge of rock supported me; but it was giddy work, and I dared not look down or I should have fallen. Once, in my attempt to get a little change of position, I nearly betrayed myself. My figure got between the cliff's edge and the sun, and my shadow shot half a mile up the heath. Mr. Haslam turned and saw it, but I vanished in a moment."

"I ought to be infinitely obliged to you for risking your neck on my business," said Lady Martock with slight sarcasm.

"Not at all," returned Mr. Bruntwell. "It is my business likewise. I have no wish to conceal that my interest in it is of vital importance to me, and worth a good deal of risk."

Lady Martock's eyes glanced away from his face much as they would have done from some animal or reptile she disliked.

"Did Mr. Haslam make any remark on the announcement of my pretended marriage?" she said anxiously.

"Yes; it was the very circumstance which decided him to make Miss Gwynne his wife."

"Just as Milly predicted," said Lady Martock with a sharp sigh.

"Your niece? Yes, it was a very clever idea of the young lady's. It has precipitated matters, and answered our purpose exactly."

Lady Martock laughed—a hard, false laugh.

"He cheated me with an announcement of his death; he brought me to the verge of marriage; he cannot complain if I treat him to a share of the same tactics. We are quits now in that respect. It was a mean device on his part. He knew by marrying I should have bound myself hand and foot, and he would be safe to marry and enrich his wife with my money. Oh, it was a vile scheme—a wicked and clever plot! and but for my niece it would have succeeded. I am glad she suggested the plan of a newspaper paragraph which has matched his own. I shall rejoice in his discomfiture. And to think," she continued, losing herself for a moment, "that I so grieved for that man's supposed death that I wasted precious time: not writing at once, as I should have done, to the trustees!"

"But you will waste time no more," interrupted Mr. Bruntwell blandly. "Here are the drafts of the letters to be written to them, which you had better look over. Here, too, is a letter I have drawn up for you to write to Mr. Gwynne."

He placed the papers before her, and from a bag he carried he took pen and ink, which he also laid by her hand.

She took the pen up twice, and twice she laid it down. Mr. Bruntwell watched her, and from his breast-pocket he took a note-book, its pages scrawled over in short-hand.

"I took down the heads of the conversation to which it was my duty to listen," he said carelessly, "and I think it is well you should hear some of it. If you will permit me, I will read it out."

Once more the pen was poised in mid-air, while the hard, clear voice to which she listened crushed her last lingering hope of regaining Edward Haslam's love.

"'There is not a grain of shifting sand lying down upon that beach more rootless and profitless than my dead love for that woman; yet it haunts me, because a miser in a wicked will staked a fortune on that love. Lady Martock's grandfather left a huge sum of money to my wife,'" read Mr. Bruntwell, coldly and precisely; "'to my wife,'" he repeated, pausing to look at Lady Martock.

She dipped her pen in the ink, and began to write.

"I ought to haunt him," she said with a strange smile. "He cannot thrust from his heart and conscience altogether the memory of what is my due. The money is mine. Go on, Mr. Bruntwell."

Mr. Bruntwell went on. From his copious notes he selected the words that stung, the declarations that stabbed, and fretted the wounds which they made; and Lady Martock, listening, wrote on with quicker pen.

"'I wanted time, that this woman who came between

us might marry and stand aloof from us for ever. I have loved you, Cordelia, with a last hope, a last longing for rest——'"

"Pass over, if you please, those sickly sentences," interposed Lady Martock. "I have no wish to hear more than concerns my own position and my own rights."

the savings of my grandfather's life—and the lands his forefathers fought for! And shall this covetous girl have them—this stranger, of whom he never heard? Was this the meaning of his will? No judge in the land will dare to say so! Will you look at these letters?" she continued, calming herself

"LISTENING TO THE WILD SOUND RUSHING UP THE GORGE" (*p.* 390).

Mr. Bruntwell hid a smile as he went on in a cold, monotonous voice—

"'There is no woman whom I despise and hate as I do Letitia Martock. She shall not have this vast sum to rejoice in; it is yours, Cordelia, and in your hands it will do good. You shall realise your wildest dreams; you shall fulfil all the desire of your heart——'"

"With my money? Never!" interposed Lady Martock vehemently. "With the Martock money—

suddenly. "I think I have copied your words correctly."

He glanced at the letters, folded them, and gave her the envelopes to address. He was watchful of her all the while, noting her passion and her hesitation; but his own demeanour was unmoved. Business to him was simply business—the means of getting money; and if lives were wrecked and hearts tortured, he could no more help it than the judge can help the tears of the criminal. The letters remained unad-

dressed. Lady Martock paused before them, pen in hand, with eyelids quivering. She felt as Cæsar before he passed the Rubicon.

"Your ladyship has not looked at the last statement of accounts," observed Mr. Bruntwell. "I should be glad if you would do so now. There is no hurry respecting the letters; there is no post till the morning."

He placed a long array of figures before her, aiding her to comprehend them with pointing finger.

"The original legacy, fourteen years ago, amounted to £125,000; but the estate near London has been built on, with a result so successful, that the property now at issue between you and Mr. Haslam is worth a quarter of a million. That is the fortune with which he intends to endow a country parson's daughter."

Lady Martock's lip curled. "He has not fought for it yet," she said.

"And if he dare fight, the victory will be yours. He said he wished you had disputed the will years ago."

Her face flushed. "I will do better: I will show why it was made." She stooped, and addressed her letter to Mr. Gwynne.

"I am not bound to show him the courtesy of a warning," she said. "Perhaps it would be safer policy to keep him in ignorance. Do you think Mr. Haslam is aware of your and my visit to Boscombe?"

"Of mine, yes; but not of yours. And being ignorant of my connection with the trustees, there would be no link in his mind between you and me."

"It was the false announcement of my marriage that brought him so unexpectedly to Boscombe, doubtless."

"Yes, and naturally, if he thought of you at all, he would imagine you were abroad with your husband. Then, too, if he made inquiries at the village inn he only found the names of Mr. and Miss Bruntwell. So if you wish our proceedings to be a sudden blow, we can make them so. They will fall on the happy pair like an avalanche if you choose."

"I do choose that as best," she answered in a sort of sullen quiet. "Let your policy be sudden and sharp, Mr. Bruntwell."

"It shall, madam. I can send telegrams in the morning to London. You do not think Mr. Musgrave or his daughter recognised you?" he added.

"No, they do not know me, although my husband's brother is related to them by marriage."

"Yes, your niece's father. I feel very much for that young lady."

"My niece usually gets a large amount of pity from your sex, Mr. Bruntwell. Nevertheless, although married to a perfectly worthless man, I have found her quite capable of taking care of herself and her own interests."

She walked to the window and beckoned to her servants; and Mr. Bruntwell meanwhile packed up all letters and papers, and disposed of them in the black bag.

"You will come on to Bodrigan with me this evening," said Lady Martock, "and in the morning I will see you early, and arrange the matter of the telegrams."

Mr. Bruntwell was right willing to remain with his rich client till she had committed herself to the action and the course he proposed. Until the letters and messages were past recall he did not feel sure she might not change her mind; but a drive in a close carriage, seated beside nurse and child, was not tempting.

"I can ride my horse," he said.

"One of the grooms can ride it," she answered, "and you can take the box-seat, if you prefer that to riding within."

She looked from the window as she spoke, and saw the horses chafing in the pallid light of a moon just rising above the hills, where twilight still lingered. The peaks bore a cold grey gleam, on which the moon shed a faint shower of silver glory; but down in the gorge by the inn gate the road was dark, and the carriage and its shadows seemed to fill its solitude in a phantom way, as if all were unreal and would vanish at a voice.

The idiot Gwinny was still hanging near the wheel, and her ragged gown touched Lady Martock's silken robe as she entered the carriage.

"Give Gwinny a penny!" she whined, as a last entreaty.

"Have these people been well paid?" asked Lady Martock of her servant.

"Yes, my lady; and I gave the old woman a sovereign over, as you ordered."

"Then drive this wretched creature away. I hate beggars."

Perhaps the man did not mean to be rough, but Gwinny fell, as he thrust her aside, against the broken gate, and in falling called horribly for every sort of evil upon the heads of her tormentors.

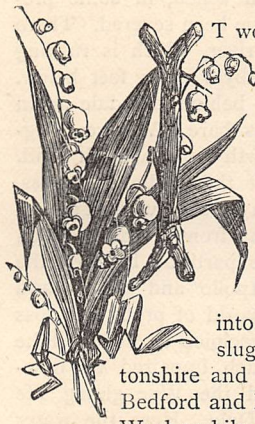
To the sound of her harsh curses the carriage drove away; the lamps flashed vivid lights on the shaggy sides of the brown hills; the solitude seemed peopled by spectres.

And "The Three Choughs," its ancient mistress and her idiot daughter, came no more into Lady Martock's life—left behind for ever at the first sharp turn on the dark road; and yet these shadows haunted her, and the woman's words—"My curse clings and kills!"—were beaten out again and again by the horses' hoofs all along the wild way to Bodrigan.

Through all the journey the little child slept peacefully, and his innocent dreams were of heaven.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

UP THE DERBYSHIRE WYE: A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.



IT would be an interesting task for the archæological genius, which Carlyle calls "gentle dulness," to account for the identity in name of distinct English rivers running in diametrically opposed directions in different parts of the country. We have, for instance, a river Ouse which, after draining Yorkshire, flows into the Humber; there is Cowper's sluggish Ouse, rising in Northamptonshire and passing Ely and Huntingdon, Bedford and Buckingham, on its way to the Wash; while a third Ouse enters the English Channel. There is a Derwent in Lake-land which joins the Irish Sea, and a second Derwent which feeds the Trent. The youthful student of home geography is further puzzled by three Avons—the South Avon, the Bristol Avon, and Shakespeare's classic Avon at Stratford. And are there not two separate Wyes—the wooded water-valley of the West, and the sylvan stream of the Peak country? I recalled some of the beauties of the bewitching Monmouthshire river in a recent number of this Magazine,* and now I should like to hold a brief for its picturesque North Midland namesake.

The dual rivers are alike only in name. It is, perhaps, a piece of local vanity to describe the Derbyshire Wye as a river at all. It would be more correct to designate it a mountain stream; for, while its Western rival is more than a hundred miles long, and broad and deep, and carries ships and steamers to and from the sea, the Peak streamlet is always narrow, never navigable, and so short that you may follow its serpentine wanderings, from its embouchure at Rowsley to its source at Buxton, in one day's dilatory walk. Perhaps the brevity of the stream enhances its beauty. It is picturesque throughout its entire course. There is no break in the natural loveliness, and every scene is linked together in a series of successive surprises—

> "Each step
> Awakes fresh beauties, each short point presents
> A different picture; new, and yet the same."

To enjoy the Derbyshire Wye we must not leave its side. Boating is out of the question, on account of the number of cascades and stranded rocks; and if we drive along the turnpike road we shall often lose sight of the river altogether, to say nothing of the delicious valleys which it silvers. So we leave the mediæval "Peacock" at Rowsley—the Mecca of fishermen, whose rods and tackle festoon the hall—burdened with no baggage save a pouch or wallet, and with no other aid to locomotion than a walking-stick, for a waterside pilgrimage in the Peak. We are early risers, but the sun was up before us, and is glorifying the landscape with a wealth of bright colour. Ripples of light and shadow are chasing each other on the hill-sides. The birds are singing a May madrigal in the trees which fringe the river, and the musical swirl of the current adds new notes to their melody. In the limpid Derwent there is a daguerreotype of the quaint old bridge, complete grey stone for grey stone, arch for arch, lichen for lichen, while the greenery of the banks looks admiringly at itself in the liquid looking-glass.

The Wye, after picking up several companions on the way, and tired with its wanderings, settles down at Rowsley into a quiet alliance with the peaceful Derwent; and it is at this junction of the two rivers that we commence to trace the tributary stream. From Rowsley to Bakewell, it waters, with many a graceful curve and intricate winding, a verdurous valley which has been called the "Garden of the Peak." At Fillyford Bridge, half-way between Rowsley and Bakewell, the Wye receives to its bosom the bright-eyed Bradford, which sparkling stream has just been enriched by the waters of the Lathkill, a little limpid river which gives a name to one of the most secluded and sylvan of Derbyshire dales. Meandering through flower-gemmed meadows, our stream reaches the wooded hill-side from which Haddon Hall looks down upon the valley. The baronial battlements are half-smothered in foliage, and the birds are singing their loudest, as if to awaken the hoary old towers to fresh life. A dragon-fly floats through the air, a glimmer of gauzy light; and a kingfisher contemplates his own burnished breast of sapphire and gold in the flowing mirror. The dull grey of the castle walls, mixed up with the bright tender green of the trees, with the olive-hued river babbling at the foot of the feudal pile, forms a poetic picture that lingers in the memory like a delicious dream. Past the old-fashioned foot-bridge, past mead and mansion, glade and grove, until Bakewell, "the metropolis of the Peak," is reached. A pleasant half-hour is passed in this old-world town in visiting the historic church, and chatting about trout with the Izaak Waltons and Charles Cottons who hang over the antique bridge, where the Wye is wide and river-like, until it loses itself in the emerald meadows beyond. Some school-children are despatching paper ironclads to an imaginary enemy in a supposititious Besika Bay. Happy, happy boys! innocent yet of the seething sea of life beyond, whose remorseless waves are waiting to make shipwreck of your dreams. Sauntering by the banks of the stream again—artificial at Lumsford Mills, lake-like at Ashford Hall, tranquil at Ashover, with its sunny cottages and shady trees—at Monsal Dale we have the most enchanting section of the stream. We come suddenly upon Longstone Edge, and the abruptness of the view below stuns the imagination. We

* "A Dream of the Western Wye" (see p. 175).

find a green carpet upon the grassy acclivity. The river wanders, like a band of burnished silver, under the wild wooded slopes of the deep valley beneath. Faint curls of blue smoke come from a farm-house in the valley; on the hill-side a few mountain sheep are finding herbage; the river is crossed here by stepping-stones, there by a rustic bridge; a cow stands knee-deep in the water, and its dappled shadow mixes with the blue tint of heaven reflected in the running stream. The wooded ravine, the higher moorland, the jutting cliffs, are the mere outlines of a picture whose colouring and gradation only the Divine Academician could fill in. Lord Byron declared that there are prospects in Derbyshire as "noble as in Greece or Switzerland," and Monsal Dale endorses with its beauty the poet's testimony. The dale is a dream of scenery. It is the Happy Valley of "Rasselas." A person of the most prosaic temperament might be challenged to pass along this moorland shelf at Longstone Edge without involuntarily pausing to take a mental photograph of the romantic scene. Monsal Dale is Arcadian in its tranquil simplicity, and there is none of the awe-inspiring grandeur about it so characteristic of Miller's Dale, which we reach after a three miles' ramble through some of the most striking scenery the British Isles can afford. Cressbrook Dale is a parenthesis between the two valleys, and we make a short détour at the cotton-mills, which diversify the interest of the scenery. Here the river widens into links of loch, burnished by the sun into sheets of silver, framed in glowing green, and overhung by wooded cliffs that rise to ambitious heights. Workmen's cottages are scattered on the hill-side, and the railway runs on a rocky terrace over the river, the heavy engineering works harmonising with the majesty of nature. In Miller's Dale there are clouds of plump trout with their pretty heads poised against the stream. A number of "Complete Anglers" are scattered along the river-margin, some of them experts in the gentle art, who whip the water with skilful ease; others are embryos in the craft, with brand-new rods and tackle, and creels exasperatingly empty, which yesterday, no doubt, were in the windows of Buxton shopkeepers. Very musical is the river; demonstrative as it bounds, foam-flecked, past great boulders of lichen-covered rock; dreamy as it pauses for breath in the deeper pools, where it is arched by bending foliage, and kissed by the loving greenery of the banks.

> "For busy thoughts the stream flows on
> In foamy agitation,
> And sleeps in many a crystal pool
> For quiet contemplation."

Under jutting rocks capped with trees, and past mossy dells silvered with tiny tributary streams of crystal, the Wye wimples on its way. At Chee Tor the scenery reaches a climax of wild grandeur. The glen contracts, and the giant form of Chee rises to a height of 360 feet—a stupendous geological headland, a promontory of rock, with a clinging plant here and there lending a gleam of green to the grim grey limestone, and rooks and daws holding a noisy concert in the giddy clefts in the summit. Facing this solemn cliff is a crescent of rock, festooned with foliage, and corresponding in shape and size and strata to the great convex bastion opposite, from which, in some prehistoric convulsion, it must have been severed. There is a perilous path over the river, which is rushing headlong through the rocky abyss many feet below. After this Alpine pass is left behind, the dale again widens, and the rocks are less bare. We tread leg-deep in ferns and undergrowth to Blackwell Mill. Here the shriek and roar of the Midland express, speeding Manchester-wards on the lofty viaduct above, reminds us how narrow is the frontier-line between fact and fancy, how thin the partition between the dwelling-place of Pan and Apollo and naïads and water-nymphs, and the busy world of profit and loss and fever-fret. Under the precipice of Topley Pike —whose beauty is being much impaired by limestone workings—and we find the Wye giving life and loveliness to Ashwood Dale. Here the water is touched by the sun into reaches of liquid light; there it is hidden, as it flows under hanging crags clothed with clinging ferns and ivy, and billowy masses of oak and ash, mingled with the light feathery form of the birch and the darker branches of pine and fir. That opening in the rocks to the left is the Lovers' Leap. It is a great gaping gorge between two precipices, which, according to a local legend, was jumped in safety by the horse bearing two runaway lovers. The horse-flesh of our degenerate days is certainly not capable of such phenomenal feats, and modern lovers have too much regard for their necks to commit themselves to such Curtius-like enterprises.

The presence of invalid carriages and Bath chairs is eloquent of the near proximity of Buxton, and in a few minutes we are in the Spa of the Peak. Art has here tampered with the natural wanderings of the Wye. The stream is laid out in set pieces, which look like mathematical figures in water, and diverted by ornamental gardeners to meander through muddy, serpentine mazes, and to make artificial waterfalls. About a mile from Buxton is the source of the Wye. The wilful river leaps into life and liberty at the foot of a hill leading to Poole's Hole—a mine whose wonders were celebrated by Hobbes in Latin verse, and have been the theme of a thousand and one scribblers since. The Wye is born inside the wonderful cavern, and the infant river may be heard fretting in the darkness, impatient to enter the wide world it is about to beautify. But our tramp has rendered our appetite too ravenous to allow us to inspect the miracles of Poole's Hole now, so we will hie back to Buxton. The hotels have certainly improved in the town since the seventeenth century, when, according to Lord Macaulay, "the gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighbouring counties repaired to Buxton, where they were crowded into low wooden sheds, and regaled with oatcake, and with a viand which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog." There is something better than disguised dog at the "Crescent" to-day, and the dinner-bell is now ringing.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MAGGIE DENNE was standing on the terrace in the Rectory garden at Wittlesleigh, gazing over the lovely bay, when a young man came close and gently placed his hands over her blue eyes.

"Frank, how dare you!" she exclaimed; "let me go this instant!"

The hands were immediately withdrawn, and the fair girl turned round, half angrily, to encounter the rude disturber of her reverie.

"Why, Algy, is it you! How *did* you get here? I thought you were at Motcombe. This *is* a surprise!" she added; "papa will be so glad, and Frank too."

"And you, Maggie?" said Algy, as he shook hands with her warmly, venturing upon a gentle pressure of her taper fingers.

"Of course, I am delighted, particularly as Jessie Hamblyn is coming to-day. "You recollect her?"

"Oh! perfectly; she used to be my ideal of beauty until——" He stopped.

"Until that terrible attack cost her her eye-sight, you mean. Yes, indeed, she was a lovely girl. I admire your taste, Algy."

"I did not exactly mean that," he replied; "I meant——"

"Never mind just now, but tell me, like a good fellow, is that the smoke of the steamer over there? If so I must go and tell Robert to get the pony-chaise ready."

Algy shaded his eyes from the glare, and bent all his powers of vision upon the tiny cloud on the horizon.

It was indeed a fair scene upon which his eyes rested. The blue waters of the bay were flecked with foam, as the brisk breeze met the restless sea on the flood-tide. Till now Maggie had in vain sought for a token of the vessel, and with shaded eyes had watched the wide expanse, at times almost despairing. But now all doubt was removed. The black streak grew more and more defined; a long trail of smoke extended far across the blue distance.

"Come along," said Maggie, "we must tell papa and Frank. They *will* be astonished to see you. By the way, do you generally greet your lady friends at Motcombe as you did me just now?"

Algy blushed as he replied, "Of course not; besides, I have no particular friends there."

"Oh! Not Miss Luttrel? and Miss Alice—is it Alice—Carrington? Fie, Algy, fie! what *would* they say to hear you disown them thus! But here is Frank."

As she spoke her cousin, Frank Carson, appeared. He walked slowly and with a peculiar watchful gait, but he turned his head neither to the right nor left, as he approached the merry pair.

"Well, Frank, old fellow, how are you?" exclaimed Algy heartily, as he extended his hand.

"Why, Algy Vernon, back already! We thought you were studying medicine, or cutting people's legs off to keep your hand in for surgery. Oh, you truant!"

The young men shook hands warmly.

"Have you been here long this time?" asked Algernon.

"About a fortnight," was the reply; "Maggie's school-chum is coming—I am very anxious indeed to make her acquaintance. I understand she's lovely—not that her good looks matter to me——"

Algy was about to make a reply when Maggie made him a sign not to speak.

"Will you come and meet her, Frank? We are going."

"Of course; I shall be delighted to welcome her. I'll go and get some flowers for her—a bunch of roses will do." As he spoke he walked quietly away.

"What did you mean by telegraphing to me in that mysterious manner?" asked Vernon.

"Frank doesn't know that Jessie is blind now, so don't tell him. She may recover her eye-sight, the doctors say. Perhaps your skill may prove of use."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Algernon, sighing. "But I've made the eyes my study too. Now *your* eyes——"

But whatever compliment he intended to convey was cut short by Maggie's sudden departure.

In half an hour the party were all ready to proceed to the wharf. The pony-chaise led the way at a brisk pace, while a cart for the visitor's luggage followed more soberly.

The steamer soon came alongside, and Maggie's quick glance at once descried her friend.

"There she is, Algy; and Barton is with her, as usual. What a kind creature she is!"

Barton recognised the party at the same moment, and told her young mistress, who turned round and waved her hand.

Jessie Hamblyn must have possessed no ordinary share of beauty before the fell ravages of small-pox had deprived her of sight. Even now her almost classic features were very striking, and her open lids at a distance did not betray the terrible trial to which she had been subjected. Fortunately the disease had not marked her to any perceptible extent; and had her eyes been spared, her beauty would have remained almost unimpaired. Her tall, well-formed figure was drawn up as if in defiance of the pity she knew was felt for her, and of many kind expressions which her quick sense of hearing caught and resented. At first she had rebelled terribly against the Will that had mercifully chastised her, but lately she had bowed her head to the decrees of Providence, and almost without a murmur.

"How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed—"I mean, to know I am with you once again, dear Maggie! How kind you are!"

"Dearest Jessie," whispered her friend, "we are all delighted you have come, and looking so well too. Here are two young gentlemen waiting to be introduced; though I think you have met Algy Vernon before."

"Oh, yes! I recollect Mr. Vernon quite well. We had a famous picnic to the Glen, I think it was."

"Quite right, Miss Hamblyn. What a memory you have!" replied Vernon, as he shook hands with her.

"This is my cousin, Frank Carson, of whom you may have heard," continued Maggie. "He has brought you a bouquet."

Maggie took them from her cousin and placed them in the blind girl's grasp. Jessie inhaled the perfume for a few moments, and then placed them in the bosom of her dress. "Oh, what lovely roses!" she cried. "Thank you so much, Mr. Carson!"

"Now, dear, let me escort you," said Maggie. "I see your invaluable Barton has already got your luggage ashore. This way, dear."

"Algy, you and I must follow as we cannot lead," said Frank, as he took his friend's arm. "I say," he whispered, "what a beautiful voice she has got, hasn't she? You'll be falling in love, old fellow, eh?"

"Not I," replied his friend, "I'm not equal to a goddess like Miss Hamblyn. Besides, you know——" He stopped suddenly, remembering Maggie's caution.

"Well, besides what? don't mind me," said Frank.

"Oh, dear, no! the fact is, I'm rather sweet on some one else, you see. She was delighted with those roses, I can tell you. What a thoughtful fellow you are! *I* never *can* do those pretty things."

"Then, friend Algy, take a lesson now, and a rose next time."

They all drove rapidly back to the Rectory. Mr. Denne met them on the steps.

"Welcome to Wittlesleigh," he exclaimed in his cheery voice. "Jessie, my dear, I am delighted to see you. Come in;" and pressing a fatherly kiss on the wide forehead, he led his beautiful visitor into the drawing-room.

"Luncheon is ready," he said, "so when you young ladies have exchanged confidences we will sit down. Do not be too long, dear," he added to his daughter.

"We shall be ready in a minute, papa," replied Maggie.

"Scarcely, I think," said the Rector, laughing. "But do not forget I breakfasted at seven this morning."

"What a nice fellow your cousin must be, Maggie! fancy his taking the trouble to gather these lovely roses! I wish I could see them," she added with a sigh. "But Maggie, dear, what do you think? one doctor in London told papa that perhaps I *might* some day recover my sight—I do so hope he is right. He wanted to galvanise me, or something!"

"Of course he is right, dear; he never would have been so cruel. He could not have held out hopes if he were not *quite* sure!"

"Oh, Maggie, fancy! Just fancy being able to see the sea, the sky, the flowers, and you, you darling, once again. But it is too good to be true. It is quite impossible!" A weary sigh closed the sentence.

"Not impossible, dear. So let us hope for the best. Hope and pray, and trust in God's mercy."

Jessie bent down and kissed her kind friend, and then the two girls had a "good cry" together.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NEARLY two months passed away, and still the party at Wittlesleigh Rectory remained the same. To those

of my readers who have stayed in sweet South Devon, I need not explain the pleasant life which young people can—and I believe do—lead in that land of picnics. Love in those latitudes ripens with the strawberries, and comes as naturally as cream; so the young couples at the Rectory paired off almost unconsciously. Such an arrangement in the case of Algy Vernon and Maggie Denne was not surprising, for they had been acquainted from childhood. Mrs. Vernon and the late Mrs. Denne had been schoolfellows. They had never severed the friendship thus initiated, and what was more natural than that the affection entertained by the parents should descend to the children? At any rate, Algy was deeply in love with the pretty Maggie; and she, though not so preoccupied respecting him, thought her old friend very nice indeed, and if the truth were told, preferred him to all her numerous admirers.

But Frank Carson and Jessie Hamblyn had no such excuse. Yet the influence of the Devonshire air was such as to kindle a spark, which showed symptoms of bursting out into a very decided flame indeed. The train of sympathy was laid, it required but that spark to be applied to it, and then the barriers of prudence would give way before the explosion. If Algernon and Maggie understood each other, so did Frank and Jessie, and the numerous excursions and picnics in which they passed the afternoons only served to rivet their bonds closer.

One sultry afternoon a last excursion was planned to the Fairy Glen. The party had been increased on this occasion by three couples from a neighbouring parish, and despite the threatening appearance of certain huge masses of cloud, the expedition started. The romantic spot which Maggie—no mean judge in these matters—had selected for the afternoon meal was one of those lovely bits of landscape so familiar to many of us. A brawling stream makes its sparkling way amidst moss-covered boulders over pebbly shallows, and swirls amongst the wild flowers beneath its banks. Then gliding calmly into an unruffled pool, it lazily creeps beneath a picturesque bridge, through the single arch of which ancient structure the moor is seen extending its wild and undulating curves. And then the water, secure in its pride of high birth in yonder hills, takes no heed of the narrow passage till, ere it is aware, it is caught in a rapid, and hurried over the cascade to the sea, where it is lost for ever.

Such were the features of the woodland dining-room on that eventful day—a day never to be forgotten by any member of that merry party.

The cloth was soon laid beside the stream, and when all was ready full justice was done to the *al fresco* meal. More than once a muttered growl or subdued roll was heard over the hills, but the suggestion of thunder was met by the reply that the sound was merely the echoes of the blasting operations at the quarries, or the rattle of the trucks on the neighbouring tramway.

The air got more and more sultry, and even the insects seemed to sleep. The trees whispered to each other, and their topmost branches waved a gentle welcome to the scarcely felt breeze that stirred the leaves. The picnic party broke into groups after dinner; the groups into pairs, each cautioning the others not to go too far, as there was a storm brewing. Frank and Jessie did not wander away. Escorted by Algernon and Maggie to a rustic seat above the stream close to a tall and sheltering tree, they sat together while the more venturesome of the party climbed the tall rocks, or wandered up the stream, leaping from stone to stone, where assistance and much holding of hands was a necessity.

Oh, ye Devon streams, for what are ye not responsible? How many happy faces ye have mirrored in your sparkling waters!

Frank and Jessie chatted for some time on indifferent subjects, until at last she sighed deeply, and said half-absently—

"Oh, how very sorry I shall be to leave here!—I have been so happy!" Then she added suddenly, "Every one has been so very kind to me!"

"I am dreadfully sorry you must go," he said with an answering sigh, and somehow as he spoke, we know not how—how does it ever happen?—their hands touched; his fingers clasped hers, and hers were not withdrawn. The train was fired!

"Jessie, dearest Jessie," he whispered, "can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

There was no reply unless an almost imperceptible pressure of the taper fingers could be so termed. Frank took it for assent, and bending down he kissed the lovely face once, twice, thrice, till the cheeks were as brilliant as the crimson rose Jessie wore in her dress.

"My own, my darling!" was all he said. A sharp peal of thunder passed away unheeded as he spoke. After a pause he resumed—

"So you *do* love me, Jessie! I never thought you would care for me, dear."

"Indeed I do," she whispered; "why should I not? But I often wondered that you selected me as your companion all these weeks, for I am so unfortunate."

"Why, my darling, how are you unfortunate?" and he passed his arm around her taper waist.

"Because—because—oh! I cannot bear to mention it; though I do not mind *now*—at least, not nearly so much."

"But what is this terrible reason why I should not love you, Jessie? Tell me, dearest."

"Oh, Frank! that is like your kind sympathy for me. Of course you guess. It is because I am blind, you know!"

Frank recoiled as if he had been stung, a choking gasp escaped him, and he could not speak for a moment.

"Blind!" he repeated at length, as if in a dream; "blind! Oh, Jessie! *So am I!*"

It was too true. Blind from his birth, Frank Carson had never dreamed that Jessie was afflicted like himself. Maggie had never told him this, and the terrible fact was now revealed to the lovers for the first time. Frank's knowledge of the ground and neighbourhood in which he had lived for years had

enabled him to keep Jessie in ignorance of his infirmity, which he of course fancied she was aware of.

And had it come to this after all!

Jessie seized his hand. "Oh, do not tell me that! Frank, dear Frank, say you can see me! Have you *never* seen me, never at all?"

She waited breathless for his answer. It fell almost like a blow.

"Never!"

And this was the end of her dream of love! She had been so very happy to think that one man at least had been so kind and sympathetic; that one man had seen her vacant eyes and scarred face, and had loved her for herself alone, not for her beauty and her wealth. But now—the charm was snapped—the golden bowl was broken! She bent her head. A great warm drop fell upon her hand, now clasped in his once more. She started as she felt it. He was suffering too. She drew herself up, a beautiful smile upon her face, then bending towards him she pressed a kiss, the first kiss of her pure lips, upon his forehead.

"'For better, for worse, till death do us part,' dear Frank, I am yours, if you will take me so!"

"'Till death do us part,'" he repeated solemnly, and he in turn was stooping to his love when——

A hot and brilliant flash of light rent the cloud overhead, a rattling peal of thunder followed it to earth, and Frank and Jessie lay extended beneath the riven tree, hand in hand, to all appearance locked in sleep—the sleep that knows no waking!

Till death did them part! Was this to be their parting, on the threshold of their lives?

Peal after peal of thunder rattled overhead, the lightning flashed around them, the rain poured down in torrents, and there they lay unconscious of the elemental war—asleep!

* * * *

"Merciful Heaven, have pity on them!"

It was the rector who spoke, as he and some others of the party came suddenly upon the senseless forms beneath the tree.

Was the prayer heard? We dare not speculate on subjects such as this. Who can tell?

The bodies were borne to a cottage close by; the light clasp of the fingers was unloosed at length. Jessie, the bunch of roses contrasting so with her pallid face, was laid upon a bed. Frank was in the next room, insensible still.

A stifled sigh first proclaimed to Maggie Denne that her heartfelt prayer had been answered, and Jessie sat upright. Turning to her kind attendant, she said faintly—

"Maggie, dearest!"

Maggie, full of joy, hastened to the bed. There was Jessie Hamblyn, indeed—but it was the Jessie of old. Her eyes were open wide, and full of life!

"It is true, Maggie, darling, it is true, and I *can* see you once again—I can, I can! Look, here are my roses—there you stand. Oh, thank Heaven, I can see the sky once more!"

She fell back exhausted, then rising again, cried—

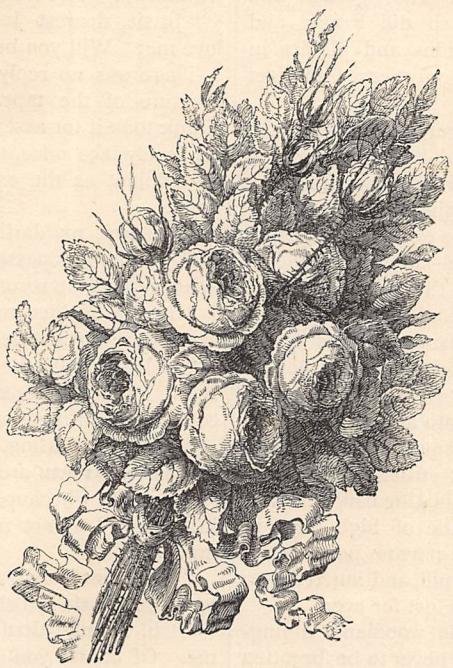
"Is it true about Frank? I love him, he loves me; the lightning struck us—yes, but gave me sight for him. Thank God! Where is Frank?" she inquired after a pause.

"In the next room," said Maggie, as she wiped away her happy tears. Oh, Jessie! how thankful we all are! We feared the worst for both!"

At this moment the rector entered softly.

"Oh, come in, papa, come in; darling Jessie can see us all again. Is it not wonderful? I am so thankful!"

"It is indeed wonderful," replied Mr. Denne. "And now," he said, after he had affectionately congratulated Jessie, "I have more good news; Frank has recovered, and has asked for Jessie. May he come in?"



"I will go to him," she said, rising from the bed. And before they could stop her she had hurried away to the next room where, lying upon a sofa, was poor Frank Carson. She hastened towards him. "Oh, Frank!" she cried, "dearest Frank, I *am* so glad." Then blushing rosy red, she whispered, "Till death do us part. God has given me my eye-sight once again, to nurse and tend you all my life. Dear, dear Frank!"

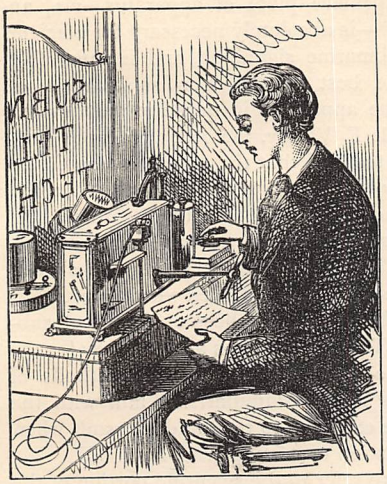
He said no word till, rising up, he knelt beside the sofa, and Jessie's thanksgiving and his went up to heaven together.

But little remains to be told. The lovers were united before many months had passed. Algernon and Maggie soon followed the good example set them by Jessie and her lover. On the former wedding-day the only gift presented to the lovely bride by her devoted husband, Frank, was a bunch of roses.* HENRY FRITH.

* The main incidents of this story are facts.

SIX MONTHS IN A SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY.

IN these days of keen competition and overcrowding in all the professions, most young men, above what is somewhat invidiously termed the "working class," must be prepared to accept but little, and when opportunity offers to do much, in order to find the work and position for which they may be fitted.

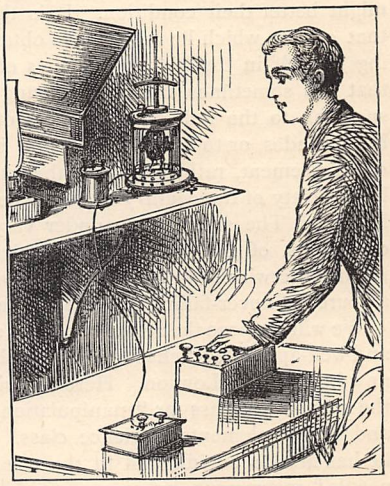


SENDING SUBMARINE MESSAGE.

Now amongst all the professions, telegraphy is that which is least overcrowded, and probably that which offers the greatest scope for ability and legitimate ambition, in the case of young men possessing the average education of gentlemen's sons. In submarine telegraphy, the demand for competent and qualified men is actually in excess of the supply, and is likely to increase with the extension of the present lines of telegraph.

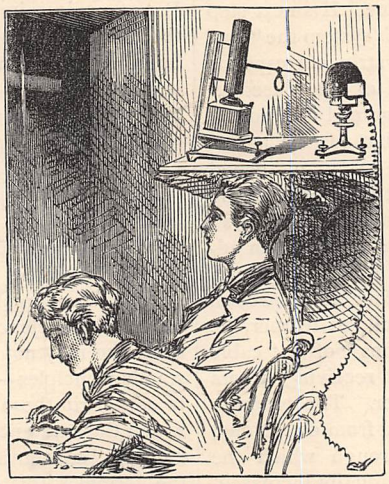
Much has been said of the evils of favouritism in this as in other departments; but these evils have at length become so generally recognised, that we can place some confidence in the assurances we have received, that the advancement of officers will in future depend upon their merit and efficiency, and not upon the influence of "friends at court." Assuming this to be the case, there are several important considerations which point to this profession as an eligible opening for a considerable section of the class to which we have referred. In the first place, the expenditure of time and money necessary to become qualified for the profession of telegraphy is very small indeed, in comparison with that which is required in the case of any other profession.

It has been amply demonstrated that, with due application and with the advantages afforded at a good School of Telegraphy, a man possessing the average education of a gentleman's son may in six months obtain a practical knowledge of, and fair proficiency in, all the systems of signalling generally employed. Moreover, in the same period he may obtain also a fair grasp of the higher branches of the professional training of a scientific telegraphist and electrician, and a general theoretical knowledge equal to that of men who have been in the service, and even on the electrical staff, for many years. Of course, the ability to do promptly and perfectly much of the practical work required of members of this staff can come only through the experience and practice which time will give him. In the meanwhile he can be working intelligently, instead of mechanically and by "rule of thumb," and can be perfecting the foundations of his future advancement and success.



TESTING FOR FAULTS IN CABLE.

There is another advantage—albeit it may be only of a probable and prospective character—which is almost peculiar to telegraphy considered as a scientific profession. It is a *new* profession, a growing one, not only extending its own boundaries year by year, but capable of giving to its votaries, now and then, a new world, an entirely fresh field of endeavour.



RECEIVING SUBMARINE MESSAGE.

There are already many applications of electricity besides telegraphy, and some of these are of considerable importance. We seem to be on the verge of others—the nature of which may be gathered from the inaugural address of the president for this year of the Society of Telegraph Engineers—which could give employment to many hundreds of trained men. From many points of view, it appears certain that the applications of electricity will become vastly extended. And in this connection it may afford a valuable hint to some amongst the readers of this article, to point out that a duly instructed telegraphist should be prepared, and can be enabled, to turn his hand, if necessary, to any application of electricity which may become commercially developed and grow into importance.

From what has been said, the importance to the

telegraphist of a fair scientific knowledge of his profession is sufficiently obvious. We speak advisedly when we say that the mere capacity to transmit and receive a certain number of words per minute will of itself alone no longer be a sufficient qualification even for the "manipulating staff" of our great submarine companies. There will no longer be a hard and fast line between the "electrical staff" and that which we have just mentioned. We believe that nearly all the companies are now anxious to afford aid and encouragement to their officers in their endeavours to perfect themselves in the knowledge of their profession. Some of them, we know, have even gone to the expense of giving special instruction to certain of their *employés*, in order to fit them for a post in which they might better their condition. It is the want even of that culture which he might have obtained by qualifying himself in the higher branches of his profession, that has sometimes caused the young telegraphist to succumb to the indolent influences of station-life in hot latitudes, or to seek his pleasure in public places of amusement, rather than in the cultivation of the best society of the country in which he happens to be located. The study, often under very advantageous conditions, of his own beautiful science, electricity, might otherwise have been a preventive of *ennui*, and a source of never-failing interest to him.

We will suppose the student to enter a really efficient and well-appointed School of Telegraphy, such as may now be found in London. Here he will at once join the elementary class for "manipulation," or signalling, and also an elementary science class. In the former he has first to be initiated in the use of the "single-needle" instrument, by means of which he becomes acquainted and familiar with the alphabetical, numerical, and punctuation signals, the rules for spacing, and the technicalities used in signalling, which are essentially the same in all systems of transmission by hand. At this stage the signals are such as would be obtained through a short overland line. His next step is with the "Morse recorder," in which system the "dot" or "dash," imprinted upon a paper strip, corresponds to the "left" or "right" deflection of the "needle." Here the knowledge he has already gained is of course of great service to him. Considerable care is necessary to insure his adopting at once what lengthened experience has proved to be the best style of handling or fingering the transmitting instruments or "keys" used for these systems of signalling; and it is an advantage to have nothing to *unlearn* in this direction. In a period of time varying from four to six weeks, according to the natural aptitude of the learner, he finds himself at one of the "stations" of a "cable circuit," sending messages to, and receiving others from, his instructor or another learner. The progress he makes is ascertained and recorded from day to day, and the length of the "cable" through which the signals are sent and received is gradually increased. Ultimately he joins the advanced manipulation class, in which he obtains a practical knowledge of the difficulties in signalling, and of the peculiar character of the signals in the case of very long lines. Here also he becomes acquainted with the "mirror" receiver, the beautiful "syphon recorder" of Professor Sir W. Thomson, the "automatic transmitter" of the late Professor Sir C. Wheatstone, and the arrangements for the "duplex" working of lines.

The word "cable," which we have used, requires some explanation. In order to reproduce exactly the electrical conditions which prevail in long submarine lines, a very expensive piece of apparatus—viz., an "artificial cable"—is absolutely necessary for efficient instruction in submarine signalling, and is invariably employed in the best of the London Schools of Telegraphy. The apparatus in question was devised by Mr. Cromwell F. Varley, the Atlantic cable electrician, who has testified that the signals obtained by its means exactly correspond to those actually obtained through the Atlantic, the Eastern, the Brazilian, and other long cables, according to the mode of its adjustment. Sir W. Thomson, also, states that the signals and "speeds of signalling" obtained with the artificial cable are altogether similar to those of the great submarine cables. This apparatus is as necessary for the instruction of the learner in the various methods of *testing* cables, as it is in familiarising him with the signals he will be expected to read and transmit when appointed to a station on a submarine line.

We have now to refer to the scientific portion of the course of instruction, including these processes of testing, in which considerable skill, as well as accurate electrical knowledge, is frequently requisite. In the school to which we have referred, great pains have been taken to perfect the principles and the routine adopted in this branch of the training. The problem to be solved was by no means an easy one. Given a dozen or two of young men having the average education of gentlemen's sons, it is required to give them, in six months, a fair grasp of general physics, elementary chemistry, and that *modern* science of electricity—the electricity of the telegraph engineer. But of no less importance is it to give these students the habit of study—a foundation upon which they can build securely—and a love for the science which it is their business to apply. Amongst those who are qualified by their acquirements to give the requisite instruction, a small fraction only, we think, would be found to have the gift of teaching—of making difficult things seem easy. In a school of the kind to which we refer, anything like "cramming" is scrupulously avoided, even at those periods immediately preceding the periodical examinations. The great error of making a good memory the sole criterion of proficiency—of placing at a disadvantage the man who may not remember figures, but who understands principles—is avoided by allowing the students to consult in these examinations a small note-book, in which they are encouraged carefully to enter the arithmetical "constants" of formulæ, and in some cases the formulæ themselves. As mentioned above, the pupil—unless his previous studies enable him to pass a certain preliminary examination—first enters the elementary science class; and here he becomes acquainted, generally for the first time, with the two

great discoveries—including so many minor discoveries of the last and of the present centuries—viz., the "conservation of matter" and the "conservation of energy." The student commences with mechanical dynamics—the "doctrine of motion"—which, as Maclaurin says, "has been justly called the key of nature;" and, throughout his initiation in electro-chemistry, and in the laws of the inductive and conductive circuits, the dynamical principles that "work" is done, and "potential energy" stored up, in the separation of masses or molecules, and in electrical separation, and that "kinetic energy" and heat become developed when masses or molecules are allowed to fall together, and when electrical recombination occurs, are constantly insisted upon. The beneficial result of thus appealing to the intelligence of the pupil, and of directing it to grand general principles rather than to details at the earliest period, is in most cases abundantly shown in the later periods of the course.

The fundamental law of current variation, first formulated by Ohm, and verified by Pouillet, requires to be very fully elucidated, and leads directly to various processes for measuring the resistance and the electromotive force of batteries, in which the student may commence to acquire some skill in "testing." He should be well exercised in the various formulæ relating to wires; and, as an example of the proficiency attained in this direction, it may be mentioned that one of the practical problems he is frequently required to solve, in the school we have referred to, is the determination of the exact weight and length of a wire made up into a coil, of which the ends only are accessible. A clue to the *modus operandi* may be found in the fact that the diameter of the wire in question, and its electrical resistance, are data obtainable by measurement.

The principle and the use of Wheatstone's balance, the electrometer, and the galvanometer, with the mode of taking their "constants," and the measurement of very high resistances by the "fall of charge" in a condenser, next engage attention, and by degrees the student is led on to the more complicated tests for determining the nature and the distance of "faults" in cables, and to various other work pertaining to the advanced science class.

In conclusion—recognising the importance of the mental culture that science can give, and the fact that the ability to do well some useful work requiring special training and acquirements is one of the best accomplishments a man can possess—we may observe that there are many gentlemen's sons who, even without any present necessity for or intention of joining the telegraph service, might do well to spend six months in a really good School of Telegraphy.

THE CHINESE AND CIVILISATION.

IT is pretty generally known that the vast influx of Chinese labour into the Pacific States has year by year become a subject of increasing perplexity to American statesmen, and most people have probably some general notion of the main outlines of the difficulty; but probably very few have a clear idea of how very serious a problem it is, much less of how closely it may be possibly approaching to our own doors. The inimitable "Heathen Chinee" of Bret Harte has done much to make people think that the American jealousy of "Chinese cheap labour" is *solely* (as beyond doubt it really is very largely) a trades-union feeling founded on the usual trades-union grounds, and to hide the real significance of facts which furnish just occasion for considerable anxiety. In this anxiety England herself may feel some share; for, as already hinted, the question is threatening to become more than an American one. Not only has a Committee of Congress formally requested the President to open correspondence with our British Government upon the subject of Chinese immigration—a fact which alone has brought the subject within the range of British foreign politics—but British colonies in Australia are beginning to feel the pressure of the same difficulty. More even than this: proposals have recently been made in English newspapers to meet both the scarcity of domestic servants and other labour difficulties in England itself by the importation of Chinese, and in some quarters the proposal has been received with marked favour. Under these circumstances it is really of importance to form some clear idea of what the "Chinese difficulty" when fully developed really is, and what are so far the ascertained effects of that contact of the Chinese *en masse* with civilisation, which some amongst ourselves are disposed to bring about.

The first side of the question which naturally strikes an Englishman is, of course, the purely economic one, and on this head we have what appears to be trustworthy evidence—much of it gathered from Chinese witnesses—in the shape of reports from a Committee appointed by the Senate of California to investigate the subject, and a previous joint Committee of Congress appointed in 1876 for the same purposes. From these documents it appears that out of a total population in California variously estimated at from seven to eight hundred thousand, at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand are Chinese, a more probable estimate being one hundred and fifty thousand, while some place it at two hundred thousand. This vast population lives at an average expense of about sixpence per day, and can hence afford to work at such extremely low wages as to drive out of the State all other labour of the same kind, even negroes being unable to compete with them. This alone would be a serious thing enough to the working classes, though

perhaps not so very disagreeable to employers; but it becomes a serious thing to the State itself, from the fact that the labouring population so driven away are tax-payers, whilst the Chinese practically pay no taxes whatever. They live almost entirely upon Chinese rice, and wear goods also imported from China; and dwelling as they do, fifteen or twenty together in one small room, they spend scarcely anything for lodging. They however send money home from time to time, and finally, when they have served their time, return home with the entire balance. They never marry, settle, amalgamate with the people of the country, or in any way become part of it: they simply come for a time, and when they have procured a certain amount of money, depart again, taking it with them; the gains of the "companies"—also Chinese—that export and farm them being likewise diverted from the soil where they have been amassed.

Now a moment's consideration will show how grave a state of things this is. It is only of late years that people have understood the importance of a healthy proportion between the imports and exports of a country; but it is tolerably understood now, and every year's totals are closely scanned by a host of able statisticians. We are all familiar with the gloomy forebodings that have been uttered of late, because England's exports have for years been much below her imports; the reason being the apparent consequence, that the money continuously sent out of the country to pay for that excess must make the nation poorer. In this particular case, however, there are matters that tend a great deal to redress the balance, though it is not easy to tabulate them. But in the case of hundreds of thousands of men swarming into California, only to stay for so many years, and bringing nothing with them, but taking or sending much money away, it is difficult to see such compensations; the drain of money to China is steady and certain, and it is no wonder if it be regarded with some alarm.

Serious, however, as is even this aspect of the question, its moral aspect is still more so. The Chinese labourers belong chiefly to that lowest class of the population which lives in boats on the rivers. They are nominally "engaged," but really exported, by agents of Chinese companies embarked solely in this traffic, from the English settlement of Hong Kong. Now a Chinese, even of the interior, appears to European observation to be in many matters almost devoid of moral sense. Missionaries report of him that in receiving the most rudimentary Christian instruction, he has to learn what is to him practically a new language; and have spoken of the entirely new expression that often appears upon his countenance when he has once fairly grasped some of the most elementary religious ideas. He has little notion of either common humanity or the value of human life, and indeed possesses few positive virtues beyond patient industry, a kind of quiet orderliness, and regard for his ancestors. In Batavia, where he comes in the way of business into competition with the keenest of Jewish traders, they have a proverb that it takes two Jews to cheat a Chinese, from which it will be gathered that the latter is, at all events, by no means a shining character. But imperfect as he may be, the river Chinese is far worse, and is generally destitute, besides, of even that modicum of peculiar "education" which on shore the paternal government compulsorily bestows on all. The women are nearly all of the most abandoned class, and the large mass live in vice and depravity which cannot be described, further than to say that what is commonly understood by "morality" does not even exist amongst them, and that the choicest gratification of their lives is abandonment to the terrible but fascinating intoxication of the opium-pipe. Such are the Chinese on the rivers of Canton, and such are they in California. Of all the vast horde in that State, there are barely 3,000 women, and these of the worst character, and kept in a horrid slavery beyond any effort of imagination to conceive. The missionary can make no impression upon them, and indeed few understand the English language. To quote a few words from one of the reports before us: "During their residence here they have never adopted either our habits, dress, or educational system; have never learnt the sanctity of an oath; never desired to become citizens or perform the duties of such; never ceased the worship of their idol gods, or advanced one step beyond the traditions of their native hive." From these causes, conviction for crime is very difficult; but it is made still more so by the existence of secret and mysterious organisations among themselves, which have tribunals of their own that pass and execute sentences even of death! This last is such a remarkable phase of the subject that we again quote from the report concerning it. "These tribunals," it says, "exercise the power of levying taxes, commanding masses of men, intimidating interpreters and witnesses, and removing them beyond the reach of process; enforcing perjury, controlling liberty of action, and preventing the return home of the immigrants. In fact, there exist among us tribunals and laws alien to our form of government, and which actually nullify and supersede both national and State authority, constituting an *imperium in imperio*."

It is hardly necessary to state the results of all this, but the Senatorial Committee reports that the presence of such a multitude who pay no respect to the most elementary notions of morality, isolated as they are, is already producing the most terrible moral effects upon the younger portion of the white population. The gaols also are filled with them, and the actual cost to the State of this class of criminals is said to exceed the entire revenue collected from all the Chinese in it by 12,000 dollars annually, in spite of the difficulties in prosecution and conviction just alluded to. On the other hand, it is only fair to notice one very favourable point in the quiet and peaceable character of this vast and vicious population. This is not, of course, dwelt upon by the American authorities, who are, perhaps, scarcely impartial judges; but a report of a recent visit by some English tourists to the Chinese quarter of San Francisco speaks with marked emphasis of the order, quiet, and good humour which they marvelled to find in the midst of such abandonment to vice.

They saw desperate gambling, and abundance of the most extreme intoxication under the influence of opium, but no quarrelling and confusion such as would have characterised an English population so engaged. The same fact is indeed evident enough, even from American testimony, in the utter absence of any retaliatory violence in response to the many mob outrages to which the Chinese have lately been subjected, and in which hundreds of them have been barbarously murdered. Vicious, dishonest, immoral, immodest, untruthful as he is, the Chinese is yet quiet, orderly, and good-natured. To all the brutal violence with which he has often been treated by exasperated American mobs, he opposes merely a submissive and stolid meekness which at least deserves remark, and

CHINESE WOMEN.

is very difficult for a stronger race with one spark of manly feeling to deal with.

Such then is the problem which presses for solution in California at the present time. The circumstances thus briefly summarised have already caused many ominous outbursts of popular violence, culminating in not a few fatal outrages ; and these dangerous feelings are in fact only kept in check at the present moment by most vigorous precautions on the part of the authorities, aided by the popular belief that now the attention of Congress has been drawn to the matter, something will be done legally to remedy the evil. As to what ought to be done, however, opinions differ ; but nearly all the proposals so far made go to show that the predominating motive of them is simple working-class jealousy, and that the grave moral dangers seen by some are little thought of. The leading Republican journal of New York remarks openly enough, that "if the heathen Chinee would vote the Democratic ticket, the 'reform' party would look with less horror upon his immoralities." But he won't vote ; and as they regard a man who won't vote as unfit to live—in America, at least—we hear little of regulation or supervision, but almost solely of restriction or repression. A bill framed by a Californian Senator proposes that a tax of two hundred and fifty dollars per head shall be levied upon Chinese immigrants after New Year's Day next : while another suggestion is that Congress simply prohibit more than ten Chinese landing from any one vessel upon the soil of the United States. The probability is that our own Government will be communicated with, since nearly the whole immigration, as already noticed, takes place from the British settlements, the Chinese Government itself professing to prohibit emigration altogether. Undoubtedly either of the proposed measures appears at first sight arbitrary, and opposed to certain principles of free action generally recognised by civilised nations. No community can, however, be expected to forego the primary right of self-preservation, blindly selfish though any given operation of that feeling may appear to be ; and however questionable may be the immediate motives of those who demand such measures, it must be remembered that the class of Chinese in question are not only fully as objectionable as the convicts who were finally refused by our own Australian colonies, but that they are themselves in no real sense free agents. They do not emigrate of their own proper will and pleasure, but are entrapped and sold into virtual though temporary slavery by five great "companies," who fatten upon the proceeds of their labour.

Upon the whole, it is perhaps probable that, despite

immediate motives and proposals, the ultimate solution of this curious Chinese question may chiefly depend upon moral considerations; and it is almost certain that it will do so as regards British dominions. There are grave and pressing social difficulties in our own midst, which an ample supply of very cheap labour would do much to solve; yet, on the other hand, it is certain that we, in our crowded community, could even less than America afford to tolerate a horde of people whose habitual vices cast ancient Corinth into the shade. It must be remembered also that, should the tide ever actually reach our shores, our lodging-house regulations would prevent most of that excessive crowding which in California causes much of the mischief. It has to be considered, again, that the main part of the emigration so far has been of the very worst class; and while we know that the small numbers of this class in London have the same characteristics as in San Francisco, we also know that China can send out if need be a class at least better, if not all that could be desired. It certainly seems at present far from improbable that the pressure of famine may promote emigration of the real country population. It would appear that a reckless destruction of forests has caused an almost chronic drought in large provinces, and that at this moment a population double that of the United Kingdom is either actually starving or on the point of doing so. Recent accounts are simply appalling: we are told that deaths *must* this year be counted by millions in North China, whatever now befall, and that there is reason to fear dreadful scarcity may prevail for years to come. A starving people cannot be kept in bounds; and if it be so, such a state of things will have such a terrible expulsive power, that we may see a wave of Chinese emigration before which even the present statistics of Queensland and California sink into insignificance. In that case the question will face ourselves, either for our own kingdom or for our colonies, and it will be a serious one—so serious, that it is well worth while thus briefly to trace its main outlines as it now faces the citizens of the Western States.

CREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPING."

IT is not given to every one to know what cream really is. People who have lived in towns all their lives, and formed their ideas of country life and country joys from the experiences gained during their yearly holiday, taken it may be in the heat of summer, are as ignorant of cream, its sweetness and richness, and delicate delicious flavour, as they are of the beauty of the lanes in spring, or the loveliness of the woods in autumn. If they could just for once have a dish of real cream put before them, say with a few freshly gathered strawberries, or a tart made of early gooseberries, what would their sensations be, I wonder? It would be like a revelation to them.

I remember many years ago that I had a treat of the kind. In the early summer weather I went with a number of friends on a picnic to Bolton Woods. After spending the day in gathering wild violets and primroses, and watching the rush of waters, and peeping at the blue sky through the branches of the trees, we went into the country inn and had some dinner, and amongst other good things provided there were gooseberry tart and unlimited cream. I am afraid it will be pronounced a very gross association of ideas, but ever since that time early primroses have been connected in my mind with gooseberry tart and cream.

Of course that cream was quite a different thing to town cream. And yet town cream is not so bad in its way. Putting all ideas of comparison aside, it is good enough. It is exceedingly expensive, that is the worst of it, so that in using it one has the uncomfortable feeling that Cleopatra must have experienced when she drank the pearl dissolved in acid. Very likely the reason that it is so inferior to true country cream is that the milk from which it is taken is inferior too. Horrible stories have been told of late years of the most objectionable adulterations to which milk is subjected; and it has been said that the brains of animals, plaster of Paris, and other substances have been mixed with the milk; but the alarm was needless. It is not often that milk is diluted with anything worse than water—which is bad enough. Those serious adulterations would be very easily detected, for they would alter the flavour and appearance of the milk entirely, as they certainly would those of the cream.

But how even town cream makes its presence felt! Blancmanges and custards are very different articles made with cream and with milk, and certain soups into the composition of which cream has entered are not to be compared for a moment with the same soups when cream is absent. If good milk can be obtained at all, it is worth while to let it stand a little and see if it will not yield some of the precious liquid, which is sure to be appreciated by some favoured member of the household, or which will prove valuable for making cakes and pastry. A little water stirred into new milk makes cream rise more quickly than it otherwise would, although it does not affect the quantity yielded. And it is an undeniable proof of the goodness of milk when cream can be obtained from it. When it is wished to keep cream for a short time, it is a good plan to boil it and sweeten it slightly with sugar. At all times the cream should be kept in a cool place, and the jug which contains it may with advantage be put into a basin of cold water.

Then cream is such a wholesome dish. Is it not Miss Nightingale who says that "in many long chronic diseases cream is quite irreplaceable by any

other article whatever. It seems to act in the same manner as beef-tea, and to most it is much easier of digestion than milk. In fact, it seldom disagrees"? Many doctors are of opinion that Devonshire cream is a valuable substitute for cod-liver oil, in cases where the latter disagrees with the stomach. Strange to say, too, that when it is taken continually for a long time, it inspires the same distaste that oil does. A little while ago I brought out a dish of Devonshire cream to a young friend of mine, quite expecting that it would be considered a great treat, but to my astonishment she involuntarily turned away from it. I might as well have offered her a black draught. "Is it possible that you do not like Devonshire cream?" I inquired. "Indeed, I do not like it," was the reply. "I have never cared for it since I was obliged to take it as a child, instead of cod-liver oil." This is all the more singular because we know that cod-liver oil, though it may be disliked at first, frequently comes to be very much enjoyed by those who take it.

As a rule, however, Devonshire cream is valued and appreciated very highly, and those who are fortunate enough to be able to obtain it think themselves highly privileged. Some young folks of my acquaintance spent the summer at Ilfracombe a year or two ago, and they were so enthusiastic about the cream! They were always early "off to market on a market day," making the old women bring out the mugs, and jars, and cups that contained the delicacy, and entreating their mother to lay in a goodly store of the same. Then they ate the cream instead of butter at breakfast, and had the cream with jam and bread for pudding at dinner, and cream at tea, and cream whenever they could get it between meals; and when they returned to town, healthy and strong, after their summer's trip was over, they declared that they owed their rosy cheeks and bright eyes quite as much to the Devonshire cream they had indulged in, as to the fresh sea breezes, and rest, and change.

These children had a great desire to see how Devonshire cream was made, so one day we made an expedition to a farm-house a few miles out, which was kept by a friend of our landlady, and there they saw how their favourite delicacy was produced. The beautiful milk—yesterday's—was put into polished shallow tin pans over a low clear fire, quite free from smoke, and was to remain there gradually heating, but never being allowed to boil or to get any way near boiling, for about twelve hours, till the cream was ready to take off. We were fortunate enough to see it just as it was being lifted from the fire. It lay in a kind of thick ring on the top of the fluid, and looked most delicious; but we did not taste it, for we were told it was to remain untouched until the next day, when it would be skimmed off and put into jars ready for sale.

It would appear from this as if any one who had a shallow pan, and could keep a low bright fire, could have this kind of cream. So they could if they could get equally good milk. A friend of mine in Natal has supplied her family for many years with clotted cream of her own manufacture, and may be doing so now for anything I know. But to have real Devonshire cream there must be real Devonshire milk, and this can only be obtained from cows that have been fed on the rich pastures of humid Devonshire. Everything has its price, and it is more than probable that the Devonshire people owe their rich milk to the continual rainy weather which they endure.

Corstorphine cream, sometimes called Ruglen cream or Lappered milk, is almost as great a favourite with the people in whose neighbourhood it is made as Devonshire cream is with the Devonians. It is made by pouring new unskimmed milk into a jar, and the next day pouring in some more milk and stirring the milks together, and in this way mixing the milks of three or four consecutive days, and letting them remain until sour and coagulated. The whey is then drawn off, and the thick milk is mixed with fresh cream and sugar. The cream is particularly refreshing and cooling, and is delicious when eaten with fresh fruit. There has been quite a dispute amongst learned men whether the honour of having invented this cream belongs to Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, or to the burgh of Rutherglen, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

Scotch sour cream is another delicacy very much esteemed by many people. It, however, is a sort of imposture. It looks very nice and tastes very nice, though not like real cream, and it sells for double the price of fresh milk, but it is really made from skimmed milk. The milk is put overnight into a small tub with a spigot at the bottom, and this is placed in another filled with hot water. In the morning the smaller tub is taken up, and the thin part of the milk, called the "wigg," is drawn off, leaving the thick sour cream behind it.

We English people are not, however, in a position to throw stones at the Scotch for impostures about cream, for it is to be feared that a good deal of what is sold as cream cheese is not made of cream, but rather of the last milk that is drawn from the cow at each milking. Yorkshire cream cheese is, however, usually made of real cream, and exceedingly delicious it is. The worst of it is that it will not keep.

Economical housekeepers, who do not like the idea of paying a fancy price for cream, occasionally make a mock cream with eggs and milk, and endeavour to persuade themselves that the imitation is as good as the reality. But, like Dick Swiveller's marchioness, they are compelled to "make believe very much." Perhaps the most successful of these sham creams is that prepared from the following recipe:—"Beat the yolk of an egg, and mix it with a quarter of a pint of milk. Strain the mixture into a jug, and set this in a saucepan of cold water over the fire, and stir the mixture until it thickens; but it must not boil. Sweeten the preparation slightly, and when cold it is ready for use. This cream may be used either for tea or tarts." A still more inexpensive substitute for cream is made by mixing a dessert-spoonful of flour to a smooth paste with a little milk, and adding gradually more milk to make up the quantity to one pint, and simmering the preparation for a few minutes to take off the rawness from the flour. The well-

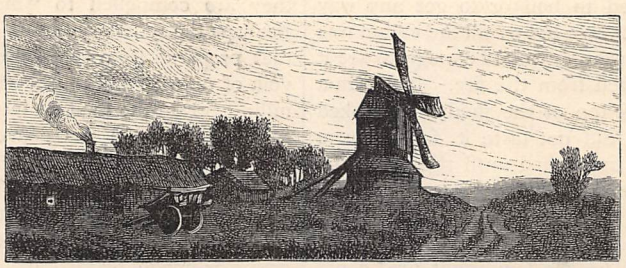
beaten yolk of an egg should be added when the cream is partially cooled. Milk and the yolk of an egg are frequently put into soups, too, to save the expense of cream. When this is done, the milk should be boiled separately, and poured through a strainer into the soup just before it is to be served. The egg-yolk should be thrown into the tureen (which has been already made hot, ready to be sent to table), and beaten up with a spoonful of the soup out of the saucepan. Afterwards a few more spoonfuls may be thrown in one at a time, and when the yolk is well mixed with these the remainder of the soup can be added.

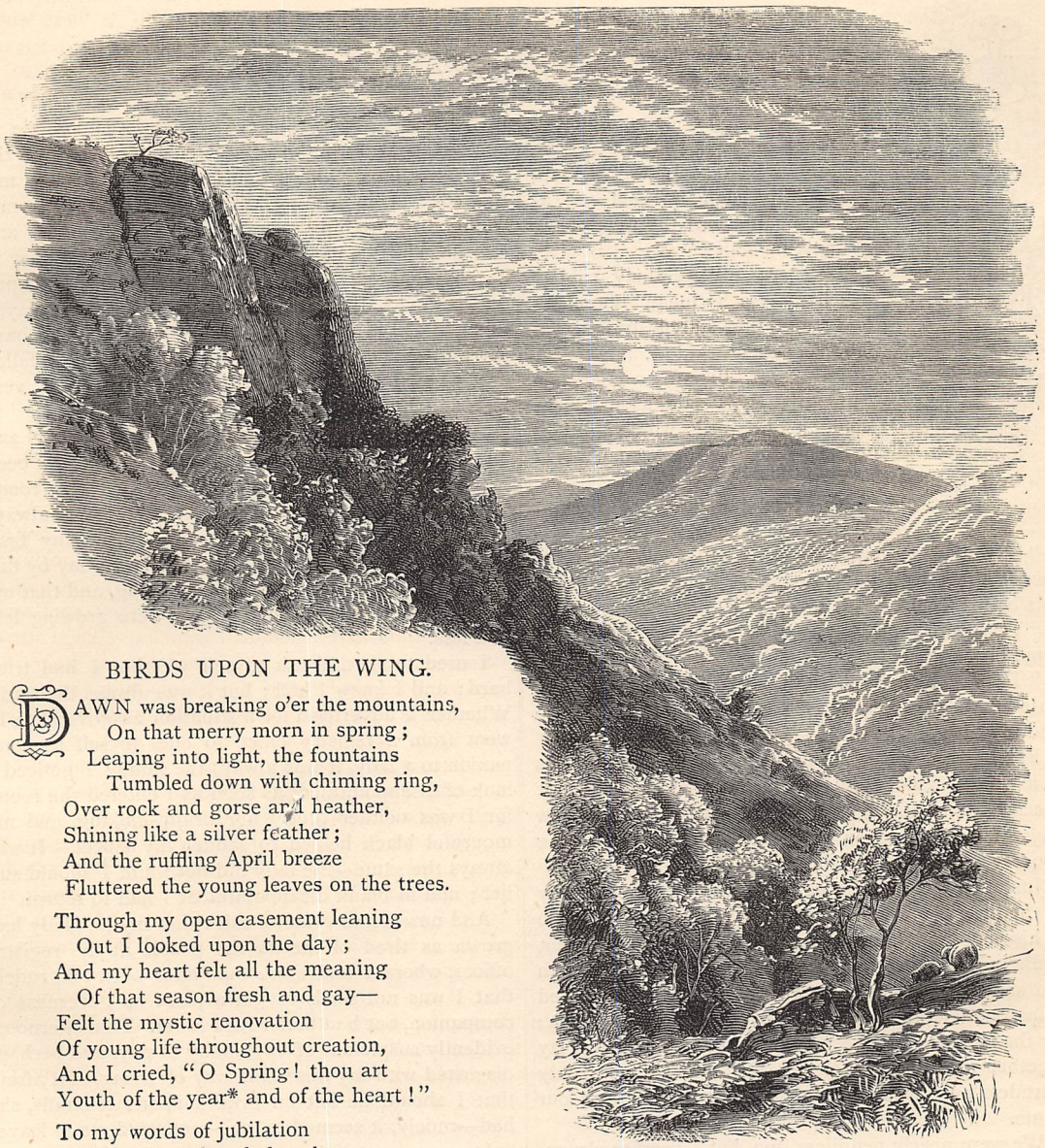
Besides being taken in tea and coffee, and served with fruits and compôtes, cream is subjected to the skill of the confectioner, and constitutes the foundation of various delicacies. Amongst these are ice creams, which are so popular with the fair sex, and are said to have been introduced by Catherine de Medici. They are made of congealed cream mixed with the juices of fruits or other flavouring ingredients. The mixture requires to be prepared and manipulated with great care, and especially while it is being thickened over the fire, during which time it should be continuously stirred till it is sufficiently smooth and thick, when it should be rubbed through a sieve. Afterwards it can be frozen and moulded in the usual way. When ice creams are only occasionally required, it will be found to be both more economical and more satisfactory to buy them of the confectioner than to endeavour to prepare them at home. Cream ices, though exceedingly refreshing and delicious, are not considered particularly wholesome. They should certainly be avoided either when people are very warm or after violent exercise, otherwise they might produce serious indisposition. The weakly, the aged, and the very young would do well to avoid them altogether.

Whipped cream is another of the forms under which cream is presented to us by the confectioner. It is used chiefly to fill méringues and adorn trifles and sweet dishes of various kinds. It is made by sweetening and flavouring good cream, then whisking it with an egg-whisk or wire spoon till a froth rises to the surface. This should be taken off as soon as it forms, and laid upon a lawn-sieve, and the cream should be whisked again until it is used. This is best when made some hours before it is used, as by that means it will become more solid. When it is not needed to be very solid it can be used at once. The whip will be more easily made if the cream is whisked over ice. When very good cream cannot be obtained, white of egg is generally added to the cream before it is whisked. This preparation is seldom satisfactorily managed by the amateur.

French creams are simply custards flavoured with various ingredients, and stiffened with isinglass. There are a great many of these creams, such as lemon, orange, ratafia, vanilla, and maraschino, and each is named after the flavouring ingredient. Custards were for a long time known on the Continent as English creams. They are very favourite delicacies, and may be made with cream and eggs, or with boiling milk and eggs. The secret of making them well lies in stirring them sufficiently. The custard made of yolks of eggs upon which boiling milk has been poured ought to be put into a saucepan and stirred briskly over a slow fire for a quarter of an hour or more, till it begins to thicken. It ought then to be drawn back and put on a cool part of the range, where it cannot even simmer, and here it should remain, being stirred occasionally, for another quarter of an hour. A custard thus made with a pint of milk and three eggs will be very little inferior to one made with cream and eggs. The flavouring essence should be added very sparingly after the custard is poured out. If the flavour of lemon is desired, the thin rind of half a lemon finely shredded should be boiled in the milk, and left in the custard till it is cold. A very delicious flavour may also be imparted to a custard by boiling a laurel-leaf in it—not a bay-leaf, but the leaf of the cherry-laurel. The leaf should, however, be taken out as soon as the custard is flavoured, for it must be remembered that the cherry-laurel is poisonous.

In large towns and among ordinary people cream is becoming more and more of a rarity. The reason of this not that it is not appreciated, but that it cannot so easily be obtained. PHILLIS BROWNE.





BIRDS UPON THE WING.

DAWN was breaking o'er the mountains,
On that merry morn in spring;
Leaping into light, the fountains
Tumbled down with chiming ring,
Over rock and gorse and heather,
Shining like a silver feather;
And the ruffling April breeze
Fluttered the young leaves on the trees.

Through my open casement leaning
Out I looked upon the day;
And my heart felt all the meaning
Of that season fresh and gay—
Felt the mystic renovation
Of young life throughout creation,
And I cried, "O Spring! thou art
Youth of the year* and of the heart!"

To my words of jubilation
Soon I heard a glad reply,
With a song of exaltation
Sprang the lark into the sky,
Flinging song like vocal sunlight,
Or the chant of waves by moonlight,
Ever up in spiral rings,
Circling on his tireless wings.

Bright choragus! rapt and glorious,
Of that holiest psalmody—
In a burst of praise uproarious,
Thrush and merle, from brake and tree,
Follow thy divine beginning,
Till the air with song is ringing,
And every bird is on the wing,
Like cherubs ceasing not to sing.

From their nests on tree-tops rocking,
Rise the rooks with clamorous tongue;
Like a black cloud see them flocking,
'Thwart the pearly morning flung;
Not discordant in the chorus
Is the corvine bass sonorous
With the tenor of the thrush,
And the skylark's treble gush.

Long I listened that bright morning
To the birds upon the wing,
Till the sun the hills adorning
Woke up man to labouring;
And I felt that all God's creatures
Are alike our spirit's teachers,
All alike their voices raise
In that mystic song of praise.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

* "O primavera! gioventu del anno."—*Tasso.*

"AS COMPANION TO A LADY."

"I'M very sorry, miss, but I'm only a poor woman myself, and if you can't pay the rent of this room, I don't see as you can afford the rent of the one up-stairs."

Here my landlady rubbed her nose viciously upon her apron, and stared straight out of the very dirty window.

As this was evidently a challenge to me to reply, I said, as firmly as I could, a few words which brought out the reason for the woman's visit that morning.

"Am I to understand, then, that you wish me to leave?"

"If you please, miss, at the end of the week, for there's the gent on the first floor would like to have this bed-room."

"Very well, Mrs. Ruddock," I said; "I will find a room elsewhere."

"Thanky, miss," she said sharply; and giving her nose another vicious rub, she left me to my thoughts—and my tears.

For I was weak, faint, and heart-sick, and the coins in my purse had dwindled down, so that if I did not succeed in obtaining an engagement in a very few days, I had no resource but to creep back to the country and avow my failure.

Just three months since, and we were all so happy in the little country vicarage; and then, in visiting one of his people, my poor father caught a dangerous fever, while in tending him my dear mother was stricken with the same complaint, and ere three weeks had passed Minna and I sat in the little study alone, in deep black; for the struggle had been brief, and those we loved lay together in the green churchyard, and we were only intruders now in the little vicarage that had been our home.

We were nearly penniless, too, but a brother clergyman of my father's, quite as poor, came forward and offered us a temporary home till, as he said, some opening should occur for us.

I gladly accepted it for Minna; but for myself, I was determined to try great London and, unaided, battle for myself. In two years John Murray was to come back from Australia to fetch me for his wife, and till then I would be independent. So the day came at last when, with many tears, we two girls had to separate, and with aching heart I left the old Lincolnshire home, and reached the great dreary void of London early one afternoon.

I was not long in finding a place where I could stay, in the shape of a second-floor front room in one of those heart-aching streets near the Foundling—streets that echo from morning to night with mournful cries uttered by vendors whose goods it is impossible to surmise, and with the dismal echoing tones of the various organs. So painful were these last to me, that often of an evening, when I have returned from a weary, disheartening search for an engagement, and sat alone and hungry, fearing to spend my money in anything beyond the tea and bread-and-butter upon which I existed, these doleful strains—cheering maybe to some—have had such an effect upon me that I have sat and sobbed till, utterly worn out, I have fallen asleep, to wake, perhaps hours after, to find it very late, and crawl shivering off to bed.

As the weeks passed on, and my advertisements and fees paid to the various registry offices had been without effect, I used to crawl back to my room, growing more and more disheartened. I was always a plain, sallow-looking girl, and now in my fast-wearing black I began to feel that I was day by day growing more shabby and weary-looking, and that my feeble chances of obtaining a post were growing less and less.

I used to sit and ask myself whether I had tried hard; and I knew I had; but it was always the same. Whether I advertised for a situation as governess, or went from a registry office to offer myself as companion to a lady, it was always the same: I noticed a look of disappointment as soon as I entered the room, for I was neither pretty nor bright-looking, and my mournful black helped to sadden my aspect. It was always the same—the lady did not think I should suit her; and in blank disappointment I had to return.

And now it had come to this: that my landlady had grown as tired of me as the people at the registry offices, where I had more than once been told rudely that I was not likely to get a place as governess or companion, but had better look lower. That afternoon, evidently suspicious of my ability to pay, and perhaps disgusted with my miserable way of living, and afraid that I should be left an invalid upon her hands, she had—rudely, it seemed to me—requested me to leave.

In my present circumstances I was utterly prostrated by the news, for I dared not take lodgings elsewhere; and I could see nothing now but to sell a portion of my scanty wardrobe, and go back to beg for assistance from my father's friend.

What a change! and how soon had my hopes of independent action been blighted! I was heartsore as I felt how that in that great city there was wealth being squandered and luxury around me while I was literally starving; for my poor living was telling upon me fast. What should I do? What should I do?

It was with weary iteration I had said those words, and wept till tears came no more, and a dull, stolid feeling of despair had come upon me. I had almost shrunk away in the streets from the bright-faced, happy girls I passed; and at times I found myself asking what had been my sin that I should be thus punished.

I lay awake that night for many hours, watching the light from the street-lamp playing upon my ceiling; and at last, towards morning, the remembrance of words I had often heard came to me with a calm sense of repose, trust, and restfulness, and I believe I fell asleep at last with a smile upon my lips, repeating a portion of that comforting sentence ending, "Are ye not much better than they?"

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when I awoke, to hear some one knocking at my door; and hurrying on a few things, I answered.

"Ah! I was just a-going to take 'em down again," said my landlady harshly. "Some folks can afford to lie in bed all day; I can't. Here's two letters for you. And mind this, Miss Laurie: I never bargained to come tramping up to the top of the house with letters and messages for you."

"I'm very much obliged, Mrs. Ruddock," I said gently, as I took the letters with trembling hands, while, muttering and complaining, their bearer went down-stairs. It seemed very hard then, but I believe it was the woman's habit, and that she was not bad at heart, but warped and cankered by poverty, hard work, and ill-usage from a drunken husband, whom she entirely kept.

One letter I saw at a glance was from Minna, the other was in a strange crabbed hand; and I longed to read them; but exercising my self-denial, I dressed, lit my fire, and prepared my very frugal breakfast before sitting down and devouring Minna's news.

What right had I to murmur as I did last night, I asked myself, when she was evidently so happy and contented? and then I opened, with fluttering hand, the other letter, and was puzzled by it at first; but at last I recalled the fact that three weeks before I had answered an advertisement in the *Times* where a lady wanted a companion.

The note was very brief and curt, and ran as follows:—

"If Miss Laurie is not engaged, she can call upon Mrs. Langton Porter, 47, Morton Street, Park Village South, at eleven o'clock to-morrow—Thursday."

"At last!" I said to myself joyfully; and with beating heart I prepared myself for my journey, for the appointment was for that morning.

Just as I had pretty well timed myself for my walk, a sudden squall came on, the sky was darkened, snow fell heavily, and in place of a morning in spring we seemed to have gone back into winter, for the snow lay thickly in a very short time, and the branches of the trees in the squares were whitened.

Weak as I was, this disheartened me, but I fought my way bravely on, and just at eleven rang timidly at the door of an important-looking house, and was superciliously shown, by a stout tall footman in drab livery, into a handsomely furnished room. Everything in the place I noticed was rich and good: heavy curtains hung by window and door; skins and Eastern rugs lay on the polished wood floor; and a tremendous fire blazed in a great brass fire-place, and the flames danced and were reflected from the encaustic tiles with which it was surrounded.

"I'll take your note in," said the footman, as I handed it. "You can sit down."

I preferred to stand, and as soon as I was alone I shivered with fear and cold, as I caught a glance of my pale, sallow face in a great mirror. Every moment I expected to see the owner of the place, but I remained standing wearily for an hour, and then I sighed and turned wistfully to look at the door, wondering whether the footman had taken in the note which I had given him as my passport.

I started, for close behind me, having entered unheard, was a rather plump tall lady in black. She was dressed as if for going out, and well wrapped in furs.

"Oh! you are waiting," she said, harshly; and a shade of displeasure crossed her face as she looked full at me till my eyes dropped. "There, Miss—Miss—Miss——"

"Laurie," I suggested.

"Yes, yes; I know," she said sharply; "it is in my note. Pray, why in the name of common sense did you not sit down? Take that chair. Now then, have you been companion to a lady before?"

"No, ma'am," I replied; and then, in answer to her questions, all very sharply given, I told her so much as was necessary of my story.

"I don't think you will suit me," she said; "I've had misery enough, and I want some one cheerful and pleasant, a lady whom I can trust, and who will be a pleasant companion. There, I'm sure there is not such a body in London, for the way I've been imposed upon is dreadful! I've had six in six months, and the number of applications I have had nearly drove me out of my senses. I've had one since you wrote to me—a creature whose sole idea was herself. I want one who will make me her first consideration. I don't mind what I pay, but I want some one tall and lady-like; and you are not pretty, you know."

I shook my head sadly.

"Humph! Well," she went on, "you won't be so giddy, and be always thinking of getting married. There, you need not blush like that; it's what all the companions I have had seem to think about. You don't, I suppose?"

"I am engaged to be married," I said, hanging down my head, "in a couple of years."

"Ho! Well, he mustn't come here, for I'm a very selfish pragmatical old woman; and if I engaged you—which I don't think I shall do—I should want you all to myself. What is he?"

"A settler—abroad," I faltered.

"Ho! That's better; and perhaps he'll settle there altogether without you."

I looked at her indignantly, and she laughed.

"Ah! I know, my good girl. I haven't lived to eight-and-forty for nothing. How old are you?"

"Twenty," I said, shivering, for her rough way repelled me, and I longed to bring the interview to an end.

"Why, the girl's cold," she said roughly. "H'm, twenty! Here, go up to the fire, and have a good warm; it's dreadful weather. There, pull off your

bonnet and jacket. Put them on that chair, and go closer to the fire; I've a deal to say to you yet, for I'm not going to engage any young person and have to change directly."

I obeyed her, trembling the while, for I was very weak; and she went on asking me questions and making comments.

"I don't like your appearance at all: you look pale and unhealthy. Not a bit like a girl from the country."

"I'm very sorry," I said; "but indeed, ma'am, I have excellent health."

"Then your face tells stories about you. You play, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're warm now. Go and play something. Can you sing?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then sing too; and look here, Miss—Miss—Miss——"

I was about to tell her my name, but remembering the last rebuff, I was silent.

"Now, look here, my good young lady, how am I to remember your dreadful name? What is it?"

"Laurie, ma'am," I replied.

"Of course it is; I remember it quite well. Now go and play and sing something, and mind, I don't want my ears deafened with fireworks, and the drums split with parrot-shriek bravuras. Sing something sweet and simple and old-fashioned, if you can," she added ungraciously.

"I STOOD THERE, FEELING LIKE A SCHOOL-GIRL" (*p.* 413).

I crossed the room and sat down to the magnificent piano, and for the next five minutes I seemed to be far away, down in the old home, as I forgot where I was, in singing my poor dead father's favourite old ballad, "Robin Adair;" while, as I finished, I had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Ro—bin A—dair," she sang, as I rose, in a not unpleasing voice. "Now let me hear you read. I always make my companion read to me a great deal;

and mind this, I hate to hear any one drone like a school-girl. Go over there into the corner of the window, and stand there. Take that book; you'll find the mark left in where Miss Belleville—bah! I believe her name was Stubbs, and her father a green-grocer—left off. Now then, begin."

She pushed a lounge-chair close up to the window, and sat down with her hands in her muff, while I stood there, feeling like a school-girl, and ready to drone, as I began to read with faltering voice what happened to be Thackeray's most beautiful chapter—The death of poor old Colonel Newcome. I know my voice trembled at times, and a strange sense of choking came upon me as I went on battling, oh, so hard to read those piteous heart-stirring lines! but I was weak and suffering, I was faint with hunger and exertion, sick with that despair of hope deferred, and at last the room, with its costly furniture, seemed to swim round before me, a cold perspiration bathed my face, and with a weary sigh I caught feebly at the curtains, and then fell heavily upon the polished floor.

I have some faint memory of being lifted, and wheeled in a chair whose castors I heard chirrup, to the front of the fire, and then, as my senses began to return, I seemed to feel arms round me, and a pleasant voice saying half aloud—

"And she just lost her poor father too—to set her to read such a thing as that! I declare I'm about the wickedest, most thoughtless and unfeeling old woman under the sun."

Then there was the refreshing odour of a vinaigrette, and the sick feeling began to pass away.

"I—I beg pardon," I faltered, trying to rise.

"I beg yours, my dear," she said tenderly. "Sit still, sit still. Now then, try and drink that."

Some sherry was held to my lips, and then I was almost forced to eat a biscuit. They, however, rapidly revived me, and I found Mrs. Porter had torn off her bonnet and mantle, and was kneeling by my side.

"That's better, my dear," she said, smiling at me, as she passed her arm round me and drew me nearer to her, and kissed me in a gentle, motherly way. And now this was too much, for I was weak and hysterical. I could fight against harshness, but her tender words and ways unlocked the flood-gates of my grief, and I laid my head down and sobbed as if my heart would break.

An hour later, after she had literally forced me to partake of the breakfast that was ordered up, she sat beside me, holding my hand, and more than once I saw the tears steal down her pleasant face as she won from me, bit by bit, the story of my troubles and my bitter struggles here in town.

At last I rose to go, trembling and expectant. Would she engage me? It was more than I dared to hope.

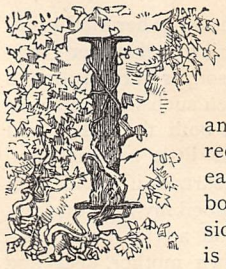
"Sit still, my child," she said tenderly. "It has pleased God to make me—a childless, widowed woman—His steward over much wealth, and if I did not make this a home for one of His tempest-smitten lambs I should be a worse woman than I think I am. Stay with me; we shall be the best of friends."

I stayed—stayed to know her real worth and to win her motherly love—stayed to find, when John Murray returned, that his love was greater for my sister than for me, and patiently resigned my love to her, and then battled with a long illness when they had gone together to the far-off home. But every day gave me a new lesson on not judging too hastily. That is ten years since; and I am still in my peaceful, happy home, though only as companion to a lady.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

HOW WE MARRIED ON A SMALL INCOME.

BY A POOR MAN'S WIFE.



I SUPPOSE love-stories will always be popular as long as the world lasts, and the hearts of men and women beat in unison, and recognise the fitness of each for each. But the details are often both silly and wearisome to outsiders, though every simplest word is fraught with meaning and every look eloquent to the persons most concerned.

Moreover there is a sacredness about the old, old story, and one hardly cares that it should be laid bare, or touched with light hands, or even robbed of a particle of its dewy, perfect bloom. So I shall not trouble you with any particulars of our love-tale—John's and mine—but introduce myself and my husband to your acquaintance when all the preliminary stages of loving and liking had been gone through, and the momentous question asked and answered.

My father gave his consent, not too willingly, and perhaps would not have given it at all, had I not been the youngest of his six unmarried daughters.

My sisters intimated that it was impossible to approve of so great a mistake as giving the younger in marriage before the elders, though they gave me to understand in unequivocal terms that not one of them would have taken my John as a gift, poor as a church mouse as he was, and a *nobody* into the bargain. But sorely as they tried me I held my peace, though he was all the world to me, for if I had ever given way to bandying hard words with them, there would have been a great gulf set between us, as I was not the kind of girl who could quarrel and snarl, and then kiss and be good friends again as if nothing had happened. We lived in a rambling, roomy old house called Thirlton Priory, and my father, the Rev. Keith Elton, was lord of the manor as well as rector of the parish, which was a family living. Margaret, his first-born, was getting pretty well on in years, for she had been the eldest of several little steps when the only son

was born; and I, being the youngest of the half-dozen of girls, had never been considered a personage of any importance till John came upon the scene, except by mother, dear mother, who to the very end cherished and petted me, and thought me always a child. And had she lived to this day, I trust that I might ever have had the spirit of a little child to her.

My husband that was to be came first to Thirlton as Frank's friend, a good steady fellow who kept our versatile brother out of mischief, as only a young man who is honest and true without being a prig can keep his chosen companion and friend. And here let me observe that the love of man to man is a wonderful thing, "passing the love of women," as David said, where it really exists, but one of the rarest flowers that ever blossom in this nether world.

John Penfold would never have passed muster at our house had he not been a perfect gentleman, though he was only the fatherless son of a country solicitor whose widow had married again, and who had not been able to do more for her boy than give him a good education, by reason of which he passed the necessary examination and obtained a berth in Somerset House. His step-father always gave him a warm welcome, and sighed to think how unlike to John were his own boys by his first marriage, but he was too just a man to show any favouritism, or leave to his wife's son any of the property which rightly belonged to his own. He died some years after our marriage, and left each of us a legacy of £10, to buy a mourning ring, and his blessing. There were too many of us for father to do much for either, and having thus no expectations from any one, John and I had only our two selves to please and depend upon. Mother did sometimes sigh over the idea that her darling Nell would have to pinch and contrive to make both ends meet, but she thought a married life preferable to a single one, and was pleased that one of her nurselings was at length likely to make a home of her own. In so large a family there were a great many discussions over every point, but as we two had to shape our lives for ourselves, and cut our coat according to our cloth, we were obliged to be chary of receiving and acting on other people's opinions. John's income was £250, and as father promised to allow me £50 a year we thought we could manage to live, and even put a little by, though mother laughed at this idea, and told us we little knew how many ways there were for money.

Our first and chief difficulty was in the choice of an abode, and one bright morning brought a letter from my lover, saying that he had been house-hunting and should want me and one of my sisters to come up to London, and go with him to see one or two of the most eligible. Out of many he had seen was one at Hoxton, which, at the very moderate rent of £40, contained two sitting and four bed-rooms, with a comfortable kitchen and small garden. This raised a perfect storm about my ears; none of us, in the first place, knew where Hoxton was, and on reference to papa, Bradshaw, and a map of London, the fact became apparent that it was in the region familiarly known as the East End.

"You might as well think about settling in Bethnal Green at once!" exclaimed Margaret.

"You need never expect any one to come and see you there," cried several voices; and even mother said gravely that the most easterly part of London she had ever reached was the Shoreditch station, and that appeared to be in a dreadful neighbourhood. Altogether the small house at Hoxton was tabooed, and I wrote to ask John to prosecute his further researches in Bayswater or Kensington. But in those favourite suburbs no suitable dwelling could be found at a rent of less than £60, with proportionate rates and taxes, and he said very firmly that, much as he loved me, he would not make a false start and involve himself in debt for the sake of mere appearances. The end of it all was that we decided on neither choosing nor lining our nest till we were man and wife, and could be sure of seeing things from our own point of view rather than any one else's.

So we were quietly married one morning in the old church at home, without either paraphernalia or fuss, and after the usual family luncheon dear father gave John a cheque for what he considered had been saved by not having a grand wedding, towards the expenses of our honey-moon, and we drove over to Reading and there took the express train, rushing westward as far as Bristol.

At this first stage we stayed for a day or two, that my husband might show me his old school at Cotham, the Downs where he and his fellows had been wont to play cricket and football, and chase butterflies; and the lovely glades and thickets in the Leigh woods where they had gone bird-nesting, and found the early primroses, long before the suspension bridge was finished, and villas built overlooking the river. Then we pursued our happy pilgrimage to Exeter, and he took me to see the house where he was born, to call on one or two of his father's friends, and to see the cathedral, and then we journeyed on to a village on the borders of Dartmoor, where we were to stay with John's mother, Mrs. Toller.

Surely no bride was ever so blessed in her mother-in-law as I in mine; words would fail to tell of her goodness to me, her just pride in her son, or her devotion to the invalid old man, who had given such wise guidance and shown such hearty affection both to herself and John. She soon heard all our little schemes and difficulties, and took me to her heart, as if I had been her own daughter. To her I confided my private plans, and received such assistance and advice as I could never have obtained from my own mother, dear and kind as she was. For our home had always been a lavish one, and although only befitting my father's position, was by no means a good school for the education of a poor man's wife; and I did not wish to be a drag on my husband, and was determined that so far as I could help it the day should never come when poverty might enter at our doors, and love fly out at the windows. So when John was out trout-fishing or strolling with his step-father about the farm, Mrs. Toller took me into her kitchen and instructed me in the mysteries of plain roasting and boiling, taught my

unaccustomed hands to make puddings and pastry, showed me how to concoct dainty dishes by dint of good cooking out of scraps, and told me how to regulate my small supplies, so as never to have any over-stock or any leavings. And this was not all, for at my earnest request she showed me how to starch and iron laces, cuffs and collars, and being herself an adept in all such handiwork she was extremely proud of my aptitude as her pupil. Love was my true teacher, and so fearful was I of losing a crumb of my new knowledge that I bought a copy-book at the village shop, and filled it with an accumulation of notes whenever I had the opportunity.

But do not imagine that my honeymoon was all work and no play; there were pleasant drives over the Moor, to Chagford, Lustleigh Cleeve, and Ottery St. Mary, as well as excursions further afield to Dawlish and Torquay, and other places on the lovely South Devonshire coast; and once or twice John put some sandwiches in his fishing-basket, and we spent quiet happy days beside the shallow streams, in whose bed I could see nothing but loose stones, but from among which he enticed the speckled trout with wondrous flies, and many dexterous twists of hand and wrist.

It was in consequence of Mrs. Toller's wise counsel that we took the country cottage, which has now been our happy home for so many years; she at once dispelled John's hankerings after the Hoxton house, by telling him that he would create prejudice in the minds of my people if he took me there to live; but she saw the disadvantages of the more aristocratic districts quite as clearly, and suggested that we should advertise for a small old-fashioned house within twelve miles of town. Perhaps John would not have given up his own way so readily, had he not been thoroughly charmed with the last proposition.

The advertisement was sent up to a London newspaper "there and then," and as our six weeks' holiday drew to its close, John arranged with the landlady of his bachelor days to accommodate me for a few weeks, and we bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Toller, and went to London to begin our life in earnest. The answers to the said advertisement were legion, and from among them all we chose a tempting description of "a cottage residence, standing in an acre of garden ground surrounded by a brick wall, and within a mile of a station on the North Kent railway." It proved to be rather dilapidated, but having been unlet for some time, the landlord was willing to repair, paint, and paper according to our wishes, and as he was himself the only painter and paperhanger in the neighbourhood, his part of the bargain was soon accomplished. While this was being done we bought our furniture out of John's savings, and a hundred-pound legacy left me by my godmother when I was a little girl.

Our sitting-rooms were not large, and we arranged to have their floors stained oak colour to the depth of about a foot, so that we required only squares of carpet, which we bought both alike, so that in time to come the worn portions might be cut out and the best put together. And here let me tell you that instead of the costly concoction sold as oak-staining, our boards were coloured with a mixture of lamp-black and turpentine and then varnished, and looked as well as heart could wish. The floors of our sleeping apartments we had painted all over in a warm brownish drab, in Continental fashion, so that they could be continually washed over and kept sweet and clean, and a few sheep-skin mats, and one or two tiger trophies which had been sent us as wedding presents, made them look both cosy and unique. For the benefit of any who may like to follow our example with regard to the painted floors, I may as well mention that a large sponge is the very best thing for washing them with. A small portion should be sponged at a time and wiped dry with a cloth, the same as a painted door or wainscot.

Dear Mrs. Toller sent me up a capable, hard-working Devonshire servant-of-all-work, who fell to cleaning with all her might and main, and soon reduced things so far to order that we were able to give up the apartments and locate ourselves in our own home. She brought with her some fine barn-door and black Spanish fowls in a large hamper, a present to John from his step-father, and he developed quite a talent for carpentering in the construction of a covered run for them at one end of the garden.

And now came the tug of war; John persisted that Mary could only be cook, and would have had me seek a house-maid, for he said he could not shut me out from the society of my own family, who were anxious to come and see our little snuggery, and how could they possibly be made comfortable by one servant? But I resisted all his persuasions and maintained that I should manage matters somehow, and should never be content unless allowed to carry out my experiment. Between you and me, dear reader, I was sometimes very much inclined to give it up, but John was away all day and I had as yet plenty of time on my hands, and though I sometimes had a good cry over a spoiled pudding or a scorched collar, I tried again and again, and managed to efface the traces of tears before it was time to go and meet my spouse at the station and bring him home to a nice little dinner, after which we read, and talked, and strolled about the garden, and were as happy as any couple need be. And when he saw that I was well and blooming, the house clean, Mary good-tempered and neat, and bearing no resemblance to the overworked slavey of his imagination, he left off saying anything about another servant, and praised my management and the low level at which I contrived to keep the weekly bills. More than this, he fell into the spirit of my endeavours, and would find out what was cheap in London and bring home a prairie hen, a Scotch hare, a couple of quails, and a little fish or fruit—things which would have been at famine prices in our neighbourhood, but with which London markets overflow sometimes to the benefit of those who take advantage of them. My husband was no genius, but he steered clear of the error of our clever neighbour, who bought six calves' heads for his family of four because they were cheap in Leadenhall Market, and he never brought me home provision for too many days at a time.

Then when dear father and mother did come to spend a week with us they brought an old servant, ostensibly that she might see Miss Nell's new home, but really that I might not be overburdened. Mother set me to needlework too, which she said it was high time I should begin, and thenceforth John read to me after dinner while I did the daintiest stitching of which my fingers were capable, and looked forward to the coming wearer of the little garments with pleasure and pride, if with some natural foreboding.

Perhaps it is rather forestalling facts to say here that when we balanced accounts at the end of our first year's housekeeping they stood thus :—

Rent	£40
Rates and taxes	10
Railway ticket	10
Housekeeping	90
Wages	16
Washing	5
Coal, &c.	12
Total	£183

Therefore we had £117 to the good. Baby's coming, however, cost us £12 altogether, but she and I were both healthy and well, and after nurse had taken her departure, I did not find it necessary to have any additional help. The little one slept all night, and lay crowing and kicking in her cradle while I dressed and had breakfast with my husband; and when he was gone, I washed and dressed her, took her into the garden if fine, and if wet nursed her till she was ready for her morning's sleep, and then I was free for other things; and in the evening she was always asleep again, and a bright little table spread to welcome her father when he came home at six o'clock.

My good Mary maintained that it was a pleasure to do anything for such a "beauty-baby," and insisted on doing nearly all our washing; she was one of those who get forward with work in the morning, for she was always astir by half-past five, and even earlier on occasion. The least I could do was to try and lighten her labours, and I made my little Mabel some frocks of a rather antiquated material called Turkey twill, and managed always to iron the white frocks which she wore for best in summer, while in winter I dressed her in scarlet or pink flannel, which with a white pinafore makes the prettiest of baby attire. Of course there were trying days and wakeful nights when her small teeth troubled her, but we forgot them when they were past.

At Christmas I had a month's holiday, for we locked up our cottage and went to Thirlton Priory, where as there were still four maiden aunts (there had been another wedding in the family by this time) to nurse the darling, and Mary with nothing to do but wash and dress and take her out, she was seldom with me except at night, and I was able with the help of my sister to make her quite a stock of clothes, and repair some deficiencies in my own wardrobe. The second year of our married life our expenses came to £10 more than the first, and John spent another £10 on clothes, but dear mother having given me a new bonnet and dress, I was provided for in that respect.

Our second child, whom we named Frank, and were very proud of as the first boy, was born when Mabel was just two years old, and then I thought it wisest to engage a second general servant, a young cousin of Mary's, who came to me for £10 a year, and the two between them did not only all the house-work but the washing and ironing, while I devoted myself entirely to my children and the necessary needlework. My husband being absent all day, I have never had a nursery; and having them always with me, the little ones have grown up in good habits and manners, and have had nothing to unlearn. They have mastered their letters while playing with bricks, and done their juvenile hemming and sewing at my knee.

We have four children now, and are still poor but content. Our pleasures are in our mutual love, in the books which "papa" reads aloud on winter evenings, in the pursuits of our children, and in the society of one or two congenial neighbours who come in to spend a social hour.

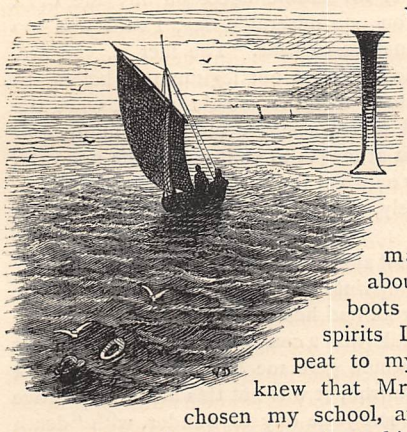
Our boys attend a good school daily, and we hope will pass competitive examinations, and earn their livelihood by their own exertions. Each of them has a favourite study: Frank is a zealous insect hunter, and Hugh a great botanist, considering his age and opportunities. The girls are domesticated, not superfluously educated, but ladies in every respect, and by virtue of their own love of reading, and such teaching as I have been able to give and procure for them, have responsive and cultivated minds; and after all, the true meaning of the word "education" is the fitting of the individual to the station of life in which it has pleased God to place her. Mabel shows a decided talent for figure painting, and an artistic friend has taken her under his wing, and assures us that in a few years she will make a very nice little income, by painting on china for some porcelain works in which he is one of the oldest partners.

We have never had any drawbacks in the shape of illness, beyond the inevitable measles and whooping-cough, but while I thankfully acknowledge God's goodness in keeping us from such evils, I must say that I believe He means His creatures to be healthy if they will but follow His laws, and the dictates of their own common sense. We have not gone out in damp weather, nor sat in wet shoes; we have not eaten unwholesome food, worn low-necked dresses, nor ruined our constitutions in any way whatever; and, above all, have had plenty of wholesome, happy employment, and I think I may say, cheerful hearts. The sorrows time has brought us have had no root of bitterness in them, and we can wish nothing better for our children than that they may be as much blessed as their parents before them.

ELIZA CLARKE.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



I WAS shrewd, as I have said, and had a trick of recognising the inevitable when I met it face to face.

Tiny's remarks, then, about blacking boots and breaking spirits I did not repeat to my mother. I knew that Mr. Palmer had chosen my school, and I believed she would not dare to run counter to his will. Therefore, when with many tears and pathetic, earnest entreaties that I would be a good boy and try to be happy, she said good-bye to me, my sole request was that she would give me plenty of pocket-money. That I should learn betimes the value of money, Mr. Palmer held tightly the strings of the purse which he knew, to his profound irritation, must be mine eventually.

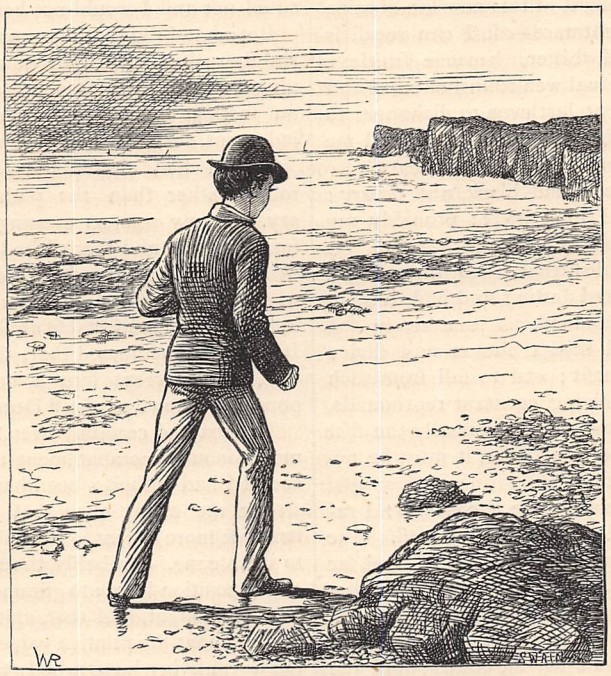
On this occasion, however, I had my will, and three bright sovereigns rattled in my waistcoat-pocket. There was something else there, which, adding to my dignity, helped actually to reconcile me to my position. My mother, I found, had brought away with her my own father's watch and chain, with a little locket attached containing both their portraits. She was so anxious that we should be good friends, and that I should at the last moment cordially forgive her for the various humiliations of which she had indirectly been the cause, that, as we were parting, she hung her treasure round my neck.

"When you look at it think kindly of your poor mother," she sobbed, "and believe, darling, that she loves you, and wishes for nothing so much in all this world as your good."

I could not answer her, I remember, on account of a most uncomfortable sensation in my throat, to whose urgency I was determined not to give way; for just outside the door of our sitting-room, as I was well aware, a superior-looking waiter—the kind of mortal that, according to the generally received boy-theory, "scorns a humble tear"—stood in ambush, and I was determined not to disgrace myself in a neighbourhood where before long I should be well known.

I think my mother was satisfied with my silence, however, for she dried her eyes, and said that everything was for the best; and then we went out into the hall, and in what novelists would call a stern, hard voice, I ordered the porter to put the luggage in the cab; after which I stood for five minutes calm and dignified, but, as lookers-on would of course observe, much depressed, trifling with my chain and looking after the fast-vanishing carriage.

It was a moment of mingled sweetness and bitterness: my sorrow in bidding good-bye to my mother, and my dismay in finding myself alone in this strange place, being almost swamped in a pleasant sense of dignity—a feeling which all who have experienced it must know to be rich in sustaining power.



"RUNNING AWAY" (*p.* 418).

Alas! it was the last such moment that I was destined to encounter for some time; for it seems to me—I may have been wrong—that it was precisely against this same sense of dignity, in which I so much delighted, that my new master aimed all his attacks.

Tiny had but faintly pictured the life that was before me. It was a life so new to me that at first I was staggered, and thought some mistake must have been made; to this day, in fact, I am puzzled when I look back.

Upon what ground Mr. Simpkins dignified his curious establishment by the name of school I am at a loss to conceive. He was the sole master, and though he could talk pompously he could barely read

correctly; as for his scholarship, I really believe that I was then further advanced than he was.

He said, however, that what I wanted was moral training; of book-learning I had, indeed, had too much already.

Now, moral training, from my new master's point of view, at least as regarded me—I presently found that his point of view shifted with circumstances—had a singularly uniform tendency. Everything was done to lessen my sense of self-importance.

I confess I was vain; probably this little point in my character has already peeped out. I believe it was my vanity that gave point to the hatred which Mr. Palmer very naturally entertained for me. If this were the case, his measures were taken with an accuracy that proved he had a subtle mind.

I am sure he must have known Mr. Simpkins, and known him well. I am sure he must have ably calculated on the effect that to receive the orders of such a man would have upon a boy of my temperament; for I was not only vain, I was high-spirited and strictly honourable. My school-life hitherto had been even more than respectable; the feeling of justice was strong within me. I had never rebelled against fair punishment, and had already learned both to revere what was great in those around me and to cherish high ambitions for myself.

And now—but the history of these miseries is too painful to retrace; in the light of this new life of mine it seems like a heavy nightmare—all I can recall is constant humiliation and bitter, because fruitless, rebellion, followed by gradual weakening of mind and body, till I condescended at last even to dishonour to hide some petty fault which would have exposed me to unmeasured punishment.

Yes; it is all very hideous, and black, and dreary: at least, so it seems as I look back; probably my memory exaggerates the picture. I will hope so. It must be remembered, besides, that up to this moment I had been a mother's petted darling, and had through her eyes seen myself stationed, as it were, in the centre of the universe, all things human and divine revolving for my sole benefit; and to fall from such an exalted position to receiving constant reprimands, and having dinned into my ears continually the fact that I was destined to no good, was, it must be acknowledged, a little painful.

There was one bright spot in the dreariness: I remember this with gratitude and wonder mixed. The curious little being, who was more deserted and far more forlorn than I, never, so far as I could see, gave way to depression. Tiny went cheerfully about duties wholly unworthy of her, was always gay and merry, laughed, sang, rallied me on my sulkiness; and the best hour of the whole day was when she and I went together to the sands—about the sunset-hour—to fetch the salt water for Mr. Simpkins' joints.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

IT is singular and a little startling to reflect upon the importance of that ingredient in things human commonly called "the last straw," and of all that might have happened but for its imposition on the patient back. Had it not been for this last straw, I should probably be now—well, I dare not think what, only, in gratitude to the High All-Seer, let me here acknowledge the favourable effect on my life of a misery which, on one miserable day, I said was too heavy for boy-nature to bear. The fact is, you see, that the significance does not legitimately belong to this last triviality of a feather-weight, which, when the unhappy camel has borne an indefinite number of pounds, forces it at length to pant out its life upon the sands, for every ounce of the previous burden has been, slowly but surely, making the last straw an impossibility.

Thus, it was not alone that folly of a big bully striking me, and Mr. Simpkins, who did not often take such a liberty—I fancy he had heard that I had teeth—looking on with a smile, and a consoling remark to the effect that the world would give me harder knocks if I did not learn self-control; it was not this alone that drove me out on that soft June day to wander, with "death in my soul," under precipitous rocks, and cry out that I had rather die than live any longer this hateful life.

No: it was not this; it was everything—everything that had happened, that was happening, that would happen, culminating in one misery, which, I said, I could not and I would not bear.

But what I did that day was done unwittingly; I had simply rushed out with a view of getting away. Running away from uneasy pressure of circumstances is an instinct which, even in maturity of age and judgment, some of us find it hard to resist.

Why I had chosen the foot of those precipitous rocks rather than the path above them I cannot say. In any case, as evening began to close, there I found myself, and there I had remained for some time extended in an attitude of deep despair, when a fact which ought to have been comfortable, which really induced an uncomfortable chill, dawned upon my mind. It will be remembered that, the better to indulge my woe, I had crept into a hollow among the rocks, popularly known as the "Dead Men's Cave."

The sea had certainly been, all the time, running its monotonous accompaniment to my thoughts. Of the sound I had hitherto been hardly conscious. Now it struck me all at once that it was becoming every moment more urgent. It would be heard, and it began to irritate me. Probably, the real fact was that a sense of my position began to glimmer through the indefiniteness of thought, and that, spite of what I had said to myself about the relative values of being or not being, the warm living human body that breathes, and loves, and enjoys, was rising up in revolt against the notion of at once and for ever laying down its office.

I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and looked round me, then shivered suddenly and hid them from the light. For I had realised my position, and it was a sufficiently terrible one. I was nearly shut in, and the tide was creeping on steadily. To go back or to go forward was death; to remain in the cave was death; to ven-

ture out into the sea was death. I had wished for it—here it was staring me in the face—death!

A few hours more—while slowly, but with what horrible perseverance! those crimson-tinged waves crept on—a few hours more of life—and then! Ah, mercy! I could see them coming—gaining foot by foot, on the firm sands, touching the rocks, climbing, still with that smile, and slow assurance of power.

I leapt to my feet. With trembling hands I felt over the rocky walls. Possibly the high water would only reach my neck at some point. In vain—in vain! Everywhere was the water-mark higher, much higher, than my poor little stature.

I could not submit all at once. Not that I feared death for its own sake, so I scrupulously explained to myself—from our childhood upwards some of us are curiously afraid of standing self-convicted of inconsistency—it was the kind of death which was so terrible. To be drowned, smothered, and in this quiet way; to be cut off from life as might have been any other poor wanderer, even any happy person, who had no reason to desire death; to leave no record by which it should be known to the world in general how bitter my sufferings had been! That Mr. Palmer should never know how much I hated him! Yes; I was no saint; for I certainly remember this regret as a distinct aggravation of my misery, though presently came softer thoughts. It would have been pleasant to see my mother once more. Of course, in that singular after-state, which, strange to say, was more misty to me than ever before, I should hover about her; it was more than probable, indeed, that after the fashion of the ghosts in *Richard III.*—this scene, satisfying my sense of poetical justice, always delighted me—I might succeed in sending her pleasant dreams, and Mr. Palmer unpleasant ones; still, it would not be the same kind of thing as seeing her with these very eyes, as touching her, as having her kiss me once more.

Strange, how soft we become in such moments as these! For some time past I had objected, on principle, to kissing, as being a practice effeminate and womanly. Now, with what wonder did I look back to such folly! Could I ever have been impatient under my mother's kisses? Oh, if one of those moments could come back! And next, my thoughts wandered off to pretty Tiny. I had meant to do so much for her as soon as ever I should come of age. Already I had promised her a new stock of pretty dresses and plenty of luxury. I even thought of making her my wife, should she behave herself in the interval. But all this was over—could never be. Mr. Palmer would have my money. Tiny, to the end of the chapter, must serve Mr. Simpkins. I found myself, I remember, wondering whether she would cry about my death, and was ready to be down upon her in such case for inconsistency, since she had argued, with an obstinacy which had more than once provoked me sorely, that as crying and grieving could not mend matters, to cry or grieve about anything was simply absurd.

Such were a few of the thoughts that passed in swift succession through my brain. Meanwhile, however, I was not entirely idle; I was pacing backwards and forwards on each side of my cave to try and find some cleft in the rock above high-water mark to which I might clamber. Vain efforts! The cliffs were not even perpendicular; they hung over the narrow strip of sand in a way that was perfectly terrible. I shouted, too—loud—louder; surely my voice would be heard. But no; above stretched, as I knew, the wide moor. There was no boat in sight, only two or three white sails in the far distance; and already escape on either side was cut off, for the most forward of the waves were here and there washing the foot of the cliffs. Nothing remained for me but to return to my cave and wait.

Then came to me what I have described as a "lacuna of sensation."

I threw myself down upon my face in the damp seaweed; the water was sounding about me, nearer and ever nearer. Outside, birds were singing; in and out of the cave blew in puffs the sportive winds. I saw nothing, I heard nothing: it was a blank in bodily existence. All the more was my mind busy; all the more did questions, strange and awful, about life, death, eternity, and the reasons of things, go hither and thither through my brain.

"How strange is my fate! Is it true that I exist? What is this world? Oh, Father! I see Thee above the clouds." The philosopher has put it well. Such are the thoughts that haunt us in the great silences of bodily sensation. Most of us have experienced these moments. I have, and at very different times: at dead midnight, when every sound is still; at hush of noon in some lonely valley, or watching from the hillside how God's "awful rose of dawn" breaks over a sleeping world; then have come thronging the dread questions that none may answer. And thus it was with me that day.

How long I remained without speech or movement—reckoning from the moment when first dawned upon me the notion that the sound of the waters was becoming uncomfortably persistent, to that when, as I believe, I actually lost consciousness for a moment—I never knew.

What I distinctly remember is being roused from a dream-like stupor by the lightest of light touches on my neck. Bewildered, I turned my face, which had been hidden, to the light. Vividly present to me is that strange moment. There was a glory of colour in the west. I shut my eyes, and I see it again—the ethereal palaces of crimson vapour, the pale green lakes between, so calm and far away, with one great cloud of blue darkness overhanging, whose fringe was purple and gold. And my first thought as I gazed?

Singular, but none the less true! It should be remembered that my faculties were only half awake. As a moment before I had been all thought, so now I was all eyes; for I did not stir: of hands and feet and beating heart I was barely conscious. "It is over," was my first thought; and the second, "It wasn't so bad, after all; and this is heaven, of course; and was it an angel touched me?"

All in a moment did this flash through my mind,

for here I became once more conscious of body and limbs. Trying to jump to my feet, I found out suddenly that I was stiff: a sensation singularly destructive to romantic illusion.

"Do you want a hand, Archie?"

If an angel's voice, this was at least a familiar one. I really began to think that the running away, and the Dead Men's Cave, and that late painful discovery which had sent my mind so curiously wandering, were all a dream, and that I should awake to find myself going quietly to the shore with Tiny to fetch the water, as usual, for Mr. Simpkins' joints; the more so as what I next heard was a sound to which I had become well habituated of late—a merry laugh, through which there rang just a suspicion of ridicule.

"Silly boy! I do believe he doesn't know where he is."

I was on my feet now and looking round me, with a full knowledge of my position.

"Did you come in a boat, Tiny?" I said. "But where is it?"

"I came on my feet," she answered.

"But not alone?"

"Yes; alone. Are you anxious to see Mr. Simpkins?"

"Tiny," I said seriously, "you ought not to joke."

"Archie," she said with mock-seriousness, "you ought not to look so solemn."

I could scarcely speak. Of course she had run after me in ignorance. And to tell her, so full of life and joyousness as she was, that in a few moments she must die, seemed to me, child as I was, beyond imagination terrible.

I took her hand and pointed silently to the water, which was already encroaching on the floor of our cave.

"Well?" she said with one of her saucy smiles.

"You don't understand," I cried, "or you wouldn't smile, Tiny."

"Understand what? that the water will soon come in and keep us company?"

"You know it, and can joke?"

"Of course; it's just exactly what I wanted."

I thought she was mad, and shrank away from her, for she began suddenly to laugh and dance, then clasping her small hands—

"Thank you, my little fairy-waves: thank you so many times," she cried out.

"Tiny," I said, "I do believe you are mad."

She took me by the hand, and led me deep into the cave. Her eyes were glistening; but now there was a serious look in her face, such as I had not seen there before.

"Archie," she said, "I am going to ask you some questions."

"Ask as many as you like," I said; "only," I added rather grimly—I think in my secret heart I was scarcely pleased to find her so very much braver than myself—"you had better make haste; we shan't be able to talk presently."

"There's plenty of time," she answered serenely. "Archie, do you like Mr. Simpkins?"

"You know I don't."

"Neither do I; but do you think you'll have to stay with him: I mean if our present life goes on?"

"I am sure I shall."

"So am I. Now, Archie, as our present life isn't very pleasant, don't you think it would be nice to have a new one?"

"It might, if we knew anything about it; but the mischief of it is that we don't." I had been thinking over this question for some time; evidently, to Tiny, it had only just presented itself: she saw it from my first point of view, that of getting away; I saw it in the light of certain after-reflections.

"You see," I went on ruefully, "I meant to do such lots of things when I was grown up."

"But supposing," Tiny persisted, "you had your hands and feet, Archie, in this other life; yes, and could do lots of things?"

"What's the use of supposing?" I said; and being the stronger vessel, I added, with the tone of a parent, "We ought to be thinking of other things, Tiny."

"Ought we?"

"Yes; of all the naughty things we have done in our lives, and——"

"In the next life, I suppose, we shall never be able to be in the least bit naughty."

"We shall never want to be naughty," I said. I am afraid there was a certain faltering in my voice, which proved that I was scarcely prepared for my great change; I remember, as a fact, that the chill I had experienced when first there dawned upon me a consciousness of my position seemed now to envelop me on every side.

"Never laugh at any one; never think what we'll do when we're grown up; never make up little speeches for Mr. Simpkins and Mr. Palmer; never put caterpillars in people's beds for kicking other people!"

Thus poor Tiny lamented. It was a melancholy picture. I suggested in a feeble way that ghosts might do something, but this did not seem satisfactory to her practical mind. She observed that very few people believed in ghosts: she did not, for one; and thereupon she called upon me to imagine what it would feel like not to be believed in, even by oneself: a chilly idea, certainly. Since I could find none of an appropriate character to oppose to it, I remained silent. I saw, moreover, that the sea had in the meantime not been idle. It was rougher too, for at sundown a breeze had sprung up, and the waves came rushing into our cave with a hollow sound that curiously reminded me of the tolling of a funeral-bell. And while thus our few precious moments of life were running out, we were wasting our time in talking nonsense. Allow me to observe that this idea was mine, not Tiny's. I scarcely think it could ever have entered her brain. From her babyhood this child possessed a keen appreciation of the value, even of the dignity, wrapping round what foolish boys and girls call nonsense—what, in the strength and sadness of our middle age, we speak of, tenderly reverent, as the laughter moving.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

FOR a few moments we sat silent hand in hand, I trying, but not with much effect, to think of subjects appropriate to my situation.

Tiny broke the silence.

"Give me your hat, Archie," she said.

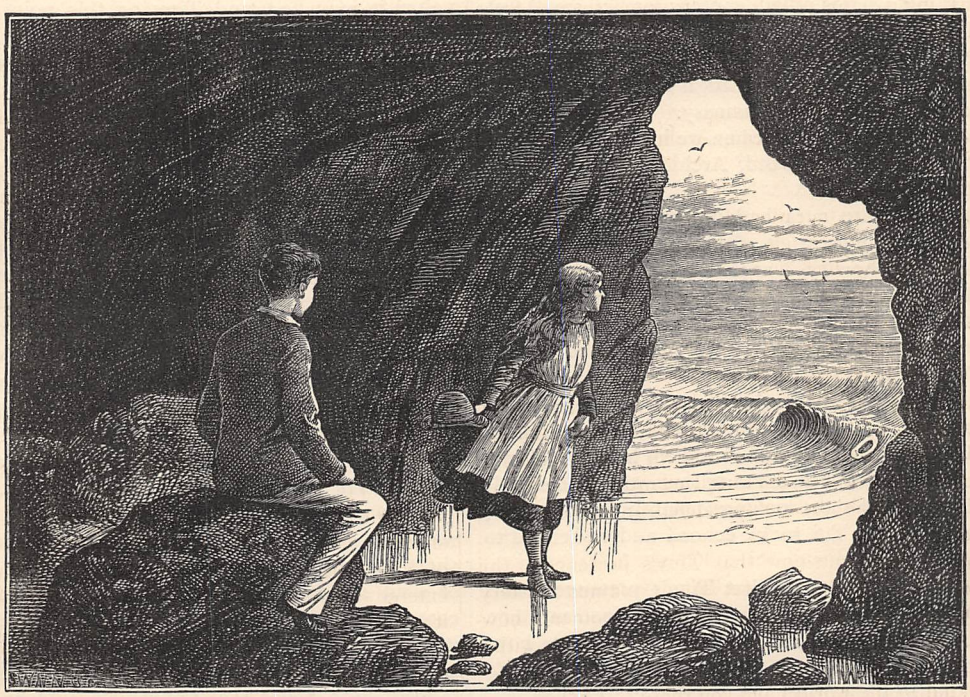
"Why, what do you want with my hat?"

"Never mind," she answered; "let me have it, like a good boy: you know you won't want it much longer."

This was true; moreover, it was her last request. I took off my hat and placed it in her hand.

"Now," she said, not at all sentimentally, "sit still here till I come back."

She had taken off her own shabby little bonnet.



"I WATCHED HER WITH A LANGUID CURIOSITY."

"It doesn't become me," she said, "and I always hated it; but one thing's sure and certain, every one in the village knows it."

Therewith she threw hat and bonnet far out into the sea.

I watched her with only a languid curiosity.

No doubt, the passionate agitation of the day, the long, rapid walk—for we were many miles from our village—and the succeeding thoughts, too deep and strange for a brain so young as mine, had exhausted me. I was tired; all I seemed to want now was rest; and when Tiny, looking a little more serious than usual, sat down once more by my side, I did not even ask her what she meant by her strange action.

I looked at her, I remember, sadly, for this nearness of death had made me feel wonderfully grown-up and paternal. "It is a pity you came, Tiny," I said; "why did you? had you never heard about the tide?"

"Yes," answered the audacious child, "I'm always hearing about it; I'm always dreaming about it."

"What! about being drowned?"

"About having a second birth, Archie;" her voice was low, but sweet, like the singing of a nightingale far away in the twilight. What there was in it that awed me I cannot say: but so it was, and I remained perfectly silent, while she went on. "It would be so nice to begin again, without doing anything wicked, you know. When we're unhappy we feel inclined to do wicked things: I do, at least; and I've seen the wicked thoughts in your face, my poor boy; so I began to think, and my thinking became a dream, with my eyes wide open, of the old life going away quite out of sight, and you and I having a new life, that we may do what we like with."

"Do you think," I said, "that we shall be able to walk and talk?"

"I am sure we shall."

"How can you know?"

"The angels told me. Archie, are you afraid?"

"Oh! no," I said; but my teeth were chattering, for those persistent waves did not stop for our babbling.

"You silly, blind boy!" she cried; "look up! no, higher—what do you see?"

"Only the rock," I answered; "and it's beastly steep."

"Here," she said, "help me up." Before I knew where I was she had reached my shoulder, and from it stepped to a little fissure in the rock, thence to another and another. She was higher than my head:

she was nearly above the green slime that marked high-water line.

"For goodness sake, mind what you're about!" I cried, and began to clamber after her. I had seen what marvellously inspirited me: a ball of stout whip-cord, that is to say, which Tiny laughingly threw down at my feet.

"Stay where you are," I cried peremptorily.

She obeyed at once. I found out afterwards that the poor little creature was far more afraid of slipping on the green oozy slime than of being carried away by the waves. Her daring move had been taken to stimulate me, and it succeeded. In an incredibly short space of time I had reached a point above her, and, knotting the whip-cord to projections in the rock, was making a series of ladder-steps for her small feet. But I was anxious still, for to spend the night with our feet in niches of the naked rocks would, I feared, be impossible. But Tiny, though she trembled from the exertion, was not at all uneasy.

"Now," she cried out, when we had climbed some way, "lift up that sea-weed, Archie; it's the curtain before our hall-door."

Yes; her sharp eyes had not deceived her. We were close to the entrance of a cave within a cave.

I remember how I felt at that moment, for times do not die. They live, with more or less vividness, a pale after-life throughout the ages. I remember, but I cannot describe it. What we did can be told in very few words.

Bidding Tiny remain where she was, I crept into the little hollow. It was well above high-water mark and sheltered. I stooped then to help her in, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell we were seated, side by side, in our house, looking defiantly at the waves, and laughing till the rocks echoed and re-echoed to the sound.

It occurred to me now that Tiny's presence at this particular juncture was as yet an unexplained mystery. I turned to her inquiringly. For the moment, however, she refused to speak. She was fumbling with a little bundle in her hand.

"What in the world have you there?" I asked.

"Oh!" she said, "I shall want some things in the new life. Are you not hungry? I am."

"Not much good in being hungry to-night—unless," I added satirically, "there's a larder in your house."

"There may be."

"Yes; there may be a hundred-and-one things that there are not," I returned crossly.

It had occurred to me that drowning was not the only kind of death, nor, according to popular estimate, the most unpleasant. Breakfast had been my last meal, and how this gnawing, which the mention of hunger had revealed to me, was to be supported till the following morning I could not conceive.

Tiny answered my peevishness by a laugh, which I thought singularly out of place; but only for a moment had this idea room; in the next I was rubbing my eyes to make sure that I was not asleep and dreaming, for the half of a brown loaf and a moderate-sized piece of cheese were on my knee. I looked round. In the most matter-of-fact way, Miss Tiny was already busy disposing of the corresponding half.

"Eat your supper," she said, nodding at me; "we can talk presently."

And eat I did, and from that day the sight of country brown bread has always produced on me a sensation that is perfectly indescribable.

I suppose we are never wholly satisfied, except indeed in our dreams, or those delightful moments when "nature's soft nurse" is just beginning to steep our senses in forgetfulness. No sooner, I remember, had I allayed my hunger than curiosity seized me. I poured out a flood of questions.

I have noticed that when girls are older than boys, they make a great deal of the difference, however paltry it may be; and Tiny on this point was not superior to her sex. In the superbness of her fourteen years, I am inclined to think she rather looked down upon me. Certainly she did not answer my questions with that directness I might have expected. If I remember rightly, there were a few parentheses introduced about the inferiority of boys, and their incapacity as regarded either taking care of themselves and other people or looking any further than their noses.

I was determined, however, not to be offended, for I may as well confess the truth at once—I was very curious; and presently, when that golden light on the water faded, and darkness gathered, for only one or two stars looked down upon us brightly: when the sea began to howl, and there was a mysterious feeling in the air which might have made people of less intelligent fibre than Tiny and I imagine that witches were abroad, she crept up to me closely, and told her little tale, as fully as I could have wished.

She was far more imaginative than I, if indeed I was wholly to believe her story; for it appeared that shortly after she first made my acquaintance the idea of what she continued to call "beginning again" had entered her mind. She had intended to talk about it to me, but never had the opportunity; moreover, as her position was every day becoming more irksome to her, she believed that the same would be the case with me; and that, one day or other, I should run away altogether. Tiny, in fact, had been noticing me much more than I had imagined.

From the kitchen window she had watched the scene to which I have alluded as constituting "the last straw" of my miserable burden; she saw a "look in my face" (so she expressed herself), and was not surprised, when they were all sitting at dinner, to catch the sound of my window opening. Nobody else caught it: of this she was perfectly certain. It was probable, indeed, that since Mr. Simpkins had stated his belief that to go without food for a few hours would bring me to my senses more quickly than anything else, I was still thought by the household to be sulking in my room.

After dinner she begged permission to go on a message to a farm at some distance. Its mistress, Mr. Simpkins' sister-in-law, was friendly to Tiny, and, when she went to see her in the afternoon, generally insisted upon keeping her for the night.

"Nothing," the child went on, "could have happened better. I went out, Archie, and I saw the way you had gone, and it all came into my mind like a dream or a story. You see, I knew about the tide and the cliffs; one day—it's a long time ago now—my father and I spent a night in this cave; he was in debt then, and running away, and I believe some people thought he was drowned. This put the idea into my mind, and then, you know, I seemed to be quite sure of what you would do: how you would rush on and on—it's just like you, Archie—and then go into the cave, and hide your head, and expect the water to come, and not do a single thing for yourself."

"Thank you"—I could not resist interrupting her here. "You've a good opinion of me, Tiny."

Of which little outburst she did not deign to take notice.

"And so," she went on, continuing her own story, "I ran to the farm, and got the things I left there last time, and some bread and cheese, and came down under the cliffs another way. Oh! how fast I ran at the last, and how my heart beat, Archie! Though I had seen you all the time, as I walked along the top, and was ready to call out if you did anything silly, I was still afraid, for I was obliged to be a little time in the farm-house. But I was quite soon enough, after all."

"And I am glad you came." Then, in self-justification—"You see, it's not dying one minds so much, but being drowned, and no one knowing anything about it."

I have always had, and shall have, I suppose, to the end of the chapter, a wish to record my very last impressions.

It is not wholly unprecedented. One of the grandest heroines of the Revolution, it is said, asked for pen and paper at the foot of the guillotine, that she might give to the world her last thoughts. Terrible they would have been, but wonderful. I have always regretted that her request was denied. Tiny was not a heroine, and she said, with a little shiver—

"But *I* don't want to die just yet, and would mind it very much. Although, by-the-by," and she laughed, "you and I are dead: at least, we shall die to-night, and to-morrow morning we begin a new life."

Only faintly was Tiny's idea, even now, beginning to dawn upon my mind.

"Was that why you threw our hats away?" I asked.

"I believe he doesn't see it yet," she remarked, with an air of superiority which was most impressive. "We are to be born over again, Archie; do, like a good boy, try and understand. They will hear that we went under the cliffs, and find our hats, and of course think that we're drowned. When people in story-books are drowned, you know, somebody always finds their hats in the water."

I nodded, feeling some awe for Tiny's superiority. This was certainly a sagacious observation.

"So," she proceeded, "we shall not be looked for, and we can go away together through the country, and begin again, and all that past time, Archie, will soon be like another life to us."

The notion was a pleasing one, savouring as it did of the adventurous, and after a few moments more, spent by Tiny in making it (as she would have said) perfectly clear to me—I may remark, in passing, that her trouble was wholly unnecessary: I understood what she proposed, and was really busy all the time weighing the matter in my mind, from which process, as every male mind will readily conceive, it came forth vastly less crude and inchoate—after those few moments, then, I agreed heartily.

We were dead, and proceeded to bury ourselves, that is to say, to creep farther into the cave, and make an effort to go to sleep.

I had one regret, however, and before I could rest it found a voice.

"Mamma will be sorry when she hears about it," I said; "what a pity she couldn't be born afresh with us, and leave Mr. Palmer to shift for himself! She must be tired of him by this time."

"It's not easy to leave husbands, I believe," Tiny answered—she had travelled about with her father, and prided herself on her knowledge of the world—"but you can find your mother when you're grown-up."

"And, after all," so I consoled myself, and laid my regret to sleep, "if she had cared so very much for me, she would never have married Mr. Palmer when I told her I didn't like him."

And after that I remember no more, for the curtain of night fell over us, and there came the sweet insensibility that wraps us away from earth and its realities into the misty border-land of dreams, and makes of every new day a new beginning.

Many, many new days, many new beginnings, have I seen since then, awakening to new gladnesses, awakening to new pains; but never have I experienced such a beginning as that of this morning. I never shall, I suppose, until the day when, once for all, I awake to reality, awake to find the clouds of night swept away for ever, and the golden gates ajar of such a morning as our earthly sunrises can only faintly image. Tiny was the first to awake. When I opened my eyes she was stooping over me.

"Look out, Archie!" she said, and I thought there was something strange, even solemn, in her voice; "we are born again!"

I raised myself on my elbow. "Born again!" The words seemed to repeat and re-repeat themselves in my brain. Born again, and into how lovely a world! Beautiful, solitary, with only ourselves to enjoy its fairness. How far away the waters slept, a glow as of sapphire in the bend of each wave; how the skies were bright, not with the flame-colours and ruddy pomp of evening, but tender-hued and distant, as though heaven itself were only thinly veiled away; how the cliffs stood out sombre, as if carved out of darkness; and here and there on some summit, how, bright as a beacon-fire, the dawn seemed to alight; how the air had a keenness and a life, which made the pulses beat and the heart full of courage and daring! Yes: it is before me now; and the children, too, wide-eyed and eager, the two living creatures alone looking out—I can see them—I, the man, world-

worn, and at times a little weary of the monotony of things; and I am inclined to wish, as I write, that I could actually think myself back into the mysterious awe of that moment, could enter one or the other of those little human bodies, see through their eyes, and think again the thoughts that were agitating their hearts.

For full five minutes we remained silent, then Tiny spoke. It was strange: she was uttering the very thought that had been in my mind.

"I think I should like to say a little prayer, Archie."

We knelt down together with clasped hands, for a deep solemnity had crept over us.

And my companion's prayer? Yes: I remember it, but I cannot bring myself to write it down. It was very simple, pathetic in its childishness, yet with a certain far-reaching insight that seemed always to distinguish this child, woman-grown before her time; and now, when so much has come and gone of happiness and sorrow and pain, that throws a lurid glow over the days between, those words have a sacredness for me.

Even then my heart felt unusually full. Moreover, as I said my "Amen," the sun, rosy and warm, scattering to right and left the clouds that hung over the horizon, was peering from beyond a distant coast-line.

"Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain." So spoke the dying Mirabeau, when, in his last agony, he looked out on the newly-risen sun. And to us, as we looked out that morning, it seemed as though the great World-Father Himself were, from that rosy east, smiling benignantly His answer to our prayer.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

BEAUTY: A SONNET.

AMID the flower-scented hay she stood—
A little village lass with clear-cut face,
Eyelids long-lashed, drooping with pensive grace,
A mouth that quivered with her every mood—
A well-wrought picture of sweet womanhood.
And I was weak as men must always be,
And so for one brief moment bent the knee,
And worshipped beauty as life's highest good.
Then reason's voice rang clear: Oh, strangely blind!
Seek beauty rather of the soul and mind;
The eyes that gaze on changeless beauty tire;
When mind seeks mind and hungers all in vain,
When higher thought is met by weak desire,
Glad life is shrouded with a dull dense pain.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE DOCTOR'S CORNER IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SURELY the rage for novelty was never more rampant than at the present day. Everything new goes down, as the saying is, and the fashions even in physic are continually changing. As regards medicine, people make two very grave mistakes — they trust too much to it, and neglect the commonest laws of health, and they are too ready to run after every new remedy, which they happen to see advertised, and forsake the simpler but surer, because time-tried, articles in the pharmacopœia. Even medical men themselves are far too apt to join in the general hunt, and pin, for a time, their faith on new specifics and wonderful cures. Podophyllin thrusts aside the gentlemanly old remedy, blue pill; that terrible drug, hydrate of chloral, for a time is supposed to be a cure for sleeplessness, and vasseline takes the place of the benzoated oxide of zinc. Now my readers know by this time that I never prescribe medicine of any kind if medicine can be done without, and that when I do prescribe a drug it is usually a very safe and harmless one. There is many and many a simple herb, that can very easily be cultivated in any out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen garden, the virtues of which our forefathers were well acquainted with, but which we seem to have forgotten, although they are simply invaluable in many cases of sickness, chronic or otherwise. Indeed, no one who has a morsel of ground to spare can do better than set aside a small portion of it, and call it "The Doctor's Corner." Hence you can cull your herbs or roots with your own hands, all fresh and healthy, and be in this respect independent of the chemist's shop.

What then should you cultivate in the Doctor's Corner? So many plants occur to me in answer to this question, that I find a difficulty in choosing which to mention first, so I must weed and weed and only retain the most useful; but I promise to return to the kitchen garden another day, and have a friendly gossip on vegetables that possess medicinal as well as nutritive qualities; such, for instance, as potatoes, celery, parsnips, parsley, onions, &c. Some of these

"AMID THE FLOWER-SCENTED HAY" (*p.* 424).

possess virtues of no mean order, and act for good on the blood and nervous centres. Onions, I may merely mention here *en passant*, possess diuretic properties, and are also a safe stimulating tonic; they moreover soothe the nervous system, calm the pulse, and induce sleep, hence probably their use in helping to cure a common cold. Parsley should be chewed after eating onions; there is no more certain or more pleasant way of purifying the breath, from whatever cause offensiveness thereof may arise. By the way, here is rather a curious remedy, but in many cases a very certain one, for the cure of chronic indigestion: it is simply the cultivation of a habit of chewing, while out of doors, different kinds of green leaves and swallowing the juice. One can always cull a leaf from a hedge, or bush, as one passes. Almost all are good that are not nauseous, such as the ivy, or poisonous as the laurel-leaf; one of the latter, however, is a capital thing where there is slight irritation of the stomach. The chewing of leaves cures dyspepsia, principally, I believe, by increasing the flow of the salivary juice, and partly by the tonic or stimulating action of the leaf chewed. The leaves that occur to me at present as most likely to be beneficial are those of the pine-trees, spruce or Scotch fir, blackthorn, currant and rose bushes, mint, the petals of many flowers, the stalks of mountain daisies, the white portion of rushes, the bark of many young trees, and the tender parts of the stalks of green wheat, oats, or almost any of the larger grasses; but your own taste must in a great measure guide you, if you elect to make trial of my remedy. I should say, however, that the chewing is better to take place before or between meals than immediately after.

Camomile in the Doctor's Corner ought probably to be first favourite. It may be raised from seed, or better by offsets. April is the time to plant it; give it space on a rather dry and poor soil, and water frequently, if need be, after planting. The offsets should be placed about eighteen inches apart, and you only need a very small bed of it. The flowers are best in July, and should be culled when just opening, and then dried before they are put away to make them keep. Camomile flowers form one of the best remedies in the known world, in all sorts of debility of the digestive organs, and are best used in the form of infusion. Make it in a tea-pot of brown earthenware, half an ounce of the flowers to half a pint of boiling water, infused for half an hour. That should be easily remembered, and if you add half an ounce of bruised ginger and a clove or two, all these halves will make the whole a most beneficial tonic, the dose of which is one, two, or three ounces twice or thrice a day. The same infusion without the ginger, swallowed warm, makes a handy emetic, or may help mustard or other emetics to act more quickly. The infusion made rather stronger makes a capital lotion for weak eyes. A decoction of these useful flowers also makes a nice soothing fomentation. For this purpose they are boiled for an hour instead of being infused. Fill two flannel bags with them and boil, you can thus use first one bag and then the other in fomenting.

Dandelion deserves a place, and that a good one too. You see, reader, in this wicked, weary world of ours we nearly all live too fast; we eat too much, and we drink more than enough; and so, next to the stomach, the hardest-worked organ in our bodies is the liver, and it is therefore often a sufferer, although I will not say it is guilty of all the mischief it gets the blame of. However, this little common-looking plant, with its plain and vulgar flower, is one of the best liver tonics we have. It is also very useful in some kinds of dyspepsia. I have no doubt it is diuretic, and I am almost sure it is also gently laxative. So we ought to cherish it in our Doctor's Corner. Get good seed, which sow from May to June in drills about nine inches apart, and thin the young plants to four or five inches apart; keep free of weeds, and you will have a nice bed in the following spring. The leaves, of course, will, especially if blanched, make a handy and a healthy addition to the salad-bowl. But it is with the roots we have most to do, and from these we prepare the juice which resembles sherry in appearance, and is of more value than the best wine in the world to people suffering from liver derangements. Take seven pounds of fresh, well-washed root, and bruise it in a mortar, then press out the juice, and to it add one-third the quantity of rectified spirits of wine. Let it stand for a week, then filter and keep it in a cool place, and take half an ounce to an ounce three times a day. Probably there may be some who do not know how to make a filter, simple though the process be. Stand a common funnel, with which you fill wine or spirit bottles, in a decanter, then take a piece of thick white blotting-paper about the size of a page of foolscap, fold this once in the centre from the bottom to the top, then once again from right to left. The blotting paper will now be folded into four leaves, and of it make a pouch to line the funnel—this pouch will have three leaves of the paper at one side and one at the other. Do not tear a hole at the bottom, as I one day saw a student do. The filtrate will drop through.

Lavender is one of those herbs that deserve cultivation in every garden; it is useful both as a medicine and as a perfume. The best place to grow it in is poor but dry soil, pretty well sheltered, and fully exposed to the rays of the sun. It may be propagated either by cuttings or from the seed. If from the latter, get the best that can be procured, and sow in March; as soon as the plants are about two inches high they must be planted in the nursery bed, and re-planted permanently in the following spring. Cut the flowers with about six inches of stalk, tie in little bundles, and hang for twenty-four hours in a warm room to dry. Now from these flowers the oil of lavender is distilled, one pound of them yielding about a dram. If you are not handy enough to distil them yourself (any book on chemistry will tell you how) get your little harvest distilled for you, and keep the oil in your medicine-chest. Lavender-drops are easily made, and are an invaluable cordial and stomachic, relieving the pains of flatulence, nausea, and lowness of spirits; the dose is about sixty drops in sweetened water. The drops are composed: of

oil of lavender take a dram and a half, ten drops of oil of rosemary; bruised cinnamon, bark, and bruised nutmeg, of each 150 grains, red sandal-wood 300 grains, and rectified spirits of wine two pints. The cinnamon, nutmeg, and sandal-wood are to be steeped in the spirit for seven days, then strained and pressed, then dissolve the oils in the strained tincture, filter next, and add sufficient spirits of wine to make the quantity up to two pints. You may also make your own lavender-water: three drops of the oil is shaken up with a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and to it is added three drams of musk-essence, an ounce of orange-flower-water, an ounce of rose-water, and four ounces of distilled water.

Here, again, is a sweetly pretty preparation for the toilet, or to be used as a perfume, or added to the bath. Gather about six drams of fresh flowers, and add them to a pint of pure vinegar in a stone bottle; let it stand three days, and afterwards place to be heated for eight hours on the hob; after it is cold, strain and bottle.

You may grow fennel in your Corner for medicinal purposes. I refer to the *Fœniculum dulce*. Fennel-water is a capital aromatic vehicle for giving other remedies in, and is a well-known remedy for the flatulent colic of children. The dose for infants is a tea-spoonful, for adults from one table-spoonful up to four. A pound of the bruised seeds is added to two gallons of water, and one gallon is distilled off. Of course you can make it in any smaller proportion.

We must have rosemary in our little garden, cultivated by cuttings or slips in a shady border, and watered until they take; a light sandy soil is best. The leaves make beautiful pomade, a couple of handfuls being boiled with half a pound of hog's-lard, and then strained.

A very old-fashioned remedy for worms is *Artemisia absinthium*, or wormwood. It is easily cultivated, and it is the upper portions of the stem, and the unexpanded flowers, that possess the virtue. Put an ounce of this with an ounce of garlic in a bottle of sherry, and of this give from one to two ounces every morning. This herb may be dried and stored like any other. The tincture is made by macerating for a week one part of dry wormwood, cut fine, in twelve parts of proof spirit, then squeezing and filtering; the dose is a tea-spoonful twice or thrice a day in water, and it is a good tonic for the digestion.

Rue is also grown on dry poor soil, and should be cut down occasionally to get the young shoots; gather these nice and fresh, and infuse one ounce in a pint of boiling water for an hour. Give about a table-spoonful to children in spasmodic colic, or between convulsion fits.

The three mints—peppermint, pennyroyal, and spearmint—may flourish side by side in our little Corner. Plant in spring, and water till they take well. The young green tops are used for salads, &c., and a store should be gathered in autumn for winter use. Mint vinegar is thus made: loosely fill a large pickle-bottle with leaves, and fill up with vinegar; stopper closely, and strain off after three weeks.

Mustard is sown in spring, in drills, rather thinly; and when the plants grow up, weed them out to eight inches apart. They flower in June, and when the pods are brown they are ready to cut, but must be thoroughly dried before threshing. Fresh-grown mustard is most delicious for table use; it is a capital thing to put in a foot-bath for the relief of colds or rheumatism; a mustard poultice to the chest not only relieves pain, but induces sleep; and mustard is a safe and sure emetic, two or three tea-spoonfuls being mixed in a tumbler of water. Here, too, is a good lotion for painful joints or sprains: place two ounces of mustard, two drams of camphor, and half an ounce of laudanum in half a pint of spirits of wine; cork, and let stand for a few days; then strain.

There are dozens of other useful herbs that may be grown in the Doctor's Corner, such as caraway, sage, marigolds, valerian, &c., and numbers of useful plants—the elder, for example; broom, the tops of which form such an excellent diuretic; mezereon, too, an infusion of the roots of which is used to purify the blood; liquorice, again, which makes an excellent demulcent for colds and coughs. Hops may also trail around and roses may beautify the Doctor's Corner in the kitchen garden. You may be induced to have a pillow stuffed with the flowers of the former if you are sleepless, and from the latter many useful articles may be made, which I have hardly space to tell you of. But I think I have said enough to encourage you to cultivate medicinal plants and flowers; and if you wish to learn more, go to books.

LAST WORDS.

FAREWELL! I hold you by the hand;
We find it hard to part:
But love can bridge the sea and land,
And keep us close at heart.

And when strange pictures in the blaze
Of evening fires you see,
And sadly muse of other days,
O then remember me!

To see the glare across the land
And hear the busy mill.

Remember all our friendly talk
In fragrant lanes at night,
When stars came out, above our walk,
And shone in silver light.

Remember, when your hopes were dead,
The grief you told to me,

Remember all the joy we had
In that first glow of life,
When, full of hope, our hearts were glad
To meet the coming strife.

Remember all the days we spent
Beneath the happy sun,
That smiled on every good intent
With every day begun.

Remember how we used to stand,
When evening fields were still,

And how I spoke of hopes instead
In brighter days to be.

And let the thought of this be strong
To cheer the lonely road,
When thinking that the way is long,
And weary with the load.

For I will always stand your friend;
And when the dying flame
Of other love has found an end,
My love will be the same.

J. R. E.

"SIGNED, SEALED, AND DELIVERED."

POPULAR PAPERS ON ENGLISH LAW. BY A SOLICITOR.

EVERY one has heard of the learned Blackstone, and his "Commentaries on the Laws of England." That famous work he divided into four great "books," not the least important of which is that treating "Of the Rights of Things." The present paper is intended to deal in a popular way with the same subject—viz., the law of *property*.

All property is either "real" or "personal." In a former paper these divisions were roughly indicated as follows:—Real property includes such as passes to the heir on the owner's intestacy—that is, land, with the houses and fixtures upon it, and some other property (such as tithes) which is called "incorporeal," and "savours of the realty." All other property is called "personal," because it is supposed to accompany its owner's movements, and in old times did so. The next of kin take this on his dying intestate. It comprises goods and chattels (the *boni et catalli* of legal dog-Latin); money and its securities, such as stocks and shares; and, by a curious legal fiction, leasehold interests in land of even 1,000 years or more.

It is impossible to make general readers understand the laws which regulate landed property in this country without going back to feudal days, and entering at length into the various tenures and the incidents of each, with their gradual changes and developments. All I can do is to speak of the present state of our property-law, without attempting to explain the wherefore. All land (which term is here used throughout in the comprehensive sense for real property) is in England technically held, either mediately or immediately, of the Crown. It follows from this that no man can be an absolute owner of land; he can only hold an *estate* in it. Estates are primarily divided into such as are *freehold* and such as are *less than freehold*. The principal estates of freehold are estates in *fee-simple*, estates in *fee-tail*, and estates *for life*. The first are the most common; the others are created generally by wills or settlements; and as the legal incidents of "entails" and life-estates are somewhat complicated, I do not propose here to do more than refer to them.

A tenant in fee-simple (the most frequent example of the freeholder) is, according to Blackstone's definition, "he that hath lands, tenements, or hereditaments to hold to him and his heirs for ever." It is therefore always necessary to use the word "heirs" in the deed or document of grant, in order to create a "fee" (the modern form of the word *feud*) or inheritance. But it is not requisite to use such "word of limitation," as it is called, in a will, because the latter is construed less formally and strictly than is a deed. Having premised so much, the reader will be better able to comprehend the outline of the ordinary purchase-deed indicated by the above heading—a well-known phrase—"signed, sealed, and delivered."

Deeds are either *indentures* or *deeds-poll*. The former are the usual instruments for conveying land from one person to another. The reason for the name is that formerly as many copies were made of a deed as there were parties to it, and each copy was cut or *indented* on the top or side so as to tally or correspond with the others. Although the practice of indenting has been abandoned, the name is still retained. A deed-poll is made by one party only (a "party" may, of course, consist of more than one person, but must have identical interests), and is not indented, but *polled* or shaved quite even.

The outline of the ordinary deed of conveyance is very shortly this:—"This Indenture made on such a day between such parties witnesseth that, in consideration of so much money, the vendor grants such premises to the use of the purchaser and his heirs." Those of my readers who have seen a title-deed will have noticed certain phrases written in conspicuous letters—German text—such as "Now this Indenture witnesseth," "And whereas," and so on. The object of this practice is to facilitate reference; and with this same end in view the contents of all deeds are, as nearly as possible, framed in the same order. The subject-matter of each deed naturally differs from that of every other, seeing that so great a variety of circumstances attend those transactions between man and man of which deeds are intended to be the lasting evidence. Few besides lawyers would credit the many variations to which even purchase-deeds are subject, and the learning and skill requisite for framing them. Unfortunately no account is taken of these requisites in remunerating the lawyer for the work, since deeds are paid for by the length, like printing or copying. The lawyer's labour is very different from that of a copyist or printer. "It consists, first and chiefly, in acquiring a minute acquaintance with the principles of the law; then in obtaining a knowledge of the facts of any particular case which may be brought before him; and, lastly, in practically applying to such case the principles he has previously learnt." But for the last of these items alone does he obtain any direct remuneration.

The course which I adopted in preceding papers, of supposing a case for the sake of showing the practice, had better here be followed by taking a simple purchase.

You are my client. You wish to buy a certain house and land, and have seen the owner and agreed with him as to the price. You then come to me and inform me of the fact, and probably tell me that another solicitor is acting for the vendor, and is going to draw up a formal contract, and you request me to act for you in the matter. The vendor's solicitor

always prepares the contract, or agreement for sale; because he is, of course, either in possession of the title-deeds, or aware of the title they show, and can best describe what the property is. The object of having this contract is to bind both parties while the title is being looked into by me on your behalf, and the purchase-deed is being prepared. Sometimes the title is very complicated, and defects may exist in it which the purchaser is obliged to insist on having removed or cured. This, of course, takes time to do, and therefore several months sometimes intervene between the date of the contract and the day agreed upon for "settling the purchase."

In a few days a draft of the proposed agreement is sent to me by the vendor's solicitor, in order that I may "approve" it on behalf of my client the purchaser. I peruse it, and see that it expresses exactly the verbal agreement to which you and the vendor came, that the description given of the property is correct, that the title undertaken to be shown by the vendor goes far enough back to be secure, and that there are no stipulations by the vendor too stringent or unreasonable to be accepted by a purchaser. In the absence of stipulation to the contrary, the period for which the title is investigated is the last sixty years (probably so fixed because it is the ordinary duration of human life); but it is common to offer a title for a less period, and not unusual for a vendor to stipulate for commencing his title with the conveyance to himself, dated perhaps only a year or two previously. Having made such alterations in this draft as I consider necessary, I return it to the vendor's solicitor with a note of my approval subject to such amendments.

If the solicitor "on the other side" accepts my alterations, he gets the draft "engrossed," that is, fair-copied for signature on paper bearing the Government stamp of sixpence. He then sends it to me, and having seen that it agrees with the draft—the technical phrase is, having "examined" it—I obtain your "execution" of it, by getting you to sign it, adding my own name probably, as witness, and filling in, in the blank space left for it, the date of the agreement. A more usual practice is to have the agreement engrossed in duplicate, one copy being signed by the vendor, and the other by the purchaser, and then being exchanged. A deposit of ten per cent. upon the amount of the purchase-money is usually paid by the purchaser at the time of exchanging contracts.

This legal step having been taken, the vendor prepares to show you his title as agreed, and his solicitor draws out an "abstract" of it. This consists of a condensed statement of the substance of every deed or document "upon the title," as it is termed, since the date fixed for its commencement by the agreement. The statement is copied on what is known as brief-paper, so arranged with different margins as to be read and referred to with facility. The first thing I do, on receiving the abstract (which must reach me within the time fixed for that purpose in the contract), is to appoint with the vendor's solicitor a time and place where I can see the title-deeds which are set out in the abstract, in order to compare them with it. When this has been done, and I know that my abstract is correct, it becomes necessary to closely examine the circumstances under which these deeds were executed, whether each bears the proper *ad valorem* stamp required by Government, and, what is most important, whether any incumbrances on the property exist, and if so, what they are. The abstract should, of course, disclose the names of all parties who, besides the vendor, may be interested in the property; and the concurrence of these parties in the conveyance must be obtained by him, in order that an unincumbered estate in fee-simple may be conveyed to you. Thus, if the property be in mortgage, the mortgagee must be paid off out of the purchase-money, and must join to relinquish his security and convey the interest which he had.

If any flaw in the title should be discovered, or any information be required which the abstract does not furnish, I draw up my "requisitions" on the title and send them to the vendor's solicitor, being careful to do so within the time stipulated by the contract; otherwise, he cannot be obliged to answer them. Should the flaw be a serious one which cannot be cured, the bargain would generally be rescinded, and (in the absence of any contrary stipulation) you, the purchaser, would be entitled to some compensation. At all events, you would be entitled to receive back the deposit which you had paid; and each party would pay his own costs already incurred. Assuming, however, that the flaw is nothing very serious, and that the vendor is able to remove it, we have to see that this is done; and if my other requisitions are satisfactorily cleared up, I turn my attention to your deed of conveyance.

The purchaser's solicitor always prepares this. From the abstract he is able to glean a little *resumé* of the latest dealings with the property, and embodies it in the conveyance in the form of "recitals." For example: "Whereas by an indenture dated, &c., and made between, &c., the hereditaments intended to be hereby granted were assured to the use of (the vendor), his heirs and assigns for ever; and whereas (the vendor) has agreed with (the purchaser) for the sale to him of the fee-simple of the said hereditaments, free from incumbrances, for the sum of £—." But before these recitals comes the heading and commencement of the deed: "This indenture made the 1st day of January, 1878, between William Smith, of No. 1, Gracechurch Street, in the City of London, Merchant, of the one part, and John Jones, of No. 100, King William Street, in the same City, Merchant, of the other part." Then come the recitals, and after them we reach the *testatum*, or witnessing part of the deed: "Now this indenture witnesseth that," &c. Here is expressed the "consideration" for the conveyance, that is, the amount of the purchase-money; and the vendor "grants and conveys" (the "operative words" of the deed) the property in question to the purchaser. The description of the property which follows is technically called the "parcels." Sometimes the particulars are given at length in this place, with the boundaries and quantities, and sometimes by reference to a

schedule, which is added at the foot of the deed, with perhaps a reference by numbers to the tithe commutation map, or some other public map which includes the property. After the parcels comes the *habendum*, which begins: "To have and to hold," &c.; and which shows the "estate" to be granted to the purchaser. In your case it will be: "unto and to the use of the said John Jones, his heirs and assigns for ever." In every purchase-deed there are inserted some "covenants for title" by the vendor. Through this means he warrants the title by covenanting "for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators" (binding as well his real as his personal representatives after his death) with you, the purchaser, that he has good right to convey; that you shall have undisturbed possession, free from all incumbrances which he may have created; and that he will at any time, at your request and at your expense, execute any further conveyance or other assurance of the property which you shall reasonably require.

This is all that an ordinary purchase-deed, such as yours, will contain. When I have drawn it, my draft is sent to the vendor's solicitor for approval on behalf of his client, and when it is returned to me so approved, I proceed to engross it on parchment (called a "skin") impressed with the proper *ad valorem* stamp. This being performed, I send the engrossment, together with my draft, to the vendor's solicitor, who examines it, and having ascertained it to be correct, and that his client is being made to convey the property which, and in the manner in which, he intends, he procures the execution of the deed by the latter. This is by "signing, sealing, and delivering." The vendor finds a seal already affixed to the engrossment at the foot. He first signs his name, by writing his Christian name or names on one side of the seal, and his surname on the other; he then places his finger on the seal, at the same time saying: "I deliver this as my act and deed." The ceremony, so far as he is concerned, will be complete after he has signed the receipt for the purchase-money, which is usually indorsed upon the deed. The witness—there need not be more than one—then writes his signature, and adds his description and residence, beneath the attestation clause, which declares: "Signed, sealed, and delivered by the within-named William Smith, in the presence of," &c.; and the witness also attests the vendor's receipt in a similar way. The date of the deed having been filled in, the document of title is fully complete. But the vendor's solicitor, of course, retains it until the purchaser's solicitor comes to "settle." So on the day fixed for that purpose I arm myself probably with your cheque for the purchase-money, and attend at the other solicitor's office, prepared to "take up the deeds." In exchange for the cheque, the conveyance to yourself, duly executed by the vendor, and all the earlier title-deeds which have been agreed to be given up to you, are handed over to me. Then I deliver these "writings" (as the country-folk call them) into your hands; and if, as I hope, you have been good enough to discharge my very moderate bill of costs, the transaction is ended between us.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IN June the fashions ought to be decided, as far as Londoners are concerned, for this season at all events, and yet from the other side of the Channel it is most difficult to predict which of the many modes started in Paris will find favour over the water. It would almost seem, provided it be well made, that anything is admissible—long skirts, short skirts, basques, Princesse dresses, hats, bonnets, mantles, or jackets, though verily in the newest mantles we are returning to the old visite shape, modified and improved upon. Jackets are considered morning wear, especially those made in bège or almond-coloured cloth; full-dress mantles are all made in black sicilienne, satin, and cachemire des Indes, and trimmed with the handsome marabout fringe and lace. Jet is the most fashionable class of beads; amber and clair-de-lune are going out. The lace is closely plaited, sometimes indeed forming a sort of galon, with close-set rows plaited side by side. Words very feebly convey an idea of form. The visite is a mantle short at the back with long ends in front, the sleeve forming a part of the mantle itself. It admits of a great deal of trimming, applied at the centre of the back and in front as revers, broad bands of satin being often introduced on the front also.

Since the first representation of Alexandre Dumas' "Joseph Balsamo," there has been a general adoption of the name for novelties, the most striking being the Balsamo Redingote, which can be worn as a bodice, or only for out-doors. It is, in fact, after the order of the Louis XVI. Casaque, having revers on the hips and at the neck. It is made in silk and cloth, but its most effective features are the triple waistcoat and large buttons. It is too bizarre to find much favour in England.

Polonaises are worn, and Princesse dresses, but their forms are much disguised, and the many seams at the back of bodices are a little going out, though they sometimes terminate in loops falling at the back, but with polonaises especially there is generally a seam in the middle of the back and a side-piece beginning at the armhole. Many women of fashion are not much inclined to relinquish a style which gives the effect of so much slenderness, so they carry the side-pieces still from the shoulder. Postillion basques are worn, square with plaits of the material introduced, and the cuirass still; but the trimming upon all, though richer, is less elaborate. Cording is only used for armholes. The sleeves are of the coat form, and for demi-toilette terminate between the elbow and the wrist.

Tulles and tarlatans so soon wear out, people who visit much are glad to adopt barèges and gauzes when they can, and there are some new kinds this season, which have the merit of durability. They are woven in designs with raised threads on the surface, many of the patterns recalling point de Venise, and reticella or cut-work.

Evening dress bodices are either stays worn outside the skirt, or they have belts, and the skirts are so prodigiously long and so heavy with the muslin flouncing, that they are held up in dancing by means of a loop sewn on the train, a fashion which may be economical, but is most inelegant. White muslin dresses continue to be trimmed with lace, and one of the newest tunics forms a double point in the centre of the front breadth, united by a bow of, say, old gold and pink silk, for that is a very favourite mixture. This style conveys the idea of the figure being swathed in drapery, which appears to be one of the aims in dress never now lost sight of.

Children's things continue to be most rich and elaborate; one wonders how, wearing these, they are able to play or enjoy themselves at all, or what the future has left in the matter of extravagant costliness when they grow up.

We have just seen a large selection of little frocks for children from two to thirteen. The Princesse and the polonaise are the foundation of them all; the novelties are mostly in the matter of arrangement.

Small maidens of two to five summers are wearing broad sashes attached to the back of the skirt, so broad that the skirt is pretty well hidden. Many bodices are made open at the neck, with a jabot of Russian lace placed beneath, as a stomacher; broad bands of lace insertion are carried down the length of the skirt, and they fasten a good deal at the side with broad revers, and have waistcoats and plastrons, just as the dresses of their elders. A piece of silk set in *à la Breton* in the centre of the front is a very favourite style of trimming, and this is drawn

in a series of three close-set gathers, and then a space an inch deep, similar gatherings appearing on the cuffs and pockets; and polonaises are often bordered with loops, through which a crossway piece of silk is drawn. Bibs, yokes, and triple capes are all adapted to children's clothes.

There is a notable novelty in hats, viz., the Basque cap, copied from the well-known Spanish model, round in form, gathered into a band lying flat on the head, a button in the centre, from which cords drape to the sides. It is picturesque and becoming. Besides these, the Masaniello cap has been adapted to coronets made of both velvet and straw; and drawn bonnets with baby-caps are worn by little people.

Dressing boys is often a difficulty until they reach the dignity of coats, or at all events, jackets. Happily their fashions do not change very much. Highland and sailor costumes, with the pretty suits consisting of loose trousers, and a double-breasted jacket terminating beneath a broad band, are the usual style. For out of doors there are single and double-breasted overcoats and pea-jackets. Straw hats, with narrower brims than heretofore, are now worn by boys; they are trimmed with ribbon having a narrow interwoven border of a contrasting shade. The Rifleman is a new cloth cap without brim, fastening with a strap under the chin. The materials for boys' suits are tweeds, serges, cheviots, fancy cloths, velveteen, white drill, and Galatea.

Fancy buttons are worn alike by children and grown-up people; they are made of vegetable ivory, some are in enamel, those in Japanese cloisonné and Japanese niello work being good enough for a cabinet, and are very costly, as are the Rhenish pebble buttons, charged at the rate of a pound apiece. Ordinary people are content with those which combine the mixed tints that appear on most materials, and are copied with great faithfulness.

Lace fichus and collarettes are generally worn, and the Ragusa point is the fashion of the hour. Neck-scarves are going out; nevertheless several exquisite ends of lace, to be sewn on to the silk, have been prepared, and among them some in *guipure d'art* embroidered in Pompadour mixtures of silk. The large Charles II. collars are what are most adopted in Paris, but they are finished off with a ruff at the throat, or the bodice is cut square. Spanish lace, both white and black, is draped about the head and neck, and very becoming this is to most people. We desire of all things nowadays to be picturesque.

Plain colours are worn in stockings, with clocks more or less elaborate, and exquisite embroideries. Some in thick satin stitch on cream-colour are handsome enough for dress, and show to advantage with the low open shoe. Quite a novelty is the Vandyke clock, a pointed piece of distinct colouring introduced from the foot on either side of the leg, bordered with embroidery, such as dark blue on brown, red on cream, and so on. These look well with the Oxford shoe—a convenient kind of shoe, which appears to be so comfortable that the visitors to the Exposition adopt them with avidity. They make even a large foot look well. Sometimes the ribbons are tied at the lowest hole on the instep, and not, as heretofore, at the top.

The novelties in gloves are chiefly in the matter of colours, which match the dresses exactly. Many buttons are still worn; and so wearisome do they prove to button, that by a patent invention gloves can be now had to lace just as shooting-boots fasten—viz., by passing the cord round the buttons. The vandyked borders to gloves have proved so untidy in the wearing that they have been quite superseded by a patent welt—viz., band—which is twice the ordinary breadth, and lined with white. Silk gloves are still to be worn, but not machine-sewn, as they come undone; and now only hand-work is admitted. Old gold and brilliant olive-greens are the newest tints in silk gloves. Embroidered gloves are to be worn, those with sprays in gold or silver or clair-de-lune being the newest, save and except some that have the coronet and monogram embroidered.

Undressed kid are likely to remain in fashion among Frenchwomen for many a year; but they are certainly not suitable for anything like rough wear.

FISH: HOW TO COOK IT AND WHEN TO EAT IT.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."

I THINK it will be generally admitted that fish, as an article of food, is more suited to summer than winter. The appetite is affected, it is well known, by various causes apart from that of bodily sickness. Intense anxiety is one, intense grief another, and my own experience is that to these may be added intense heat. I recollect, on one occasion, when for days I had what may be termed "loathed butcher's meat," how, after a sleepless night, in which a few grapes now and then seemed almost essential to keep the mouth moist, on rising, only too glad to get away from the never-ceasing, maddening hum of the mosquito, appetite suddenly returned. It was at the sight of a lobster freshly cut open lying on a dish, with a lump of ice and a few white cabbage lettuces reposing by its side. I recollect how grateful the cool fish was when dressed with plenty of oil, a very little vinegar, some salt, and a little of that foreign pepper which always stands joined side by side with the salt, and is helped with a tiny shovel, which pepper always seems to me less strong but more pungent than our own.

Fortunately, in this country we are not often exposed to this sort of weather beyond the proverbial three hot days, &c.; but during hot weather, undoubtedly, when

fish is cheap and plentiful, it is by no means so utilised as it should be. On economical grounds of the highest order—and by that I mean national rather than household economy—the consumption of fish should be encouraged, and I will endeavour to run through a few simple receipts that will enable some to seriously consider during the approaching summer whether two kinds of fish with, say, the remains of the cold lamb and a little salad, is not a more sensible dinner than ordering another large joint from the butcher's.

In June salmon is generally in perfection; and, thanks to Mr. Frank Buckland, it is likely to become cheaper and cheaper as years roll by. There are various modes of cooking the fish. First, the boiling process is simple; recollect to put the fish in cold water in which there is plenty of salt; next, skim it directly it boils. Cut it open, to see if it is thoroughly done—*i.e.*, see that the red transparent, or rather raw meat look, has changed into the pink and firm flesh—and then serve quickly. There is no harm done in opening the fish, as no gravy escapes, of course bearing in mind to choose the thick part of the fish, near the bone. Serve immediately it is done.

The best garnish for salmon is sprigs of fennel or parsley, and cut lemon. The best sauce is lobster sauce if made properly, and lobster butter has been used. The general sauce in France is caper sauce—*i.e.*, whole capers put in melted butter made with milk.

Next, broiled salmon. For broiling, a slice cut out of the middle part of the fish should be about an inch thick or a trifle over, the slices being, of course, cut thinner in proportion as they get smaller. Sprinkle a slight dash only of pepper and salt over the slice, and wrap it up carefully in a piece of well-oiled paper, and place it on a gridiron over a very clear fire, taking care to watch it so that it does not catch light, and also taking the precaution to rub the gridiron with a piece of mutton fat, in order to prevent the paper from sticking and burning. It is difficult to state how long a slice, say, one inch thick takes to cook, it varying so much with the fire; ten minutes to a quarter of an hour will generally be found sufficient. Send the fish to table, paper and all. I think this is the nicest mode of cooking fish; of course, the paper has the effect of keeping in the flavour.

Salmon can be cooked on a gridiron over a fire without being wrapped in paper at all. It will be found best to oil the slices of fish first, and extra care should be taken to have the bars of the gridiron perfectly clean; also move the slice occasionally, to prevent its sticking. The best sauce for grilled salmon is, I think, Tartar sauce. This is made by chopping up some bright, fresh, green parsley with a tiny piece of onion—say, the latter not bigger than the little finger-nail—and mixing it in with some mayonnaise sauce made as thick as butter; add a little salt and pepper, and a small tea-spoonful of French mustard. Some persons also add a little anchovy sauce. A somewhat curious sauce recommended by Francatelli to be eaten with broiled salmon is two ounces of butter and one of flour kneaded together, dissolved in a pint of good stock, to which are added a table-spoonful of capers, some grated nutmeg and mignonette pepper, a little glaze, and a little anchovy sauce, some lemon-juice being added the last thing of all. With regard to pickled salmon, the chief point to be remembered is to use the liquor in which the salmon has been boiled. Every cookery-book I have ever seen recommends equal quantities of liquor and vinegar to be used. It is not pleasant to differ from every authority, but personally I prefer two parts of the liquor to one part vinegar. Some whole peppercorns and one or two bay-leaves are added. When the salmon has been cooked beforehand, as is almost invariably the case, these peppercorns and bay-leaves are boiled in the vinegar and pot-liquor for a short time, and then poured over the salmon when cold, and all allowed to soak for some time. I think that the less vinegar, to which I have referred, is well worth trying; it is so easy to add more if not nice. Perhaps, however, the original receipt is best adapted to those whose tastes are in unison with those of the famous Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, who, it will be remembered, made the memorable supper off two pounds of Newcastle salmon *intensely* pickled.

One of the nicest and certainly the most economical methods of cooking a sole is as follows, and I would strongly recommend the receipt, which, though I cannot say it is original, was first brought to my notice by one of my most promising pupils, who has just left me to go as cook on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship *Mirzapore*.

Fillet the sole and roll the fillets so that they will stand up easily on end. Next, take the bone of the sole and refuse, and boil it in a little milk, boiling the fillets rolled till they are quite tender in separate water. Strain off the liquor from the bones and thicken it with a little white roux, and if necessary make the sauce smooth by sending it through a tamis; add to this sauce a very little nutmeg and a pinch of pepper and salt, and one drop of essence of almonds may also be added.

Stand the boiled and rolled fillets upright on a dish, and pour the thick white sauce over them. Ornament the dish by placing small pieces of the skin of red and green chillies alternately on each. A piece the size of a finger-nail will do, and a few pieces chopped small, or a very few pieces of coarsely chopped parsley, may be sprinkled over the white sauce that has run down into the dish. This extremely nice and pretty-looking dish costs far less than the ordinary fried sole and so-called melted butter, so familiar to English hotels and households. The fact, too, of the goodness being extracted from the bone instead of the bare bone being thrown away, although only a small matter, is nevertheless worthy of consideration, remembering that economy consists in attention to trifles. In private houses very often a red chilli can be fished out of a mixed pickle bottle, while thin slices of green gherkins can take the place of the green chilli-skin. Remember, however, to get rid of the vinegar.

In contradistinction to this plain white sole, I will

endeavour to explain how to make a *sole au gratin*. First, chop up finely a small piece of onion, say as big as the top of the forefinger, a tea-spoonful when chopped of parsley, a piece of outside lemon-peel the size of the little finger-nail, with some button mushrooms, using a small tin of preserved ones out of which, say, six of the best have been kept in order to ornament the sole; place all this in a round metal dish in which two ounces of butter has been melted in the oven. Stir it up with a spoon and let it bake a little while. Next, egg and bread-crumb a sole in the usual way, using very fine bread-crumbs, place the sole in the dish, and scrape up some of the chopped mushrooms, &c., and place on the top; bake in the oven — an ordinary-sized sole takes about twenty minutes—and serve in the dish in which the sole is baked. The reserved whole mushrooms must be placed on the sole, allowing about half the time for them to cook. Shake a few fine golden-coloured bread-raspings over the fish before sending it to table, immediately after mixing about a tea-spoonful or rather more of sherry in the sauce, if it may be so called, by which the fish is surrounded. Then replace the fish in the oven for one minute and serve quickly. Shake the raspings as soon as possible after mixing in the sherry.

The above receipt will, I think, be found practical; and it must be remembered that, for small private houses, it does not do to take for granted that there is a *bain-marie* constantly at hand, containing *sauce espagnole*, *sauce velouté*, &c., all ready and made to perfection. In making *sole au gratin*, very often a small quantity of rich brown gravy is added to the chopped mushrooms, &c. Again, very often the sole is put in plain—*i.e.*, it is not egged and bread-crumbed over—and where rich brown gravy, which is really the meaning of *sauce espagnole*, is used it would be superfluous. A good many Italian cooks would add grated Parmesan cheese instead of bread-raspings, and would probably hold a hot salamander over the fish till it and its surroundings seemed to rise in blisters from the effects.

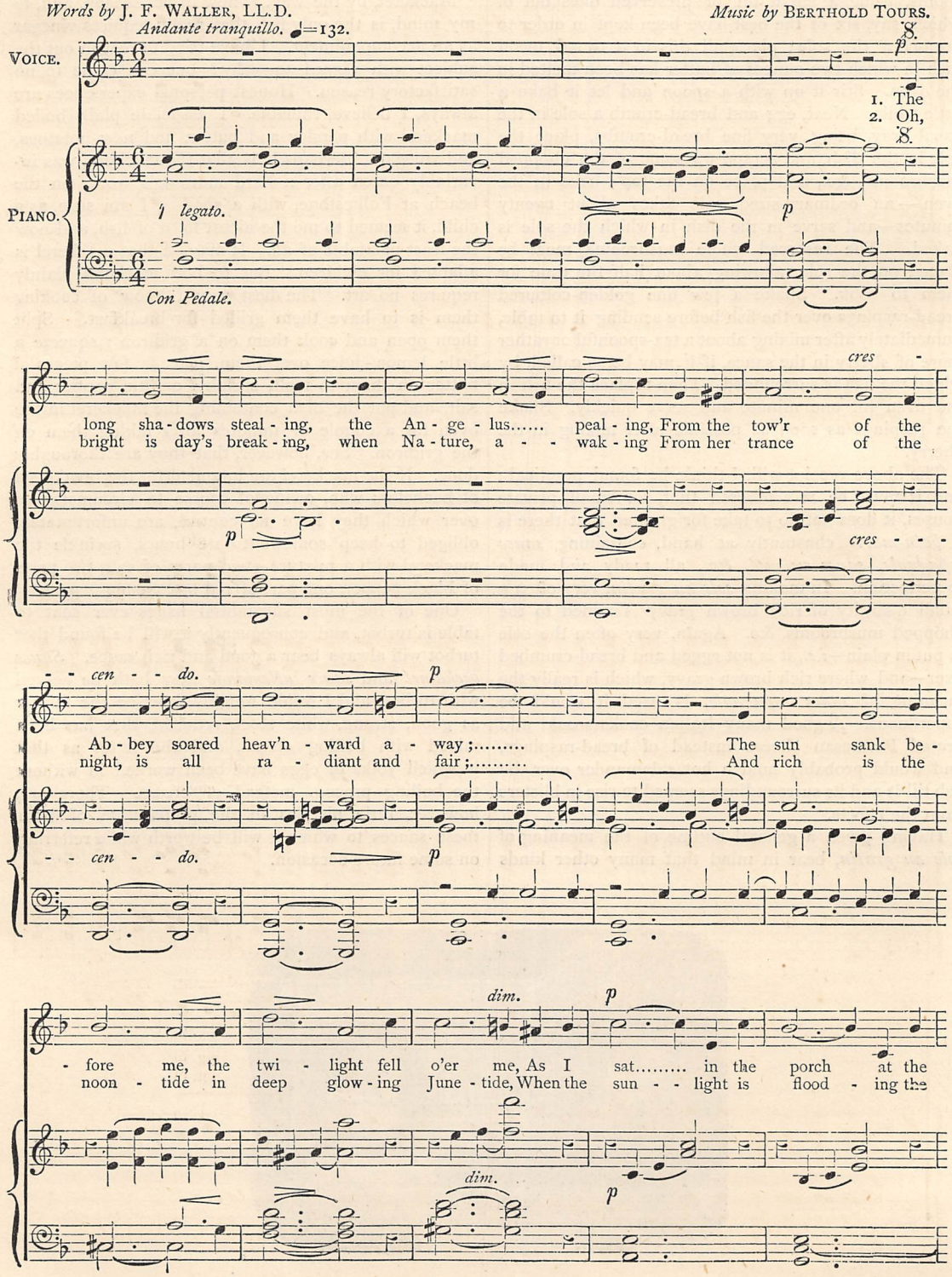
Having given a general outline of the meaning of *sole au gratin*, bear in mind that many other kinds of fish may be treated in a similar manner—certainly, for instance, turbot, plaice, fresh haddock, brill, cod, and a good many more of similar texture and consistency; but a fish like mackerel could not be treated this way.

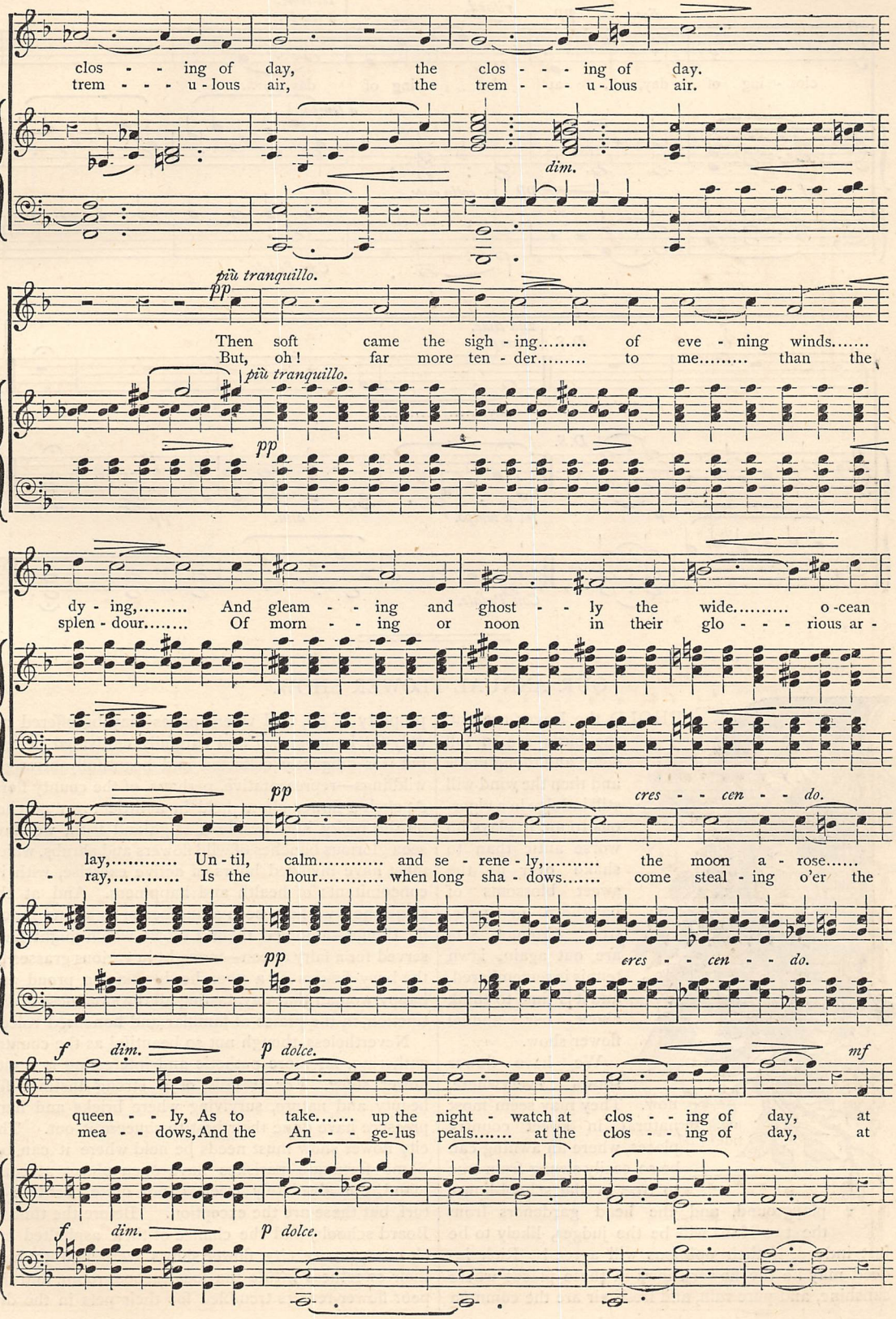
Mackerel, by the way, is now in full season, and, to my mind, is the only fish that really requires vinegar as an accompaniment. I have tried to reason out the subject with regard to—why? but can come to no satisfactory reason. Honest personal experiences are always, I believe, valuable. I associate plain boiled mackerel with parsley and butter, and new potatoes, and vinegar. Perhaps it is that the mackerel was invariably eaten after a hard morning's work, on the beach at Folkestone, with a spade. I am sure, as a child, it seemed to me the nicest form of fish, and now the least palatable of all. It may be that mackerel is adapted for children. But to boil mackerel plainly requires no art. The best way I know of cooking them is to have them grilled for breakfast. Split them open and cook them on a gridiron; squeeze a little lemon-juice over them, place a few pieces of butter on them to melt, sprinkle a little pepper and salt, and put the dish containing the mackerel in the oven for a couple of minutes after taking them off the gridiron. See, however, that they are thoroughly done. If the mackerel are intended for the breakfasts of bachelors who, owing of course to circumstances over which they have no control, are unfortunately obliged to keep somewhat late hours, sprinkle the mackerel with a mixture—two parts of salt, two parts of black pepper, one part of red or cayenne pepper.

One of the most substantial fishes ever sent to table is turbot, and consequently it will be found that turbot will always bear a good and rich sauce. *Sauce bechamel* and *sauce allemande* may both be served with turbot, and I would roughly describe the former as good, strong, white stock reduced, that has been mixed with boiling cream, and the latter as that in which yolks of eggs have been worked in without the boiling process instead of cream. There are, however, little niceties in the preparation of both these sauces to which it will be worth while referring on some future occasion.

The Closing of Day.

Words by J. F. WALLER, LL.D. *Music by* BERTHOLD TOURS.




clos - - ing of day, the clos - - - ing of day.
trem - - - u - lous air, the trem - - - u - lous air.
dim.
più tranquillo.
pp
Then soft came the sigh - ing..... of eve - ning winds.....
But, oh! far more ten - der..... to me..... than the
più tranquillo.
pp
dy - ing,..... And gleam - - ing and ghost - - ly the wide..... o - cean
splen - dour..... Of morn - - ing or noon in their glo - - - rious ar -
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cres - - cen - - do.
lay,..... Un - til, calm..... and se - rene - ly,..... the moon a - rose.....
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queen - - ly, As to take..... up the night - watch at clos - - ing of day, at
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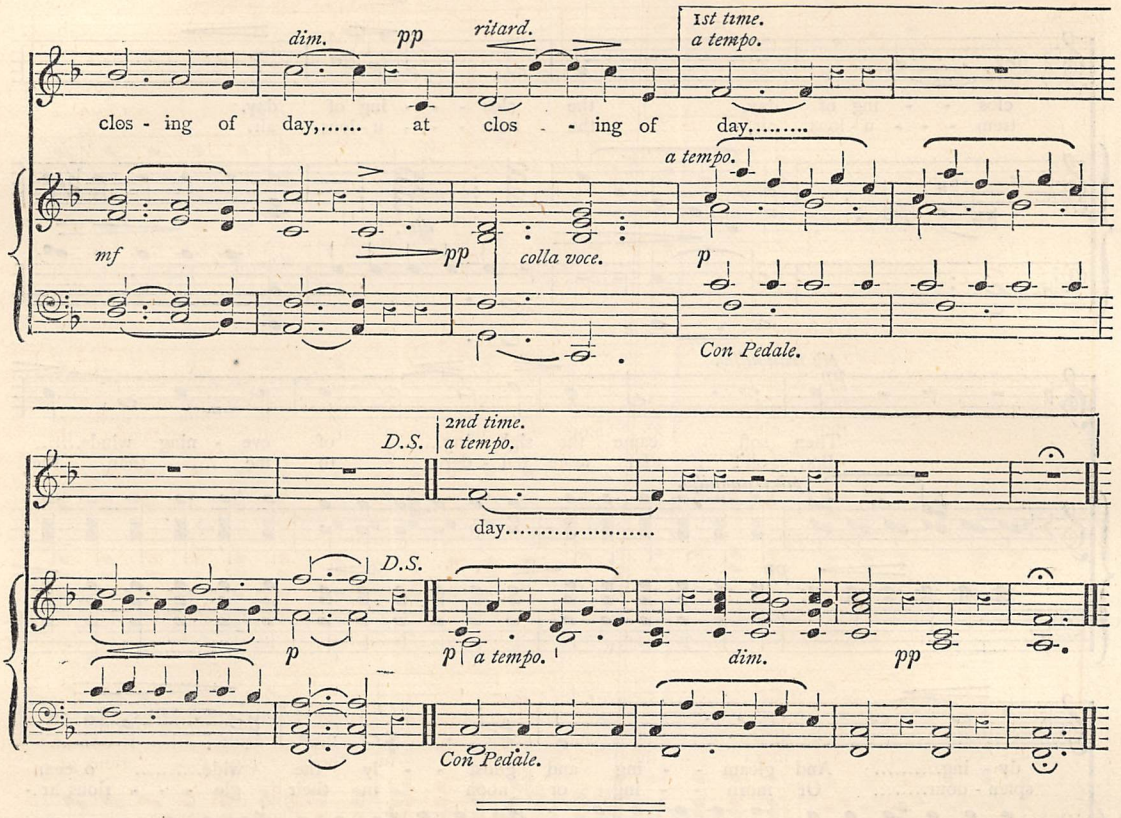
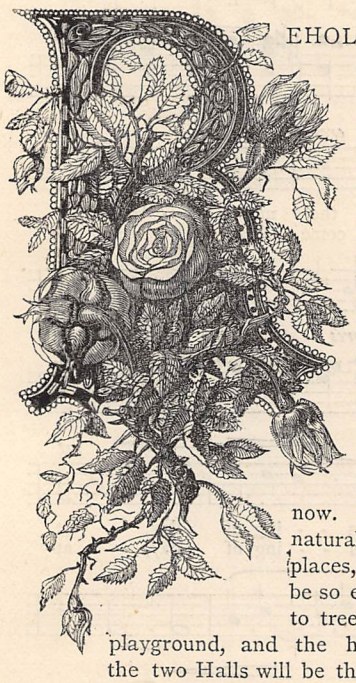


OUR ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.



BEHOLD the leaves are out, the birds are in full song, and though now and then the wind will still indulge in a vigorous romp, it plays no worse antic than to shake over us the sweet blossoms of hawthorn or pear-tree. Croquet sets are out again, lawn tennis is remembered, and it is time to think about our annual flower show.

We have flower shows everywhere, now. They may seem most natural in sweet country places, where an awning can be so easily swung from tree to tree, in the school-house playground, and the head gardeners from the two Halls will be the judges, likely to be just indeed, if their opinions will agree! Rich indeed may be the flower shows in these places where sunshine, and pure rain, and fresh air are the common property of all, and where prizes may be offered not only for home-grown and carefully cultivated beauty, but for diligently collected and beautifully arranged wildlings—representative, perhaps, of the county flora. At such a flower show, held in a little town perched on the rocky hills beside a Highland frith, we have seen glorious bunches of wild flowers and shrubs, which must have involved hours of active exercise, with its concomitants of health and happiness. And at the same show we have seen a number of light and graceful things—amongst them a crown which might have served for a fairy queen—wrought in various grasses by the busy fingers of a poor herdwoman, a proud and happy woman that day, tasting all the sweetness of distinction, in the praise of familiar and honoured voices.

Nevertheless, though not so beautiful as the country gathering, far more pathetic and interesting is a city flower show. For it tells of a strong instinct for beauty and nature, surviving where bricks and hard pressure have done their best to squeeze it out. The city flower show must needs be held where it can be. Some fortunate parishes have open places at command, not absolutely treeless, nor quite destitute of turf, but these are the exception. Before the time of Board schools, and the chance of their asphalted enclosures, many city flower shows were fain to hide their sweetness inside the local school-room, and the poor flower-rearers trembled for their pets in the dry

OUR ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

(*See p.* 438.)

summer atmosphere of the crowded room. Let us hope these days are nearly past. Dwellers in all cities are waking to the fact that life itself is worth something, and that it may be but poor economy to build on every inch of land, even if it be worth a thousand pounds a foot.

Yes, even a city flower show must be in an open place, where a few flags can flutter in the fresh air, and the sparrows are free to come and go, and make remarks upon things in general—which remarks, as we guess their unwritten language, we feel are generally impudent. There must be plenty of awnings, not only over the flowers, but over the visitors also; for why spoil all if it happen to be a wet day, or compel the hoisting of parasols and umbrellas if it be a hot one? And why not always have a refreshment tent? Do not think this is a low catering for animal pleasures. Two or three nice iced drinks, a little fresh fruit, and a few biscuits make a repast light enough even for a poet. And later on in the day, when the workmen shyly come in to "take a look at the old woman's fuchsia," or at "Jem's" creeping-jenny, they may be tempted to find out how nice and refreshing are things which can be had without entering a public-house.

As with the places, so with everything else. For starting a flower show in a village or a little country town, the requisite organisation is very simple and ready to hand. The village school, the village choir, the village reading-room, and the village shop are all the agencies needed. Raw material, too, is abundant. There are lovely flowers to be found round cottages, within which "butcher's meat" may be rarely seen. All that is wanted is to awaken a more intelligent interest and to develop taste. Fruit and vegetables should be always features of any show held where these commodities are within reach of the exhibitors. As we have already hinted, a prize should be always offered for the most exhaustively collected and tastefully arranged bunch of wild flowers. It would be also well if one of the promoters of the show exhibited a stand, displaying simply carved wooden flower stands and pretty baskets made of pine-cones. Why should the British peasant be doomed to sit about in loutish idleness when his work is done, while his German and Swiss peers have such profitable and pleasing resources? Even a few quaintly cut figures might be permitted, for the introduction of such would be a vast advance on the tawdry china pieces which make the sole ornaments of so many English cottages. Such could be got, by a little effort, home-made in districts of Norfolk and Lincoln, and those places in which Danish and Dutch names and influences linger. For it would be an immense gain to be able to label these as coming from some English village, since Britons may be often piqued into ambition by fellow countrymen, where they would lazily feel that they had nothing in common with "a furriner."

But when the object in view is a city flower show, the means of attainment are much more complicated and difficult. Again the school and the church choir form a valuable nucleus, but these are too near the surface; we must not plant our new seed of wholesome pleasure only where all good seeds fall; we must penetrate, not indeed into the "highways and hedges," but into the "courts and alleys." Bills must be exhibited in shop windows, announcing that a flower show will be held in such a place on such a day, and that intending exhibitors must send in their plants before such a time. But in the first instance the promoters must be prepared for no unexpected exhibitors. For the amateur British public is shy, and besides, the more thoroughly a city flower show is needed, the fewer flowers will it find when it is started. We must be provided against opening our show with "a beggarly account of empty benches." Common plants, and packets of seeds, must have been distributed in due time among the school-children, and definite promises of co-operation must have been secured beforehand from teachers, choristers, and all other available friends. And the attempts of this first show must not be shot too high above the possibilities of the average population of the place, or future aspirants will be daunted rather than encouraged. Nay, let the first show be very simple indeed, chiefly of such plants as the very poorest have at times possessed, and have suffered to dwine and perish through want of skill or care. It should be rich in creeping-jennies, in musk-plants, in every variety of geranium and fuchsia, in hardy ferns, nasturtiums, sweet-williams, myrtles, heart's-ease, calceolarias, and stone-crops. In after-years, when the rank and file of the exhibitors have learned the value and beauty of these, the promoters of the show may slip in costlier and more delicate plants, and so keep alive interest and ambition.

One prize should always be given for the best case of ferns. A statement should be required of when and where the roots were gathered. There cannot be a prettier or more refreshing object in a London room than a well-kept fern-case, and after the first outlay it need cost nothing. Fern-cases may well be admitted among prizes given; and they should also be displayed on a stand, with simple window-boxes, training frames and pot decorations, all of which will be gladly sent for exhibition by any dealer in such goods. Prizes might also be offered for home-made window-boxes, and as in the country for carved flower stands, herbariums, those collections of nicely grouped dried flowers, might also be made a feature in a town flower show. These flowers should have been all dried and arranged by the exhibitor, and gathered by him or her within a ten miles' radius of the show itself. Great care must be taken of these herbariums, and during the show they must remain in charge of some person, who alone must touch their leaves and display their treasures.

Has a prize ever been given for the best window-garden *in statu quo* in the parish? For this a notice should be issued, that anybody possessing such a thing, and desiring to compete, must send his address to the judges a week before the show, to give them time to make their round of visits of inspection. This would encourage the planting of Virginian creepers, that most lovely mural decoration, to which surely no objection can be raised by anybody, since, unlike ivy,

it dies off in winter and therefore does not retain the damp, while just when the grey autumn days are beginning, and our hearts are failing us at the thought of the coming cold and darkness, it flushes out in that marvellous beauty which, like the sinking sun, and the butterfly rising from the chrysalis, seems God's own whisper of a glad secret to cheer human failure and decay.

It would be better if the prizes given at these shows were never given in money. Some of the best of the working class very naturally shrink from anything which seems to ticket them as belonging to an inferior social grade. Surely some promoter of the show can make such a skilful purchase of prizes, that a fit one can be found for each winner. Let us see how it can be done by watching the prize-winners as they come up, blushing and fluttered, at a show which will stand as a type for many.

Our first prize is for the best filled, arranged, and kept fern-case. It is won by a young lad, the son of a respectable small tradesman. If a guinea had been offered, that boy would not have competed. But he is delighted with a neat little writing-case. He stays about the tent all day, and keeps that with him, and we see him showing it, privately, in corners.

Knowing that everybody in our almshouse will compete, and calculating that possibly there will be a tie, our prize-giver is judiciously provided with a smart tea-canister (full) and a soft white woollen shawl, and each old lady goes off radiant.

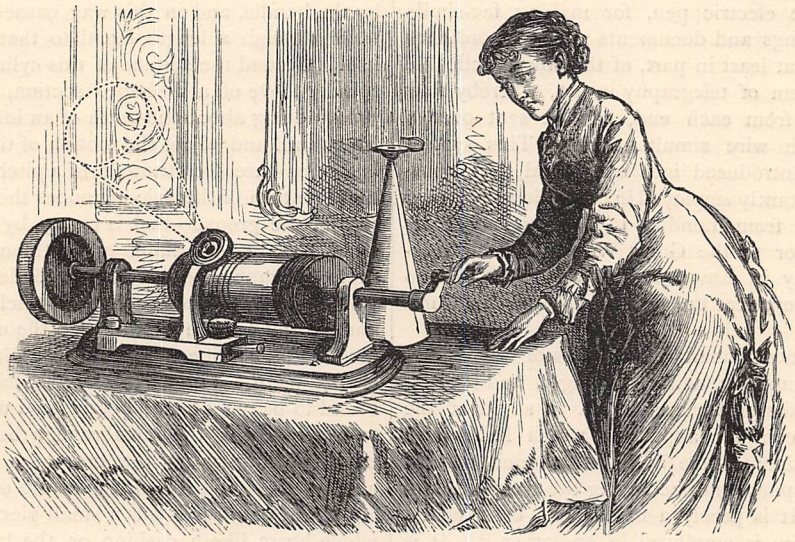
Now comes the need for quick and happy selection of books from the row standing on the table, quite dazzling in the sunshine. They are all of the same value. The first name on the list is that of a city policeman. Some wretched little street Arabs, outside the railings of the show, give a derisive cheer when they see him go up, and the good man is quite put out of countenance thereby. Our prize-giver is on the alert. We all like pictures of places we know, and some knowledge of the strange histories of London palaces and churches may give the policeman some pleasant thoughts in his long night watches, so he goes away with an illustrated history of London. A trim servant-maid carries off a nicely bound edition of the Bible. A stalwart fireman, whom everybody at the show knows as standing at the door of his engine-house with a baby in his arms, mildly suggests that he would like "something to amuse the young uns," and is quite delighted with a volume of British ballads. A husband and wife, arm in arm, next present themselves. The husband's name is down for the prize, but his good lady is evidently of the opinion that the greater includes the less. They are elderly and neat, though dingy, and he wears goggles. They are the last on the book division of the prize list, and as there are several volumes on hand, the prize-giver ventures to ask whether they have any particular fancy. "I don't want to be troublesome," says the old gentleman, "but if there is anything poetical?" He is offered a choice between selections from Tennyson or Longfellow, and accepts the former because "he has the other gentleman's already, and believes Mr. Tennyson wrote about the Charge of the Six Hundred, and he would like to see some more in that style." Meanwhile the good wife simperingly informs the group that "Snow is just a beautiful reader," and Mr. Snow modestly nudges her to be silent.

There are a few more prizes—hanging baskets, window-boxes, and such like—chosen in the assurance that some of the competitors will be schoolboys, to whose hearts such things will be dear, and in whose homes they will invest the love of floriculture with respectability, not to say with dignity. Last of the winners comes one who only on such occasions as these will ever taste the sweets of earthly triumph and success. He will be the pride of no Board school; he will compete at no open examination. The cramped, unbalanced brow, the protruding eyes, the hanging mouth, all proclaim the imbecile—the idiot. But this poor blossomless plant of God's earthly garden has tended into rich luxuriance a humble creeping-jenny which he picked, fading, from the gutter, where some careless hand had flung it. His widowed mother's window in the dull court is the brighter for the idiot's flower. And when we see him to-day, cleanly, kindly treated, and happy in his humble share of a common pleasure, and then remember the idiots of old days, hunted, desperate and vengeful, we feel that indeed we do not wisely when we allow ourselves to fancy that those times were better than these.

Then, hurrah! for the evening of the flower show, be it held in town or country, among the affluent or the indigent. For, after all, the enjoyment begins when all the ceremony is over. How many pretty things have been whispered among the radiant flowers! Even a dunce can scarcely blunder in a compliment amid such surroundings. We once saw a courting couple pause in front of a shop-front, filled with gay and tawdry bonnets, and when the fair one cried, "How pretty!" the swain responded, "Just like you!" But among roses and lilies, nay, among geraniums and creeping-jennies, no comparisons can be quite odious.

We may be as wise as ever we can, and arrange our flower shows on the best principles, and we shall do well to consult to our utmost the probabilities and possibilities of our neighbourhood, not to raise ambitions solely to azaleas in places where enterprise can scarcely compass more than fuchsias or musk-plants, nor to limit all attention to garden pets in districts where equal glories are growing broad-cast over moor and in hedgerow. We should be careful of our refreshment stand, and critical of our music, but we may be comforted by the reflection that while our care may do much to promote pleasure and benefit, no blunders of ours can possibly spoil a thing so blent of healthful elements as our annual flower show—a festival wholesome to prepare, exquisite in its manifold enjoyments, and sweet and pleasant to remember. How many gentle thoughts, how many kindly household ways, have clustered round each of those plants! How many maidenly fancies and youthful hopes have gone

forward to the freedom of that sunny day, mixed too with but few baser vanities or fears, for the local annual flower show is not a place for the display of costly elegance, and the prettiest girl is sure to be the plainest dressed. Who would not spare a few hours or a little trouble to brighten the scene where many an innocent love may dare to strike its trembling root, or to lift the first bud of its perennial blossoming, which scorns time, and flings itself over graves to find a brighter sunshine and a richer soil beyond? Let not the gravest spurn our annual flower show.



THE PHONOGRAPH.

NOT seldom have the poets lightly scattered from their teeming fancy the ideas which later ages of science have slowly made good in fact. In Shelley's *Witch of Atlas* occur the following lines :—

"The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures, sounds of air,
Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal silence there,
Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone."

This beautiful poetic dream has within the last few months been rendered possible of material realisation by the invention of the Edison phonograph. The words of our lips, which formerly wasted themselves in air and were lost for ever, may now be treasured up and recalled for our pleasure, or rehearsed as a witness against us; and soul-compelling music may be caught in its flight and "folded in cells of crystal silence" for ages, then re-invoked to charm the ears of a generation yet unborn.

As the telephone enables us to propagate sound into space, so the phonograph admits of its being perpetuated into time. By the telephone, under favourable conditions, a person may converse with another over a distance of several hundred miles, as has been done recently in the pure atmosphere of Persia and Spain, without any stress of voice, and with the instantaneous velocity of electricity, rather than the comparatively sluggish progress of sound in air. Similarly, by the phonograph, the words we utter now may be heard weeks, months, or even centuries hence, and in any part of the world to which the record may be sent meanwhile.

The telephone and phonograph are twin inventions —their names appeared almost simultaneously, one helping to suggest the other. Although differing essentially in their nature, it is a true instinct which classes them together, for they jointly confer on human speech its two most marvellous powers of extension. They are twin stars in the firmament of science, and one of the brightest constellations in the splendid galaxy of invention which has irradiated the nineteenth century. In CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for February, we gave a full account of the articulating telephone, and all that was at that time foreshadowed of the phonograph. Since then the latter has been developing towards maturer powers, and making its *début* before the public in different countries. Wherever it has gone it has fully vindicated the startling reports which were circulated of its wonderful faculty, and has excited universal admiration. For the time at least, the phonograph, whose capacities are even more wonderful, has cast the telephone into the shade. Every highly novel invention passes through an early phase of cold incredulity, indifference, or repudiation, then is borne aloft on a burst of admiration and praise, which is succeeded by a period of calm criticism and practical tests. It is then relegated to its proper

place among the familiar contrivances of the past, and the only wonder is that it was not thought of before. So has it been with the telephone, and so will it be with the phonograph.

Mr. Thomas Alva Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, is a Canadian by birth, but now a naturalised citizen of the United States. He is the distinguished inventor of a number of highly ingenious and useful instruments, including the Edison telephone; the electric pen, for making fac-simile copies of drawings and documents with extraordinary rapidity; and, at least in part, of the only practicable quadruple system of telegraphy in use, whereby four messages, two from each end, can be sent over a single telegraph wire simultaneously. This system was recently introduced into our postal telegraphs, and is now constantly employed in conveying the heavy message traffic from London to Liverpool. He is chief constructor to the Great Western Union Telegraph Company in America, and resides at Menlo Park, New Jersey, near the manufactory of that Company.

One of the most remarkable features of the phonograph is its simplicity, and on seeing it and hearing it talk so perfectly, we are forced to smile at the involved and complex apparatus which have been invented from time to time by ingenious men, notably Faber, for the purpose of achieving the articulation of a few words. It is purely a mechanical contrivance, and no electricity is employed in operating it. It is well known that sound is due to mechanical oscillations or vibrations in air. A particular sound is a succession of condensations and rarefactions propagated through the air like a thrill. Each condensation and rarefaction constitutes a sound-*wave*. The *pitch* of the sound depends on the number of these waves which pass through the air in a second, the octave of a tone being produced by twice the number that is required to yield the tone itself. The peculiar quality or *timbre* of a sound, by which it is distinguished from another sound of equal pitch, and which enables us to recognise different voices and musical instruments, is the result of the particular *form* of the waves, that is to say, of the manner in which the condensation and rarefaction take place. The loudness of a sound is different from either of these properties, and depends solely on the force and intensity of the air vibration. If a membrane, capable of vibrating, be interposed in the path of a series of sound-waves, these waves beating upon the membrane will impart their oscillatory motion to it, and the middle of the membrane will swing to and fro in sympathy with the impulses of the air. Now if a rigid probe or stylus be fixed to the centre of the membrane, the motions of the latter may be impressed on some yielding substance, and thus the impalpable motions of the air may be recorded by tangible and permanent marks. These marks would be a graphical representation of the sounds passing in the air, but nothing more. In Barlow's logograph the stylus takes the form of a camel-hair pencil dipped in colour, and it delineates the vibrations of the air by an undulatory line drawn on a moving strip of paper. To make the record reproduce the same sounds which gave rise to it, the impression must be such as to set a free membrane vibrating in a precisely similar manner to that which vibrated under the sounds recorded. It is this problem which the phonograph solves.

As shown in the figure, the phonograph consists of a metal cylinder, about six inches long and three inches in diameter, fixed on an axle which is rotated by the handle, and in this way caused to travel both ways through a length equal to that of the cylinder itself. Round the surface of this cylinder is cut a fine spiral groove of a V-shaped section, each turn of the groove being about one-tenth of an inch from the next. To control and adjust the motion of the cylinder, there is a screw-thread on the axle, of a pitch so proportioned that one turn of the axle advances the cylinder by one turn of the groove—that is to say, by one-tenth of an inch. A vibrating diaphragm or membrane in a ring-frame is supported over the cylinder by a support, which can be shifted along the barrel of the cylinder and clamped at any point. On the under side of the membrane is a fine steel probe, or stylus, with a chisel-shaped point. This is the marker for impressing the sound to be registered; but instead of fixing it direct to the centre of the membrane, a better effect is got by supporting it on the end of a delicate spring, and interposing between the centre of the membrane and the head of the stylus a small piece of india-rubber which bears like a cushion on the latter. It is clear that when one speaks into the membrane the vibrations set up in it, corresponding to the sounds received, will be communicated to the stylus, which will rapidly dart up and down. To receive the impressions of this motion, a sheet of ordinary tinfoil is lapped smoothly round the barrel of the cylinder; the diaphragm is clamped in such a position that the point of the stylus is brought fairly over the tinfoil at a point where it covers the V-shaped groove. On turning the barrel by rotating the handle, and speaking against the membrane, the stylus, keeping faithfully *en rapport* with the vibrations of the latter, probes up and down into the tinfoil, which is soft and yielding over the cavity of the groove underneath, and marks its passage by a series of indentations along the line of the groove. This line of indentations, which to the eye looks like a score idly drawn on the foil by the point of a nail, is in reality a visible speech like the graphic delineation of Barlow's logograph. All the properties of the sound which caused it have chiselled their impress upon it—the pitch of the sound by the number of waves or indentations in a given length, the timbre by the form of the indentations, and the intensity by their depth, as may be seen by examining it with a magnifying glass. Noise, music, and speech, all conceivable sounds, may be sculptured upon it. To reproduce what has been spoken, it is only necessary to remove the diaphragm and turn the barrel back again to its first position, then reset the diaphragm. On rotating the barrel as before, the style, this time passive, is set in motion by the indented score of the foil, and rising and sinking over its corrugations, throws the

diaphragm into vibration, and causes it to give out to the air the same sounds which before had been received from it. A funnel or horn, placed in the position shown by dotted lines, is employed to reinforce and project the sounds given out. To secure a uniformity in the rotation of the crank, a heavy fly-wheel is affixed to the axle.

The form of phonograph above described, although quite well adapted for the laboratory, is in some respects unsuitable for practical and public use; and Mr. Edison is now engaged in devising a finished instrument capable of storing up speeches and music of all kinds, and of allowing the records to be sent by post, and the sounds perfectly reproduced at another place some time after. In this instrument, we are told, a circular plate will take the place of the cylinder. The groove will be cut on this plate in the form of a volute spiral, and a similar spiral cut on the under side of the plate will guide the arm carrying the diaphragm, so that the stylus will always travel along the groove. A sheet of tinfoil kept outspread by a paper frame will be laid over this plate, and so fixed that it can be lifted off again, sent by post, and fixed on a similar instrument without crushing the score. The record will be taken by setting the stylus over the centre of the spiral, and rotating the plate so as to cause the stylus to follow the spiral outwards. To secure a uniform motion to the plate, a train of wheelwork will be employed instead of turning by hand, and it will be possible to start and stop the plate at any point.

Since it was first invented, the articulation of the phonograph has been much improved, and the first feeble lispings of its infancy have given place to a full and strong utterance, which, although not quite perfect yet, is in the latest forms said to imitate any familiar voice to the point of recognition. At the Society of Telegraph Engineers in London, the phonograph recently gave a performance that created much mirth and astonishment. The instrument exhibited was the second ever made, and of the type shown in our figure. There was absolute silence in the hall, followed by a burst of surprised and delighted applause, when the little piece of mechanism on the table plainly uttered, with a comical assurance all its own, "The phonograph presents his compliments to the audience." It then recited poetry, sang songs, coughed and crowed, laughed heartily, and gave vent to a succession of jubilant hurrahs. One after another, in an amusing parody of human speech, it truthfully expressed a variety of emotions—enthusiasm, merriment, patriotism, and even pathos—and proved itself capable of reproducing, at least to a certain extent, the individual tone and manner of the speaker that it mimicked. Finally the phonograph sang the National Anthem with quite a stirring effect; and it was as much a compliment to Mr. Edison, and a tribute to the powers of his instrument, as a mark of loyalty to the Queen, that the audience the while remained standing.

The powers of the phonograph are so unexpected and wonderful, that we have not yet fully awakened to all the manifold purposes to which it may be applied; but it is not difficult by a little reflection to foresee a number of these. In the science of sound it will open up a new field of research; and even already some curious results have been obtained from it. For instance, it has been found that the vowel and consonant sounds are given out just the same whether the machine is worked backwards or forwards, so that letters or elements of speech are reversible sounds. The well-known fact that the pitch of a note depends on the rate of vibration of the air producing it is strikingly illustrated by causing a person with a bass voice to speak into the phonograph, and then rotating the cylinder more rapidly in reproducing it than in registering it. In this way the deep bass tones may be made in turn to pass through baritone and tenor up to a piping treble. Similarly the shrill notes of a soprano can be suddenly changed into a low bass, in a manner worthy of the most gifted negro minstrel. As an audible alarm the phonograph is certain to take the place of many existing bell and gong signals, and notices or semaphores. It will appeal to the ear rather than to the eye, and thus both senses will in future act as means of advertisement. Mr. Edison expects that within a year the phonograph will be at work on the stores of New York and the shops of London, calling out to passers-by the price and qualities of the wares within—"Two cents for a shave," and so forth. We can only hope that his prophecy will be falsified by a benevolent Board of Works as far as London is concerned, for the babel is loud enough there as it is. For purposes of this kind the flimsy and perishable record of tinfoil will have to be superseded by a rigid metallic matrix copied from the foil by a stereotyping or electrotyping process. Durable matrices of this kind can be readily inserted into dolls and other toys, so as to enable them to talk. Already we hear that Mr. Barnum intends constructing a new effigy of the late Edwin Forrest, the American actor, which shall deliver the soliloquy from *Hamlet*, "To be or not to be," with all the impressive solemnity characteristic of the great tragedian. There is little doubt but that Madame Tussaud's wax figures of celebrated personages yet to arise will not only copy their appearance and dresses, but also their voices, with startling fidelity. The coming man will awake in the morning by a clock which announces the hour, and adds a wholesome hint on the merits of early rising. He will hear his letters talked to him by his phonograph, and answer them by dictating to it and despatching the records by post. If he has a complaint to make against an importunate cabman, he will make it to the tell-tale phonograph set up inside the cab, stating his name and address. The surliness of railway officials will no more ruffle his serenity, for the starting of his train will be proclaimed to him by phonograph in a loud voice, and with all the unctuous urbanity that could be desired. If during the course of the day he should transact important business in the City before referees, a reporting phonograph will be there to take down every word that has been uttered; for shorthand writers will have found their occupation gone. In the evening he can amuse himself by listen-

ing to his phonograph rehearsing the beautiful strains of some *prima donna* who has herself ceased to exist, but has left her song behind her like an echo to keep her memory sweet; or he can hear the phonograph recite to him, with all the arts of elocution, some masterpieces of poetry and the drama. If he goes to a public lecture on some illustrious person of the past—some great statesman or orator of our own time, perhaps—he will be presented with a likeness of him which may be literally a speaking one, for the phonograph will at the same time deliver accurate imitations of his eloquence. How interesting would it be, for instance, to have a museum wherein were treasured up some of the memorable sayings of our national history—the last speech of the Great Commoner, or the famous command of Wellington to the Guards at Waterloo! It has long been a regret of the artist that he cannot paint sound, but in the theatre of the future the scenery will be enlivened by the fitting sounds of nature or art, and the realistic illusion rendered all the more complete. The nightingale will warble his liquid notes in the village lane, and the brook will murmur musically as it sparkles over its bed. The whistling of the wind through the tempest-tost wood, the furious rattle of the rain on the wet leaves, will all be imitated from nature by the phonograph; and the rumbling of barrel-thunder will be heard no more. The familiar noises of streets, the puffing of a railway train, and even the multitudinous din and tumult of a battle, may be imported into certain scenes to endow the effect with all the vivid power of reality. Even the orchestra may take the form of a phonographic organ revolved by mechanism. We have photographic albums now; there will be phonographic ones in the future. "It will be possible a generation hence," says Mr. Prescott, a distinguished American electrician, "to take a file of phonograph letters spoken at different ages by the same person, and hear the early prattle, the changing voice, the manly tones, and also the varying manner and moods of the speaker, so expressive of character, from childhood up."

J. MUNRO, C.E.

THE GATHERER.

The Block in the City Streets.

Some important observations on the causes of the frequent stoppage of the street traffic in the City of London—more especially in the immediate neighbourhood of London Bridge—have been made by the Commissioner of City Police, which seem to deserve attention. In a report to the Police Committee, Colonel Fraser—who speaks with authority on the subject—states that in his opinion the obstruction and delay which so often arise, more particularly with heavy vehicles proceeding towards the East End, are not, as many suppose, attributable to the narrowness of London Bridge, but rather to the insufficient width of some of the streets at the northern end of the bridge, into which the main portion of the traffic is compelled to pass. The three streets to which he alludes are Great Tower Street, from Little Tower Street to Mark Lane; Lower Thames Street, from Fish Street Hill to St. Mary-at-Hill; and especially the western end of Fenchurch Street as far as Lime Street; and the inconvenience which is liable to be occasioned in these thoroughfares, and the necessity for increasing their width, which Colonel Fraser urges upon the Committee, are apparent when we learn that in neither of them does the breadth between the footways exceed fifteen feet. This space is large enough only to permit the passage of two lines of traffic, the consequence being that the temporary stoppage of a single vehicle for any purpose brings the whole stream of one line to a standstill, while in the case of Fenchurch Street—which is more important than either of the others—there is not only this disadvantage to contend with, but there are also further difficulties, caused first by the additional traffic received from Lombard Street, and next by the numerous accidents to horses occasioned by the asphalte roadway. London Bridge, on the other hand, is, says Colonel Fraser, the only important thoroughfare in which serious stoppages of the traffic seldom occur, and he gives as reasons for this that the bridge is of uniform breadth throughout, that it provides ample room for two lines of vehicles in each direction, and that, it being devoid of buildings of any kind, drivers of carriages and vans have no necessity or inducement to linger on the way.

A Sailing Car.

Nearly 250 years ago great astonishment was excited by the performances of some Dutch sailing carriages which actually travelled a distance of forty-two miles in two hours—an unheard-of speed in those times. Of course the mode of locomotion entirely depended upon the state of the wind, and it could therefore only be made available under certain favouring circumstances. With the invention of railways, the wind carriage fell into disuse for many years—though, indeed, there is no reason to believe that it was ever anywhere very common—but it now appears not unlikely that it may be revived in some districts, because of these very railways which had temporarily put a stop to it. At all events, for a considerable time past a sailing car has been advantageously employed on the Kansas Pacific Railroad for the purpose of conveying repairing parties to pumps, telegraph-wires, &c., along the route. The vehicle has an average speed of thirty miles an hour, but with a strong breeze right abeam it is capable of traversing forty miles in the same period. The car has four wheels, each thirty inches in diameter, is six feet long, and weighs 600 lbs. The sail has two booms, respectively fourteen and fifteen feet in length, with an area of about eighty-one square feet. The mast is eleven feet high. When it is necessary to bring the car to a standstill, all that

is requisite is the lowering of the sail, when the vehicle will speedily lose its impetus and pull itself up. The sailing car, being exceedingly cheap to construct and maintain, saves the labour involved in running a hand-car; though, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that the latter is always available in any and all weathers, wind or no wind.

Imitation Tortoise-shell and Mother-of-Pearl.

Tortoise-shell, the product of the shield of a species of sea-turtle, has long been in favour for the manufacture of ladies' hair-combs and the like. The richness of its colour and the beauty of its markings amply account for this. But it is valuable, therefore high-priced, and therefore beyond the reach of many a purse. It is long since imitation combs, made of horn and stained, and presenting a tolerably fair resemblance to the original, were provided to meet the requirements of the fair sex. We have now to direct attention to another simple method of getting up a "shell." On a piece of glass there is placed a layer of clear gelatine, on which the distinctive markings of the tortoise-shell are obtained by dotting it with a concentrated solution of an aniline colour named "vesuvin," to which a beautiful reddish tint may be given with "foxin," another aniline colour. The solution may also be scattered over the surface, and the drops allowed to run together. The whole when dry receives a coat of glue.

Mother-of-pearl, which is procured from the shells of large molluscs found in tropical seas, can also be imitated somewhat readily, though the process is more difficult. On a piece of glass place a gelatine layer containing a concentrated solution of some salt, such as white vitriol, Epsom salts, &c. When this salt solution has dried and become crystallised, a solution of so-called pearls is spread over the whole. This latter material is derived from the very fine and silver-like "sounds" or air-bladders of fish, which possess considerable iridescence. When the gelatine layer thus treated has dried, a coat of glue is applied, and the article is finished.

Double Acrostic.

Who could imagine, gazing on my first,
As motionless and stiff it dormant lies,
That when the summer comes its bonds will burst,
And as my second flutter to the skies?

I am a sea-fish, and by many bought,
Yet hardly relished when by oarsmen caught.

Though a "sandwich" isle I be, before you're fed
You'll have to work hard for your ham and bread.

There meet the gay—but, ah! does not the grave
Find many a warrior, many a hero brave?

Lightly skimming o'er the waters,
Swift before the freshening gale,
Quickly fly the happy moments,
While we speed upon our sail.

A thousand nights her tale went on,
Her spouse was conquered when 'twas done.

If to the Paris Exhibition you should go,
'Twill be as well this useful verb to know.

It comes with the spring, in beauty most rare;
And fades in the autumn, when winter draws near.

"The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead."

In days long ago they burned and tormented
Poor creatures for *this* who were only demented.

Answer to Double Acrostic on p. 383.

ASTARTE—MANFRED.

A ntiu M.	An ancient town of Italy where the statues of Fortune were believed to nod.
S o fi A.	Capital of Bulgaria—Sophia: "Ah! how Sophia."*
T heo N.	A philosopher who frequently walked in his sleep.
A ltdor F.	Where Tell shot the apple.
R umou R.	
T h o E.	One of the Nereides.
E pho D.	Part of the dress of the Jewish priests.

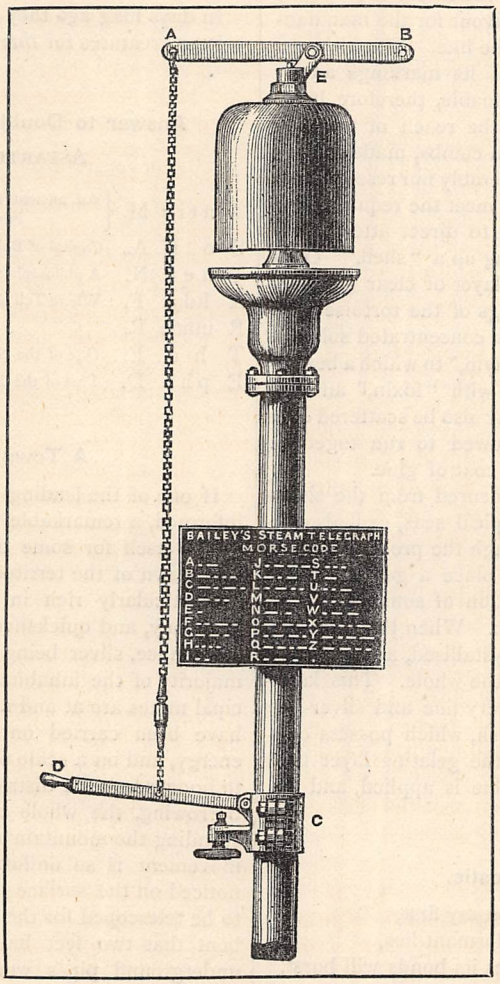
A Town on the Slide.

If one of the leading New York dailies be correctly informed, a remarkable phenomenon has been transacting itself for some time past at Virginia City, the chief town of the territory of Nevada. This territory is particularly rich in minerals; gold, silver, lead, antimony, and quicksilver being found in more or less abundance, silver being specially plentiful. The vast majority of the inhabitants are miners, and the principal mines are at and near Virginia City. Operations have been carried on for several years with great energy, and on a scale of such magnitude as actually to honeycomb the district. As a consequence of this burrowing, the whole town is said to be slowly descending the mountain on which it is situated. The movement is so uniform and gradual as to be unnoticed on the surface; but a water-main was found to be telescoped for the space of a foot, and to be so bent that two feet had to be repaired, while other underground pipes were discovered to be crowding towards each other. On the west side of the town, a long crack nearly eight inches wide has been traced, the ground on one side of it being three feet lower than on the other. The inhabitants are said to view this state of affairs with much *sang-froid*. Probably they feel that though their town may subside, its chances of being swallowed up are at least remote. We cannot, of course, vouch for the authenticity of the New York paper's information; and having regard to the extraordinary character of the occurrence, ample confirmation is imperatively required.

* "Ah! how Sophia"—the old catch, that sung quickly makes, *A house a-fire!*

Telegraphy by Sound.

It is remarkable that when one ship wishes to "speak" or signal another, it does so by means that are certainly of a somewhat crude description. While in other directions we have availed ourselves of the results of scientific research, our mode of "inter-vesselary" communication is almost of primitive simplicity. We have not yet got much beyond the fog whistle and the speaking-horn, both implements of a very restricted usefulness. The ancient method of sending stereotyped sentences by flags is only of use in dire necessity, and then, of course, only in daylight. For these impracticable and limited means of communication, Mr. W. H. Bailey, of Salford, proposes to substitute a system of telegraphy by sound, which shall be serviceable within a distance of from three to fully six miles, under any given circumstances, for conveying any given instructions or message.



The instrument which he proposes to use is a large steam-whistle, so designed that a pianoforte touch will give an opening to the steam-way and cause the emission of a percussive sound, long or short, as required. At the lower part of the whistle is an equilibrium valve, so balanced as to be readily susceptible to the action of the lever A B, which rides upon the spindle E. This valve is depressed when the end A is moved downward by the chain and handle D. If D be kept down for, say, half a second, the rush of steam through the whistle would produce a long or "dash" sound, while a depression for a quarter of a second would produce a short or "dot" sound. If the distance from the whistle to the operating lever is great, requiring a considerable length of chain, a weight is suspended from B, which acts as a counterbalance. At C is an arrangement for the adjustment of the chain if it should happen to stretch. The whistle-bell is likewise adjustable so that high or low pressure may be used, and the best results derived from the steam of the boiler at work. The whistle is generally placed about ten or twelve feet above the operator. Attached to the stem is an enamelled iron plate containing the dot and dash letters of the Morse alphabet, so that by referring to it any person not familiar with the apparatus could yet work the whistle. The rate of transmission averages from ten to twenty and even thirty words a minute.

This instrument is valuable not only in foggy weather, or when boats are obscured by powder-smoke, but can also be used with great advantage for communication between outward and homeward-bound vessels, which can exchange messages of considerable length without the necessity of stoppage or the sending of small boats, a diminution in speed being all that is requisite. Vessels in distress or otherwise in need of assistance could communicate in definite terms with the shore or with other boats. Even when ships are docked or in harbour, the steam-whistle telegraph can still be called into requisition; and it will be found well adapted for a variety of purposes besides.

Mr. Bailey has tried hard to get his system adopted, but nothing short of an international "Congress" could make it really useful, although, if British ships were to introduce it, those of other nations would no doubt follow suit. As he pertinently observes, it would be useless for one vessel to make signals to another which the latter could not understand.

Hardened Glass.

It has fallen within the notice of most people, that hardened glass occasionally shatters itself into countless atoms without any apparent or, at least till recently, assignable cause. A German "scientist" has succeeded not only in ascertaining the reason of, but also in discovering a remedy for, the peculiar tendency alluded to. According to Herr Siemens, this unpleasant and at times decidedly awkward effect is due to over-hardening. Where there is ground for believing that overhardening may exist, it can be detected by the prevalence of violet tints exhibited by the polarisator when the glass is examined. It is obvious that Herr Siemens' valuable discovery must be turned to practical account by manufacturers and not by private individuals, who of course could not utilise it, and

would much prefer to rest assured that the glass had been carefully tested before it was fashioned into the thousand and one articles which are formed of the many-propertied substance.

Hardened glass, it is stated, can be more easily and cheaply manufactured than ordinary glass, while it has a resisting power equal to from eight to ten times that of the latter.

How the Phonograph came to be Invented.

An English patent of last year, taken out by Mr. Edison, clearly shows that his mind was being prepared for the conception of the phonograph. In that patent he describes a means of recording ordinary telegraph signals by a chisel-shaped stylus indenting a sheet of paper, enveloping a cylinder or plate, along the line of a groove cut in the surface of the latter. These indented marks were to be capable of re-transmitting the message automatically over another wire if required. Here then was the soil prepared, and the vibrating disk of the telephone was the seed needful to germinate the phonograph. That seed was dropped into it by accident.

"How did you discover the principle?" asked a newspaper reporter of Mr. Edison.

"By the merest accident," replied the Professor. "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point, and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! halloo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! halloo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The machine came through the pricking of a finger."

Our Fuel Supply.

Although the substances which furnish artificial heat and light are many, and although recently there have been several attempts, and in part successful, for the utilisation of peat for these purposes, yet coal must be said to far surpass any or all of those as a fuel. Although in Britain it was used at least as early as the ninth century, yet it did not come much into household consumption in London till towards the end of the thirteenth century, and strong prejudice was felt against it; but when the supplies of wood for firing began to fail, the needs of London citizens overcame their objections to the "stench" of Newcastle coals; but the difficulty of carriage inland, and other circumstances of an allied nature, limited the demand, whilst the mode of working in the colliery districts limited the supply. As time passed on, and roads improved, the use of coal became greater; tram-roads were employed to more expeditiously transport it for shipment; and long lines of asses were employed to carry it to inland towns within a reasonable distance from the pit. When the railway system began to be formed, and lines increased, the facilities of supply became very materially enlarged; and the introduction of steam navigation and of gas-lighting had previously greatly swollen the demand, which was further enlarged afterwards by the enormous increase in metallurgical use. There are no official records of our production of coal before half of this century had gone; but it has been estimated that at its commencement the annual output of coal did not exceed 10,000,000 tons, whilst so late as 1845 the output is stated at under 32,000,000 tons. In 1855 the exact estimates of the keeper of mining records gave the quantity at 64,453,000 tons; in 1865 it was raised to 98,150,000 tons; in 1870 to 110,431,000 tons; in 1873 to 127,017,000 tons; and the increase was then checked by the coming into operation of the Mines Regulation Act. It has since re-commenced, and for 1876—the latest year for which official figures are procurable—the output is officially returned as 133,344,766 tons, or considerably more than double what it was a score of years ago. At the same time, whilst there has been that large increase in the production, it has not been wholly distributed in an equable manner throughout the various districts which contribute to the total coal production of the kingdom. About thirty years ago, it was estimated that the Northern coal-field supplied one-fifth of the coal consumed in and exported from the kingdom; and it now supplies rather more than a fifth of the increased production, but this is due to the development of the South Durham part of the district, then producing a very limited quantity, and now having the largest yield of any part of the Northern district. But there is far from a continuance of the proportionate output from all the coal-fields of the kingdom, there having been a large development of the great coal-field of South Wales, whilst some of the smaller have known a shrinkage in their yield. And in many districts this fact is also known, for the produce of those districts is from a smaller number of collieries than it was—the tendency evidently being to produce a given output from as few collieries as possible. The Mines Regulation Act added largely to the establishment charges of collieries, and where these are spread over a small output only they press more heavily upon it, and enlarge the cost of production more than when distributed over a greater area of produce; and this fact explains in large degree the present tendency. Moreover, in the older districts where some seams are working thin, there is usually a lessened produce in periods of low prices, for the additional cost of mining coal in such circumstances hampers the district in the competition with others more favourably situated.

The large output of coal to which we have attained now is over 133,000,000 tons yearly, or nearly one-half the production of coal of the entire globe. When it is remembered that the coal-yielding area of

the United Kingdom is only about 11,900 square miles, and that of the world is stated roughly at 270,200 square miles, it will be at once evident how very largely the coal-fields of the kingdom are drawn upon. We have in Great Britain six exposed coal-fields, and six partly or wholly concealed, stretching over about a twenty-second part of the area of the kingdom. The rich basin of South Wales holds above a third of the whole of the available coal in the kingdom; the Midland field—extending over the southern part of Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties—contains about a fifth of the whole; the old and famous field of the North—that in Northumberland and Durham—contains a ninth part; then follow those of Lancashire and Cheshire, of Staffordshire, that of Bristol and Somerset, the Scottish coal-fields, and others of subsidiary rank. In the various coal-fields, at depths not exceeding 4,000 feet, and in seams not less than one foot in thickness, there was, according to the Royal Commissioners' estimate of 1871, not less than 90,207,285,398 tons of coal; or, adding coal probably lying under the Permian, New Red Sandstone, and other strata, about 146,480,000,000 tons. As we have seen, we are increasing our demands upon our coal-fields in a rapid ratio when the growth for a number of years is considered; and it becomes interesting to trace the production of the various districts, more especially as the yield is not in proportion to the extent of the coal deposits. The Northern coal-field, according to the estimate just referred to, had coal at the depth and in the thickness named, to the amount of 10,036,660,236 tons, and its output in the most recent year was 31,991,623 tons. South Wales, with 32,456,208,913 tons of coal, has a production of 11,973,336 tons; the Midland coal-field was estimated as containing 18,172,071,433 tons, and its output may be set down roundly as about 25,500,000 tons; Lancashire and Cheshire, with 5,546,000,000 tons, have a production of over 17,900,000 tons. The Bristol field is credited as enclosing 4,218,970,762 tons; and its yield may be stated as about 1,000,000 tons; the North Staffordshire area encloses 3,825,488,105 tons, and yields 4,077,548 tons annually; the South Staffordshire, 1,906,119,768 tons, with an output of 10,081,067 tons; and North Wales, 2,005,000,000 tons, and a production of 2,207,250 tons. There are small English coal-fields in addition, the estimated contents of which are 2,041,620,251, tons; there are the Scottish coal-fields, with 9,843,465,930 tons, and an output of over 18,400,000 tons; and the Irish coal-fields, with 155,680,000 tons, and the small output of about 125,000 tons. It may be thus seen that there is great variation in the proportion of production to the quantity of available coal, and that the duration of the coal-fields would be very different if the respective rates of output were continued as at present. And, indeed, the estimates that have been formed of the duration of given coal-fields vary most widely: thus as regards the great coal-field of the North it has been supposed that it would be exhausted in 200 years, whilst other estimates have lengthened out the duration of the same coal-field to over 1,700 years!

On the question of the duration of our coal supplies as a whole much may be said, and the estimates of the period of time that will be needed to exhaust this supply of fuel have varied from 110 years to seven or eight times that period. But it is evident that neither of the two numbers needed to give the quotient is exactly definable. On the one hand, the quantity of coal might be increased by the discovery of additional beds; by the use of other modes of utilising the known beds, so as to extract them from deeper depths, or by subaqueous borings. And on the other hand, the production of coal varies, and is likely to vary more largely. There is an increasing use for gas-making and other purposes, as well as for steam power; our exports of coal are also considerably enlarged; but there is now a very great economy in the use of coal in several of the chief modes of consumption. For instance, it is believed that more than a third of the whole of the coal brought to bank in the United Kingdom is used for the manufacture of iron, and there is a very great economy already effected in the use of coal for this purpose, whilst a farther saving is in progress. Less than a century ago, it is believed that it took 9½ tons of coal to make a ton of pig-iron; now this is accomplished with the expenditure of about 1½ tons of coal, whilst the utilisation of the waste gases is effecting a further saving. It is true that, as such economies are known, there is a greater use of coal; for cheaper goods mean usually a greater use; and it is to this fact we have to trace the increased consumption of coal in the iron manufacture as a whole, whilst it is known that the consumption is really less in proportion. Our coal is simply so much power—the "accumulated solar energy of past ages"—and it could not but be regrettable to see that so large a portion was used in a mode which has been demonstrated to have been a wasteful one. To the extent to which we obtain the full value of the force coal represents, to that extent we may fairly congratulate ourselves on the use. We are far from having attained that full value yet; but so far as we have increased the proportionate value extracted, our enlarged coal consumption is matter for congratulation rather than regret. In the iron trade, we are unquestionably using greater economy in the consumption of fuel; and the very great waste which has been permitted so long in the use of coal for steam purposes is being lessened. In the consumption for this purpose, it is notorious that there has been very great waste—to such an extent that it is said that only one-tenth part of the theoretic power in coal has been used. In the manufacture of coke, as well as in the consumption of coal for domestic purposes, and in other of the uses to which this fuel is put, there is ample room for further economy, and for the reduction of the consumption of coal in proportion to the theoretic power obtained from that used. It is evident, therefore, that with changes, accomplished and expectant, in the nature and degree of the use of coal, and with a varying production, as well as with the possibility of further coal discoveries, or their equivalent, the duration of our coal-fields becomes indefinite.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

"He talks to me that never had a son."
* * * *
"My fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!"

AN old mansion girt about with the majesty of princely trees, and standing amidst hills green to their cloud-capped tops, and round the house a glory of flowers so bright that one might deem a rainbow had fallen from heaven, and scattered its lovely hues brokenly upon the grass. But the colours of the rainbow are scentless, and these living colours wafted a fragrance into the air, sweet as the odour of Paradise when the first flowers fell from God's hand upon the earth, and lived in the light divine which His word had created.

Sin, and sorrow, and death have changed the face of the world; no living thing has kept its first estate; upon intellect there creeps madness, upon beauty a blight, upon wealth a curse and leanness of soul, upon labour weariness and care; and the majesty of man is marred, the loveliness of woman laid low. Yet among the mildew and the canker which have overspread the earth, she keeps her flowers unchanged. These are still as they were in Eden; the breath of the serpent in passing over them lost its power, he could not mar the beauty of a single leaf, or taint the fragrance of the humblest violet among them. As they bloomed in Paradise so do they bloom now, the one sole loveliness in a ruined world which has borne the fall and not suffered blight—the one beauty in which the eye of man can rejoice, with as sinless a joy as Adam's when his walk was with the angels, amid the first flowers that filled with fragrance the Eden of his love and his soul.

The dew was on the sward, but the sun was fast drinking it, and the tiny cups of flowers and blades of grass sparkled with the nectar they bore as they held their heads to the light, and the rays stooped and drank.

The old mansion slept in the eastern sun, scarce a shutter was unclosed, or sleepy servitor astir, or dog aroused from his kennel; only the lark was on high, showering down diamond drops of music on the dew, and the thrush from the ripening orchard piped sweetly of morning's prime.

Outside the casement of a great Gothic window a balcony stood, and from this there descended a stone staircase so hidden in greenery that, when it first caught the eye, it seemed hanging from trees and flowers in mid-air. Round about its balustrades clustered clematis, roses, clianthus, and myrtle. Down upon the steps the blossoms of these trailed in wild confusion, and here and there the tender shoots in their wondrous strength had displaced the stones and sprung up between them, and sprinkled them with growing flowers.

Just as a great turret-clock struck five, a casement in the old Gothic window was opened, and a small rosy face peeped out upon the sun. A setting of golden curls waved around this face, and it was lighted up by wonderful amber eyes, which held sunshine in limpid clearness as a lake does, reflecting it back with a lovely sparkle and delight of life beautiful to see. In their touch of golden light these eyes were like the Savoyard's, when his vineyards are yellow with sunlit leaves and purple with luscious fruit. And they laughed with a glee brighter than the sheen of the Saxon blue, and with a gleam of mischief and of fire in them rarely kindled in the sweet azure eyes of English children. For the fresh rosy face was a child's, and he had dressed himself with deft tiny hands, and with a laughing glance at his sleeping nurse, he stole down the steps and out upon the broad sunshine lying on grass and flowers.

A few minutes later, all dabbled with dew, he was up the steps again, tapping with rosy fingers at the casement of another window on the long stone balcony.

It was opened by Lady Martock. She was dressed in a white *peignoir;* she looked jaded and weary; she had not slept or even lain upon her bed. Her eyes smiled when she saw her child.

"What are you doing up so early, little one?"

"Dot beenies for mama," said the child.

His little frock was pulled up in one hand; it was full of flowers, all plucked rashly by the head, without stems. He called flowers "beenies," from watching those brown-coated freebooters rifling them of honey; in his eyes they all belonged to the bees.

"Dear! dear! what will the gardener say?" asked Lady Martock, looking down half vexed upon the little frock full of roses and carnations. "And mama does not like those beenies at all."

A shade of disappointment came over the bright face and into the amber eyes. He put his finger on his lip in deep meditation, the frock fell down, and his pretty gifts lay scattered on the floor. The fragrant things were worthless now his mother did not like them; a sob was in his throat, but it went back into the little loving heart.

"What beenies does mama like best?"

"Lily-beenies, darling, white as the snow that comes in winter, those are mama's flowers. Where is nurse?

It is too early for those little feet to get wet with dew."

She took the child by the hand, kissed him, and led him back through the balcony to his room.

"Marie!" she said sharply, "why have you allowed Lord Martock to go out at this hour?"

The Norman nurse roused herself and stared at her mistress with drowsy eyes.

"I was asleep, my lady. I did not know he had descended to the garden."

"You must change his shoes; they are wet," Lady Martock said. "And you had better get up and take care of him now."

She went away leaving the window open, and the sun blazing in broad beams on ceiling and floor. The nurse looked at her watch, not at the sun.

"*Quelle idée!*" she said angrily. "It is scarcely half-past five. Shut the window, you naughty boy!"

"No, no: me want to do out aden. *Dis que oui, Marie.*"

"*Mais je te dis non,*" returned the woman snappishly. "It is *grand matin*, you must go to sleep again."

"Don't want to sleep; want to gather lily-beenies for mama."

"The beenies are sleepy and still a-bed," said the nurse.

"Oh, what a 'tory! I saw dem on the lawn, wide-awake, and every one had dot a bee kissing and waking dem."

"You tiresome child!" murmured the sleepy nurse. "If you don't shut the window and go back to your cot this minute, I will make you!"

The dark frowning face scowled in a way which boded mischief, so with a sigh he let the casement swing back from his small hands, and crept to his bed again all dressed as he was.

Satisfied with this, the nurse soon slept, but he kept wide-open wistful eyes fixed upon the nursery window, through which wonderful cloud-shadows, and waving arches of green trees, beckoned to him, and birds sang, calling to him in music, and high up a lark sat poised upon a sunbeam and trilled a hymn of praise, which reached the heavens and fell back upon the earth like a gift from God.

With dull brown eyes the nurse had stared a moment at her charge, then winked and lifted heavy lids, and winked again, then slept her favourite morning sleep as soundly as a camel whose burden is lifted from his back not to return.

The child watching her laughed, and stealing softly from his cot, he opened the window with little silent hands, and went down the flower-sprinkled staircase to the smooth grass, on which the dew lay clear and silvery, like a veil of gossamer fallen from the first rosy hour of the day.

* * * * * * *

Eight o'clock! Even a Norman girl not in her own thrifty land, who has discovered that in England nothing is to be gained by early rising, will acknowledge that eight is an hour at which one may well think of breakfast.

Here is the sun blazing into the window as brightly as two hours ago, here is the scent of the flowers breathing a warmer breath upon the wind, here are the trailing blossoms on step and balustrade, here are the birds trilling from tree to tree; only the dew has vanished, and grass and bloom have a hotter, fainter look than when she last gazed out upon the morning glory. This apparently is the sole change, yet the girl's dull eyes gradually gather fear, and she springs from her couch and dresses rapidly.

The child's cot is empty, and the casement open; it swings to and fro with the rustle of summer leaves against its crossed panes. In an incredibly short time the woman is down the stone stairs, and standing on the lawn. Here she shades her eyes with her hands, and glances to right and left, and sees only a dropped rose plucked off shortly by the head by tiny hands, which feared the thorns upon the stem.

She gathers it up and gazes at it blankly, and slowly takes comfort.

"Yes; he crept out of window again while I slept. He went to gather flowers for his mother; he is with my lady for certain. But I'll look round the garden first."

She goes across the lawn, comes upon another broken flower, then another, and another—carnations, roses, pansies, all the July wealth of the garden, those little hands had grasped and strewn the path with—flung away because not the "beenies" mama loved.

At length, where the paths diverge the woman stops and gazes down the darkest road, where trees meet overhead and a line of light shines at the end, as though a mirror were hid among the shadows. Down this avenue she shoots one frightened stare, and then flies as though she had raised a spectre which pursued her.

A little later she is at Lady Martock's door.

"Come in," says the clear thin voice of her mistress.

The woman enters. "If you please, my lady, is Lord Martock with you?"

"No; why should you think the child was here?"

"He came to madame once this morning, I thought he might come again. He is not in his cot."

A gleam of fear, which was almost savage, sprang into Lady Martock's eyes; she rushed past the woman to the window, and thence to the nursery by the balcony. With one glance round the large light room she saw it empty, and the little white cot empty also.

"What did you do with the child when I left him in your charge?"

For answer the nurse burst into tears and protested she had placed him in bed again, and when last she looked at him before falling into slumber herself, he was sleeping sweetly.

"And when did you miss him first?"

"Just before eight, my lady. Oh! where can the dear angel be gone?"

"You are alarming yourself needlessly," said Lady Martock, growing calm before the woman's increasing excitement. "He, doubtless, dressed himself again while you slept, and he is with some of the servants below."

She knew nothing of the woman's search in the garden, or of the latent horror in her mind, which she had tried to lie away.

"Why is this window open?" asked her mistress, with sudden misgiving.

"I opened it, my lady."

The falsehood passed. Lady Martock looked at her watch.

"It is only half-past eight. Go at once and ask the other servants for the child. Then bring him to me."

Quelling the vague terror at her heart, Lady Martock descended to the library and rang for a servant.

"Have you seen Lord Martock this morning?" she said carelessly.

"No, my lady."

"Then tell all the servants to search for the child. His *bonne* has missed him; he is not in the nursery. And ask Mr. Bruntwell to be kind enough to come to me," she added.

She had to wait some minutes before this gentleman arrived. He was a little uneasy and curious.

"I did not expect you would wish to see me so early"—he began.

She interrupted him feverishly. "Are the letters and telegrams gone?"

"No; but they are going at once. I was about to despatch them when you sent for me. The man is waiting. I will ring——"

"Stop!" interposed Lady Martock, in a voice which made him turn and gaze at her in wonder. "I have decided to let the money go; I will not send the letters."

"May I ask what extraordinary circumstance has happened to change your mind since you gave me your instructions last evening?" demanded the astonished Mr. Bruntwell, with an annoyance he could not hide.

"Nothing extraordinary has occurred. Last night I could not sleep, and this morning very early, my little child came to my room with a lapful of flowers. Through all the hours of darkness this money had troubled me, with the light came love. Mr. Bruntwell, it is the commonest thing in the world that has happened: a woman has found she has a mother's heart. My boy weighs the heaviest, and the Martock wealth kicks the beam. Give me back the letters. I will burn them."

"Lady Martock, allow me to say this is not business, or business language. In our former conversations, I have already made it clear to you that your duty to your son impels you not to leave his position uncertain. It is better he should lose somewhat of his romantic respect for you in the future rather than——"

"Hush!" said Lady Martock, "I hear voices!" She sprang to the door and opened it before the coming footsteps had reached the threshold.

"You have found the child? Where is he?" she asked sharply, quickly, while her eager glances outran her words.

"We have searched all over the house, my lady, in vain; we have not found Lord Martock."

Slowly her face gathered the whiteness of snow, her eyes grew dilated, she burst into impetuous speech with a swiftness that made her servants fall back before her.

"Go again! You cannot have searched properly. It is not possible the child is lost. Could such little feet wander far?"

A wild tenderness shook her voice, she clasped her hands above her head, and looked upwards with a despairing glance which was a heartrending prayer.

"We know, my lady, it would be impossible for Lord Martock to wander far; but there are gipsies in the neighbourhood, and some of us think——"

"It is an absurd thought. Gipsies do not steal children now-a-days."

Lady Martock turned to her legal adviser, and looked in the hard bachelor-face that knew nothing of parental love.

"Can such a thing be possible?" she said. "Is it likely gipsies would commit such a crime?"

"For the hope of reward they might. Of course, it would be a blunder, they would be found out at once."

"Enough, you think it possible. Gregory!"—she singled out a grey-haired man in the crowd of servants—"take the fleetest horse and go yourself to the gipsies' camp, and do not come away till you have found out the truth. Offer any reward—any money. Oh! I hope my boy is there! I hope you will bring him back!"

It was a wild, forlorn hope. Why had it seized on her? Did it chase away some greater fear?

"I will go instantly, my lady, and if the child is there I will find him."

"Ah, do, Gregory. I rely on you.—Are the gardeners looking for Lord Martock?" she asked, turning sharply to the others as Gregory left. "Tell them to go beyond the garden into the park. He has lost his way between the hillocks. He is a brave child, he is sitting waiting beneath some tree till we come to him. Go! go! do not lose time!"

The door was closed. Mr. Bruntwell still stood. Lady Martock sat down and pressed her forehead with her hands, then, unable to bear the stillness of this attitude, she started up and paced the room with hurried feet.

"Why do you alarm yourself so needlessly?" asked Mr. Bruntwell. "Depend on it, the child will soon be found. He has simply wandered away to amuse himself."

"Perhaps he has grown tired and has dropped asleep," she answered, and the muscles of her set face relaxed with the thought. "He is a fearless boy; he would lie down on the soft grass and fall asleep without dread."

"Nothing more likely. Do take some breakfast, Lady Martock. You will be exhausted."

She did not hear or heed him. "People have said I did not love my child," she half murmured, as she looked out on the beauty of the flowers, on the glory of the sun shining down upon the green earth, and on the waving shadows, all wearing to her eyes a new and strange aspect. "Yes, I have seemed a hard, careless mother, but that was only because I felt so *safe*. If any danger touched my boy, then I sprang up in arms like a lion. He has been the one love of my life—the one love without sin. If he were taken from me,

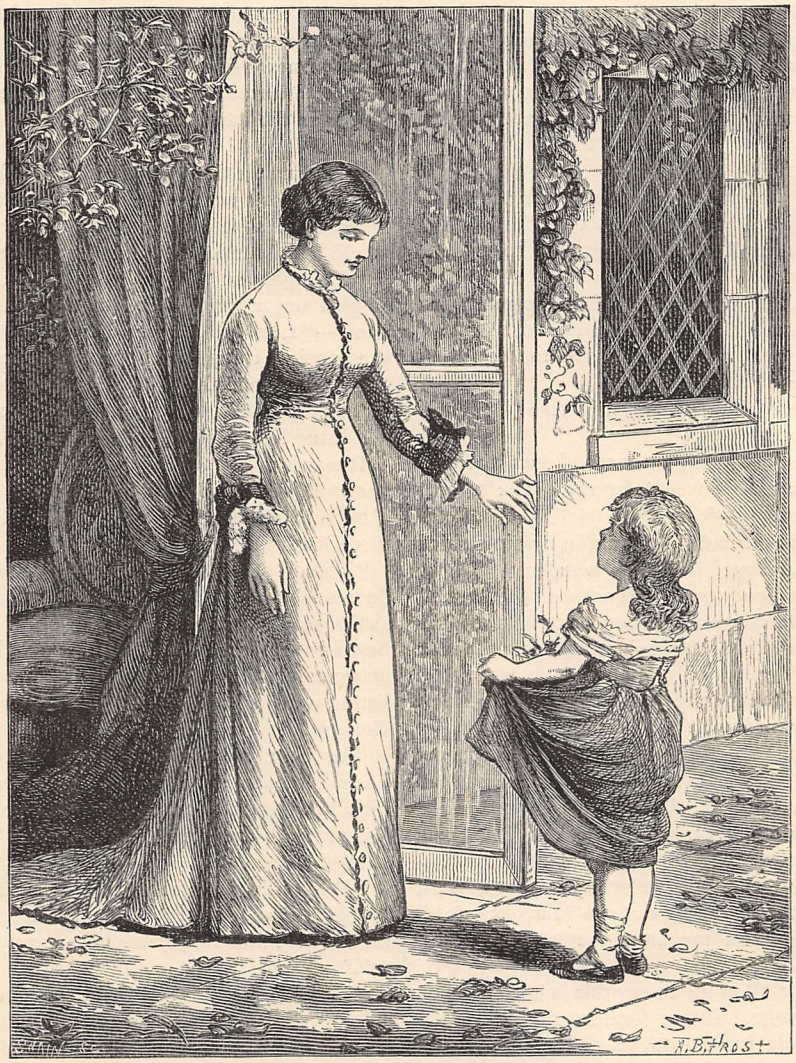
heaven would lose a soul which only this day thought dimly of seeking the path to peace."

"She is speaking of her soul! Oh! she is quite lost," said Mr. Bruntwell to himself. "She does not know what she is talking about. Terror has shaken her wits. When she comes to herself she won't, I am sure, let this vast fortune go begging, or drop into the lap of a humdrum country parson's daughter. Oh, no! she will regain her common sense by-and-by."

He drew near the table on which the letters and packets lay, put his hand on them, and quietly pocketed them.

Lady Martock continued to stand by the window, gazing up at the wreathed clouds that sailed along the blue; her lips moved as if in unwonted prayer, a settled whiteness was on her face.

A servant entered bearing breakfast; behind him came Lady Martock's maid, an elderly woman who had been with her from girlhood, and knew more of her heart—the good and the bad in her—than any other human creature living. This woman brought her a cup of coffee by the window, and she drank it mechanically, as though accustomed at strange times in her life to obey the soothing voice and the soothing hand to which she was so used.



"DEAR! DEAR! WHAT WILL THE GARDENER SAY?" (*p.* 449).

"Is Gregory come back?" she asked, awaking from her apathy with sudden start.

"My lady, the gipsies' tents are two miles away; he cannot be back for half an hour."

"They are searching the park?"

"Yes, my lady. Every servant has turned out to help in the search, except us two and the French *bonne*."

"And why is she not gone?" asked Lady Martock passionately. "It is her fault the child has lost himself."

"Hush!" and the elderly woman touched her sooth-

ingly. "Poor Marie has quite lost her head. She is raving and shrieking out I know not what."

The half-hour passed, and Gregory returned spent with hard riding. His errand had been fruitless.

"I could hear nothing among the gipsies, but they were full of pity. I have spoken to the police, my lady."

"Very right," observed Mr. Bruntwell. "We shall find the child that way."

"I shall find my boy myself," said Lady Martock, looking around upon their faces with a piteous wild smile. "You are all blind, you have missed him—you have not seen him where he lies sleeping in the grass. Perhaps he will get sun-stroke unless I find him soon."

She stepped out through the open window. Mr. Bruntwell followed her.

"I wonder she has not done this before," he said in a half-whisper to the pitying servants.

She heard the words, and looked back at him with a fierce glance.

"You wonder? And you cannot understand why? I am his mother. I shall be *sure* to find him. But I wanted the servants to find him *alive*."

So her search meant that she had lost all hope.

Many of the crowd, whose vain quest had shown them that her search likewise would be bitter and disappointing, drew back in pity, but Mr. Bruntwell and her maid and some of the men still followed.

Like the Norman nurse, she went across the lawn, and came upon a broken rose, and stooping gathered it up and put it in her bosom. Soon another and another broken flower strewed the path; she followed these traces eagerly yet slowly.

"What eyes they all had!" she said bitterly. "And it is so easy to see which way my darling went."

No one replied: they stepped in her steps, silent and expectant.

Leaf by leaf, flower by flower, as his pretty spoils lay upon gravel and grass, she traced his tiny feet to the long, dank, grassy avenue, where trees met over-head in a sombre roof, through which small golden flecks of sunshine had fallen, looking in the gloom like the tiny footprints of some sweet child-angel, who had left a glory on the grass he trod.

At the entrance to this dark walk, Lady Martock paused with a great shudder.

"Are there any broken flowers on the grass down there?" she asked, pointing with one hand while she held the other pressed upon her eyes.

"None, none, I assure you," responded Mr. Bruntwell. "Pray return to the house, Lady Martock."

At this moment a slight flutter of wind lifted a rose-leaf from the grass, and brought it lightly to her feet.

She stooped quickly, caught it up, and gazed at it with a strange look, then pressed it between her palms.

"He had lost all his flowers but this when he came here," she said.

"My lady, my lady!" whispered the elderly woman who cared for her, "come away with me, let the others go down there."

But Lady Martock took no heed. Her clear white face, usually so hard in its chiselled beauty, was quivering piteously, yet her eyes were tearless, and she walked on steadfastly beneath the gloom of the thick trees.

"It is too late for hurry," she said, dropping her voice to a whisper. "The hurry should have come hours ago."

They came upon another rose-leaf, and another: she stopped an instant to look at them as they lay pink and lustrous on the dark sward, but she did not gather them up as she had done the first one.

Down amongst the trees a gleam of light lay shining like a streak of silver, or like a narrow mirror catching the sun. It struck the eye with a sort of surprise, a passing wonder what it could be, but as one drew nearer it showed the gleam and quiver of water, and soon shaped itself into a long narrow pond—so narrow that a man could stride across it. But its water took a dark and ugly look from its own depth, and from the shade of closely over-hanging trees. It was fringed and decked with water-lilies; the stem of one was broken, the large creamy petals were hanging downwards in the water.

"Will you search in there?" said Lady Martock, turning a face of marble to the crowd. "I will sit here and see you find him." They dared not entreat or argue with her, she would not listen. She sat upon the root of a large weeping-willow, and held her eyes steadfastly on the water.

She had not long to wait.

They found him just beneath the wide-spreading leaves of the water-lily. It was his small hand that bent the flower downwards, his tiny fingers grasped it still.

As they lifted him drenched and pale, as the long golden curls streamed backwards, and the white, infantile, lovely face appeared in death to the loving eyes looking down upon it, and the living light shining on it, his mother flung her arms upwards with one great and terrible cry. Then, as if this voice of despair had uttered forth all her grief, she came forward calmly and took the child from the arms of the man who held him.

"I will carry him home myself," she said.

People wondered as they looked at her, for they saw her face harden into stone and grow dark with dreadful shadows, as beneath the over-arching trees she walked slowly, carrying her dead son.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

"Your son, who with a weary soul
Treads discontented steps on foreign soil."

MR. HASLAM'S interview with Mr. Gwynne was short. The good rector was too ill to hear the history that trembled on the suitor's lips. Very briefly he had to tell of his long love for Cordelia, and then confess there were explanations yet to make, which must wait for a more convenient time.

"It is enough now for me to hear that the fault is more yours than Cordelia's, if there has been a cold

shadow between us," the rector said, pressing his hand warmly. "When I am stronger and able to bear it you shall tell me the rest. I will hear then what obstacles lie on your path, and meanwhile till I can judge how to deal with these, I think you should leave Boscombe. You owe me something, Haslam. Do this for me, leave my girl in peace till I can say, 'Take her, she shall be your wife.'"

It was a hard thing to do, but Edward Haslam felt that he could not refuse this request.

"I yield to your wish," he said, "but you will let me write to Cordelia?"

"Not just yet. Let me hear your story first. But, Haslam, I promise you that no slight thing shall part you and my girl. I will not ask her to leave you either for wealth or for poverty."

With this promise the lover had to be content.

"All that I have told Cordelia, she will relate to you," he said, in parting. "I do not think you will see in it any reason why we two should not be man and wife."

A slight flush rose in his cheek as he spoke, he hesitated, looked down on the white worn face, so aged in this sharp illness, and saw this was not the moment for confessions, and so with a sigh hurried away.

Partings are sore and bitter things, for never can two people meet again after absence of any length, and look at each other with the same eyes, or speak with the same voice, or touch with the same tenderness. That subtle change which time brings has wrought its work, and love has tired, or years have hardened the hearts that once clung together.

Only for a month or two were they to be asunder, yet the clasp of their hands lingered long, and their eyes and lips met again and again with wistful, sad foreboding.

"It is only a short delay," Cordelia said, trying to speak hopefully. "You will soon be recalled."

"If I could only hear from you," returned her lover, "I could be more patient."

"I will try to write," she answered. "My father will give me leave when better."

He did not press her further; he could not dare set forth his own claims on her, now her anxious thoughts were with her sick father. Thus they parted in hope and fear, and Cordelia stood at the gate beneath the elms, and saw her lover look back many times, and caught the last wave of his hand as he went down the rugged hill to Boscombe. Well might he look back on the sweet, pale, patient face: who can tell how it may look when his eyes behold it again?

Now, being weary and impatient, unfit for work or for recreation, Edward Haslam thought he would shut himself up in a ship, as being a place from which he could not be tempted to run away, and return to Boscombe to anger Mr. Gwynne.

"I'll go to Malta," he said to himself, "and see that dolt Harry, who is working out his own ruin with bat's eyes."

Being a man of quick resolves, he went to Southampton that very night, and before morning broke he was on the sea. Hence the sad news of the drowning of Lady Martock's little son did not reach him till many weeks afterwards.

Often, if we knew how miserable our enemies were we should not hate them; our weapons would fall down at sight of their sorrow, turned harmless to the ground at the touch of pity.

Now, no man, weary to death of heat and glare, of garrison duty, and barrack talk, and petty vexations, and stinging gnats, and horrible odours, all combined at Malta, could be gladder than Harry was to see a friend's face unexpectedly. But when that friend brought him news that made his heart leap up suddenly, with a joy that he had forgotten how to feel—a joy he thought lost for ever, buried and put out of sight, beneath carking care and bitterness—then it is no wonder that his eyes grew moist and shining, and the old careless merry laugh broke from his lips again. Not that he was by any means elated by self-conceit, for Mr. Haslam, being mindful of his promise to Rachel, told his story with delicacy and due reticence, taking care to be ignorant of Dora's present feelings, and only speaking of her regard as a something past and gone, which Harry had lost through foolish anger.

"When I look back on it all—and I have done that, old fellow, more times than Babbage's calculating machine could count—I feel ashamed of myself. Of course, I ought to have let the dear girl explain it as she wanted to do, but I was such a conceited simpleton in those days that I could not stand the sudden upset to my vanity, and I went off in a huff, and would not hear a word. Well, I've suffered for it. This little 'military hot-house' is a perfect purgatory in itself, and I believe all the gnats in the island have got at me at times, as a punishment for my sins."

"Well, Harry, wash your heart clean of them now, and turn over a new leaf. It was hardly fair on your father that, because you had managed your love affair like a bat, you should therefore trouble him."

"No, it was not fair on the dear old governor; but the secret springs that do move a man, my friend, are always touched by a woman's hand, and if he had only guessed that, and sent me news at times of Dora, it would have saved him and me a good deal of trouble—and money."

Harry whistled, and looked as ashamed of himself as a very hearty, handsome, healthy young man of three-and-twenty can look. Delinquents of this age, in possession of a good appetite and tolerable means, do not show forth a pale or haggard penitence, and yet there may be a great deal of sorrow even in a happy heart. It is a sorrow having so much hope, being young, that it must be excused if it keep a merry countenance.

"I tell you what it is, Haslam," said Harry with a certain grave resolve upon his young features, "I have made up my mind when I go to India to refund the dear old *pater* all the extra money I have foolishly cost him here. I shall not want to draw upon him while I am in India; the pay there, you know, enables a man to eat his dinner without thinking his people have got to be fleeced for it. And if I can only settle

things happily with Dora before I go out, I shall depart with the spirits of a bird."

"But how do you expect to arrange your love affair satisfactorily if you don't see the lady?"

"I mean to see her. The moment I heard my father was dangerously ill, I asked for a month's leave, and I am expecting every day to hear my petition is granted."

"Mind, Harry, I have not promised you any success. I know nothing of Miss Musgrave's feelings now. I have only told you what her sister explained to me—namely, that you came upon the scene at the moment of a little quarrel between herself and Dora, and this quarrel was the cause of the downfall of your 'image and superscription,' and the girl's feelings towards yourself had nothing to do with that catastrophe. It was a great absurdity in you to take offence at so small a thing."

"Oh, I know that. I'll present her with three dozen cartes-de-visite to dance upon when I get home, if she likes so to amuse herself," returned Harry ruefully. "Perhaps I have quite disgusted her with my bearish temper, and she has tried to forget me. Do you think she has?"

"I think it is highly probable. But she is looking ill, that is some comfort for you."

"You've got an odd idea of comfort, Haslam." And Harry with a very grim countenance lighted a cigar and puffed at it silently with eyes fixed upon his friend, but not seeing him, for the soothing smoke led him away into dreams, and he saw Dora's face, and felt the breath of the sea at Boscombe, and heard the rustle of leaves in the green glades of Warewood.

The next day Harry sailed for England, and Edward Haslam went on to Gibraltar and Cairo, and thence up the Nile. And this being his holiday time, and he being a man of business, he was careful that no business should pursue him, therefore most cautiously sent no address to his chambers, where letters accumulated and grew dusty, and newspapers became a damp and dismal pile. For Cordelia's hoped-for letter he had already made provision, having given her the address, through Harry, of a friend in Cairo.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

"My heart is empty of all things but grief,
She being gone, who was the riches of it."

A WHITE mist crept along the hedges, hanging tenderly on the late dog-roses, and swathing the great trees about the roots in a soft snowy mantle. Down in the low-lying meadows this mist was thicker, hiding the land as it rolled along, while through its clouds there peeped out here and there a group of red cattle steaming in the morning air, or the thatch of low-roofed cottage, from whose chimney the smoke rose dreamily.

Through this haze of August, lifting like a cloud at times from a sea of gold, rolled and rattled the Boscombe Coach, with Harry Gwynne seated at the back amid a crowd of strangers. A stranger also had the box-seat, for which he had paid, and so Harry was shut out from gossip, and kept rather an angry silence. Not a friendly face near him.

It was tourist time, and some had come to "peep and botanise," and some to paint, and some to see the castle where King Arthur lived in story. At this moment Harry detested them all, and wished the poets had left old Cornwall untouched even by noble rhyme.

Down a gentle hill with, to the right, a tall spire shooting up amid taller elms, and to the left a glorious avenue of beech-trees browned by the summer sun, and beyond them a fair granite house, with windows all ablaze to the east with the morning's glory.

"Hold hard!" cried Harry. "I stop here."

And he was off the coach even as the four horses were reined back upon their haunches.

"Better come on to Boscombe, Cap'en Gwynne," cried the old coachman. "'Tis no use going up to Warewood——"

His words were lost in the swinging of the gate, and Harry strode up among the morning shadows without turning to heed them.

"Mr. Musgrave will be up if the girls are not; I shall see him at all events," said Harry to himself, much in the self-consoling spirit of the old woman who cooked the rail in the hope it might taste of the bird which had sat on it. "And they won't mind my coming so early, in fact I think they'll be glad—they are such old friends after all. And besides, I always used to jump down from the coach and come here first when I was a boy."

Harry needed these encouraging thoughts, for as he drew near, the windows grew blank and unfriendly, and all the house took a silent aspect, as if no kindly voice meant to welcome him.

With thick misgivings at his heart he rang the bell, and felt a curious shiver at the sudden noise it made. It used to be a cheerful bell, it never rang so loudly and dismally in the old times. Yet noisy as it was no one heard him, and he had to ring again and again before his summons brought sound of life and movement.

The door is opened at last, and old Trewin and Harry stand face to face.

The young man is flushed, and yet a little white about the lips; the old man is full of a dull surprise.

"Master Harry!—Cap'en Gwynne, I should say. Well, this is a most amazin'——"

"And how is your master, Trewin?"

"I should say master was very well, thank you, sir; only a little down like, not quite so cheery maybe as he was."

"Will he mind seeing me so early, Trewin? I could not pass by Warewood without coming in."

"See you!" returned the old butler. "Why, don't you know, sir, master and the young ladies be gone away?"

"Gone away!" And Harry felt that a feather's touch would sweep all strength out of him.

"Yes, sir, gone to Switzerland—they went three weeks ago."

Harry's colour had faded like a girl's, then come back again with a sudden rush.

"This was very unexpected, was it not, Trewin? Mr. Musgrave, I know, hates leaving home."

"Yes, sir, but he was willing enough to go this time. Miss Dora was ordered abroad by the doctors, and to my mind he wanted change himself."

"Ordered abroad! Is she very ill?" Harry leant his hand against the granite pillar of the portico as he spoke; he needed a stay just then.

"Not to say very ill, sir, but the summer have been uncommon hot, and somehow she have dwined terrible in the heat."

"Then the mountain air was thought good for her?"

"That's just it, sir. And I'm glad your father is so much better, Mr. Harry."

"Thank you—yes, so am I. And when will the family be back, Trewin?"

"Not till Christmas, sir, I believe. Master talked of wintering in the south of France somewheres."

Christmas! And he would be in India then. Why had all things gone wrong with him? He had begun with a blunder, was he to end with a blunder also? He felt angry with himself, and with fate, and with all the world, as wishing old Trewin abruptly good-bye, he turned his back on empty Warewood, and walked down through the shadows of the beech-trees, with thoughts so changed from those he carried with him when he went up, that heart and step which had been light were now heavy and weary.

At the rectory he was welcomed, not like one who had been somewhat of a prodigal son, but like a hero who had just returned victorious from a hundred fights. Well, it was sweet to be home again, and feel a mother's kisses, and have a sister waiting on him as if he were a prince, and clasp a father's hand, and be his prop and stay, when he limped out into the sunlight, longing for strength. Pleasant too was it to visit all the old haunts, and take sails in the fishing boats as of old, and wander up and down the hills and be welcomed everywhere; but of all these things a young man tires, when there is an aching emptiness about the heart which only one image can fill.

When he had been home a day or two, Cordelia came to him in the garden, where he stood looking across the glen to Warewood, and put a little packet in his hand.

"Dora gave it to me for you when she came here to say good-bye. I do not know what is in it. She was very reserved with me, and has been so this long while. We have all had secrets from each other lately, I fear. It has been a sad summer, Harry, and we are all a little changed. Dora looks white and thin, and poor papa is greatly broken down."

"He'll be all right again soon," said Harry cheerfully, and he looked so eagerly at the tiny white parcel in his hand that Cordelia, unwilling to be curious, left him alone.

He tore the sealed paper open with hurried fingers, and then there dropped out upon the grass the small turquoise ring that Dora had laid upon the table on the day of their quarrel.

Here was bitterness! What did she mean by this? Was it a farewell?—was it a token meant kindly, or was it a gift returned in contempt? He remembered now how he had seen it glittering on the red cloth, but had not touched it, as he strode past the table in his wrath, and rushed away with his boyish vanity all cut and wounded.

He let the ring lie for a long sorrowful minute on the grass at his feet. A thousand sunny memories were linked about the little golden hoop. Had Dora forgotten all these when she sent it back to him in this silent contempt? Was there no relenting in her heart, no forgiveness? was the past indeed dead, and to be buried now and forgotten?

It was hard to think so, and he searched the paper through and through in which the ring was wrapped, hoping to find a word, perhaps in pencil written timidly, but there was none; all was a cruel blank. Then there poured upon his vexed mind a flow of recollections of old stories, in which women had sent back rings in token of peace, or as requests for a return of love, and from these vague memories he gathered a shadowy hope. Cordelia strengthened this when she came to him again, and he, stooping, with a little vexed shame upon his face, plucked the ring from out the grass and showed it to her.

"Dora can be angry, but never contemptuous or cold; that is more in Rachel's way," she said. "And I think she would not have sent you back this if she had quite forgotten you. She would have been careless then, and either she would have left it unreturned as something valueless, or she would have given it to me openly, with a light word or two, to let you see she thought nothing of it. But it was wrapped up and sealed with care, and not a word was spoken, so you can take the silence to mean 'Remember me,' if you will."

"You ought to know what a woman feels, being a woman," said Harry, a flush of hope coming warmly on his brown cheek.

"Well, I cannot understand loving and forgetting"—and it was Cordelia's turn to blush now—"but this I know, that if I had forgotten a lover, I would not recall myself to his memory by returning some little worthless gift of his to me in the days when we loved each other."

"Not in contempt, to show you cared nothing for him?"

"No; that would be anger, not contempt. And anger means a great deal."

"I wish it meant she cared," said Harry.

"Go and see for yourself," returned Cordelia. "Is Switzerland so far off?"

With what eyes he looked at her! They began to blaze and shine, and all his face sparkled with new life. He tossed the little ring into the air, and caught it again with one of his *best* laughs—a real ringing laugh, seldom heard except from a boy's lips.

"What a jolly girl you are, Cordelia! You know how to give advice. And would you really try it?"

"Yes, certainly. He who never tries can never win."

"But what will the *mater* say? She'll hardly like my starting off again so soon."

"No, but she will bear it for such a reason. Have you not found out that to her all the women of India

are 'daughters of Heth,' and her great dread is that you should fall into their net? She has been lamenting that you are not engaged to some good girl before you go."

"Has she? Then she shall not lament long if I can help it. I'll break the ice this evening, Cordelia, if you will begin it. The dear old governor being better, you won't mind my going?"

"No; it will be better and happier for you in every way to go to India engaged to such a girl as Dora: we all think so."

Cordelia sighed a little; she understood better than Harry how sharp a pang it would be to father and mother, to part with him again so soon. But Mr. Gwynne had learned that unhappiness makes a son expensive. Love and money are more nearly allied both for good and evil than people think. Tailors know this most: flirtations keep them flourishing. Crossed love goes to cards and wine, happy love visits the tailor and dresses itself in new suits, as well as new smiles.

"THEY STEPPED IN HER STEPS, SILENT AND EXPECTANT" (*p.* 453).

"It is a wise thing to marry your son well," said Mr. Gwynne; "and where shall we find a sweeter girl than Dora Musgrave?"

"She is hardly good enough for Harry," returned Mrs. Gwynne, "but she will have many an acre of good land, and we have known her ever since she was a child. I am horribly afraid of those Anglo-Indian women—yes, yes, he had better go and try his chance with Dora."

So Harry went, and followed the track of the travellers for a full week, before he found them in the heights of the Engadine.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

LOVE grows in solitude, and the sense of wrong, of slight and wounded pride, rankles more fiercely in a wounded heart when pining in loneliness than when watched by the world, and waited on by a few of the world's flatteries.

The mountain air did wonders for Dora, but the discovery of her own worth did more. She was astonished at first to find she was charming, and that so many faces brightened when she smiled; but she got used to this after the first few days, and it pleased her immensely. In three weeks she had three devoted admirers who followed her everywhere, and were ready metaphorically to slay each other with the fiercest words and gestures. She cared for neither, so was able to treat all with the strictest impartiality. If one gained a song from her, another had a waltz, and a third a walk.

Her pretty bright ways, her sweet caressing voice, her charming grace won hearts only too easily. And she was so innocently unconscious all the while of the mischief she did, that her victims only loved her the more for all their jealousies and sufferings.

She made as many friends among the women as the men, for although masculine pens are prone to deny the fact, it is nevertheless true that a bright and charming girl attracts her own sex, and gains liking from all but the jealous.

Many a motherly eye lighted up with pleasure at sight of Dora, and many an invalid had to thank her for cheerful help, and merry prattle, and sweet tender offices done with gentle hand.

How many tourists found out they were going exactly the same route as Mr. Musgrave and his daughters, and how many discovered that they had also selected the same hotel, it would be hard to say.

Mr. Musgrave looked on half amused, half saddened, for the middle-aged have memory, and the young hope; one is sunshine, the other shadow, and the shadow was with him. Nevertheless, he saw he had done well to emerge from the solitude of Warewood, and let his daughters see more than the little narrow world of Boscombe, upon whose shore the great sea beat without bringing with it other sounds or other life than its own ceaseless roar, and the whirl and cry of the wild sea-bird.

Rachel's nature was more reserved, more timid, and yet more firm than Dora's; she had resisted sorrow in resolute pride, but this very stubbornness in her which had refused to yield to grief held intact her love also. Hence these new scenes passed over her like the wash of a wave upon a rock, which leaves the stone unchanged. Shut away in silence in her own soul, lay the passionate regret of wasted love, mingled with a painful fear of new affection, a little doubt of truth and love. So her worshippers were held in awe, and were never friendly as Dora's were; they stood aloof, deeming her beauty divine, and sighing at her coldness.

But as the summer days shortened into autumn, Dora brightened more and more. She began to sing as of old when she sat at work, or she would run upon the lawn with dog or kitten or any creature that would play with her. And sometimes she would laugh at her old self, and tell Rachel grief was a hard nursling to keep, and he was running away from her fast.

In fact, the girl was in superb health again, and sorrow and health are sworn foes.

It was bright clear September, when her truant lover came back to her repentant, and found her full of carelessness and glee. Thus it ever happens in this world—love when we yearn for it comes not, but when we grow careless it crouches at our feet.

Harry saw Rachel first. She was sitting on the terrace of the great hotel, looking at the wonderful sublime beauty of the hills with dreaming gaze. She did not see him.

"Rachel!" he said, a little wistfully, holding out his hand.

Then Rachel rose wonderingly from her garden chair and stared at him with big blue eyes, graver and tenderer now than a year ago.

"Harry!" she cried. "Is it possible? Why are you here—is Cordelia with you, or your father?"

"Neither. I am come alone. Where is Dora? Can I see her—is she really ill?" Then Rachel began to blush, partly because she perceived what Harry's errand was, and partly because at this moment she really felt ashamed that Dora should be as rosy as a child.

"My sister is quite well, thank you. At Warewood she was so ill—you know she never can bear hot weather—that papa and I felt alarmed, and so we came here, and she has got quite well, and enjoys the change immensely."

Enjoys it! Yes, evidently; for just at this moment he heard the merriest laugh in the world, and turning, saw Dora coming down the green and flowery slope of the great hill, with a group of friends and admirers crowding around her.

It gave him the strangest pang to see *his* Dora with lovers—for a jealous eye spies lovers in a moment—to see this quiet country girl, who had never had an admirer but himself, surrounded now by worshippers. One carried her parasol, another held a bunch of wild flowers she had gathered, a third had her shawl hanging on his arm. Harry felt his lip quiver as her dainty step drew near, and his eyes sought her face eagerly. If she had only looked a little pale it would have comforted him, but she was as bright as a red rose, and her lips were full of laughter.

There was just a little start when she saw him, a little heightening of the lovely rose flush upon her cheeks, then she stood still and waited for him to come to her.

"How do you do?" he said calmly. Through miles of railroad travelling, and coach jolting, he had toiled over set phrases and grand speeches he meant to make, and this is what came of them. Just that

miserable, lame, common-place question—"How do you do?"

"Oh, quite well, thank you," Dora answered, dragging her hand away a little quickly. "This will be quite a surprise for papa, will it not, Rachel? I hope your father is much better, Mr. Gwynne."

Mr. Gwynne! Had he travelled five or six hundred miles to hear himself called Mr. Gwynne?

"Miss Musgrave!" cried a young Oxonian, the bravest of the adorers, "we are planning an excursion for to-morrow, and no one will come to any agreement till we hear what you would like."

He ran up to her, and led her away quite naturally, as if he had all the right, and Harry was left planted forlornly on the terrace alone. After one long rueful gaze he took refuge with Rachel, and began to talk to her.

"I saw Haslam at Malta," he said, "on his way to Egypt. He told me something you had said to him on the sands at Boscombe, and so I am come here, but I see it is all useless. I had better go home again. I am quite forgotten."

"Is it not your own fault?" said Rachel.

"Ah, that is such poor comfort. But I suppose it is true, and I deserve it all. Is she engaged to that young fellow in the knickerbockers? What legs he has! Like a coal-porter's: he ought to hide them in respectable bags."

"He is rather proud of his limbs. And Dora is not engaged to him or to any one, unless the engagement has taken place in the last half-hour."

"But it is evident she can be engaged whenever she pleases, and she spoke to me just now as if I were a stranger."

So Harry went on with a list of love's grievances, till Mr. Musgrave, his face warming at sight of a Boscombe face, came to him and shook hands warmly.

"How pleased I am to see you! And you are come to stay with us, Harry, I hope?"

"If you will let me, Mr. Musgrave."

"Let you! We shall all be delighted. And is the rector well again? And your mother and sister, how are they?"

Mr. Musgrave stooped and patted his dog as he asked this last question.

Harry answered briefly; his troubled eyes were following Dora in her promenade with the Oxonian.

"And is—is Cordelia going to be married?" asked Mr. Musgrave, still stooping over his dog.

"I believe so; but it is not quite settled yet. Haslam, however, has spoken to my father and asked his consent: they have got as far as that," said Harry with a dismal smile.

"As far as that," repeated Mr. Musgrave. "Why, that is all the way, Harry. When a lover asks the father's consent, it shows he is all right with the lady."

He spoke in his old cheery voice. It was a pain put away now and parted with, this dead hope of his that had never bloomed.

"Does it?" returned Harry. "Then I wish I had got as far. Will you let me try? That is what I am come for. And—and you have known me all my life. You will not put these strangers before me?"

"No; I will not, my lad," and the two men grasped hands kindly. "But don't tell Dora you have put the cart before the horse, and done your wooing to me first; she would not like that."

But Harry had grown wiser in his love-making, and scarcely needed this counsel. Still it was hard to find Dora by herself, harder still to find her serious, for being many shades colder, she could laugh and talk and be at her ease in a way which was certainly delightful, but at the same time extremely aggravating.

"I was wrong to be angry that day we parted at Warewood," said Harry, snatching at a brief moment's opportunity one day when the others were riding on a-head. "Say you forgive me, Dora."

"There's nothing to forgive. I've forgotten all about it," answered Dora.

"Have you really? But you will let me say I am sorry? I have not been able to forget it."

"Was it worth while to remember such a stupid blunder?"

"Yes, when it affected one's whole life as it did mine. I thought I had been building up all my happiness on a dream. I fancied you were laughing at me—that, in fact, you hated me. And, Dora, cannot you imagine how miserable such a thought has made me?"

A smile began to quiver at the corner of Dora's lips, but she checked it as she caught a sly look at Harry's rueful countenance.

"You are laughing at me now," he said. "Don't laugh; I can't bear it. I shall hate Malta all my life for the wretched time I have spent there this summer, baking in the sun, and thinking of the cool green glades of Warewood, till I felt like a bear."

This time Dora allowed herself to smile.

"I understood Malta was a gay, delightful place, and you were enjoying yourself immensely."

"That's quite a mistake. I never had a happy minute till Haslam came to me. He told me you were ill; but I find you bright as a red rose."

"How kind of you to be made happy by hearing I was ill."

"You know it was not that. I was made happy by—by simply hearing of you. And I began to think that if I had only had sense enough to hear your proffered explanation on the day you treated my effigy so badly, that perhaps——"

"Yes, you are right there," interposed Dora. "But it was not my fault if you would not listen."

"No, it was all mine. What a blundering boy I was!" said Harry, much ashamed, and feeling considerably older for his six months' experience. "Say you forgive me, Dora!"

"Have I not said that already?"

"No; and I am waiting for it very eagerly."

"Well, I have said it was not worth forgiving, and that is just the same thing."

"Not exactly; but I will take it so, if you like. It is such a comfort to have old scores wiped out. It was awfully good of Haslam to come to Malta, for if

I had not seen him I should have gone to India without a word, but surely now, Dora, you will not let me go in bitterness."

"I hope not," said Dora. "I see no reason why there should be bitterness between you and me. I tell you I have quite forgotten our stupid quarrel."

"And have you forgotten me too? Won't you take back this little ring?"

Dora blushed as there flashed before her eyes the gift she had returned, half in hope, half in anger. The ring was a prettily devised one; it was formed of small leaves of green enamel, with turquoises set as forget-me-nots.

"I fancied you had forgotten me," she said; "so it was an inappropriate gift to keep. I will take it back, if you wish."

"Will you take me with it, Dora?" And his hand caught hers in an eager, nervous clasp. "I go to India next month; you will not let me leave in sorrow?"

No; it was but a lovers' quarrel, and they made it up, as lovers should, with kisses. And he loved her now with a manlier heart, and she loved him with a surer trust.

"I cannot help laughing," said Dora, "when I think how foolish we have been."

But her eyes were bright with tears as she spoke, and both knew this grief and estrangement had been good for them. They would never mistake each other again.

Yet Dora had won her cause, not through grief but by cheerfulness. If she had suffered a little sorrow, she had borne it bravely, and she had rallied in the first sunshine as a girl should.

Ah, maidens! laugh always if you would win. Never weep for love—he runs away from tears. And a lover's heart is held firmest by a careless hand. The ball you toss high into the air falls back to your grasp: the one you scarcely dare to part from rolls away.

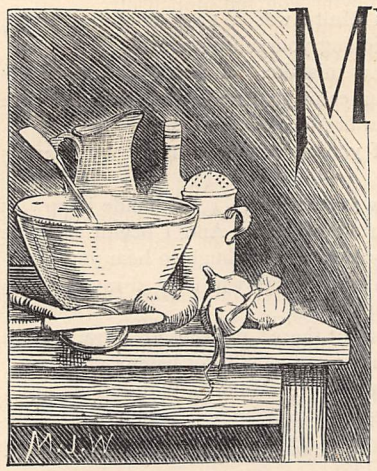
END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

THE summer breeze comes floating from the downs,
O'er banks of marjoram and fragrant thyme,
Carrying sweet scents to villages and towns,
And singing in a cadence of pure rhyme.
It lingers in the rose-bowers in full bloom,
And stays in dalliance in the vernal woods,
Evoking harmonies which cheer the gloom,
And brighten nature's loneliest solitudes.
Its soft wings, like an angel's, wave in peace,
And rustling harvest-fields, and calm content,
And garners filled with hundred-fold increase,
And luscious fruits by heavenly bounty sent.
O welcome summer breeze! I feel thee now,
In cooling freshness playing round my brow.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

OUR VILLAGE COOKING CLASS.



MY husband has requested me to write an account of a course of lessons in cheap cookery, which I have lately given the labourers' wives in our village, assuring me that my receipts for vegetable soups, puddings, and stews, being within reach of the very poor, may be acceptable to ladies who are anxious to do good in their neighbourhood.

I must begin by saying that our income of three hundred a year does not admit of lavish almsgiving, and that I have always been constrained to teach our people to help themselves, rather than to supply their wants by charity.

We have had experience of all kinds of people, in the three country parishes, in the north of Ireland, of which Mr. Anderson has been rector, and have been painfully struck by the miserable cookery and utter lack of comfort that prevailed.

A cottage gardening society which we established two years ago has succeeded beyond our hopes. Little strips of garden before the houses give an air of cheerfulness to the villages and scattered cottages in the parish; and the potato gardens are beginning to be stocked with other vegetables.

At our flower show last summer many people gained prizes for onions, peas, beans, carrots, &c., and it was this fact that induced me to attempt to teach the women how to turn their vegetables to the best account.

Mr. Anderson gave me the use of the school-room twice a week after school-hours, having offered to submit to the class being held in the rectory kitchen, an offer I declined.

"Why not use our oven?" he asked.

"Because there are no ovens in the cottages, and my first lessons must therefore be confined to things boiled or stewed. The loan of the school-room grate, some coal, a pot, kettle, saucepan, and a few plates and spoons, will enable me to begin in comfort."

I began in a diplomatic manner by going to Biddy Harrigan, an industrious young girl, who had been awarded prizes for her onions and carrots ; and after admiring for the twentieth time the basket-work chair in which her invalid sister sat, and the lamp on the table, both prizes won last summer, I broke to her my plan of having a cooking class, and got her to consent to be a pupil.

Eleven others, principally elderly married women, joined us, and I gave my first lesson to a class of twelve.

Never in my life had I felt so anxious, and at the same time so resolute, as when I stood at the little table before the school-room fire, waiting for my women to appear. The kettle was singing on the hob ; the black pot and the saucepan were on the hearth ready for use ; and the knife was already in my hand.

Biddy was the first to enter.

"The women's coming up the street, Mrs. Anderson," she began, looking amused and eager—"there's Nelly McBride, Mrs. McAlister, Nancy McAward, an' a wheen more."

"Well, Biddy, put seats for them at each side of the table, and you shall stand beside me, and be my kitchen-maid."

The pupils came in, dressed in their clean frilled caps and Sunday shawls, and took their places, evidently very curious as to what kind of entertainment I was about to provide for them.

"I am going to show you how to make onion soup," said I, opening my basket and spreading the ingredients upon the table ; "it is easy to make, and I am sure your husbands will like it."

"Dear, dear, where would the likes of us get soup, Mrs. Anderson?" asked Nancy McAward, smiling indulgently at my simplicity.

"Don't you sometimes buy a little bit of bacon?"

"Oh, ay, ma'am, whiles."

"And you have onions in your garden?"

"Sure she got the second prize for them at the show," interrupted Mrs. McAlister

"'I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE ONION SOUP,' SAID I."

"Ay, thon box iron, an' a beauty it is," cried Nelly McBride.

"And you sometimes get oatmeal, flour, salt, and vinegar at the shop?" I asked, trying to bring my pupils back to the matter in hand.

"We do, surely, ma'am."

"And you have a couple of eggs to spare now and then?"

Yes, they all had poultry, and made a good deal of money by selling eggs.

"Then if you like the soup that I am going to show you how to make, it will be easy for you to have it occasionally. Here are the materials we need to make it —four ounces of bacon, twelve onions, half a pound of oatmeal, or half a pound of stale bread, a table-spoonful of flour, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and two eggs."

"Is that all you'll put in it, ma'am?"

"All, I assure you."

"Well, well, why wouldn't we make that?" said Biddy, my kitchen-maid.

"Sure we'd make it if it would pleasure the good lady," put in Nancy McAward.

Ignoring the last remark, I took my knife, and proceeded to cut up the bacon in very small pieces. It was very fat bacon, and sputtered and fizzed a good deal when I put it in the pot on the fire.

Meanwhile Biddy peeled and cut up the onions, and by the time the bacon had ceased to make a noise, she threw them into the pot as I directed.

"Stir the onions, Biddy, in the melted fat until they become brown; stir gently and constantly for fear they should burn. You ought to stir them from ten to fifteen minutes; can you guess the time?"

"An' how would a poor body find the time to stand stirring?" objected Nancy McAward.

I feared she was going to turn out the obstructive member of the class, but I pretended not to have heard her question, and went on with my directions.

"Are the onions brown? Yes, a very nice brown." I looked into the pot, and all the women crowded upon one another to do the same. "Now observe I shake a spoonful of flour over them, and stir for a few minutes longer. Where is the quart measure? Biddy, pour two quarts of boiling water into the pot."

This was done, and the soup was stirred again.

I hesitated for a moment between the half-pound of oatmeal, which lay on one plate, and the half-pound of stale bread beside it.

"Either the meal or the crust of bread will do to put into the soup," I said, "but the crust certainly tastes the best; which will be easiest for you to get?"

"As to that, ma'am," replied Biddy, "we all buy white bread pretty often, and as you say the crust tastes best, be pleased to put it in."

So I cut the bread into small pieces, and added it to the soup, and let all boil steadily for a quarter of an hour, stirring often.

"Now, Biddy," I cried, "take off the pot and set it on the hearth. We will not add salt, as we are using bacon. See, I next beat up the yolks of these two eggs with a spoonful of vinegar: I then mix some of the soup with the eggs and vinegar; and lastly I stir all together in the pot until it is very well mixed. The soup is now ready. Hand me a cup, Biddy—I must taste it."

Finding it to be delicious, I ladled out some with great pride, and handed it to the women.

"Beautiful!" cried one.

"It's the darling soup," said another.

"Dear, but it's strong an' nourishing!" exclaimed a third.

"And not difficult to cook," I suggested.

"It would be fine kitchen for the potatoes," said Nelly McBride in a meditative tone.

Nelly is the mother of a large family of grown-up sons, who are earning good wages, and whose unappetising dinner of salt herring and dry potatoes I had often chanced to see in process of preparation.

I thought how easy it would be for her to provide the ingredients of the soup very frequently; and a delightful vision of a comfortable meal served at her fireside floated before my mind's eye, which should be the means of keeping the young men away from the too attractive public-house just opposite.

That public-house is Mr. Anderson's chief difficulty in the parish; it is the great enemy of our people, and to rob it of its customers is my ardent desire. The gardening society has dealt it a blow, by occupying the people in the spring and summer evenings—would that my cooking class might deal it another and more deadly one!

"*I'll* make onion soup to-morrow," said Biddy, washing the table and cooking implements as she spoke. "Would it be good for Jane?"

Jane was the invalid sister for whom the basket-work chair had been provided. I replied that the soup would be excellent for Jane, and hoped that Biddy's cooking might succeed.

"Would you be pleased to look in at our house, when you leave the school to-morrow, ma'am, an' perhaps I might make so free as to ask you to taste the soup?" faltered Biddy, blushing very much.

"Thank you, Biddy, I shall be delighted to call."

The women were much impressed by Biddy's invitation, and went away thoughtfully. None of them expressed any intention of making onion soup for themselves, however, but I resolved not to push my triumph too far, and prudently refrained from exacting any promises from them, except of future attendance at the cooking class.

Mr. Anderson was charmed at my success. "What!" he cried—"one out of your class of twelve has volunteered to cook at home, and to cook to-morrow! My dear Fanny, I wish you joy."

Biddy kept house for her father, brother, and sick sister. She had got the second prize for a clean house, at our flower show the previous summer, as well as prizes for her vegetables. She was a credit to us in every way, and was perhaps the best pioneer I could have found for carrying out my reforms.

I duly called on her next day, and thought her onion soup quite as good as that I had made for the class.

"Will she persevere? That question must, alas! always be asked where the Irish are concerned," was my husband's remark when I told him of Biddy's success.

When the hour for my second cooking class arrived, I was encouraged to find all my twelve pupils waiting for me.

"I am going to show you how to make an onion pudding," I began. "It will take an hour and a half to cook. You have all got herbs in your gardens, and I think most of you hung up a bundle of them to dry, as I advised?"

"We did, ma'am, sure enough."

"Well, who will be so good as to fetch me two or three leaves of sage, and a sprig of thyme?"

"I will, ma'am, for I've only to go next door," said Nelly McBride; "is there anything else I could oblige you with?—I could bring onions in plenty."

"I know you could, Nelly, and you shall furnish everything if you like next time."

When she returned, I set Biddy to peel and halve the onions. While this operation was in progress, I told my class the proportions of our ingredients: half a pound of onions, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a tea-spoonful of dried sage, half a tea-spoonful of thyme, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, a little salt, and two ounces of fat bacon.

"Now, Biddy, put the onions in the saucepan, and let them boil for ten minutes. Now drain away the water from them, and chop them, but not too fine. Mix them with the bread-crumbs, the herbs, the pepper and salt, and the fat, which you see I have just melted."

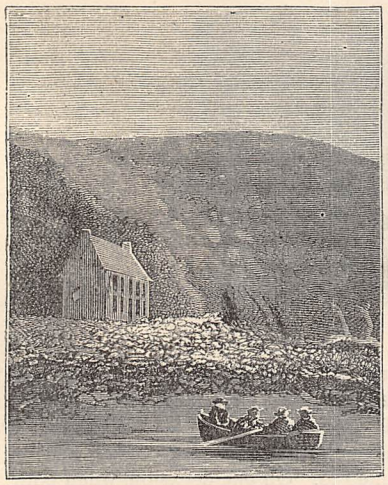
While she had been employed in chopping up the onions, I had melted the fat in the saucepan from which they had just been taken.

She obeyed my directions, and I then put the mixture into a greased basin, which I tied up in a cloth, plunged into the pot, and left to boil an hour and a quarter. The result was excellent. The women's exclamations of admiration when, at some expense of scalded fingers, I untied the string and turned the pudding out upon the dish, round in form, smoking hot, and savoury in smell, well repaid me for my previous anxiety.

"Dear, but it is the darling pudding!" cried Nelly McBride, "an' sure *I* ha' the onions, an' thyme, an' sage handy; an' the bit o' fat bacon, an' the white bread is handy too, when I ha' the halfpence. *I'll* make the pudding to-morrow, an' if Mrs. Anderson would look in, the way she did at Biddy's, maybe she would tell me if it was right."

This observation was not directly addressed to me, but I replied by cordially accepting the timid invitation, and went home feeling encouraged to continue my cooking lessons. LETITIA MCCLINTOCK.

AN UNKNOWN CHANNEL ISLAND.

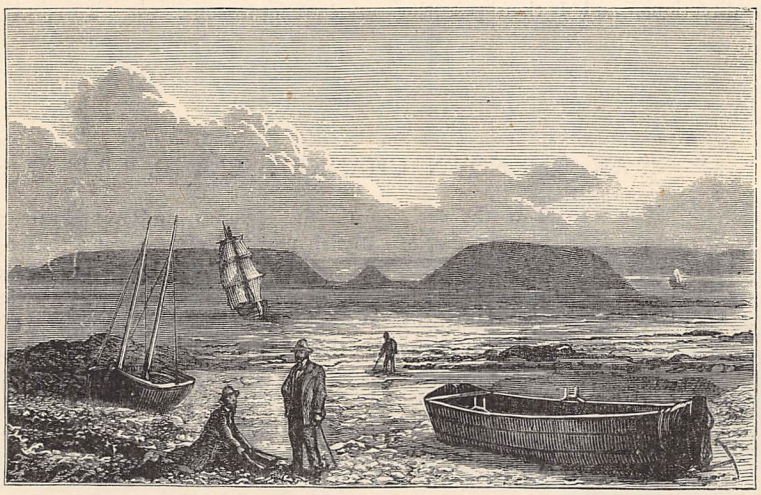


IN the early summer of last year, being on a visit to Guernsey (for a catalogue of the beauties of which spot I refer you to your favourite guide-books), I received an invitation from a friend to embark on a voyage to the island I am about to describe. "It's only a few miles," he said; "we take the steamer to Herm, which you can see clearly in the distance, and then jump into a row-boat and get across to Jethou." Jethou, reader, is the name of my island, and I feel disposed to believe that you have never even heard of it before. I will not enter into the particulars of the objections I raised at the time, principally on account of my unseamanlike constitution, as they would not prove interesting; suffice it to say that I was ultimately persuaded to join in the enterprise, and after a full year's reflection I see no reason to repent the determination I arrived at. Like Captain Cuttle, I am in the habit of making notes, and according to the memoranda of a certain day in June, 1877, I started from the quay at Guernsey, in company with my friend and his gamekeeper, *en route* for the island of Jethou. Arrived at Herm, we deposited ourselves in a small boat which was lowered from the steamer, and a stalwart specimen of the British mariner set to work to ferry us across the narrow strip of sea which divides Herm from Jethou. The nautical gentleman had all he could do to keep the boat's head towards the place of our destination, as the tide swirled along at a tremendous pace. There is no pier, no quay, no landing-stage of any description at Jethou; there is not even a patch of sand or a shelving beach on which to run your boat. In place of those luxuries there is a fringe of nice sharp boulders, in circumference from four feet upwards, green as grass and slippery as ice. On these tempting perches we were compelled to land, and then commenced a pilgrimage across a stony waste of about 100 yards in extent. Compared to this infliction a promenade on an equal distance of unrolled granite cubes (the delight of our enlightened vestries) would have been simple bliss. However, this temporary trouble was got over—a few ugly gashes in my thin boots remaining as a memorial of the brief martyrdom. We made for what looked like a very tumble-down sort of house, with outbuildings attached, situate some 150 yards from the spot of our debarkation, and on our way I inquired where were the people, and what were they doing, as there was not a human being visible. My friend referred me to the gamekeeper, whereupon I asked him the number of the inhabitants. "Three, including ourselves, sir." This was his idea of wit, and not so bad for a gamekeeper, either. "Then the island is uninhabited?" It was, and had been for some years. Never before had I felt so much like Robinson Crusoe, not because I was monarch of all I surveyed, for I wasn't, but because the sensation of finding myself on an uninhabited island, somehow or other, irresistibly recalled the surroundings of Defoe's hero. At that moment, when

the startling fact was first communicated to me, I do believe that I should have accepted the appearance of a horde of savages in their war-paint as a very proper and natural adjunct to the scene. I do not think so now. Gaining the house, it was found to be in a most dilapidated condition, almost innocent of glass, and doubtful as to window-frames. It had been the bailiff's residence in times gone by; and since its desertion the fishermen of neighbouring islands had somewhat failed in their endeavours to discern the proper limits of the rights of property; in less delicate language, they had, from time to time, completely sacked the place. At the time I visited the island a considerable reward was offered for the conviction of trespassers. Leaving this melancholy spectacle, we proceeded up-hill and inland towards what had once been the residence of the late tenant, a gentleman, one may fairly assume, of a somewhat retiring disposition. On our way we passed what *had* been cornfields, or, at all events, ploughed land, now overrun with weeds and wild flowers of every description. It was pitiable to see a broad expanse of land in such a deplorable condition. On reaching the principal residence, or King of Jethou's palace—which shall we call it?—we found that it was, if possible, in a worse condition than its dismantled neighbour. There were huge gaps in the flooring, boards that fell to powder under our feet, and sheets of plaster that came tumbling from the walls in response to the vibration caused by our footsteps. Swallows had selected the dining-room and kitchen as desirable spots for the rearing of their offspring, and I found a number of eggs and young birds in both of these well-ventilated rooms. Windows were *non est*, and doors at a heavy premium. But to my eyes the most heart-rending sight of all was the garden. Originally laid out in terraces, one of which commanded an uninterrupted view of the sea and the adjacent islands, it must in its palmy days have been one of the sweetest spots imaginable, but now—its flowers choked with nettles and mighty docks, the straggling fruit-trees grown all but barren for want of pruning, and the terraces absolutely rotting to pieces—it presented an appearance of desolation and neglect not easy to be forgotten. A verse or two of Shelley's exquisite poem, "The Sensitive Plant," occurred to me as I gazed on this mournful scene, and the following words of the poet fittingly describe the then aspect of the spot:—

> "And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
> And the dock, and the henbane, and hemlock dank
> Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
> And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.
> And plants, at whose name the verse feels loth,
> Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth."

Before leaving the subject of the house and its surroundings, I ought to mention that the former is credited with the possession of a real ghost. The gamekeeper informed me that he and a companion lived in it for some time when the present tenant entered upon his property, in order to protect the island from further pillage at the hands of the fishing gentry before alluded to. On one occasion, when both the men were up-stairs, but in different rooms, a voice was heard below, "Come down; I want you!" Both accordingly came down, and met on the ground-floor. Neither had called, and there was no one else on the island. *Verb. sap.* Moreover, strange noises were heard at night, a circumstance which does not appear to me to be very extraordinary, when we remember the free access of the wind. "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this." Leaving the building, we now proceeded to make a tour of the island, an undertaking which involved a walk of about two miles, that being its estimated circumference. Have you ever had your pathway blocked by butterflies? *I* have, and Jethou was the scene of the blockade. Hundreds of thousands of small brown butterflies (I wish I was sufficient entomologist to specify them) swarmed around me, and as I did not wish to swallow them, or to snare them in my whiskers,



JETHOU.

I was actually compelled to come to a full stop and whisk them away with a pocket-handkerchief. They literally covered the wild flowers and brakes through which we waded.

Accessible from Jethou at low tide is a conical mass of rock about 300 feet in height, on the summit of which a white landmark has been fixed by a paternal Government. The tide happening to be low on the occasion of our visit, we determined to make for this rock, and, if possible, get to the top of it. I shall never forget that climb. Very much like the side of a house, and with very little more to catch hold of. But we did get up, all three of us, and were well rewarded for our pains (properly, foolhardiness). We obtained a magnificent view, and found ourselves—think of this, O ye Londoners !—in the land of sea-gulls. Their harsh cries sounded on every side of us, and they appeared very loth to quit their ground as we toiled higher and higher. We found eggs—about the size of a turkey's egg—which the gamekeeper pronounced, with what amount of accuracy I do not know, to be those of sea-gulls ; and we also captured a young curlew (it looked to me more like a week-old chick), which we proposed to carry off, but the piteous cries of the mother, as she circled above our heads, softened our hearts, and we allowed the youngster to trot off. I omitted to say that in no instance were the eggs found in a nest—indeed, we saw no nest—but were laid on the bare rock, fully exposed to wind and rain. Spartan mothers, those sea-gulls ! At the summit and on every plateau the rock was strewn with limpet-shells, the remains of bygone "fish dinners." It seemed odd to find comparatively fresh shells at such an elevation. How the gulls persuade the limpets to quit their hold of the rocks below I cannot say, but my own persuasive powers, added to a big stone, failed to move them on several occasions. Reminded by our guide that we had better hasten if we did not wish to spend the night on the rock, we scrambled down somehow or other, slightly bruised, perhaps, but with no hurt of consequence, and, completing our circuit of the island, reached our boat after a stay of nearly four hours. It would perhaps be as well to mention the real object of our visit. We came to "lay down" rabbits, a supply of those rodents being brought over by the gamekeeper. For some years past the stock of rabbits—the only game on the island—has been very small, and the present proprietor intends to raise a large supply for the various markets. Sheep will be—and perhaps have been—added to the live-stock, and with these two commodities, so far as I know, the commercial importance of the island ceases. Jethou is the property of the Crown, and is leased out at a rental of about £30 per annum. Who would not wish to purchase a regalia and proclaim himself King of Jethou ? No standing army, no gas or water rate, and no friends in the chronic state of having left their purses at home. Perfect peace—

> "As round our isle the azure billow roars,
> From all the world dividing *Jethou's* shores !"

The shade of Pye will understand the italics, which are my own. What is the present condition of the island and its appurtenances I do not know, but it is quite possible that those interested in its well-being may now be able to say with—who was the author of the saying?—well, with some one, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" I shall take an opportunity of judging for myself.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

CROWNED IN SUMMER.

A MORN when quivering lights and shadows fall
Athwart the fair luxuriance of the trees ;
A morn when summer voices lightly call,
And come and go with every passing breeze ;
When bees about the clover hum a tune,
And idle streamlets purl a listless song for June.

A morn when all the hedgerows glimmer white
With summer snow, scattered by hawthorn flowers ;
A morn when Nature trembles with delight,
And Love is lingering in the golden hours,
And hiding 'mongst the purple shades that lie
Where the dim forest fringes meet the bending sky.

Fair Lettice from her morning dreams awoke,
And lo, her heart was softly murmuring
An echoing joy, that into rapture broke
As she the casement open wide did fling,
And felt the balmy air, whose sweet perfume,
From dewy flowers distilled, as incense filled the room.

Lettice was dwelling in a golden land,
Bright with warm sunshine, where a monarch reigned
Despotic; yet so loved was his command,
Each despotism fresh devotion gained ;
And each new chain her king about her cast
Seemed forged of purest gold, more precious than the last.

She looked into her mirror, where she saw
A young face flushed and fair as fair might be ;
And thinking of her king, and his sweet law,
She wondered if a queen he there might see ;
And so a-dreaming still she hummed a song
All idly, "Love me little, love me long."

Outside loud cawed the noisy busy rook,
And ever and again the cuckoo's cry
Resounded through the woods, and with it took
Her thoughts to one bright day of spring gone by
When first she heard it, and her fair cheek burned
As she her pocket-piece within her pocket turned.

And wished in simple faith a wish, that she
Must till its consummation secret keep.
Ah ! would the secret shared by two might be,
And joy through it into her heart might creep ;
For if the charm but worked, her king was won
And she would be the happiest maiden 'neath the sun.

Thus musing she up-bound her shining hair,
Smoothed out the folds of her trim dainty gown;
And quick she slipped adown the oaken stair,
And oped the garden door, that roses crown
With crimson bloom; and wandered through the maze
Of box-edged borders quaint, with gayest flowers ablaze.

Beneath the walnut-tree that graced the lawn
A youth stood, wondering if to go or stay;
The gathering glory of the summer morn
Around in misty sparkling splendour lay.
He turned to go, then did his steps retrace;
And still he lingered as if loth to leave the place.

Thus each unto the other nearer drew,
Unconscious that the other was so near;
Yet o'er each cheek flushed forth a rosier hue,
As in the presence of the one most dear;
Each breathed a gentler air, as though kind Heaven
Had to the blooming earth soft Eden breezes given.

Loud sing the birds—the rippling waters dance
As tinkling silver bells o'er moss-grown stones;
Whilst sudden Lettice' downcast eyes up-glance,
And with deep tell-tale blush her king she owns;
Whilst thus he spake: "Thou wilt not say me nay,
Lettice, my queen, my life, my only love alway?"

O cuckoo! cuckoo! Then the charm is true,
The maiden's wish when she first heard thy voice
Hath come to pass. The secret's known to two,
And over it two loving hearts rejoice.
Ah, who would think the cuckoo's note could bring
A coronation-song for queen and king?

So mused sweet Lettice in her glad content
That all the world so very fair had grown;
Yet still as on and on the lovers went,
The maiden's heart inclined to change its tone.
"O cuckoo! cuckoo! it was love, not thee,
That led the footsteps of my king to me!"

JULIA GODDARD.

FALSE COLOURS.

"Alas! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read,
False colours last after the true be dead."

THOMAS DEKKER.

NEXT to a pretty mouth, it has been said that a good complexion is the most important essential to a pretty face. Though some might be inclined to give the preference to good eyes, it yet must be acknowledged that a good complexion carries a great charm with it, conveying, as it does, an expression of purity, healthfulness, and, in some cases, even of refinement; while, on the contrary, an utterly bad complexion goes far to destroy the effect of good features. Considering this, and that the first traces of the footsteps of advancing age are visible in the changed colouring of the face, it is not wonderful that women are anxious on the matter, and that quacks and impostors do an excellent business in cosmetics. When a girl first tries the effect of a little touch of pink on her sallow cheeks and a "dust" of powder on the forehead, and round the eyes and mouth, she is delighted with the effect. She stands back from the glass, as a painter stands back from his easel, and views the effect with approving eyes, which shine all the more brightly for the rouge, and the girl's pleasure in her improved appearance. It is worth feeling a little dishonest, she thinks, to look so well. But, alas for her good looks! "getting-up" is like dram-drinking or gambling. The number of the drams increases daily; so does the value of the stakes; and so, imperceptibly but surely, does the thickness of the pearl-powder and of the rouge. The imitation of Nature's white and red has become a burlesque, a parody, a flimsy device, patent to the least experienced eye.

Nor is this all. At the end of a year, the patroness of cosmetics finds that her skin is beginning to get coarse, that pimples occasionally appear, that a disagreeable and unsightly yellowness begins to show round the eyes and on the top of the cheeks. These very unbecoming symptoms are the effect of the pores being constantly stopped up by powder and rouge; but instead of being deterred from their use on that account, the silly girl applies them more constantly than ever, in a desperate attempt to hide the ravages they themselves have made.

An amusing incident, in an otherwise very disagreeable case, was the evident horror with which a lady-patient once received the announcement that her "pores were all open." She evidently considered that she was in a terribly dangerous condition while this was the case, and her anxiety to get the money, and have her pores safely closed, became intense. Her ignorance was no greater than that of thousands of English girls. They know nothing of the structure of the skin, nor of the means of keeping it in perfect health, and, consequently, in its highest beauty.

There are means of permanently improving a bad complexion, and of retaining the characteristics of a good one beyond middle life and into old age, and as these means tend also to the maintenance of good health, and of its natural outflow, good spirits, it is well worth our attention to examine into them.

A great authority has given to the world a rule of health, which is also a rule of good complexions. It is: "By food, by raiment, by exercise, and by ablution, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin." We all know what an injurious effect extremes of heat or cold have upon the complexion. How different a pretty girl looks in an east wind from the same girl on a breezy day in early June, with a south wind ruffling her hair and gently deepening her soft colour! And again, how unbecoming is the intense

(Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.)

"HE LINGERED AS IF LOTH TO LEAVE THE PLACE."

CROWNED IN SUMMER (p. 466).

heat of August to the same girl, running the edges of the pink into hard lines, and marring the purity of the white! It is, therefore, reasonable to believe that an "agreeable warmth of the skin" is necessary to a good complexion.

As to the first article of this creed, food, the same authority, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, shows that food is a source of warmth; that what is agreeable to the palate is, as a rule, wholesome to the healthy; that the maxim, "Little and often," is obviously unsound, and that the proper periods for meals are those at which we are accustomed to take them in this country—the morning meal at eight or nine, lunch at one or two, and dinner at seven or eight. "That these are the proper periods for meals," he says, "is evident from the fact of their maintaining their place amid the changes which fashion is constantly introducing. The lunch of fashion is a light and commendable dinner; the dinner of fashion is an early and moderate supper."

It might appear that the refreshing cup of tea that seems so necessary about five o'clock every day, has been forgotten in our list of meals; but Dr. Wilson only forbids it *as* a meal. Tea and coffee he considers most useful articles of diet; but forbids bread and butter, toast, cakes, or muffins to be conjoined to them.

The feelings are the best guide as to the quantity and texture of the clothing necessary to maintain an agreeable warmth of the body, so indispensable to health; and this brings us to the question of exercise, which, to be beneficial to the complexion, should be regular, moderate, and considered distinct from the exercise entailed by household duties, shopping, or fashionable calls.

Ablution is a most important and effectual agent, and one to which less attention is usually directed than to any of the other three. The secret of many a muddy, sallow, or blotched complexion lies in the fact that the daily bath is neglected, and the skin is thus prevented from doing its work, and throwing off the impurities it necessarily contracts. It is said that the secret of the exquisite complexion of Ninon de l'Enclos, who retained her remarkable beauty till she was eighty, was nothing more than the constant use of rain-water. While the ladies of her time were longing to know what cosmetic the celebrated beauty used, she kept her counsel, and her doctor supplied her constantly with bottles of soft water, too well paid for the attention not to be proof against the bribes held out to him by those who were anxious to know the precious secret.

But whether or not rain-water was the sole cosmetic employed by the celebrated Ninon, the fact is indisputable that without the plentiful use of water no complexion can retain its purity. And soap? On this point there is a greater variety of opinion, some holding that soap is an irritant, and others that it is not only harmless but necessary. Dr. Wilson says that its use is calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and to prevent its falling into wrinkles; and that if any unpleasant sensations are felt after its use, they may be immediately removed by rinsing the surface with water slightly acidulated with lemon-juice.

There are several wrong ways of washing the face, and but one right. Towel, flannel, sponge are all out of place where the face is concerned. The hands only should be used. Dr. Wilson's directions are: "Fill your basin about two-thirds full with fresh water; dip your face in the water, and then your hands. Soap the hands well, and pass the soaped hands with gentle friction over the whole face. Having performed this part of the operation thoroughly, dip the face in the water a second time, and rinse it completely; you may add very much to the luxury of the latter part of the operation by having a second basin ready with fresh water to perform a final rinse."

But the care of the complexion requires that not only the face, but the whole body shall be daily subjected to the bath. The sponge-bath is, perhaps, the best, and the temperature of the water must be regulated by the sensations of the bather, and by the season of the year.

No one can deny the charm of clear, soft colour in the cheeks and lips, and it must be an incorrigible complexion indeed that will not yield to the measures that I have recommended.

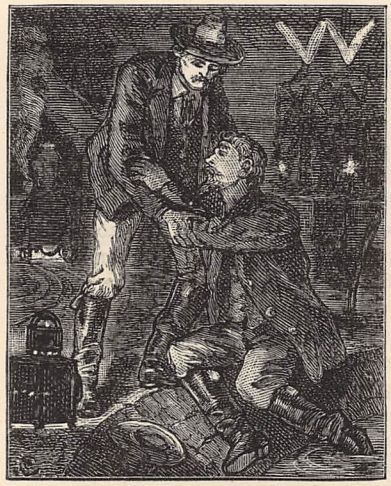
EVELYN HOPE.

RUNNING "PILOT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RACE FOR LIFE."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

FOUL PLAY.



"WHO is standing pilot this evening?" said the superintendent, or "boss," as he was called.

"Seth Martin," was the foreman's reply.

"Tell him to come here, will you; and hurry up!"

The foreman hastened away, and both he and Seth Martin must have "spread themselves," as the former said, for in a few minutes the engine-driver stood before his chief.

The great man took a comprehensive look at the engineer, who flinched not a muscle. His clear steady eyes were as blue as the sky; a handsome brown beard ornamented his face, which, albeit rather dirty, was full of character and determination. To use the popular expression, "he was pure gold down to bed-rock."

The superintendent, satisfied with his scrutiny, nodded to the engine-driver, and said—

"There's a specie train up out of Collinsville to-night, Seth."

"I know that," was the curt response.

"And it will require close watching," continued the chief.

"I s'pose so—I know that," repeated Seth.

"You are mighty knowin' this evening," said the superintendent, smiling, "but there is one thing you don't know, Sonny. You don't know that you are going to run pilot to that train."

"Yes, I do," replied the engine-driver.

"Who in thunder told you, then? I didn't know it myself till ten minutes ago!"

"You told me this minute, then I knew it," replied Seth, smiling, and disclosing his white even teeth. "I'm ready, boss."

"Seth Martin, you ought to be a judge; your talents are thrown away on this line. But listen; we've no time to split straws in chaff. There's a very festive gang of desperadoes hanging about up Dartford way. They nearly wrecked the through Pacific last week. Fortunately the passengers was handy with their shootin'-irons, and bullets was rainin' pretty thick, else there would have been something unpleasant."

"Wa'al," said the engine-driver, "go ahead."

"Now you must run pilot to the specie train, and see that the line's clear up as far as Dartford City. Ye can shunt at the Trestle Bridge siding, and wait to pull the wagons up the Bunker incline through the cuttings. Once safe there ye can rattle along, and mind ye keep a good look-out."

"You bet!" was Seth's reply. "I'd better take my six-shooter, I suppose. We'll have to fight, maybe?"

"Most likely," replied the superintendent coolly. "Keep this quiet. I've got men on the look-out along the line. Who's your mate?"

"English Tom Atkins," was the reply. "He's grit!"

"All right then," said the chief. "Now don't drink; keep a full head of steam; bring back the specie safe, and——"

"Wa'al?" drawled the other coolly.

"I'll provide for your family if you're hurt or shot; if not, I'll reward you."

"Is that all then? Well, good night, boss, and thank ye."

"Good luck," was the answer; "I'll not forget you."

Seth Martin turned away with a nod of acknowledgment, and directed his steps to the shed where his engine was "standing pilot." This means that the engine had steam up (or was "in steam," to speak technically) and was ready for any sudden emergency. The driver was just as well pleased to run a couple of hundred miles on a dark night, even with the chance of being shot, as to have an invitation to the "White House" itself.

"Tom!"

"Hallo!" came back in an unmistakable English voice.

"Fire up a bit: we're bound west; specie pilot; ten o'clock. Keep it quiet."

A man unseen by the driver put up his head to listen.

Seth was a man of action, and so was his mate, Tom Atkins. They looked to the engine and their revolvers; put a dozen cartridges in a tin can; filled a similar can with some old Bourbon whiskey at a saloon close by, whither they were followed by the man who had been listening to their conversation, and who noted their preparations.

After communicating with some accomplice, this mysterious individual left the saloon and made his way towards the signal-box which stood some distance down the line.

As soon as the engine-driver and his mate were recognised they were warmly welcomed, for they were favourites. Many drinks were tendered for their acceptance, and declined on various pleas, till at length one man declared the Britisher wanted to fix an insult

on a free-born citizen. He offered Seth and Tom a glass apiece, saying—

"What's up, mate? Swore off, eh?"

"For this evening," replied Seth, "but as I'd rather drink than fight just now, I'll take your treat." So the men each took the proffered glass, but

"TOM FED THE FIRE AND THEY WAITED" (*p.* 471).

scarcely tasted it; and soon afterwards Seth, fearing that some inkling of his intended mission might leak out, beckoned to his fireman to follow as soon as possible, and then left the saloon. He lit a cigar, climbed up into the "cab" of his engine (all American locomotives are protected and closed in), and began to smoke.

He smoked in comfort for about a quarter of an hour, then he felt "queer." "These is stronger cigars than usual," he muttered, and he threw it from him.

But the oppression on his brain became heavier; he felt very sleepy now.

"I think I'll have a nap; it's only about nine o'clock. I must; there's an hour yet. I wonder where Tom is. It's my opinion Tom will drink too much or——"

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted. All at once it flashed upon him that he himself had been "drugged" in the saloon!

"That's it; what a thundering idiot I am!" He essayed to rise, but felt quite bewildered. He made hopeless attempts to stand upright, but could do nothing. He was as useless as a child; but, worse than all, he was conscious of his inability to do his duty. Ten o'clock rang out. He struggled to his feet. His head was spinning round, his feet were heavy as leaden weights. He opened the sliding-door,

but ere he could descend a blow from behind sent him flying into space—a splash, and down he sank into a large pond containing a quantity of surplus water for the locomotive tanks.

At the same moment three men climbed up on the engine and, with a low but hearty chuckle, started it out from the siding.

"I think we did that neat," said the shortest of the party. "I didn't listen to the boss for nothin' this time. The specie train *will* run after all, you see. Oh! they couldn't catch me tripping. No, *sir!*"

"The Savage will do the bridge, I suppose," said another. "He's to work on the up line, isn't he?"

"Aye, only on that side. Ye did that Britisher pretty, I must say. He and Seth was kinder cautious too."

"I mixed it strong," said the other, with a savage laugh. "Did you settle the signals, Abe?"

"Aye; telegraphed ourselves on special, and then cut the wires and smashed the instruments. We're clear now to Dartford City. What's that?" he added hastily, as the engine lurched for a second and lifted.

"Only the points. We're out now. We can run easy, I s'pose. She won't burst, I hope. Here goes."

The speaker, who knew little about engine-driving, turned on the steam, and away they went. He turned his head for a moment. "There's something moving yonder; they've found Seth, likely."

But this portion of the gang of desperadoes had met their match in English Tom Atkins. For a moment or two he had been overcome by the drugged whiskey, but a simple and very effective remedy cured him at the cost of a few moments' sickness. Creeping along the ground, for he could not walk, he conceived the idea of following these men, so he held the points open and sent the "bravoes" away into the night *on the up line.* He proposed to give the alarm and follow (on the down metals) with a superior force. But fate was drawing the fugitives to destruction. *The up line was cut at the bridge.*

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NECK AND NECK.

"LEND a hand, mate, I'm drowndin'!" This is what Tom heard as he crawled rather than walked across the metals to seek assistance.

"Seth—Seth Martin; what's happened to you?"

"Them varmint tossed me in here when I was half stupid, but the water has done me good. Help me out, Tom, and we'll fix them yet."

Tom, who was rapidly recovering, lent all the assistance he could; and then the dripping driver, quickly wringing the water from his clothes, said, when his mate had told him what he had done—

"Don't breathe a syllable to mortal man. I know Bob Franklin's engine is in steam by now for the cross traffic. We'll fire her up and run them down. We may save the specie yet. Hurry down to the signal-box while I get out the engine."

Tom hastened away as desired, but soon came back with the intelligence that the box was empty and the wire cut.

"We daresn't say a word now," said Seth. "What fools we were to take them drinks! Now, Tom, shove in some wood while I oil the cranks. I'll leave word for the foreman: we must trust him."

All these preparations were made almost as quickly as they are here described. In ten minutes the engine was ready, and as noiselessly as possible the great locomotive was brought out of the shed, but tender first.

"Never mind," said Seth, when Tom objected. "We can run about as quick. Now, are ye ready?"

The foreman came up at that moment. "If ye *do* succeed," he said, "your fortunes are made. If you fail I wouldn't answer for your lives. Take my revolver," he added, "and be off."

Seth thanked him, adding gloomily, "If we fail, we'll never come back alive. For us to be hocussed with 'Bourbon' is disgrace enough."

A whistle! The foreman opened the points, and the engine sped away on the down line in full pursuit of the desperadoes, to save the specie train if possible.

"We've no head-lamp!" exclaimed Tom suddenly.

"So much the better. We don't want to advertise ourselves to-night. There's a flash of something; guess we'll have a storm."

The remark was not uncalled for. The gleam of lightning every now and then appeared to rest upon the steel handles and glint along the rails. There was a moaning sound in the air, a feeling of oppression, while occasionally a heavy plash of rain would drop upon the roof of the "cab" in which the men journeyed.

They absolutely flew along the track. Over the apparently boundless prairie the line was laid. Not a station for miles. A few watering-places at intervals alone broke the level character of the prospect when the fitful lightning lit up the surroundings. Pitch-dark overhead except when the flashes came; and the only light below, the rapidly moving glare of the furnace-fire on the "road."

"It's past eleven," said the driver. "We ought to have pulled them up. We've run this thirty miles in the half-hour. There's Buffalo Creek," he added, as they skimmed past.

"Well then, Dartford is only another thirty, and the Trestle siding on the top of the cutting is only twenty-five."

"We must pass them at the curve, below. Hollo! look out, mind that hand-lamp."

Tom turned the slide and looked ahead. Seth shut off steam.

"There they are! Lucky we are running tender foremost, or they would have seen our fire. We'll wait on them gently till they get on to the Trestle curve. Then we'll "wire in" and drop them. Steady, mate!"

The engine came silently to a stand-still. The gentle hiss of the steam, which was just raising the valves, was the only audible sound. Broad flashes of sheet lightning lit up the heavy masses of cloud, but no thunder followed. Seth looked to his revolver.

Tom fed the fire and they waited: it was their only chance—a surprise.

For quite twenty minutes the men waited; the engine in front had long ago disappeared. At last Seth said, "Now, Tom, is our time! I'll run them a race down to Dartford City, and if I get there first, there'll be scalps to sell to-morrow. We'll round that curve before they see us, and come in all flying. Are you ready?"

Tom signified his consent, and away darted the ponderous engine across the boundless prairie at top speed. On, on! never mind the rough track; it's death if you leave it, it's death most likely if you remain. There is one chance, and only one—if you reach Dartford City and give the alarm!

"Press on, Seth; it's nigh midnight." So whispered Tom, as the engine swung round the sharp curve. There, seemingly motionless, was the other engine. Faster and faster rattled the pursuer. They were seen at last. The men were visible through the glass for an instant.

"Lie down!" roared Seth.

Only just in time; two bullets came crashing overhead; another hit the handle of the steam-whistle and sent out a scream of defiance into the night. Seth rose slowly and, pistol in hand, watched the foe.

"He's goin' to race us, but he don't know the trick of firin' 'No. 200,' Tom. We'll pass him and then—!"

Seth's face, as he spoke and clutched his revolver, was sufficient to explain his meaning without words.

On, on, speeding across the prairie! Now Seth was gaining, now the others shot ahead. "More wood into the furnace; pile it in, Tom," cried Seth—"that's it—now——"

A bullet from Seth's steady hand passed through the glass of the other engine, and shattered the driving-arm of the man who held the regulator.

"Bully!" exclaimed the delighted Seth. "Now for another log." The fire was blown up, and like an arrow the engines flew along; but no more shots were exchanged, for as they were running neck and neck for one instant, Seth perceived a light on the line ahead, and before his companion was aware of his intention, shut off the steam. The other engine fled away into the darkness, leaving Seth and Tom far behind.

"What did you shut off for?" cried Tom in amazement.

"Look ahead and you'll know," was the grim reply.

Tom looked ahead. A weird light was playing on the track, a halo of unearthly appearance. It shimmered and moved about like a will-o'-the-wisp. It was a most ghastly white mist—a ghostly warning.

"What can it be?" said Tom, his superstitious terrors being now excited. "What is it?"

"It's a light, that's all," said Seth with a fiendish grin. "I know it though; I've seen it before. *There's somebody underneath the rails in the bridge, and you bet, they're cutting the track for the specie train!*"

"Gracious Heaven, and that engine!"

"That engine will be in the river in two minutes," said Seth Martin.

"Oh! hurry up and save them if we can," exclaimed Tom. "Go ahead!"

"Gently, mate, gently; let them get on a bit." He turned on steam, but ere they had passed half the distance in the direction of the light a loud crash was heard, and amid screams of human agony the Trestle Bridge sank down—down—gently, slowly, but surely, to the stream below. The ponderous engine dipped forward, gave one heavy roll, righted again, and then turning completely over, fell with a thundering noise into the cañon below.

The lights were suddenly extinguished, and the piercing screams of wounded and scalded men arose, mingled with the hissing steam and the dull roar of thunder. The storm had burst.

"Caught in their own trap," exclaimed Seth. "Serves them right! Poor critters, I'm kinder sorry too."

"Let us help them," cried Tom.

"Help! yes; let us run on to Dartford and stop the traffic; the specie is due in ten minutes."

"Cross that bridge?" exclaimed the fireman.

"*Yes, sir, across that bridge.* I'm a-goin' to try it," replied Seth. "Will you chance it?"

"Yes," was the brave answer; "it's kill or cure!"

"Here goes then; shake hands. God bless ye, mate; if we don't meet again, tell them I died at my post like a man."

The driver and fireman clasped hands in silence, and Seth turning on the full pressure of steam, the engine gathered itself up for its final race.

Not a sound escaped either of the men. Side by side they stood. As they approached they could see a red glare. The bridge had caught fire. As they shot past, a form or two hurried quickly out of sight—some of the desperate band, now cowed and crushed. In a moment more the bridge was in full view. The crackling timbers of the up line were all burning around the mighty monster engine, which still emitted smoke and flame. As a flash of lightning will in one brief second reveal all surrounding objects distinctly, so the glare of the engine furnace lit up the scene below. The engine dashed along—a roar, a creaking noise, the flame leaped up beneath—and the danger was over. The down line had not been undermined.

As they slackened speed a long deep whistle was heard, and a dim speck was seen like a pin's head on the line in front.

"There's the specie, Tom. We've done our duty. Run down easy and then see if we can't help the unfortunate loafers under the bridge. It was a narrow squeak!"

It was indeed! The specie train was saved though, and the filibusters taken in the act. Three were drowned, and two more so terribly injured that they died soon after from the effects. Seth and Tom were rewarded, and the former was subsequently made inspector; but he and Tom often talk of that summer night when they were so nearly killed while running pilot.

HENRY FRITH.

SOME WONDERFUL GRASSES

BY J. E. TAYLOR, PH.D., F.L.S., ETC., CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM, IPSWICH.

NEXT to the study of ferns, perhaps that of grasses has of late years been most popular. Their graceful shapes, variety of species, and abundance render them attractive objects to the young botanical student. They carpet our English meadows, and give them that characteristic greenery which is so vividly remembered when one is far away from them. The cattle upon a thousand hills browse on their succulent and nutritious foliage. The larvæ of innumerable insects find abundance of food in the wilderness where grasses grow. The geologist knows they were among the oldest flowering plants to appear on the earth; the geographer is aware of their singularly extensive distribution, and peculiar adaptation to climature. The botanist has of late years identified their method of fertilisation with one of the most singular and unlooked-for relationships between plants and other objects. No other kind of herbage contributes so largely to the support of the animal world, from the grass-feeding kangaroos of Australia to man. Our staple food is prepared from their seeds, and this has been the case since pre-historic times, so that it is impossible to tell for a certainty from what species such cultivated forms as our common wheat were originally derived. Mankind has forgotten the very sources of this primeval food-supply. Even in classic times it was found necessary to invent some such poetic fable as that of Ceres, to account for the benefits which these plants have conferred on man. How long the seeds of certain grasses have been the staple food of our race we cannot tell. Half-burnt wheat and other corn grains have been found in abundance among the débris of the Swiss Lake Dwellings, showing that it was grown and garnered for food at that early epoch. If it be true that the wild grass known as *Ægilops*, found in Western Asia, is the original of the common wheat we now so largely cultivate, then the latter may have been first reared by our early Aryan ancestors, and have accompanied their migrations from the time when the first

colony went forth into the unknown world outside their home.

The inconspicuous and uncoloured flowers of all grasses are not without a reason. Within the last six or seven years it has been proved that the cause of flowers possessing beautiful corollas and sweet perfumes, is that these qualities may attract the insect tribes. The latter carry the pollen-grains from flower to flower, and thus unconsciously benefit them by crossing. And, as a rule, the plants which bear the most attractive flowers require to be crossed in proportion to their attractiveness, whilst less showy corollas do not require crossing in the same degree. It is now known beyond doubt that this principle of cross-fertilisation in plants is one of the most important and necessary. The shapes, internal and external, of flowers are frequently designed with special reference to bringing it about. Only two agents are universally capable of crossing all kinds of flowers—insects and the wind. The former are attracted by bright colours and sweet perfumes, and the flowers which require insect aid are therefore obliged to display these attractions. The latter is an unconscious agent, on which colour and perfume would be completely thrown away. Therefore the flowers habitually crossed by the wind do not possess showy blossoms ; and hence the reason why grasses, which are chief among the wind-crossed flowers, have such an unpretending and inconspicuous kind of inflorescence.

Nature has everywhere sternly forbidden the banns of intermarriage ! Her decree is rigidly carried out wherever possible, from grasses up to mankind.

Grasses require to be crossed quite as much as the largest and most attractive of true flowers. Singularly enough, we find that the distinction between the showy insect-fertilised flowers and the unattractive wind-fertilised grasses is carried out even to the sizes and shapes of their pollen-grains. Those of the former are roughened over with surface projections, so as to cause them to adhere all the better to the hairy bodies of insects. Those of the latter are lighter in weight, smoother, and often flatter, so as to expose as much of their surface as possible, and thus help the wind all the better to blow the pollen about. The *anthers* or pollen-bags of grasses are usually more pendulous than those of large flowers. More pollen is also produced, considerably more than can be utilised ; but as its manufacture is of the easiest, that does not exhaust the plants. In this manner the possibility of some of the discharged and blown-about pollen taking effect is rendered certain. The amount of pollen thus poured into the atmosphere during June, by the grasses in our meadows, is such as literally to surcharge it. This it is which produces on sensitive nostrils the annoying complaint known as "hay-fever." People suffering from it hurry to the sea-side or the mountains, somewhere where grasses do not grow, and where the atmosphere is freed from their pollen. We may notice in the flowers of grasses, also, how admirably the filaments which bear the anthers or pollen-bags dangle outside the glumes, ready for the slightest breeze to blow them about. The filaments have the power of suddenly growing very rapidly whilst the pollen is ripening, so that the pollen-bags are thus lifted outside the chaffy scales of the flower where they have hitherto been protected. Not less admirably adapted to wind-crossing is the pistil in the flowers of all grasses. Sometimes it is a living forked net, feathered to its base, and everywhere covered with an exceedingly sticky fluid. Any stray pollen-grain blown by the wind must inevitably be arrested by this subtle contrivance. Once made prisoner, the pollen begins to bud forth a tube which ultimately reaches the base of the pistil. Fertilisation is then effected, the seed-grain begins to develop, and after this manner the world gets its "daily bread."

The perfumes of grasses are not so abundant or various as those of other plants, although they are quite as distinctive. The well-known smell of new-mown hay is evolved chiefly by the Sweet-smelling Vernal Grass, and no other. The presence of this species is quite sufficient to perfume the rest, and to produce that most delightsome of summery smells, the odour of the hay-field. This perfume can now be artificially imitated from the products of gas-tar, and a regular manufacture of it is carried on for perfumery purposes. All grasses are not beneficial to animals, some species are actually poisonous, and others so mechanically irritate the stomachs of cattle that they die of inflammation. The common Couch-grass is righteously abhorred by the farmer, although both dogs and cats occasionally resort to it for medicinal purposes, and to produce nausea. The Darnel is believed by some writers to be the "tares" spoken of in the New Testament. If such should be the case, an extra force is given to the moral the illustration was intended to point, for the Darnel is unquestionably poisonous. It is still troublesome from its habit of growing in wheat-fields, where it is impossible to separate it until the harvest ; when mixed up and ground with the wheat and made into bread, it produces headache and vertigo. We have known cattle which have died from partaking of Darnel grass. This poisonous habit must be defensive to the plant and protect it from enemies. Other grasses are equally protected by the large quantities of silica which enter into the structure of the leaves, so that animals find it impossible to feed upon them. In most cases, however, the liability which grasses incur to be browsed and fed upon by animals has been turned into an advantage. Thereby they have developed the habit of growing by means of shoots and trailing stems, instead of trusting to seeding alone as most of the plants do. Every farmer knows that grasses of all kinds are likely to grow all the stronger from being "fed down" at the proper time. Perhaps it is this adroit method of gaining by what at first sight appears to be an adversity, which has caused so few actually poisonous species of grasses to be developed. The bristle-like awns which cluster so thickly around the flowering-spikes of the wild barleys, and other grasses, must be capital protections of those important parts against their destruction by cattle. It should be remembered that these grasses do not usually resort to growth by underground shoots,

but are entirely dependent for the perpetuation of their kind upon their grains or seeds. If these were not protected, the barleys would soon be exterminated.

In flowering, the grasses of northern regions sometimes resort to peculiar habits. Perhaps our readers may have practised the very pretty botanical experiment which consists in placing some spikes of ripe wheat in water. After a time the grains of wheat germinate and sprout into the prettiest of minute green blades. The bunch of ears breaks forth into a tassel of attractive greenery, owing to the grains sprouting in this remarkable fashion. Any one may thus secure, even in the winter time, a most cheerful mantel-piece ornament. Some grasses naturally resort to a similar device, notably a variety of the common Sheep's Fescue grass, which is on that account called *vivipara*. It is most abundant in mountainous districts, where the habit is undoubtedly useful to it. Instead of the grains or seeds dropping out when they are ripe, as is usually the case, they remain within the glumes or flower-scales and germinate there. Hence the flower-head presents the appearance of a mass of sprouting grasses. In this respect such grasses are in the same state as those ferns which produce young fern-buds from the surfaces of their fronds, and are known as *proliferous*. When the young sprouts of the viviparous grasses have reached a certain stage, they drop to the ground and continue their growth on the soil. Within the Arctic regions several species of grass are viviparous, and retain their seeds until they germinate on the flower-head. This may have something to do with the disappearance of snow from the ground.

That the leaves of many grasses contain sugar is well known; some species having large quantities of it in their juices. Of course, this proportion is not at all comparable to that gigantic grass better known among us as the sugar-cane. The creeping and herbaceous grasses are peculiar to the temperate regions —it is only in the tropical zones we find them attaining the magnitude of trees. The sugar-cane of commerce is only one of sixty or seventy species of the same genus. Cultivated originally in India, it has been carried thence to many other parts of the world where its growth could be profitably carried on. We are all aware how the destinies of the negro race have been historically worked in with the commercial culture of this particular grass. Perhaps no other plant in the world has so largely affected the human race generally. Sugar has always been in demand among certain Mahomedans, and there can be little question that the Saracens introduced the growth of the cane into the Mediterranean islands. The Moors afterwards cultivated it in Spain. From the latter country it was carried across the Atlantic to the West Indian islands. When sugar was first used in England, in 1466, it was as a medicine! Now it is, as Mr. Lowe remarked, "the delight of youth, and the solace of old age." The sugary juices of the grass which thus provides the greater part of the civilised world with one of its commonest necessities, have to undergo peculiar treatment before the results are commercial.

In many respects another gigantic grass, the bamboo, is naturally associated in our minds with the sugar-cane. It does not possess either the succulence or the saccharine qualities of the latter, and its flint-cuticled stem is much stronger and more endurable. It is the most gigantic of all the grasses, as well as the most rapid in its growth. It has been known to grow forty feet in one season, so that its vegetative energy is perhaps unequalled. Every one knows the variety of purposes to which the Chinese and other Eastern nations put this most useful plant. A Chinese house is not only built of it, but every article of furniture within—including mats, screens, chairs, tables, bedsteads, and even bedding—is made of its materials. The stem is composed of joints, having a diaphragm across each. When the bamboo jungles are "fired," the heat explodes the steam which forms within the joints, and the effect of a continuous roar of artillery cannonading is thus produced. Dr. Hooker vividly describes, in his "Himalayan Journal," the circumstances attending the conflagration of a bamboo jungle.

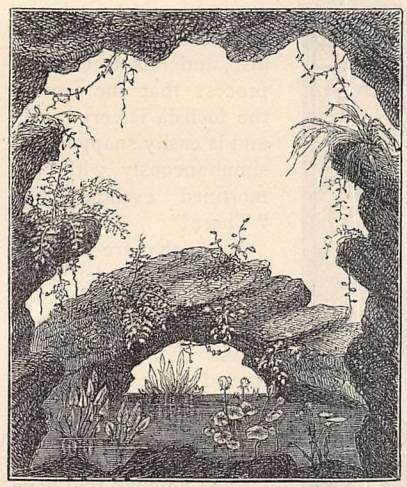
The Prairie grass and Tussock grass are now not unknown in this country, especially the former, which is frequently grown for the sake of its tall and elegant flower-heads, not unlike those of our marsh-reeds. The Tussock grass has long been noted for its succulent and nutritious qualities, and the fondness which cattle manifest for it. The Canary grass is now not an uncommon member of our British flora, frequently growing in the neighbourhood of villages and towns, where it has undoubtedly sprung up from the refuse thrown out of bird-cages. Asia is its natural home, but its well-known seeds have been imported in such quantities and for so long a time into England, for the purpose of feeding canaries, that we cannot be surprised this grass is now usually catalogued in our English flora.

Andropogon is the name of a genus of exotic grasses remarkable for their perfumes. All are inhabitants of the warmer parts of the globe, and particularly of South America. The fresh leaves when bruised emit delightful fragrances, that of lemon being perhaps the most powerful. The Lemon-grass of our conservatories is a species of *Andropogon*. One kind of "grass oils" is manufactured from these plants. Among our rarest native grasses we have one called the Northern Holy Grass. It is much commoner in Germany, in the Catholic parts of which it is dedicated to the Virgin, and strewn in the aisles of churches, and around the doorways, hence its sacred name. It is also abundant in Iceland, and in Northern Europe generally. Its perfume resembles that of the Sweet-smelling Vernal Grass, already alluded to, and it is tied up in bundles and laid among the linen of the Icelandic peasantry, in order to perfume their clothes. In Sweden this grass is sold in bundles for the purpose of producing sleep, after the fashion in which we make up hop-pillows. In Great Britain it is only found in the extreme north.

We have grasses remarkable for their fondness for dry, sandy, and barren tracts, and others for aquatic habitats. Among the former is our Marram grass, so abundant on our east coasts, where it is

most useful in binding the easily drifted sand together by its long, creeping roots. In Holland it is actually planted for this purpose; and there is little question that it has frequently served that industrious nation in good stead, by preserving the sandbank on which it grows. In the north of England this grass is used for making table-mats, and the seats for the common "rush"-bottomed chairs. The Sea Lyme Grass (*Elymus*) is nearly as effective as the Marram for binding and holding blown sand together; and we frequently find it growing in abundance along our level coast-line. The most remarkable of our native grasses, which affects habits just the reverse of these sand-loving species, is the Manna-grass (*Glyceria fluitans*), whose common as well as botanical names are derived from the sugary sweetness of the foliage. It may be seen on the surfaces of most pools and ditches, sometimes completely covering their surfaces; although not if cattle can get at it, for they will wade into great depths of water after it, and remain there on summer days, cooling and enjoying themselves, and feeding on perhaps the most succulent of all British herbage. It is in this enjoyable position that Sidney Cooper has drawn some of his best cattle, although few people are aware of the dainty vegetable morsels which were the primary cause of their placing themselves in such picturesque and self-complacent attitudes.

OUR WINDOW GARDENS, AND HOW THEY THRIVED.



IT is sufficiently commonplace to observe that "half a loaf is better than no bread," and it was with this philosophical reflection on the part of my good sister Maggie, that one hot afternoon we determined to make the best of things as they were. Our case was not an uncommon one. Early years had been passed amid the innocent delights and never-wearying beauties and occupations of country life: all our associations had been with "seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter." But changes had come. Those who had been our support in the hour of our thoughtlessness had gone to their long home, and circumstances had driven us, for the sake of a livelihood, very considerably within the ten-miles radius from St. Paul's. With our very limited private means, a City clerkship was a necessity to maintain with any degree of "appearances" our exceedingly modest suburban villa.

"Don't you think, Tom," said Maggie, as I walked into our little patch of gravel and green—I cannot call it garden—upon my return from the City by the usual five o'clock train, on the afternoon aforesaid, "that in addition to the few flowers we have here, something might be done by us on these summer evenings in the way of floral decoration of the windows? Though we have no longer the garden of the old home, half a loaf is better than no bread."

Fortunately I was just in the good-tempered sort of mood to catch at almost any suggestion of Maggie's, and that very evening we set to work. Recollections of the gay floral display that we had seen in the windows of Belgravia during the season, on the one hand, and of the flower shows and prizes for the London poor later on in the summer, upon the other, served greatly to stimulate our zeal in this our newly formed project of window gardening. My bed-room was immediately over our diminutive drawing-room; the aspect was nearly due south, and the size of the two windows was unusually large—out of proportion, in fact, with that of the house. All this again was in our favour. Upon either window-sill there was ample room for a good-sized long box, and Maggie's proposal was that we should have one upon each: yet we mutually decided that to go in for anything half so expensive as those ready-made handsome and ornamental ones was quite beyond our power. Besides, was it not "half the fun" to "do it ourselves?"

Impatient, however, as we immediately were for flowers, and a gay and green window display, we felt sure there was a good deal of preliminary preparation necessary. The question was, should I forthwith turn painter and carpenter myself, and knock up the boxes as well as I could, or should we call in "professional" aid? This last idea was too suggestive of a long bill; nevertheless *some* outlay was necessary. We agreed to discuss the matter on a walk, and to ask a few questions of an amiable nurseryman two miles off, who had supplied us previously with a few seeds and bulbs. On this occasion he made us a present of a box which—for we had first taken careful measurements before leaving home—I saw at a glance was the very thing for us; and the other—for I had a good many tools of my own—I was resolved to make myself, taking the good florist's present as my model, and purchasing the necessary wood at a timber yard on our way home. In two or three evenings my box was completed, and the old one which the florist had given us touched up in one or two places. Then there was some green paint to buy, and while I was working away over the ledgers in the dusty office in the City, Maggie was to be the painter, and admirably I told her afterwards she had done her work. Triumph in-

deed was dancing in her eyes when, the next evening, the two boxes were elevated to their respective positions. A little observation and ingenuity soon told us there was yet some room for a good many flowers in pots on either window-sill, but Maggie was in ecstasies at a further idea of mine. I had bought a quantity of strong wire, and was now on a ladder, with hammer and strong nails, beginning to fasten the wire to the wall immediately round the windows. Up and all over this we intended to train some hardy creepers. It was the glorious month of June, in which almost anything will grow, and already that evening in a flower-pot at either end of our boxes we had planted sweet peas and convolvulus.

Maggie, too, had three good-sized baskets of ferns, and these we resolved to suspend by means of wire from the upper window, so as to let them hang gracefully down midway between the two windows. A little experience, however, showed us that ferns cannot well stand much exposure to the full blaze of the sun; placed as ours now were, we found they needed a prodigious amount of water. Ferns like moist heat, but little sunshine, so that we were obliged to contrive some shelter for them at times. As for the two boxes, though they were very heavy with the fine mould we had obtained from our friend the florist, yet it was necessary that they should at least be portable, as it might be important afterwards, in winter time, to move them inside during severe weather.

From our garden we had already carefully taken up the hyacinth and tulip bulbs, hoping, when the time came in the following October, to plant them again in our boxes for our spring show. Several varieties of scarlet geraniums were soon also introduced into our boxes, by shifting them at once from the pots in which we formerly had them. Mignonette, too, and the small blue lobelia soon became plentiful with us as the summer advanced. In process of time we hoped also to try our luck with some camellias, considering the fortunate south aspect of our house. These are half hardy, and will even stand a degree or two of frost much better than they will a roaring fire in the greenhouse. In the latter alternative, indeed, the buds will in all probability fall off. They must not be exposed to the midday sun—so the florist told us—until they have thoroughly completed their growth, and they should also be kept quite cool by copious waterings. Maggie, indeed, got several lessons and useful hints from the florist.

One thing more than any other seemed of the greatest importance for window-gardening, and that was *general* copious watering. Care, however, should be taken during this process not to send an ugly and almost muddy stream all down the side of the house, and probably on to the head of some luckless itinerant below. Not to say more of waterings, myrtles and evergreens of that description should have plenty of air and light. This keeps them from growing weakly. How often, from the very want of this, will you see some tall sickly evergreen on some elaborate drawing-room stand merely placed *near* the window, and showing that it possesses little more than the inherent principle of life that is so dear to us all! Shade begonias as they are coming into flower, and fuchsias likewise, from the heat of the sun. The latter will require careful staking; this should be done neatly also, and recollect in the process that the arm of the fuchsia is very brittle and is easily snapped off, simultaneously with the mortified exclamation—"There!"

Roses that are in flower must all be shaded when the heat of the sun is excessive, and fading leaves and flowers removed. As July advances, syringe the foliage of your flowers generally and keep them clear from dust. Camellias that have completed their growth should now, however, have less water. A little manure water will do the fuchsias good occasionally, and as they advance in growth they will require regulating. Those that you have in pots should be shifted into larger-sized ones if the pots get full of roots. If you have violets planted out for potting in autumn, water them well in dry weather, and for the purpose of encouraging a vigorous growth, let the earth be well stirred amongst them; let no weeds appear either.

There is nothing so effective as the Virginia creeper for training up and around your wire-work. The nasturtium, too, though a little vulgar and obtrusive—for its propensity is to run wild over everything—is admirably adapted to gratify the impatience of a beginner in window-gardening. It will probably remain in flower till November.

A very few weeks' labour at this productive season of the year rewarded us for our pains, and the general effect of our window-gardening was universally admired.

"SURLY BOB."

WELL, yes, he were a strange queer sort
As ever you'd wish to be near;
And he come from somewhere far up north,
For to try his luck down here;
He couldn't be called a popular man,
He managed to miss *that* job,
And never could rightly tackle his mates,
So we named him "Surly Bob."

To meet at a friendly public-house,
And have our beer and our fun.
But "Surly Bob," if asked to come,
Would say, "No," as black as ink:—
"I ain't sich a fool, my mates, as you,
To waste all my 'arnings in drink!"

There come a time when our work-gang struck,
The old tussle 'twixt master and man—

Not that there was agin him much,
'Xcept being a growlsome card;
He did his honest share o' work,
However that work was hard.
He never funked, he never lied,
But spoke out just as he felt;
And he never was known to hit in a row
Like a coward, below the belt.

But still his ways, they wasn't ours;
We used, when the work was done,

They tries to get their whack out of us,
And we tries to get all we can.
But "Surly Bob" refused to join,
Says he to us all quite flat,
"Striking's no good when the market's down,"
Or summat that sounded like that.

Well, well! his words proved right after all,
The whole gang turned soft as a mouse,
But not afore both trouble and debt
Had stolen a march in the house.

My old girl fell ill—the brokers came,
And "distressed" for a ten-pun' note;
Then our little 'un went—here, hand the glass,
The smoke is a-tickling my throat.

I hope, mates, none of you'll see sich days,
And I hope *I* shan't again;
Them troubles, I think, falls all of a heap
Like thunder an' lightning an' rain.
I come home one night with a heavy heart,
And who in the world should I meet
But "Surly Bob," like a midnight thief,
Skulking away in the street!

We spoke no words; I got in-doors,
And drat me! the broker warn't there;
A receipt in full for his money lay
All white and snug on a chair.
But wait, my lads, I haven't done:
This warn't by no means the end;
Five pun' in gold in a paper lay by,
For to start afresh—"From a friend."

Ye guess his name? Now what *I* says, mates,
Is, Bob was a genuine brick;
He didn't sing out no gloomy words,
But he helped the poor and the sick.
And look here, mates—sure as I stand here,
I'll make it a smart bit hot
For the chap who, when I says Bob was a trump,
Just dares to maintain he was not!

REGINALD BARNETT.

GERMAN POLYTECHNIC SCHOOLS.

IN the February number of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE we gave a short and popular account of the German Universities; we now propose to devote a brief space to the notice of another important German educational institution, viz., the Polytechnic schools. In Germany everything is done very thoroughly, slowly it may be, but surely. The watchword of the German nation, like that of Laud and Strafford, might well be described in the one word "thorough." When a German takes up any particular subject, be it war, politics, science, scholarship, theology, jurisprudence, trade, or manufacturing industry, he throws his whole heart and soul into the work, and hence the great success which has fallen to the lot of Germany in many departments of human activity. The German military system is the most complete and systematic the world has ever yet seen, let us hope that it ever may see. German philosophy has probed more deeply into the great questions of knowing and being, of human nature, its origin and its destiny, than any philosophy which has challenged attention since the time of Plato and Aristotle: indeed German thinkers at one time held that there had been no philosophy except that of the Greek and German schools. The German administrative system is a science in itself, requiring for its complete understanding the devotion of a life-time, and held for the most part within the grasp of a permanent bureaucracy.

Nor is all this due merely to application and industry. The German is not contented with mastering the mere dry detail; he will leave that to the prosaic Englishman. It is his aim to endeavour to comprehend the meaning, and to grasp the essential underlying principles, of any given subject. In short, his aim is to classify facts, to comprehend isolated instances in complete generalisations—in a word, to organise common knowledge as science. But he is a plodder too; he is not indifferent to the claims of laborious toil; he is aware of the importance of exact knowledge; he is a mean between the hard-working, patient Englishman, and the impulsive, rhetorical Frenchman. The well-known story of the camel will illustrate this difference between these three great nations. A Frenchman, an Englishman, and a German were commissioned, it is said, to give the world the benefit of their views on that interesting animal, the camel. Away goes the Frenchman to the Jardin des Plantes, spends an hour there in rapid investigation, returns, and writes a *feuilleton*, in which there is no phrase the Academy can blame, but also no phrase which adds to the general knowledge. The Englishman packs up his tea-caddy and a magazine of comforts; pitches his tent in the East; remains there two years studying the camel in its habits; and returns with a thick volume of facts, arranged without order, expounded without philosophy, but serving as valuable materials for all who come after him. The German, despising the frivolity of the Frenchman, and the unphilosophical matter-of-factness of the Englishman, retires to his study, there to construct the idea of a camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness. *And he is still at it.* Such is the *jeu-d'esprit:* it scarcely does justice to the German, inasmuch as he is a patient worker, and investigates into actual facts as truly as the Englishman, but otherwise it well represents the insatiable German desire for comprehending a fact in its totality, for converting an ordinary series of facts into a brilliant generalisation, or into a complete and systematic science.

It is probably this scientific element of the German mind which has led that nation to establish within its borders a system of Polytechnic schools, in which systematic instruction is given in art, in applied science, and in the higher branches of mechanical industry. Thus the manufacturing operations in which so many thousands are engaged, are brought within the domain of science and of culture, to the manifest advantage

not only of the manufactures, but also of the people of Germany.

There are nine Polytechnic schools established among the German-speaking people, two of which, however, are outside the limits of the German Empire, viz., those of Vienna and Zurich ; and the total number of students embraced in these institutions amounted in 1876 to nearly 7,000. The majority of the schools contain about 500 students each, but those at Vienna, Munich, and Zurich, the three largest schools, number about 1,000 each, a number equal to that of a good-sized German University. They are all State institutions, subject to the control of the Minister of Public Instruction for the State in which each is respectively situated. They also receive considerable sums of public money, which are appropriated for the purpose every year by Government. They are not, however, wholly dependent on State support, but are also enriched by munificent endowments from private individuals. These institutions, unlike the Universities, are all of recent establishment, having grown up to meet the wants of this great industrial age. That they are popular, and that they supply a real want, may be seen in the fact that the attendance in the schools is increasing every year, and also that their number is being added to, as in the case of Berlin, where the Prussian Government has appropriated 8,000,000 of marks (about £400,000) for the erection of a new Polytechnic school.

The general method of instruction in these institutions is very similar to that which obtains in the Universities, the teaching being given by means of lectures, and the students enjoying perfect liberty of choice in regard to their studies. A student, *e.g.*, in the department of civil engineering is only required to attend the lectures in connection with his department. There is no uniform course imposed on all. Each student, too, must show before he is admitted that he has received the full preliminary training which is given in the Gymnasium (real school). The subjects taught in the Polytechnic schools are mining, civil engineering, architecture, mechanics, practical chemistry, mathematics, drawing and design. Most of the schools, too, afford some opportunity for general education in modern languages, German literature and history, and those branches of science not embraced in the above list. This enables students from the Gymnasium to complete their general culture without going to a University, and at the same time to obtain a thorough and systematic knowledge of some one branch of mechanical or scientific industry. The proportion of teachers to students in these schools may be estimated by taking that at Hanover as a typical specimen; in that school there are 837 students, and there were last year forty-five professors and assistants. The museums, laboratories, libraries, &c., are complete and excellent, leaving nothing to be desired, while in some cases the buildings are really very fine, comparing favourably with the ugly, and in one or two cases dilapidated, structures of the German Universities. As may be imagined, most of these schools attract a not inconsiderable number of students from foreign countries. In Dresden last year there were about 130 foreign students, while the school at Hanover contained ninety. These two instances are, however, beyond the average, and may be accounted for by the fact that Dresden is one of the most delightful and attractive places in Europe, while students of foreign nations are drawn to Hanover because there the German language is spoken in its greatest purity. All the schools, however, contain some foreign students, the whole number of whom amounts to several hundreds. The small cost of the instruction may be inferred from the fact that at Hanover the average annual fee paid by a student for lectures, use of the laboratory, library, &c., is less than £5. The cost of living, too, in most German cities is comparatively small, and these two causes are in themselves amply sufficient to explain to a certain extent the success of these institutions. Their complete success can, however, only be fully explained when it is borne in mind how thorough, systematic, and altogether admirable is the instruction given in these valuable schools.

In England we are not wholly unacquainted with similar institutions. We have our School of Mines and our South Kensington in London, our Yorkshire College of Science at Leeds, our College of Physical Science at Newcastle, and the Andersonian College at Glasgow. These are mostly very young institutions, and they are sowing seeds, the harvest of which is yet to be reaped. We cannot but think that an extension and enlargement of these institutions is desirable. The College of Science at Newcastle, *e.g.*, has about six professors, but if it were established in Germany it would probably boast of its thirty-six. It may be hoped that private generosity, such as that of Sir Josiah Mason at Birmingham, or Mr. Anderson at Glasgow, will do much for us ; but we cannot but feel that, if we are to keep pace with Germany, State supervision and State support must supplement and consolidate the munificence of individuals. Some important branches of the higher industry are passing out of our hands into those of Germany and America ; the manufactures of Berlin and of Chemnitz in Saxony are being extended at a rate of which few Englishmen are aware ; and one of the most important operating causes of this fact is to be found in the superior trained intelligence of the German artisan. We cannot help feeling that England has greater natural capacity for industrial development than Germany, and consequently every exertion should be made, every means should be adopted, for directing that capacity into the right channels.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

SELDOM, I think — in our generation at any rate — has a child been in a position better calculated to satisfy the child-love of vagabondage than was our position on this glorious June morning. We were together —we were alone, there was no one to interfere with us. Our first thought was to leave the neighbourhood of the rocks, which, to my imagination, smelt of the prison-house, for though the sea, far away now and gentle as a sleeping infant, looked perfectly harmless, I could not put any confidence in it. We were both anxious, besides, to see how the world might look to people who had died and were born again—for we kept up our illusion, carefully checking one another if any remark about yesterday or the day before escaped our lips. Everything that had happened was to be in the last life, while our friends and foes we were to consider as ghosts; and I may say, in passing, that there flowed a peculiar sense of satisfaction from thus characterising some whom we had known: at the idea, suggested by me, of Mr. Simpkins's spirit hovering about us helplessly, Tiny laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. She pulled the conception to pieces, I remember—a favourite habit with Tiny—to extract all the fun it might contain, and presently there was conjured up so vivid an image of a sheeted Mr. Simpkins, putting out airy hands that could not touch us, speaking in a voice that could not reach us, and helplessly discontented because his orders were disobeyed, that we were obliged to rest in order to laugh at our ease. And, meanwhile, we were scaling a little serpentine path that led upwards from the sea-shore into our new world. There was heath above, and there we stood at last: before us an unbroken country, with here and there only a few wind-swept thorn-bushes, blossoming rosily; under our feet the small wild flowers of the heath-land, golden cinque-foil, looking up with inquisitive eyes, and fairy-like milkwort, hiding its head daintily. Lonely, beyond a doubt, and yet, as we at once felt, terribly exposed to observation, with which idea we set to work running, and never stopped until the sea was well out of sight, and we were looking down from a wooded height into a little hollow, as it were, in the moor.

I remember that valley well; it was like a toy-place, with its small white-washed houses, its orchards, its water-meadows, red here and there from the sorrel, or again patched with cerulean blue, from a bright carpet of forget-me-nots. The colours, indeed, were wonderful; under that morning sky they seemed literally to shine with a light of their own. On Tiny they had an exciting effect. If I, who was soberer than she, had not stopped her she would have thrown herself down the steep bank to reach the flowers more speedily.

As it was, we found it a little difficult to clamber down, and I had to help Tiny more than once. Meanwhile, the world was awaking, the cattle got up and began to graze, sheep after sheep appeared from hollows in the hill-side; when we gained the valley men were leaving their cottages, with spades and pickaxes over their shoulders.

Tiny and I, who had not yet reached that point of belief in ourselves and our new position which afterwards gave us so entire a confidence, imagining that these men looked at us curiously, withdrew into a little wood by the road-side, there, in safety and solitude, to decide upon some course of action. I was beginning, I must say, to feel a little serious.

"*We* shall have to work," I observed, peeping out at the working-men from behind a tree-trunk. "I wonder how we shall like it, and—where are you going, Tiny?"

"To put my feet in the water. Archie, do look at it! how lovely it is!"

"But I want you to talk; we shall have plenty of time for play."

Not the slightest use in speaking. All this child's womanliness seemed to have departed with her old life.

She ran about, she chattered, she sang; the most trivial thing—a bird's peculiar note, a sheep stopping to look at us, an old sow shaking its fat sides in the mud—provoked her laughter, and her mood was infectious. I presently forgot the wise reflections suggested by our situation—it was a pity, for they would have been worth recording—and allowed myself to be amused by trivialities.

But even in laughter there is expenditure of vital force, and hunger, the ever-recurrent, soon warned us that boys and girls cannot live like the fowls of the air.

While Tiny was envying the butterflies, and wishing, girl-like, to be a flower or something else that she was not, I went to the nearest farm and bought some bread and a can of milk.

Tiny was grateful for her breakfast, and still more so when I took her to the only shop of which the village could boast to buy a straw hat. My three sovereigns, I should mention, were still intact. Mr. Simpkins' village, as we called that last residence of

our former life, held out no temptations to the extravagant.

How glad I felt of this circumstance, and how great was my pride when, having fitted Tiny with a suitable hat, I was able to suggest the choice of a riband! While, as for those ribands! Surely there are no such colours now; if there are, I can only say I never see them. She chose a blue, the colour of the sky at noon. The mistress of the shop gave us a needle and some cotton, and we retired into one of the many little woods that bordered the road, whence shortly afterwards we reappeared, hatless no longer.

And after that we set ourselves steadily to walk in the direction which, we had found out by careful inquiry, led away from the scene of our late life.

The day did not pass without its adventures. Occasionally the road was lonely enough, and we sometimes walked fully a mile without meeting any one; but when we came near villages, or there were passers-by, we were looked at curiously.

Once an old waggoner, who was walking by his horses' heads, and cracking his whip from time to time, stopped outright—he had just guided his team up one of those supernaturally steep Devonshire hills—and asked us who we might be and where we were going.

Of course, I was not prepared with an answer. How could I say that we had begun a new life that morning? while as to our destination we knew nothing ourselves. I looked helplessly at Tiny.

That astonishing child was already answering, and in a way so pretty and modest that I could see the waggoner was struck with her.

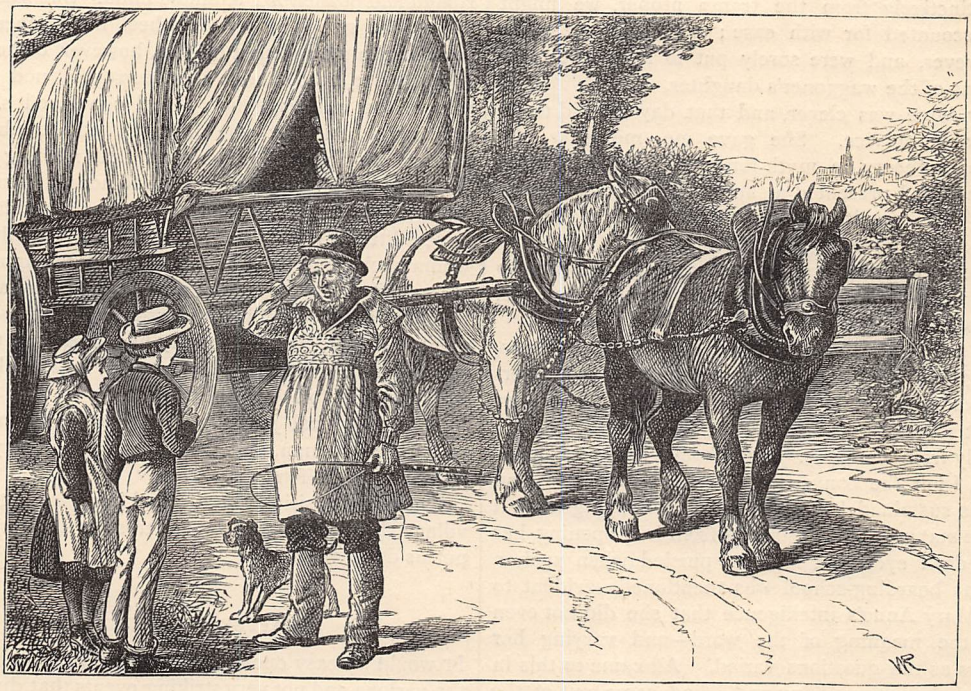
"We came out of the sea, sir," she said.

I nodded my assent, and the waggoner scratched his head.

"You came from *nigh* the sea, missy," he said, "not out of it."

Let me say, in passing, that I do not profess to give the exact dialect of these people, I simply write down their words as we understood them.

"No," persisted Tiny, "it was out of the sea, indeed"— and here she put on a solemn look; "all our friends are ghosts now."



"HE OFFERED TO GIVE US A LIFT AS FAR AS THE NEXT VILLAGE."

Still more desperately did the waggoner scratch his head.

"There ain't such things as ghosts, parson says," he observed, "though old Kitty——Woa now!" (to his horses, who evidently had rested long enough).

Apparently we had interested the old man, for he offered to give us a lift as far as the next village.

"My daughter's inside," he said; "she's just been to boarding-school."

But here the front curtain of the waggon was pushed aside, and a wizened little face peered out.

"I'm not asleep, father," said the young lady just fresh from boarding-school; "I've been listening; the little girl means that her friends are in heaven; but it's ignorant to talk of ghosts: there aren't no such things now.—Come in, Miss What's-your-name, I can make room for you."

The admiration expressed in the old farmer's face

as his daughter thus spoke I could not attempt to render; in the meantime, however, we clambered into the waggon, and she continued the catechism her father had begun.

Miss Mary Anne (that was her name) turned out a useful ally.

Well-brought-up boys and girls, as all the world knows, have a reverence for fact which is almost superstitious. The little subterfuges indulged in by some of their elders would sorely distress their consciences. Had Tiny and I, then, been the offspring of some gipsy-caravan, we could unblushingly have invented a score of stories to account for our forlorn position. Even those new hats, which marked us off distinctively from the tramp proper, we might have accounted for with ease; we could not make up, however, and were sorely put to it by the close questions of the waggoner's daughter.

Mary Anne was clever, and that day she did us an inestimable service. She gave me, moreover, the germ of a theory on myth-formation, which, having developed it, I presented a short time ago to a literary friend. The result was an article that made the fortune of a languishing periodical.

The myth-forming process—I leave generalising to the learned—proceeded, in this particular instance, after some such fashion as the following.

The waggoner's daughter plied us with questions, varying their form constantly: Where were we yesterday? when had we last seen our friends? had we ever been at school?

Partly from curiosity, partly from a sense of inefficiency, I left the conversation entirely to Tiny. And well she sustained her part, carefully hedging when a definite statement was required from her, opening her pretty dark eyes and looking puzzled when such a place as boarding-school was mentioned—evident to Miss Mary Anne's intelligence that she did not even know the meaning of the word—and varying her answers as the questions varied. All came to this in the end, however. Tiny and I had come out of the sea; we knew of no other life than the life of the sea; we were going away from the sea, because the sea was cruel and we were afraid of it; the sea had made every one we knew ghosts; it would have made us ghosts, only that early in the morning, when the sun was rising, we ran away from it. This was true, so far as it went; but the odd thing was—and I call every one to witness that we were not responsible for this result—that the young lady, fresh from boarding-school, on the ground of our true statement, built up a story which was not at all true: which, indeed, was as mythical in its way as the tales of the frolics of the great Olympians.

"People can't live in the sea," argued the waggoner's daughter; "but they can live on the sea; yes, and there are storms sometimes, and ships are wrecked, and nearly all the people drowned."

These are not her words, but a transcript of what I conceive to have been going on in her mind. For after the catechism was over she sat stonily silent, gazing at us, and the mental process that filled that pause I have guessed from the sequel of her meditation.

All at once she clapped her hands. "I know!" she cried out.

In fear and trembling I looked at her. She seemed so supernaturally gifted that I was half afraid she did really know. Tiny, however—always a profound disbeliever in anything magical—only smiled.

"Father," said Miss Mary Anne, "come here."

He left his horses' heads.

"What an old silly you were not to find out!" she said. "They've been in a shipwreck, been and lost all their friends, and of course they bought the hats and things afterwards"—evidently that bit of bright blue riband had puzzled her feminine mind. She said more, but as she stooped over the wheel, her further words were lost to me; from a motion, however, of her hand towards her head, and a slow, sorrowful nod on the part of the old waggoner, I feel convinced she was informing him that she believed our trouble had affected our brains. And after that nothing in the world would have persuaded me to accept Miss Mary Anne's pressing invitation to go on to their village and have a little dinner with them. Being an only child, whom uncles and elder cousins had treated upon terms of equality, I was, in my way, quite a man of the world, and I could fully understand how these statements of ours, even after they had been run through the crucible of Miss Mary Anne's practical brain, would appear to the world in general.

At this critical juncture, therefore, I assumed my position as a man, and would not allow the yielding which I saw in Tiny's eyes.

Declaring positively that I had business in the next village, I made the old waggoner stop his horses and put us down there.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

IT would be easy enough to go on and relate in detail the various and not very striking events that diversified the remaining days of our vagabondage.

I refrain, for though interesting to ourselves, this would, most probably, not interest others.

There came a period to our tranquillity, however, since even three bright sovereigns will not last for ever. There came a certain morning when Tiny, who had persisted up to this moment in setting aside all thought about the future, took me by the hand and said—

"We shall have to work, Archie."

"I said so a long time ago," I answered.

"But a long time ago we didn't want to work."

"And now," I observed, looking down critically at a costume faulty in many respects, "no one, I should think, will have us."

"Oh! we shall see about that," Tiny answered, in the airy and superior way that had often forced me, through the irritation it produced, to fix on some colourable pretext for a dispute with her.

She saw the cloud gathering, I suppose; for all at once—Tiny did not generally treat me with much affec-

tion—she put her little hand in mine, and I saw that tears were in her eyes.

"Don't be vexed, Archie, darling," she said softly, "that we took a little holiday."

How often, since that day, have I remembered her look and tone as she spoke! And now I know what both of us then were too inexperienced to feel. The holiday had been a good thing for this child, beautiful and gay, whom the bitterness of life was beginning to harden: it had put her back to simplicity and confidence, made her love once more the flowers and the birds and the warm earth.

I suppose, so long as we have the power to imagine, that "might have been"—the impossible, of course, but none the less the conceivable—will haunt our minds, and I, once or twice, have had a vision of what my pretty playmate would have been had her former life continued. Her beauty and intelligence, of course, no amount of physical drudgery could have destroyed; what I see in those dreams is a fine lady, sparkling and cynical, who has won her way to position through her own tact and cleverness; no affection softens her; no gentle feeling warms her heart; hard, cold, even cruel on occasions, she sets her tiny foot on the neck of a world that has outraged her, and laughs at the damage she inflicts.

Yes; circumstances have an awful power in determining character: I feel it deeply; even then I felt it in an indefinite way, as Tiny went on.

"I was getting bad, Archie; I had such horrid feelings; I wanted to hurt somebody; and the holiday has made them all go away. Don't be sorry we had it, dear; and listen, I have thought of something to do."

We were sitting, I remember, on a sloping bank, that led down to a little brawling stream; there was a delicious fragrance in the air; around were scattered orchids, delicate wood-vetches, and wild pinks, that Tiny had plucked and afterwards thrown aside; a lime-tree, whose pale, broad leaves made a green heaven of their own, through which, as the branches quivered, appeared now and then glimpses of the deep and far-away blue firmament beyond, spread above us; and all these things, joined with a particular tone in Tiny's voice, made me feel strangely tender-hearted.

"I wish we might always live as we do now," I blurted out.

"We couldn't," said Tiny decidedly.

She had not understood what was in my mind, for when I proceeded to explain: "It's not the work I mind, you know; it's that we can't always be together," she answered, with the smile of a little mother, "But we must be near one another, Archie, in the same village, perhaps in the same house, and we can talk in our spare time, and spend our holidays together."

"Perhaps," I remarked, "we shall not find work in the same place."

"Then we must go to another place."

"Oh! yes, of course it's easy to talk," I returned. It was my tendency to look at things in general from their gloomy side.

Tiny, however, refused to be depressed.

"Our first work, at any rate," she said, "we shall do together."

"Our first work?"

"Oh, yes! by-the-by, I did not tell you. They want hands for the hay-making, for it's going to rain, they say; if you and I go and work in the big meadow out there, I shouldn't wonder if the farmer saw us and gave us something, then we might tell him we wanted work every day."

I thought the idea a good one, and thus we entered upon our first day of serious work.

It was no child's play, as those not accustomed to continuous labour may imagine, and long before the hay-makers' dinner-hour, I, but for Tiny, would have thrown down my fork; but to shrink from work when she was working diligently would have been humiliating. In spite of burning thirst and aching arms, I persevered, and towards evening, as Tiny had hoped, the farmer, walking through the meadow to see what progress had been made, noticed us.

He was apparently struck by our appearance, and asked one of his head men about us. When informed that we had been working hard the whole day, he called us to him, and asked us the questions to which, during the last three weeks, we had become so well accustomed.

Certainly, at that time, were dress to be taken for a criterion of social position, any observer might have classed us with gipsies, or vagabonds of a similiar description; for, spite of heroic efforts on Tiny's part, our clothes were fast degenerating into picturesque raggedness; and I always attribute to her unusual beauty the fact that no one took for granted that we sought to appear what we might actually be.

Now, this farmer was not exactly the same type of man as the waggoner; moreover, at this time we felt that our affairs had come to a critical point.

Tiny, therefore, to whom I of course left the business of speaking, did not reply with her usual readiness.

I could see that she knew instinctively, glancing up into the small keen-looking eyes of this old farmer, that ghostly friends and coming out of the sea would not by him, as by Miss Mary Anne, be fitted into the frame-work of a neat little story, but be treated as pure nonsense.

But Miss Tiny was seldom altogether at a loss, and on this occasion she played a game which I have seen others play later, and with success.

She cast down her pretty eyes, looked frightened, and murmured something indefinite about the sea.

To our surprise his severe look passed away at once. He smiled in the kindest way. Since that day I have, once or twice, at critical moments, been sent swiftly into the seventh heaven, by that gentle movement about a great man's mouth which indicates satisfaction and probable yielding, but never have I experienced such a full measure of pleasure and relief as then, and when he went on—

"Why, to be sure, I have heard of you before, of course; there can't have been two pairs shipwrecked!"

Tiny and I looked one at the other in delight. The myth which we had not invented, only countenanced, had saved our reputation.

"They tell us you don't like talking of it," the farmer proceeded, putting his broad hand on Tiny's head; "no wonder! no wonder! when you're a few years older, though, it'll be different; but come in and see my wife."

We obeyed gladly, for we were hungry, and supper was written in letters large enough for any one to read on that farmer's ruddy face.

His wife was standing at the door; his step quickened when he saw her, and so did ours, although, as a general rule, in this new life we dreaded strangers; but such a face as good Mrs. Carter's would have reassured even the most timid. It was round still, though she was an old woman, with hair as white as snow, and had still the lovely child-look of perfect simplicity. I came to know that old woman well, and I really think that a long life and mixing with the world, and an experience that in youth had been varied, never put one stain on the purity of her mind.

Perhaps the apple-blossoms, and the strawberries and cream, and the great dreamy eyes of the inferior creatures, as we call them, with which she was constantly surrounded, may have had something to say to this. I cannot tell. All I know is that, even as a child, when I looked up at her I found myself thinking instinctively of the things that are good and wholesome.

Mrs. Carter was really delighted to see us. She, too, had heard the story of the shipwreck from her niece, for it turned out presently that the waggoner was her brother, and during this evening we heard certain details about that mythical event which both surprised and enlightened us. As for the supper that evening, the brown bread and golden butter; the honey for Tiny—I thought it right to act the man, and stoutly maintained that I preferred cheese—the cakes, several of which Mrs. Carter thrust into our pockets; the cider; and the milk: I will not attempt to describe these things.

We were so comfortable that we could not really think of business until the table was cleared; then the farmer brought out his pipe into the porch, his wife took her sewing and sat down by his side, and Tiny looked at me. The moment had come to speak.

"I MADE THE BLANK WALLS MY CANVAS" (*p.* 485).

I did not know how to begin, and in my embarrassment I coughed. It was, after all, a good move, for it drew upon me Mrs. Carter's attention.

"Are you delicate in the chest, my dear?" she asked.

"Oh, no! thank you," I answered; "it's nothing."

Her kind old eyes filled with tears.

"Your poor dear mother, if she was alive, wouldn't think so; but there, all's for the best; you'll make your way in the world, no doubt. Brother and sister, may I ask?"

"No, ma'am," answered Tiny.

"No relation?"

"I don't think so," she once more responded.

"But surely you know, my dear?"

"No," Tiny replied—the farmer did not look so keen after supper; besides, he was just dropping off into a doze—"All that was in the other life," she continued; "we've begun a new one now."

"Bless me! how very singular!" the old woman commented, putting her work down that she might look at us more attentively. "And a pretty pair too, and high-born, I shouldn't wonder:—things comes about in such a strange way; but when I were a maid, down in London"—we both started; for my mother lived near London, and Tiny had been there many times—"before either of you were thought of, or your parents either, likely—why, it's nigh fifty years ago," she went on, reassuringly; but her own recollections were not sufficiently definite. "James has a memory," she said confidentially to us, and nudging his arm: "D'ye remember Lady—what was the name? a foreign one: my last place?"

"Lady Delmaine? yes, wife; what of her ladyship?"

"Look at little missy's face. It's like it, isn't it?"

He laughed. "The wife's for ever seeing resemblances," he said; but he looked at my little companion.

"A fine maid," he muttered: "the more's the pity."

"Why is it a pity, sir? asked that impertinent child.

His answer was not very relevant.

"What do you two intend to do with yourselves?" he said suddenly.

"May we help the haymakers?" said I.

"Yes; but that doesn't last long," he answered.

"And it isn't work for a little maid," put in Mrs. Carter, looking at Tiny.

"But I am very strong," the child replied; "I used to——" And here, but for a kick from me, would have followed an allusion to the daily cans of salt water for Mr. Simpkins' joints, instead of which she dropped her sentence, with a little indefinite sound in the throat, quite as nicely as though she had been grown-up and understood what are called the usages of society.

But it did not strike Mrs. Carter that we had anything to conceal. She called her husband into the interior of the house, and we were left alone to speculate; not for long, however, as she presently reappeared, with a huge piece of bread and butter in each hand and one of the pleasantest smiles I have ever seen on her pretty old face.

"Go away now," she said; "James never decides on anything in a hurry; but I'll keep a look-out for you in the field."

The result was what any one might have anticipated. Mrs. Carter was allowed to take in Tiny; as it happened, she was in want of a young girl, for her daughter, who had a nurse's place in London, was to pay them a visit with two of her nurslings. I, being a boy, and consequently a more doubtful character, was to be allowed to shift for myself.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

OF the weeks that followed, except for one circumstance, I never like to think much. The circumstance was that I discovered, and finally determined, what was to be my path in the future. It had long floated vaguely in my mind that a life spent in the open air, watching and transcribing for the benefit of others who could not see, as I saw, the wonders of light and colour, of change and of movement in this wonderful world, would be a good life; now, first it broke upon me that this was actually the life to which nature had called me.

In those days of wandering I had moments of exquisite enjoyment. The effect on my mind of certain of the scenes through which we passed I can barely describe. The sky at midnight, at noon, and at early morning; the green fields and the flowers; the Devonshire streams, with their varying colours, from snow-white and palest amber as they dashed over the rocks to the pitchy blackness of silent pools: these things seemed to enter into me—to become part of my very self.

In the early days of our vagabondage, when three sovereigns had still seemed a treasure inexhaustible, I had bought pencils, and paper, and coloured chalk, though, owing to Tiny's restlessness, I had not, up to this, had much time to use them; now, being constantly alone, I resumed the scribbling, which, during my former life, had made the pride of my mother and my teachers' despair. I made the blank walls and white-washed palings my canvas, and here and there frescoes were produced which, if not highly artistic, were at least remarkable.

Now this was the one pleasing circumstance that cheered those days, dreary as regarded everything else; being of a dream-like character, it could not afford me constant satisfaction, for, as I have hinted, I was naturally morbid; "bounded in a nut-shell," I had not the happy faculty of counting myself "a king of infinite space," and the days, with nothing beyond them but uncertainty, began to drag.

I could not get anything to do. I was willing to work, and was generally liked by any who took the trouble to address me; but, unhappily, boys in this particular village were as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. They swarmed, they might be seen in clusters, they rolled about everywhere; to me it seemed that I never went down the village street or into Mr. Carter's fields without seeing a new boy; I really began to suspect at last that at this particular stage—from twelve to fourteen—the village had determined that its boys should be born.

All these creatures wanted something to do, or at least their parents wanted it for them; little wonder then that I, having no parents, being a kind of vagrant, and only this cheap and plentiful article—a boy—failed in my effort to find work.

I did not actually want, however, for Mrs. Carter, who was much pleased with Tiny, allowed her an hour every day at dinner-time. She was given her dinner, moreover, to take out with her, and a plentiful dinner Mrs. Carter took care it should be, and we ate it together, sitting in a shed when it was wet, or, when it was fine, in a little wood just beyond the hay-field.

We had many an interesting conversation at such times, and at first, while I was in daily hope of finding some means of working for myself, I was ready enough to take of Tiny's superfluities; but many days did not pass away before the necessity became irksome. I could not endure the idea of living upon charity; the thought that this child was working both for herself and me became very painful. I remember how, day after day, I determined that I would not take her dinner, that I would starve first; but the dinner-hour would arrive, and I would make up my mind just to meet her and then go away; and I would see her, and my curiosity would be aroused with regard to the character of the dinner, and when once the little basket was opened, when the pork or cold rabbit, the appetising square of pie, the cheese and wholesome brown bread, were fairly exposed to view, why then, I must confess, hesitation was at an end; the more that, on such occasions, Tiny had an exceedingly intelligent way of talking about the future. She would paint in such vivid colours certain days sure to come, when a single picture of mine would fetch, to use her expression, "pounds upon pounds," when every one would talk about me, and she, a humble little person always, would feel proud of her connection with one so famous, and gain a little personal fame by telling stories of my remarkable childhood, that, before the end of these dinners, my point of view was generally changed to a singular degree. I came to the con-

clusion that, in being allowed to benefit me, and thus prevent infant talent from being fatally nipped, Tiny and Mrs. Carter were actually the people benefited.

But this pleasant view seldom survived the disappointments of the day, and the moment came at last when the lean hours swallowed up the fat hours: when, that is to say, not even dinner, eaten to the accompaniment of Tiny's brilliant prognostications, could remove my deeply-grounded gloom.

And one day I simply told her, in so many words, that she was speaking—I am afraid I used this somewhat inelegant expression—"stupid nonsense." I further remarked that it was more than a saint could bear; that, never having been a saint, I could not be expected to bear it; finally, when she begged me to tell her exactly what I meant, I announced, in decided language, my intention of leaving the country, and finding a fit sphere for my talent—possibly, I did not use this expression—in a town.

She answered with perfect composure—

"Very well! I'll tell Mrs. Carter. Shall we start to-morrow, Archie?"

"What have you to do with it?" I said in feigned amazement. "You have found work, and Mrs. Carter likes you; I can go away alone, surely."

In my heart of hearts, however, I was pleased with Tiny for her instant decision to come away with me. I believe I had been growing jealous of those fat babies from London, upon whom she lavished as much attention as if she liked them better than anything else in the world.

She replied, in her little womanly style—

"If you go to a town—I think it's very silly of you, of course—but I shall certainly go too. Why, Archie"—she was trying to be fascinating now—"you couldn't get on without me. Besides, Mrs. Carter says there are a number of temptations in a town."

"I think," I said gloomily, "I'd like to see what temptations are like."

"Oh! Archie; isn't that wicked?"

"I don't much care if it's good or wicked; all I know is that I can't kick about here much longer doing nothing."

Tiny, after this, looked very thoughtful for a few moments, then she got up, shook the crumbs out of her apron, and arranged her dishes in her basket, all with a most serious face.

"Listen to me, Archie," she said at last; "you've waited so long, you know, it can't do you any harm to wait a little longer. The day after to-morrow the children go away, dear little things!"

"Thank goodness for that!" I interposed.

"You needn't thank goodness too soon," she said with the utmost sweetness; "some more are coming next week. But Mrs. Carter, for fear of my being over-tired, has promised me a whole holiday on Friday. Between that and this I'll be on the look-out, and perhaps"—with the air of a mother—"we may make some arrangement. I *don't* like the idea of your going to a town."

"All right," I said carelessly; "but if you hit on something, you'll be much cleverer than I am."

"And pray, who says I'm not?" replied the saucy child; and therewith she tripped away, and I was left to my own reflections.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE IDEAL.

OH, might I meet her in my wandering
By mossy rivulet or green hedge-wall,
Or in the copse where early throstles sing,
And clasp her in my arms and tell her all!
Yet well I know she dwelleth not on earth,
Nor yet in any other world unseen;
Nor will God ever fashion such a one,
Lest haply He Himself should find a dearth
Of love and worship. If man's earthly queen
Were peerless as his highest thought could throne,
He would not lift his soul above her face;
And if she smiled, his heart would be at ease,
Nor reck of nobler love or fairer grace,
Till black death caught him slumbering at her knees.

E. R. MASSEY.

THE STEWART HOTEL FOR WOMEN.

IN spirit extend to me your hand, reader, and permit me to lead you into a palace. Yet before entering let us pause here on the opposite pavement of the busy thoroughfare on which it is situated, and inspect its exterior.

The building is almost a perfect cube, of immense proportions, being 200 feet square, while skyward it reaches the imposing altitude of seven lofty storeys. The flagstaff which crowns the edifice is accurately proportioned to the height of the building, and it measures seventy-two feet. The palace is of the Renaissance style of architecture—a great impressive structure, with countless wide windows with deep casements; massive, formal, and imposing by day, but lighting up magnificently by night. It is painted a soft "pearl" or French grey, except the lower storey, which is brown; its numerous pillars and pilasters, a clever imitation of Scotch granite. The wide portal is made imposing by being covered with an extensive

balcony supported by elegant pillars, and the spacious entrances beneath are indeed palatial in their grand proportions.

Having crossed the wide entrance hall, where numerous servants press forward to offer any attendance we desire, we enter a beautiful court-yard, or inner square, splendidly laid out in mosaic-work and adorned with rare and lovely flowers and plants. In the midst of these floral beauties, dash the waters of an intricate fountain, whose central jet rises to a height of forty feet, while no less than a thousand smaller jets are twisted and entwined around it in a wide deep basin. At the four corners of the fountain's curb are ornate candelabra, of bronze, each supporting five lamps of ornamental design. These were made to order in Paris, at one of the most artistic manufactories in that capital.

In this palace there are no less than eight fine reception rooms, including one specially noble and luxurious *salon*, furnished in accordance with the choicest and most modern ideas on the subject of house decoration. The carpets and upholstery (including the grand pianos) of these rooms—and in fact of all the 500 rooms in the house—were designed and made to order by known artists, almost regardless of expense, it being considered that the best is cheapest in the end. A library adjoining the reception-rooms holds on its shelves nearly 3,000 volumes of carefully selected literature, while upon the desks and tables lie almost every periodical and newspaper printed in the English language, which it is worth one's time to read. Writing materials of every description await but the taking of them freely. Throughout the library, reception-rooms, grand *salon*, dining-room, and hall-ways are placed numerous works of art, including many valuable paintings and sculptures. But this is not all. Every one of the 500 sleeping-rooms is made artistically attractive. Indeed the whole palace is pervaded by the art-atmosphere, softened and refined by the cozy feeling of domestic life, without which the grandest castle in the world is never other than barnlike.

But how do we fare as to the table at our palace? Ah, now we have it! Please hand me down the dictionary, so that I may look up a few superlatives. We have our own French *chef*, if you please, a renowned master in that line, a great creature engaged for life by our estate, who is permitted occasional absences in which to renew his *cuisine* lore in Paris, during which time we pay him half-salary. At the table he will furnish us absolutely the best food, and the best only, and that in unmeasured profusion, which the market affords. Fifty men-servants will wait on us in the dining-room alone. All our servants, except a few women, lodge outside our palace, arriving early in the morning to assume their duties, and leaving at eleven o'clock at night.

If the visitors do not sleep well in their elegant rooms, it will not be the fault of the beds. The best bedding is there, the finest spring and hair mattresses, the softest feather pillows, the whitest and fleeciest of blankets. Ventilation has been procured by means of the best known processes. Baths and necessary cabinets are accessible to every room; while actually in every room hot and cold water run at will from silver-plated taps, into the basins of marble wash-hand-stands set in the masonry. In every room numerous gas-jets give brilliancy at night. It was the express desire of the head of the estate which built this palace, that all who inhabited it should find gas and water as free to them as air itself.

A record of this sort stands in danger of becoming at last a mere catalogue of luxuries and wonderful contrivances, lifts to floors, electric bells, patent laundry arrangements, hair-brushing by machinery, and a general life-on-wheels set of marvels, which would possess more interest for the world at large were there much probability of its enjoyment by any but the favoured few. What boots it to such a girl, say, as that one who, with perhaps unconscious power, wrote in these pages the pathetic story of the daily drudgery of the out-door business girls of London, that Sir Fortunatus Plutus has erected a *palazzo* in Park Lane, with a staircase surmounted by a gold dome, or that Lord Crœsus' town house will have a room decorated with peacocks' eyes, by the hand of some super-extraordinary painter, who charges a thousand pounds for every breath he allows you to draw in his highly rarefied art-presence? Even one's appreciation of the beautiful is pained by reading the record of these costly extravagances, when we know that they are only to be enjoyed by a few fortunate atoms of humanity, while a seething mass are struggling outside of them for mere bread to eat, and a pallet to lie on. But the palace of whose luxuries, conveniences, and comforts I have, in spite of all I have written, done no more than vaguely give an intimation, is a building in which every person in the whole world, however poor, must take a keen and vital interest, unless that person be one of exceptional hardness of heart, unchristian-like callousness of feeling. For this palace is solely intended as a habitation for the poor, the working poor. To be the possessor of an inherited income, or any other income except that derived from one's own work, is an effectual bar to entrance there. The palace is described by the lady who owns it, and has just completed it, as "A Home for Women who support themselves by Daily Labour." Men are not eligible for admission.

The building and its furniture cost almost half a million pounds, and that amount is a free gift to the working women of New York, for whose use the hotel is intended. This noble present is a legacy of the late A. T. Stewart, the renowned draper or "dry goods" merchant of New York, whose romantic history as a poor Irish boy going out, steerage passenger, to America with a couple of pieces of linen under his arm as his sole possessions, and who from that limited stock-in-trade grew to be one of the richest men in the world, has been often told. In speaking of his colossal fortune, Mr. Stewart invariably said that he owed it solely to an inflexible rule of honesty in regard to his business dealings. His motto was, "Ten per cent. and no lies." Any person selling articles at Stewart's who was discovered to have knowingly misrepresented them

in the slightest degree, even in the interest of the house, was instantly discharged. Not one word of solicitation—that *pestering to buy* so common in many large London and Paris shops—was, or is, ever allowed at Stewart's. This absence of all cajolery extends even to the physical arrangement of this great mart. There is no more external indication at Stewart's as regards show-windows, signs, even the firm-name, of its being a drapery establishment than there is at the Bank of England.

It was quite fitting that Mr. Stewart should do something for women, as women had done everything for him. Not only was his trade one which depends for support almost entirely on women, but he was also the employer of nearly 1,100 women and girls at all times. From his own personal observation he formed an opinion which many women know to their sorrow to be true—that of all classes of the community none have "so poor a show," as he expressed it, as the working girls. In all great cities their lot is the same. At their places of business they are required to be active, alert, well-dressed, healthy, good-tempered, polite, and in every way thoroughly efficient, while their honorarium for these valuable services is so slender, that a decent lodging is a comfort unattainable to those who are away from the parental roof, and even proper food is often lacking. This hotel for working women is not intended to be a charitable institution, a pauper establishment. It is a business enterprise, favoured by a large bequest left by a man of princely wealth. If it be found not to support itself at the rates charged to lodgers, such deficit will be met by the estate. If there be any profit, such profit will be devoted to cutting down the price of board and lodging to those who live there. Nothing could be fairer or more generous.

Now, what are the rates fixed for board and lodging at this Women's Home? At first blush they will not seem small; but it must be remembered that the entertainment offered is absolutely of the first class—better than the best—better than that which rich people pay for at the rate of a guinea a day each person at the grand hotels of London, Paris, Switzerland, and America. For board and lodging at the Women's Home the price per week is six dollars—say 24s. The prices of meals for women eating in the dining-room, but lodging elsewhere, are as follow:—Breakfast (in English money), about 1s. 6d.; lunch, 1s.; dinner, 2s. But no one who has not been in America can understand what these meals indicate in regard to profusion or deliciousness of viands.

These prices shut out, it is sad to say, the very poorer class of working girls—the drudging seamstresses, errand-girls, and under-saleswomen in small shops, who even in America are not in receipt of sufficient wages to warrant the payment of so much money for board and lodging. But there are in the city of New York enough women—artists, writers, teachers, students, telegraph-operators, and others engaged in the finer mechanical and commercial pursuits—to fill many more than one hotel like this. In London there are enough, no doubt, to crowd a dozen such.

A respectable character is an indispensable qualification to applicants at the Home. The trustees of the Stewart estate have so many means for finding out the standing of any one applying for admission, that virtue there need have no fear of being housed with vice. Only honourable, upright women, who live by their own labour, and that labour decent, can possibly get in. The regulations of the hotel are stringent in some minor particulars, but no scheme of *espionnage* is to be employed. Callers must not be taken to private rooms, as this might, in the case of gentlemen friends, give rise to comment. There are eight large reception-rooms and the library in which to entertain friends. No sewing-machines will be allowed, lest the whole building be turned into a buzzing manufactory, with its 500 or 1,000 inmates. To avoid complications, no private furniture must be introduced; nor can pet animals be permitted to howl, or mew, or shrilly chirp, to the annoyance, perhaps, of neighbours who do not like such sounds.

Mrs. Stewart, aided by her husband's trustees, has nobly brought to a conclusion this generous conception, which Mr. Stewart entrusted to her hands at his death, and which was always a favourite topic of conversation with him. Mr. Stewart, as all who were acquainted with him know, fully believed that the necessaries, and even the domestic luxuries, of life were within the reach of those who earn very small incomes, could they but get the opportunity to disburse their wages to proper advantage. He was of opinion that a hotel conducted on the plan of this now spoken of would render 1,000 working women independently comfortable every year, and 3,000 or 4,000 more outside of it nearly so, through the restaurant. He always declared that the more independent the poor class of women of any country are, the better it would be for that country in the moral and religious as well as the business sense; and he also thought, to quote his own words, "that if a prominent example could be shown of how women who earn their own living could at the same time remain independent and live well, it would be widely imitated, with good results."

Let us hope the rich merchant was not mistaken. We know, however, that a good work is not always appreciated—even by those for whose benefit it has been accomplished.

OLIVE LOGAN.

THE OLD PEAR-TREE.

BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE, AUTHOR OF "ORION," ETC. ETC.

EMBLEM of by-gone days! who still so green
Spread'st thy broad arms athwart the southern wall—
Memorial of fresh youth, and life's young scene—
Full many a vision thou dost well recall.
The morning dews fast from thy branches fall,
As though in tears to welcome my return;
Thick snow of blossoms decks thy foliage tall,
And gazing thus I feel my being yearn
With heart-suspended sighs, that melt and thrill in turn.

Fresh art thou as the day that I was born,
But I am sunken from thee into eld:
The winds sang through thee on my natal morn,
And round the darken'd window moan'd and swell'd:
A babbling of strange fates as beldames held:
Then wert thou lusty in each serpent fold,
Though not with summer's hanging fruit o'er-bell'd,
But showering leaves upon the wintry mould,
'Mongst which, with three years' pride, my elfin limbs I roll'd.

Now have thy blooms white crowds of thoughts become,
Fragrant of earliest scenes. Bright hours appear
When thy broad wall screen'd in my childhood's home—
Long loved—long left—but, oh! for ever dear.
Thou, lady, whom my silent thoughts revere,
Art long since gone, and, like a cloud-pile's fall,
Thy loving gift hath melted into air;
The iron gates, I thought so grand and tall,
Are ever closed to me—and strangers tread the hall.

Rich was thy fruit in autumn's mellowing smile,
And well the grave face do I call to mind
With which my grandame's knife in silvery guile
Moved round and round, until the curling rind
Hung in a ringled cone. How quaint and kind
The aged gardener would beckon oft,
When none were near, and, looking sly behind,
A huge old ladder drew from out the loft,
And journey'd—oh, so high!—and dropt pears from aloft!

That mansion bears to me an alien face—
Forbidding looks the room where I was born:
Few shapes of lawns or garden-walks I trace;
The dove-cot stands a mildewed wreck forlorn—
The ancient coach-house turned into a barn;
The gilded weather-cock and iron bell—
Tray's kennel, deep-thatch'd stables, all are gone;
The green-house—once all blooms—a ghastly shell;
And naught I loved remains but thee, sweet jargonelle.

Vain were the present, if the past be vain:
Though man i' the future lives, 'twere vainer still
If by such themes we profit not. Our gain
Springs with our loss, upon Thought's fruitful hill.
Then from sad memories we may distil
A spirit that shall set our hearts aglow,
Armed with the fortitude of wise-eyed will,
That waits for dawn in darkest cells of woe,
Till patient well-built hopes our best resources show.

BUTTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPING."

"THERE'S folks as make bad butter and trusten to the salt to hide it," said Mrs. Poyser. Ah! but the salt will not hide it. Bad butter proclaims itself, it is an abomination, an annoyance, a loss, and an injury. It is unwholesome and unpalatable. It is good for nothing, neither for eating nor for cooking. Good butter, on the contrary, is exquisite, tempting, delicious. It melts in the mouth as butter should do. It crowns the efforts of the skilful cook and helps to hide the short-comings of the unskilful one. It gives satisfaction however it is used. It is a most valuable food, less likely to disagree with the stomach than any other fat, and is liked and enjoyed by the sick as well as the hale and strong. Amongst the cultivated and refined it is everywhere regarded as an indispensable article of daily food, and the meal is incomplete from which it is absent. In short, it is one of the crowning luxuries of a perfect meal.

This being the case, what a pity it is that good butter is so hard to get! But there is no question about the fact. It is quite appalling to read the accounts of the adulterations to which it is subjected. For it is said that not only do salt and water enter into the composition, but that in different samples there have been found, besides salt and water, flour, oatmeal, pea-flour, lard, mutton and beef fat, purified animal fat (by which is meant bone-fat, horse-grease, and the fat of dead dogs melted down), with oil, tallow, rag-pulp, &c. &c. There!—that is quite enough.

It appears as if only one thing could be done in the matter. We cannot awaken the consciences of the manufacturers and purveyors of butter; we cannot terrify them with our Adulteration Acts, so it only remains for us to try to understand for ourselves what good butter is, and to refuse to put up with the inferior article. If impositions did not succeed they would not be repeated.

Of course the great test of butter is the palate. Those who are accustomed to perfect butter, "gilt-edged

butter" as the Americans call it, cannot tolerate the sham. But what about those who are not accustomed to it—whose only experience in that line is "Dosset, inferior Dosset?" Would it not be best that they should remain in the ignorance which is bliss? A summer or two ago, some friends of mine who had lived in town all their lives, having only occasional glimpses of the country, had the unspeakable happiness of receiving an invitation to spend six weeks at a large farm in Denmark. They accepted it, and it was quite amusing to see in how short a time they took advantage of their privileges. They had cream, unlimited cream, and beautiful butter, fresh and sweet, and of an exquisite flavour, and they proved in the most satisfactory way that they appreciated it. Even the very little ones got into the way of spreading the odorous substance upon the bread in layers ever so much thicker than the bread itself; and this to the distress of the mother, who, frugal soul, was horrified at their extravagance, as she called it. "Oh, let them have it," said the hospitable hostess, "it will do them good, they cannot have too much good butter." "But what shall I do when they return home, if they acquire habits of this kind?" was the answer. "I can never afford to supply them with butter at this rate." But it was soon found that there was no cause for anxiety on this account. Their taste had been educated. They knew good butter from bad, and had no desire to do more than spread the "best fresh" lightly and sparingly over the bread as they had always been accustomed to do.

But now about understanding butter. Butter is either fresh or salt. A little salt is put even with the best butter, but the quantity ought not to exceed half an ounce to the pound. Sometimes, however, in inferior samples salt and water together make up more than a third of the weight. Salt can, however, easily be removed by washing the butter, and water can be squeezed from it, and the extent of the adulteration can be ascertained by weighing the butter before and after these operations.

There are certain special chemical tests by which the quality of butter can be determined, but these cannot be applied by every one. Still there is one very simple plan by which the commoner adulterations can be discovered. This is to put some of the suspected butter into a glass tube and plunge it into hot water till all the substance is melted. After a little time it will separate into layers, and then the different ingredients which enter into the composition will lie in marked distinctness before us. If lard is present it will be of a paler colour than the butter. If little pieces of skin are found, coarse animal fats have been introduced; and if bits of thread are there, rag-pulp has been used for adulteration.

Supposing, however, that the butter is tolerably good and pure, there will be seen in the bottom of the tube a little, very little, water; on this, and like it by no means conspicuous, will be the curd, and at the top of all will lie the true butter or milk-fat, which will in appearance much resemble oil.

Yet even when both manufacturer and purveyor are quite honest and well-intentioned, butter is not always perfect; for there are so many little circumstances that may hinder success in butter-making. No other substance absorbs foreign odours and volatile flavours as butter does, so that foul gases or smells accidentally admitted to the dairy are sure to taint the butter, and once injured in this way it can never be recovered. Our forefathers knew this, and in order to prevent the admission into the dairy of any unpleasant odour they used to plant bushes, more particularly the common elder, a short distance in front of the dairy window, to purify the air before it came to the butter. It would seem that modern science has confirmed the wisdom of this plan, for it has discovered that trees and shrubs do inhale gases, some so markedly as to prevent fever. Any one who doubts the fact that butter easily absorbs the flavours of other substances, would do well to put a little butter away on a plate with a slice of cheese and a rasher of bacon, and taste it after a short time. Careless cooks make this experiment constantly though unconsciously.

Then the taste of butter is influenced by the kind of food upon which the cow has been fed; a pleasant and delicate aroma being given to it by some pastures which is not afforded by others. If strong or improper food has been given to the cow, the butter is sure to be affected. Thus butter is much stronger when the cow is fed on turnips than when it is fed on grass or hay. Besides this, a very unpleasant flavour is frequently noticeable in butter made in the autumn, and this is caused by the cow having eaten fallen and decayed leaves with its food. The taste of the butter differs also with the animal from which the milk is taken; and butter made in Egypt and India from bison's milk, and in our own country from goat's milk, is much stronger than that made from cow's milk.

A good deal of difficulty is experienced by housekeepers in keeping butter in good condition. It is so liable, and especially in hot weather, to become rancid. It should be generally known that if rancid butter be washed first in good new milk, and afterwards in cold spring-water, it will become as good as ever. The rancidity in butter is due to the presence of what the chemists call butyric acid, and this is freely soluble in fresh milk.

Fresh butter will keep sweet for a long time if it is put into a bowl with plenty of water, with every half-gallon of which a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid has been mixed. This water should be changed every five or six days, and oftener in hot weather. Butter thus treated has been known to retain its freshness at the end of two months under the existence of a temperature of from 60° to 68° Fahr.

In summer time butter is frequently presented in an oily condition. This is, however, quite unnecessary, for it may easily be kept firm with ice, or, failing this, by the adoption of either of the two following methods —1. Put the butter on a soup-plate and place upon it an inverted flower-pot covered with a cloth, then pour water on the plate. 2. Put the butter in a bowl and place this in a dish that contains water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved. Lay on and round the bowl a clean cloth with the ends in the saltpetre-

water, and keep the bowl in a cool and *dark* place.

If it is wished to preserve butter for a considerable time, it is a good plan to press it into pots to within an inch of the top, then to lay on it some coarse-grained salt about half an inch thick, covering each pot with a plate or slate. By long keeping the salt runs to brine, which forms an air-tight covering for the butter, which can be easily poured off when the butter is wanted. Dr. Anderson recommends a plan by which he declares that butter may be kept in a cool place for years, and if packed so as not to melt will even bear a voyage to the East Indies. According to this method, each pound of butter is incorporated thoroughly with 1 oz. of a mixture made of 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. of white sugar, and 2 oz. of Cheshire large-grained salt, all finely powdered. "Butter thus prepared does not acquire its proper taste until it has stood for three or four weeks, when it is found to have a rich marrow-like flavour which no other butter ever possesses."

The varieties of butter are, of course, numerous, as every one knows, and amongst them it must in all honesty be confessed that the English butters do not hold a prominent place. Some of them certainly are excellent; Devonshire, Aylesbury, and Epping butters are deservedly popular, and Cambridge butter also, though it is said that what is called Cambridge butter is only a mixture of foreign butters. Delicious butter, possessing a fine creamy flavour, is made also in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Yet nearly all the best butter supplied to the London clubs comes from Ostend, from Normandy, and from Brittany. Dutch butter is very largely consumed in every part of Great Britain, and it has been estimated that three-fourths of all the foreign butter used in England is imported from Holland. It is much to be feared that a good deal of this is only purified fat flavoured with buttermilk. A considerable trade is done in butter in Ireland, but as a rule foreign butters from Holland and France are preferred to Irish butter, because they are scrupulously clean, while Irish butter frequently contains hair and dirt as well as too much salt and brine.

The French in their cookery use a great deal more butter than we English do, and an English housekeeper would be appalled at the quantity disposed of in a French kitchen. But we are not in a position to blame our neighbours in this respect. They save more by utilising the scraps and pieces than we do by being sparing of butter, and if we had learnt to employ the fragments as they do, we could well afford to enrich our dishes in the same way. In various forms they use butter for sauce. *Ravigote* butter is butter incorporated with chopped herbs, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice. It is served with steaks and broiled fish. *Maître-d'hôtel* butter is butter kneaded with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice, and a pat is put cold either under or upon broiled meat or fish, and melts in the dish. When a dish is said to be *à la maître-d'hôtel*, it is almost always served either with this butter or with what is called *maître-d'hôtel* sauce, which is only English melted butter with chopped parsley added to it. Anchovy butter is made with butter and pounded anchovies.

There are simpler preparations of butter sauces than these, however, which are most excellent, and which can be prepared so easily that it is a pity they are not more generally known. Amongst these the most important are "black butter," the French *beurre noir*, a piquant sauce used for skate, calf's brains, and similar dishes. It is made by melting fresh butter in a small saucepan and letting it remain over the fire till it is brown, without being at all burnt. It is then mixed with vinegar which has been boiled rapidly till it is considerably reduced, pepper and salt are added, and the sauce, after being passed through a strainer, is ready to serve. *Beurre à la noisette*, or "nut-brown butter," is one of the most perfect of fish sauces. It is made by melting fresh butter and allowing it, not to brown, but to acquire a light golden tinge. When this point is reached, the butter is taken at once from the fire and served with salt and a little lemon-juice. Oiled butter, another simple sauce highly esteemed by epicures, is nothing but fresh butter melted to oil, but not coloured at all, then strained to free it from the milky sediment contained in the butter, and slightly salted before being served.

It must not be thought, however, that butter is esteemed everywhere alike. In the United States, in Sweden, and elsewhere it is made and used in large quantities, and it is employed in England so generally that, in addition to that made at home, 80,000 tons of foreign butter are imported annually, and it has been estimated that in London only the consumption amounts to 15,000 tons. In India it is made from the milk of buffaloes, and under the name of "ghee" is universally used in native cookery. In Brazil it is largely used, and quantities are imported from England, France, and Germany, in addition to that made by the natives. The Brazilians churn their butter in a very curious fashion. Sometimes they put the milk into a bottle, and shake it till the butter comes, then to get it out break off the top of the bottle. Another plan is to put the milk into a hide, and let this be shaken well by two natives, one at each end, or else be dragged on the ground after a galloping horse till the butter appears. Yet in Southern Europe butter is very sparingly used, and in Italy, Spain, and Portugal it is sold by apothecaries as an ointment for external application—as we use it also ourselves, for if one gets a knock or a bump, there is nothing more natural in the world than to rub the place at once with butter.

In choosing butter it should be remembered that fresh butter should be of a pleasant odour, and of an equal colour throughout. If it smells sour it has not been sufficiently freed from the buttermilk; if it is streaked or veiny it has probably been worked up with stale butter or lard. It is a good plan with salt butter to plunge a knife right into it, and if when this is withdrawn it has a rancid and unpleasant smell, the butter is bad. When butter is bought in a tub it is best to have the cask unhooped and try the butter in different parts, for it is more than probable that the butter has

been made at different times, and is not all alike in quality.

Clever housekeepers with artistic tendencies are very fond of making butter *look* pretty for the table. One of the methods they employ for this purpose is to "squirt" the butter. This is done by rolling a piece of stiff white paper to the shape of a sugar-bag, and squeezing the butter in strings through a hole at the bottom. Butter thus prepared may be dished, and garnished with small sprigs of parsley, or it may be used to ornament glazed hams, tongues, &c. "Scooped butter" is made by scooping the butter quickly and thinly with a scooper that has been dipped in warm water. "Curled butter" is made by putting the butter into a cloth, two ends of which are fastened to a hook in the wall, and the other two are tied in a knot so that a stick might pass through. The cloth is twisted tightly so that the butter shall fall in small curly strings through the knot into a dish put under it to receive it. Very pretty moulds are sold and extensively used for shaping butter. They should be kept perfectly clean, and before being used should be wetted with cold spring-water in order to prevent the butter from sticking to them. Scotch hands for moulding butter are very inexpensive and very easily managed. They consist of two plain pieces of wood fluted in the inside. They require to be soaked in cold water before being used, and if used constantly should be kept in a bowl of water to be ready when wanted. The butter should be taken up between them in small portions, and rolled either into balls or small rolls, and if these are put on a butter dish and garnished with parsley they may be made to look very pretty.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

ON HEARING JENNY LIND'S "GOOD NIGHT" SUNG IN THE STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS."

SWEET, songful sister! my full heart
Is borne upon thy strain,
And in its sadness bears a part
And answers to its pain;
Yet, while the sunset sky is bright,
We will be strong and say, "Good night!"

Good night! good night! to those who weep
Such tears as we have wept;
Sweet peace to those who dread the sleep
That all before have slept;
Bright dreams to maidens worn with care,
And brave youths struggling with despair.

Good night! good night! to rich and poor,
To prisoner and to free;
To children playing at the door
And laughing merrily;
Good night to mothers fond and proud,
And fathers bearing through the cloud.

Child of Cecilia! why has fate
Been so unkind to thee?
Thou wert not born to this estate,
Nor nursed in misery.
"Good night!" it echoes down the street:
Thy mien is proud, thy song is sweet.

What hast thou done to vex the world?
And what the world to thee?
Oh, heavens! Who shall say? our life
Is full of mystery;
Yet angels leaning from the height
May hear thee wish the world "Good night!"

Nor let the scattered pence it flings
Be painful to thy touch;
The bard who for its guerdon sings
Is equal, and has much
To break his heart-strings ere his lyre
Fail 'neath unsatisfied desire.

Good night! good night! The eyelids ache
With tears too long unshed;
We weep ourselves to sleep, and wake
With heavy heart and head;
But when we say our last "Good night,"
God grant the waking may be bright!

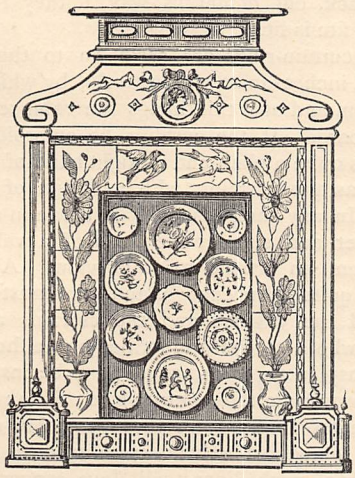
FIREPLACES IN SUMMER.

WHEN the increasing warmth of the spring weather forces us to extinguish our blazing and cheerful winter companion, the fire, nothing, I think, can surpass the melancholy blackness, the utter unsightliness of the vacant grate. Even the bright associations of the past winter—the friendly chat and pleasant laughter over afternoon teas innumerable, taken in the warmth of its cosy light—fail to redeem its mournful ugliness. Modern fashion has introduced many much-needed improvements, which, after all, are only revivals of the taste of our ancestors, who certainly knew how to design delightful fireplaces; and we cannot do better now than carefully to copy their oak over-mantels, and shelves for china, and their Dutch tiles of every design and colour.

Of course those who are happy enough to own a fireplace beautified and adorned in the modern style will not be very anxious to hide it. Those who happen, however, to live in houses (and their name is Legion) which they do not own and cannot improve, will feel the wish, with each returning summer, to "do something" with the unsightly hearth. For their benefit I

intend to gather, from all sources, suggestions, plans, and instructions how to beautify the fireplace in summer.

A very usual plan is to utilise a looking-glass for the purpose, made to fit the empty space, with or without a row of flowering plants in a box before it. This,



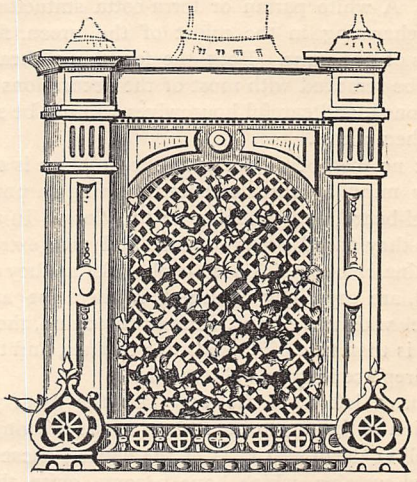
however, is expensive, and is open to objection on that score alone. For bed-rooms, fire-boards have long been considered the right thing, but as our knowledge of hygiene advances we shall find them seriously objectionable on account of their checking the ventilation which the chimney affords. This should be always a consideration in any room used for sleeping purposes. As this, nevertheless, is really one of the most natural forms, and the difficulties of ventilation can be overcome by using merely a frame of wood, and not a solid board, I have several suggestions to offer as to the embellishment of the so-called "fire-board."

The wooden frame (being made, of course, to fit the opening for which it is intended) should be covered with coarse canvas, well stretched and nailed on. Upon this the back-ground is pasted, if of paper; but if of linen, cotton, or cloth it can also be stretched and nailed on. There is nothing to prevent the economically inclined from doing this at home. A ground of plain black or coloured paper may have flower designs arranged upon it, and a landscape in the centre. I have also seen an attempt to represent water-lilies floating on a pond, with over-hanging branches and reeds, and birds and butterflies hovering above. All these designs were cut from chintz, cretonne, and paper, and simply pasted on the back, which was chosen of some shade of colour likely to suit the room and its prevailing tint. Any one a little skilled in oil-painting could fill the fireplace very effectively with some roughly-drawn sketch, such as I have described.

It must be remembered that very much depends upon the style of our chimney-piece and other surroundings; so before deciding upon any suggestion which has pleased us, we must consider its appropriateness to the fixed objects of our fireside. For instance, if the mantel-piece be of white or coloured marble, nothing I have yet described, except looking-glass, is suitable. The American plan, now so fashionable, for window decoration, of dried ferns and leaves arranged between glass, is remarkably effective with marble mantels. A back of black paper should be pasted behind the inside glass, to do away with the transparency, which, of course, is not necessary as it has not to be seen through.

Wicker-work baskets, the length of the chimney and slightly bowed in the centre in front, are sold in many shops, in which to plant natural flowers. There is a tin box of the same size inside. Where expense is no object, or where you are living in the country, and can collect mosses and ferns without trouble, this is an excellent plan; but in London it is not attainable by people of small means. Where natural flowers are used, they must be protected from the draught of the chimney by a close fire-board, or they will wither within an hour or so.

Our last idea upon the decoration of the fire-board, is to cover it with green or scarlet cloth, for the reception of china plaques, or plates. These are let into circles cut for the purpose, and slightly sunk below the level of the board. A large round plate for the centre might have smaller sizes arranged round it. Antique china is not needful, and now that china-painting is so fashionable, this may be a new idea for the disposal of some of our own home-work. We have suffered so long from tissue-paper horrors of all sorts, and every colour, which are represented as falling out of the fireplace much like a stream of water from a pitcher; we have also been deluged with cascades of shavings, for the same purpose—both of which, as decorations, are in the last degree inartistic and vulgar. So I do not intend to advise either of them as methods of beautifying our ideal summer-hearth. It is plea-



santer to try "fields and pastures new." In these a novel and pretty ornament to fill up a grate is one of the large-sized Japanese parasols, opened wide, the gay colouring forming a bright spot in the dark surroundings of the fireplace. The stick of the parasol will generally require shortening a little. A young

friend of ours has ornamented a fire-board lately with the small parasols from the same Eastern region, which are now sold in London, we believe, for a penny apiece. She either cuts off the sticks closely or makes a hole to receive them, and in both cases they need strong glue to make them adhere tightly. The tiny parasols are put on the board as a pattern, and have a pretty effect on a black ground. Another pretty fire-board decoration is to insert wire rings at suitable distances in the board, for the reception of flower-pots, holding creepers and hanging plants of various sorts, such as are used for hanging-baskets.

In America, as in Germany, constant use is made of the ivy for in-door decoration of all kinds. It is trained round doors and windows, as well as the pictures, bookcases, and alcoves. A little care in watering it, and sponging the leaves, enables it to resist even an atmosphere heated with stoves. It forms a particularly pretty decoration for the mantel-piece and fire-place, wreathed round and drooping from the former, and trained over a trellis-work for the latter. This trellis must be protected, by a close fire-board at the back, from the draught of the chimney, and frequent sponging of the leaves will not be forgotten by those who remember that plants breathe through their leaves, and cannot remain healthy if their pores be closed with dust.

A pyramidal flower-stand for pots, covered with virgin cork, is one of the latest suggestions made in a fashionable journal, to fill the vacant space in front of the fire-place, standing on the hearth. A wire-stand can be used, however old and worn, and there are clever people in every household, I think, equal to the task of arranging the cork over it, so as to hide the wire, and make it "beautiful for ever." Ferns in pots are used for this stand, and the common kinds, which can be gathered in any country walk, are quite suitable. A white parian or terra-cotta statuette looks very charming in the midst of the green, feathery fronds of the ferns. Both the fender and hearth-rug must be removed with most of the decorations I have mentioned, and careful housewives will not be sorry to give them a rest.

But no method of filling up the fireplace is so nice, to my mind, as a set of shelves fitting in under the mantel-board, and reaching to the floor. In a small house they afford great comfort, and give extra room for china or books. These cupboards, as they may be called, are especially charming if there be an over-mantel with niches and shelves for china, the whole effect is then that of a handsome cabinet, and the idea of a fireplace is quite obliterated.

I have left until the very last the most popular addition of the day to the fittings of the drawing-room, as well as the other rooms of the house; these are the mantel-curtains, which have become quite the rage. Perhaps they are really the most artistic as well as the most natural way to fill up the ugly void left by the banished fire. They do not interfere with the ventilation, and they keep out the draught. The only care must be to see that they are properly dusted and shaken. The length and breadth must depend of course on the size of the fireplace, but they should just touch, not drag on the ground. There should always be two curtains, opening in the middle, in front. They are usually attached to the wooden mantel-board, to which a shaped rod of stout iron wire is attached, rounded at the corners of the board; the curtains can then be pulled back, out of harm's way, if they remain up when the fire is lit.

Small curtain-rings are sewn on to the curtains about six inches apart, respectively, by which to suspend them, and over this hangs the valance from the mantel-board. If the curtains be embroidered, the valance is quite a plain and straight band of the same material as the curtains, with a design of the same nature. In any case, it should be borne in mind that the plainer and simpler the folds of a valance, the better from an artistic point of view. A five-inch border is quite deep enough, and care must be taken to regard the valance and the curtains as a harmonious whole, so that the former be neither oppressively conspicuous, nor so small as to be insignificant, when viewed from the opposite side of the room.

The materials used for these curtains are many —velvet, embossed velveteen, refuse-silk materials, hop-sacking, crash, linen twill, Java canvas, diagonal cloths, and serges. Embroidery in crewel has been applied to them with the happiest effect. The designs used may be either bands of embroidery as a border round the curtains, horizontal stripes of alternate embroidery and material, or an up-growing design, from the lower edge of the curtain. The latter idea is a very pretty one, and not difficult to carry out, as the suggestion for the design can be discovered in many a sketch and picture. Nor must I forget that style of ornament called, by the celebrated Owen Jones I believe, "powderings," which are small patterns scattered at equal distances over a given surface. It is admirably suited for the ornamentation of small curtains, such as those of which we are speaking, and those used for bookcases and side-boards. A piece of tapestry would look well for such a purpose.

Hitherto I have spoken exclusively of curtains which entirely hide the chimney-piece, but if it be a handsome one, and a decoration of itself, and the grate be the only part which it is needful to hide, another method of decoration must be practised. This is by the means of a single short curtain, covering up the grate.

A proper workman must be employed to put up a small rod under the marble, or wooden beam of the mantel, between the side pillars, for the curtain to hang upon. There need be no fulness in the curtain if it be handsomely embroidered, but if not, the folds must be small, and regular in their arrangement; and the rod and rings should be of polished brass, and kept bright and in good order. Of course, if tapestry, it must have no folds.

These small curtains are very appropriate with the new-fashioned tiled hearths and marble fenders, as they brighten up a dark place, and hide nothing which should be shown. It is hardly needful to say that the colours chosen should harmonise, not contrast, with

the surroundings in which they are to be seen. Large china jars are usually placed inside the marble fenders, during the summer, and can be kept filled with flowers, if they are to be had. In conclusion, I may be permitted to express the hope that now I have shown how really artistic and suitable decorations may be arranged at a small cost, my readers will emancipate themselves from the yoke of tissue-paper and artificial flowers, and consider the adoption of new ideas for beautifying the fireplace in summer. DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

A RUN THROUGH SOUTH SNOWDONIA.

FALLS OF BENGLOG.

I AM in the 12.35 train from Chester, on my way to Beddgelert, *viâ* Carnarvon and Avon-wen.

The weather has been bad for weeks, and the clouds still hang low over the estuary of the Dee. A few drops of rain patter against the window-pane, but the barometer is, I know, slowly rising. This fact is the only hope to which I cling, for no place is more wretched than North Wales in wet weather, and no place more enjoyable in fine.

I could utter a loud "hurrah" as I catch a glimpse of some blue sky over the hills above Abergele, but the rigid conventionalities of a well-filled railway carriage restrain me, so I merely remark to my *vis-à-vis* that it seems as if it were going to be fine after all.

There is no mistake about this clearance. It is a real healthy "take-up" of the weather. We all know how one's spirits rise with the rising barometer when one is "touring," or rather I should say how they jump up with ten times the rapidity of the sluggish mercury. The wing-footed god himself would far better represent one's inner spirit on these occasions. Mine was up to "set fair" in five minutes, revelling in anticipations of unknown scenes of surpassing beauty, for *South* Snowdonia was as yet to me a *terra incognita.*

Would that it were so still, for I have had but few keener enjoyments than that which I experienced on becoming acquainted with it on this occasion, and I should like to have that enjoyment over again.

I myself had never even heard a remark about the beauty of the river between Barmouth and Dolgelly, and yet I have never seen, either at home or abroad, anything more absolutely perfect in the way of river scenery. Why is this? Is it that we do not thoroughly appreciate the beauties of our own land? or that the mass of people who hurry by do not take in the beauty of the colour, the luminous aërial effects, or the majesty of the mountain forms?

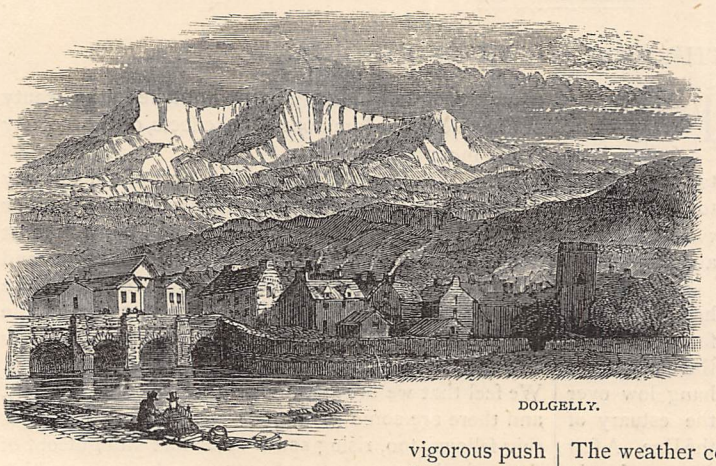
I need not linger over the splendours of old Conway Castle, the beauties of Penmaenmawr, or the familiar sights of the Menai Straits. They are known to most people, but when we get away from Carnarvon and work southward the aspect of things changes. We pass station after station of unfamiliar names. The population grows more sparse, the villages are few and far between, and more primitive in character. We feel that we are getting to unfrequented regions, and there are some mountains far away to our right (big fellows, too, rising some 1,800 feet straight out of the sea) whose names we do not even know, but which our "Gossiping Guide" tells us are "Yr Eifl," or the Rivals. By-and-by we come to a solitary little station close to a bleak shingly shore. Here the line runs right and left. That to the right leads to Pwllheli, which name no prudent stranger would venture to pronounce, for he would be sure to be wrong, but which to the initiated bears a sound something resembling Perthelli.

The line to the left, however, is my route, and I wait for the train from Pwllheli on a platform facing the sea. The sun is just dipping behind Yr Eifl, the air is filled with watery vapour which gives a peculiarly transparent look to the mountains, and this is caused by the stiffest sou'-wester which it was ever my lot to experience. It literally blew the crests from the waves, and sent the huge billows on to the rocks with a roar and a rattle which rendered it impossible to hear oneself speak. When the train came it seemed almost to stagger in the fierce gusts which swept across the line. As for the steam it was nowhere, for each puff suffered instant decapitation as it reached the mouth of the funnel.

All this time the higher summits of Snowdonia to my left have been lost in envious clouds, but there has been enough and to spare in the way of interest in the lesser mountains, and the fine heather-clad rocks that here and there border the railway. We pass Criccieth, with its fine old castle on the sea-beat rock, and then we come to more heather-clad heights and rocky bluffs, and just as the sun dips behind Yr Eifl we run into Portmadoc, and I take up my quarters at the Sportsman Hotel on the outskirts of the town, with a fine hill right in front, and a delicious view of the mountains at the back of Tremadoc away to the right.

There is just time for a stroll down to the bridge and harbour before dinner, and beyond the bridge I

come suddenly upon the little toy-like carriages of the Festiniog Railway, which has its terminus at the shore end of the main street. One is almost inclined to laugh at the notice-board, "Beware of the Trains," which is fixed at the level crossing. The engines and carriages are so absurdly small that you fancy a



DOLGELLY.

vigorous push from the shoulder would send the whole affair off the line. The rails are just under two feet apart, and as you stand on the ground beside the carriages your head is about on a level with the top. Your respect, however, increases when you have travelled over the line, and have seen the wonderful way in which the engines drag long trains of well-filled carriages up an incline of an average gradient of 1 in 80.

After breakfast, next morning, I started for Llyn Dinas, rather less than two miles away. Scene after scene of perfect loveliness opened as I pursued the road to the lake. The big white clouds, coming from over the buttresses of Snowdon, caused a never-ceasing play of light and shadow on the mountains, which was perfectly ravishing in its beauty of effect. Far away to the north-west rose Moel Siabod, in solitary grandeur, while behind me was the huge pyramid of Moel Hebog, with a glory of sun and mist upon its brown slopes. Dinas lay in tranquil beauty amid the hills—its waters smooth and polished as a mirror, save where here and there a puff from the mountain heights sent a blue-grey ripple in streaks across its surface.

Coming back to the inn after a delightful morning's ramble, I found a young man on the sofa, who had evidently come to grief in some way. On inquiry I found that a singular accident had befallen him. He had been riding from Portmadoc on the front seat of the brake. The near horse took to kicking violently, and singular to relate, his two heels caught the young man on the two shins, luckily without breaking the bone. He sagely suggested that the driver should take the kicking horse on his side on the return journey.

Towards evening I strolled up the slopes of Hebog, far up to a ridge whence I could look over the heights above Aberglaslyn, and away to Portmadoc and the distant sea. Snowdon was still capped with clouds, but never shall I forget the splendour of that evening as the sunlight, sinking lower and lower behind the western mountains, left a glory of amber light on the summits of the lesser mountains. Far down below me was the little village with the green pastures and silvery streams. A luminous bit of Dinas was just revealed over the shoulder of a heathery bluff, and in the intense clearness of the lower atmosphere Moel Siabod stood out in spotless purple against the fainter reflected gold of the eastern sky. No scenery in the world can equal these Welsh mountains in beauty of line and curve, and robed in the mystic shadows of evening they assumed a breadth and grandeur which rivalled the effect of many an Alpine valley.

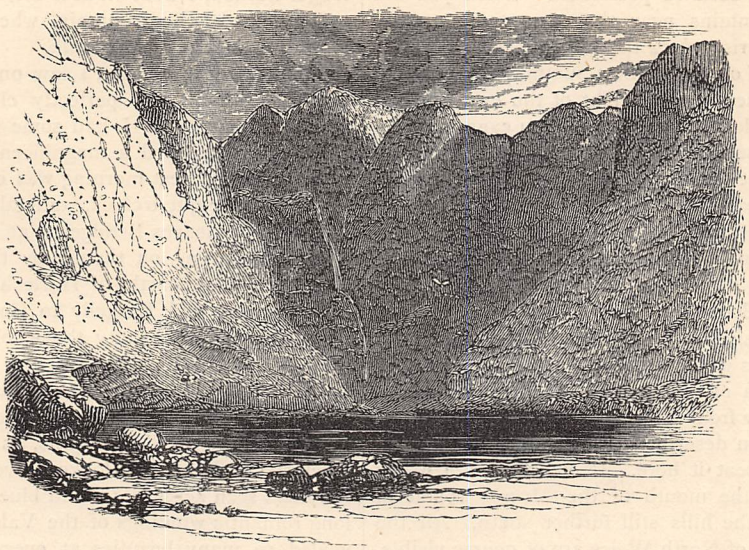
I had ascended Snowdon from Capel Curig and from Llanberris, but never from Beddgelert, the latter route being considered the finest of all. The next morning therefore I started early for a walk to the summit. The weather could not have been more favourable. It is true that a solitary cloud hung over "Snowdon's barometer," as Moel Hebog is called, but the rest of the sky was of that clear, spotless blue which one seems only to get in mountain districts. Although the road to Carnarvon is followed for some three miles from Beddgelert, the ascent actually commences at the village, for the road continues to ascend all the way to the point where the direct path to Snowdon diverges.

There is to me no pleasure in life to equal the start for a mountain scramble in fine weather. The recreation is the most innocent in the world, and hurts no living creature; the air of the mountain slopes is pure and invigorating; there is the sense of a pleasant task to be accomplished—a decided object in view—that is to gain the summit; beautiful scenery is all around; the very streams seem to share in your enjoyment, and meet you with a pleasant laugh and a twinkling smile, as they scurry between the heathery banks or tumble over the lichened rocks. Likely enough there is a skylark raining down his melody from the blue canopy above, in such ceaseless floods that you involuntarily exclaim with Shelley—

> "Teach me half the gladness
> That thy brain must know,
> Such harmonious madness
> From my lips would flow,
> The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

Turning a bluff in the rocks which bordered the road to the right about two miles from Beddgelert, the whole mass of Snowdon came suddenly into view, with its highest peak sharp and defined against the cloudless sky. The huge shoulder up which my course lay stretched almost to where I stood, and the entire route, though unmarked by any track visible at this distance, was quite unmistakable. It was difficult, however, to believe that I was looking at the highest mountain in England and Wales; but standing as I was on its very slope, this deceptive appearance was due to the fore-

shortening. Indeed on looking back at the vast proportions of Moel Hebog I should have been tempted to declare, had I not known to the contrary, that the latter mountain was by far the higher; but this was due to the fact that a valley lay between me and its base, so that the eye took in at once its entire height. This effect of the foreshortening of mountains when you are close under them is one of the most deceptive things in nature. Who would ever believe, in looking up Mont Blanc from Chamouni, that the mountain is upwards of 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles, in perpendicular height? A farmhouse about a couple of fields away to the right is the point to make for on quitting the high road for Snowdon, otherwise the track may be easily missed. You pass through the farmyard and cross a field at the back; the track, which



LLYN GOCH.

is scarcely marked, running for some distance beside a rough water-course. At the end of the first field a rough fence is crossed, and then the track—still barely discernible—traverses another field or two, until a lane is reached running at right angles to your course. Ten to one you will be disposed to follow this lane to the right, for it looks marvellously like a regular path to the summit, whereas it would lead you quite astray to some mine-workings beneath Yr-Aran. I was rescued from this error by catching sight of a very small track on the other side of the wall bordering the lane. One may easily be thrown out at this point and get among intricate rocks and quagmires innumerable, and it is a marvel to me that those who seem to have taken some pains to construct a path higher up the mountain have left it so extremely indefinite at the commencement. In Switzerland you would find a fair mule-path and plenty of way-posts on such a popular ascent, but here, close at home as it were, we are left to puzzle out the route as best we may. Surely it would be to the interest of the hotel proprietors on the south side of Snowdon to keep the path to the summit in as good order as those from Llanberris and Penygwryd.

To me personally, however, there is an additional charm in going where the path is not; and I should have been quite content, had I lost it, to have "made tracks" in a straight course for the summit. For every yard of height which I gained now, new beauties opened out, and being in no hurry, I stretched myself on the grassy slopes at intervals to enjoy the wondrous prospect below.

I was well up on the shoulder of the mountain by this time. As I lay on the slope Moel Hebog was before me, distant about three miles, and presenting grander proportions than ever. The sea-line now appeared coming high up on the shoulder of Hebog, and as I knew the height of that mountain, I could calculate my own elevation pretty accurately by observing the height of the horizon. I was curious to know at what part of Snowdon I should get the sea-line clear above Hebog. Llyn Cwellyn lay to my right beneath the frowning precipices of Mynydd Mawr. Anglesea and the Menai Straits were seen beyond, and southward the Bay of Cardigan lay shimmering in the light of the morning sun. It was not yet time, however, to enjoy the panorama; I should reserve that for the summit. The exquisite sunshine, the crisp air, the perfect stillness were the charm on this huge hill-side. There was literally not a sound. Sheep were grazing at a distance, it is true, but they grazed in silence, and I strained my ears in vain to catch the slightest rustle, even of a breeze.

Another half-hour's climb up the steep and rocky pathway brought me to the ridge overlooking the huge valley to the west of the summit—a vast basin in whose depths lie the miniature lakes called respectively Llyn Goch and Llynadroedd. Still climbing the steep path by the edge of the precipice, which falls abruptly

on the left, you at length reach some zig-zags cut Alpine fashion on the steep face of the mountain. Surmounting these, the path narrows, and crosses a shaley slope set at a steep angle above and below; at the end of this you come upon the well-known ridge, about five feet wide, which has a precipice of some 1,500 feet on either hand. Here the path crosses to the east side of the ridge, and is at times not more than a foot wide on the very verge of the descent, which, however, at this point is not so steep. A few more yards of tortuous windings among rocks and the last steep ascent is reached, which brings us in five minutes to Y-Wyddfa, the highest summit of Snowdon.

I had observed the sea-line clear above the top of Hebog as I was surmounting the zig-zags, but here on the highest point that singular effect of looking *up* to the horizon was seen to perfection. When you are looking at mountains near the sea, you naturally expect them to rise *above* the horizon. If, however, you are yourself on the highest summit, the sea-line, which always rises to the height of the eye, must of course be seen clear above them. You cannot, therefore, divest yourself of the idea that you are looking up to it. The effect is very curious and quite subversive of one's idea of the level of water. Snowdon, being surrounded by the sea on three sides, is a peculiarly favourable position for observing this strange effect.

It is seldom indeed that the envious clouds leave one in entire possession of Y-Wyddfa. I had not been there five minutes when the mists began to gather, and soon a rolling sea of vapour shut out the lovely panorama. The view from the top of Snowdon, however, has been so often described that it would have been wearisome to repeat it here. It embraces the whole coast-line from the mouth of the Mersey round to Barmouth, and the hills still further south. All the lesser mountains of North Wales are of course visible, with tarns innumerable, and peeps into the most enchanting valleys. Cader Idris, the monarch of the Dolgelly district, is seen far away to the south, and the Isle of Man to the north. Some say the Wicklow mountains are included in the view, but I am inclined to think this must be taken *cum grano salis*.

Snowdon runs up to a very sharp point. Indeed there is barely space for the wretched wooden erections dignified by the name of the Summit Hotel. Why these ramshackle hovels are not swept away bodily by the gales that beat the summit is a mystery yet to be explained.

As there appeared no prospect of its clearing, and as it was bitterly cold—the ale seemed as if it were iced—I started for the descent in company with an enterprising photographer, who had brought his camera all the way up from Llanberris, and was going to take it down to Beddgelert. We kept company as far as the bottom of the zig-zags, when, finding his three-legged companion considerably retarded his progress, and the small assistance I had proffered being no longer needed, I went off at a brisk pace to the farm at the foot of the mountain, where I indulged in a long draught of delicious milk.

To my intense disgust, I saw on reaching the road that the summit was perfectly clear again. Had I stayed all night, as I had some thought of doing, I should have enjoyed a magnificent sunset, but not a sunrise, for the next morning was cloudy. It cleared, however, by eight o'clock, and taking a place in the brake, which leaves Beddgelert at nine, I returned to Portmadoc, going on thence by the exquisite coast-line past the old castle of Harlech to Barmouth, and the next day *viâ* Dolgelly to Chester. It was one changing scene of beauty the whole way. The river scenery from Barmouth to Dolgelly is quite marvellous for its effects of colour and light and shade on the broad yellow sands. Dolgelly, backed by the frowning precipices of Cader Idris, is a charming spot. Even the slighted Bala looked lovely with the breezy Arrenigs seen across its broad blue expanse, while the long romantic windings of the Vale of Llangollen revealed so many beauties at every turn of the line, that I felt more and more convinced how unnecessary it is to be for ever going abroad in search of the picturesque, when we have such matchless scenes as these almost at our threshold.

SYDNEY HODGES.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

I STOOD alone in the porch last night,
And watched the moon rise over the lea,
Till the shadows waved in the silver light,
And the night-wind sighed to me.

And down in the garden-paths I knew
That last year's leaves were lingering yet,
Leaves that had taken the sun and the dew
Of days I would fain forget.

I found no peace in the summer night;
"Old joys," I said, "like the leaves lie low,
And I cannot rest in this tranquil light;"
So I wept, and turned to go.

I stood again in the porch at morn,
While the boughs shook down their sparkling spray,
And the sun rose over the springing corn,
And the fields of scented hay.

A wain went by with its fragrant load;
The waggoner whistled loud and clear,
But I heard a step on the quiet road,
And knew that my love was near.

Blow, morning wind, o'er the sun-lit slope,
And carry the dead leaves out of sight!
For my heart beats high with its new-found hope;
Ah! why did I doubt, last night?

SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE special features in dress to be noticed in Paris just now, are that short costumes are decidedly gaining favour, and that they are all of the "noisette" tone—viz., the tint of biscuit, light wood, or leather.

The sleeves to more dressy toilettes are often made half-way up the arm; with these long gloves of undressed kid are worn, and over them snake-like bracelets twisting up the wrist. Tiny bouquets, fastened with a lizard, are seen on the left side of the bodices, and nothing can be more elaborate or more costly than the embroideries on clear net, which are so naturally worked that you might gather the strawberries and flowers which seem to hang from the pendent stalks. No jackets are worn out-of-doors, save by Englishwomen; nothing but scarf-like mantles and fichus, either tied or caught closely together in front, are to be seen; and these give that peculiar narrowness to the figure which Frenchwomen affect. There is a *furore* for gold and old gold. Brown, burnished, and gold-tinted leaves crown many of the bonnets, which are made to rest very flatly on the head and are by no means large. Bonnets made entirely of flowers are still the mode. The hair is dressed all over the head in curls; those which form a sort of fringe over the forehead being of the thinnest and lightest description, by no means the thick massive fringe Englishwomen affect.

The prices in Paris for everything just now are altogether exorbitant, and this holds good in dress. Surely the French nation must be coining gold. However, whatever they have in their purses, they wear plenty of gold about their persons. "Gold and gold, the new and the old!" as Tom Hood wrote years ago of Miss Kilmansegg.

Among the newest materials is one of a hairy texture and of the gold-dust shade, a sort of copy of Indian Agdeh, which is really too hot-looking for summer; but sea-side dresses are being made in it, as also of brown holland mixed with moss tints.

The beads, as applied in Paris just now to the several articles of dress, are veritable works of art, more especially the golden browns. Wax beads and *clair-de-lune* are somewhat common: a crystal of Nile-green tones is newer, but the amber beads shaded to brown and the gem beads of all hues lavishly mixed with gold are the most costly.

Parisian dresses do appear to be tied back in a manner to display the figure not unbecomingly; nevertheless, skirts are so narrow, that to get over the difficulty of having pockets they are placed beneath, and reached by a slit in the side seams at the back, below the waist: a mode neither graceful nor convenient. Satin is only used as a trimming in Paris, although in England it is most fashionably worn; and some of our well-dressed women, who are blest with good figures, wear perfectly plain satin gowns of light colour, trimmed at the edge of the skirt with a frill of Swiss embroidery; the tight sleeves having alternate rows of insertion let in, and a chemisette of the same is added to the square bodice.

Muslin skirts over velvet are fashionable for fêtes and evening wear, but white carries off the palm in silk, satin, and woollen fabrics. Washing-dresses have coloured gimps and edgings. Irish, Valenciennes, Raguse, and Venetian laces are considered suitable for day wear, as well as most kinds of écru laces, which are made in a variety of shades, some deep Havannah brown.

As usual just now, Paris abounds in artificial flowers, which are made up in careless bouquets, just as they might be gathered; they cannot be too easily thrown together, and wild flowers are specially fashionable—daisies, buttercups, dandelions, crocuses, elderberries, and violets, with various grasses. All these find their way on to hats and bonnets, with feathers tipped with gold, seed-pearls, and gold and silver braid arranged in loops and bows. On full-dress bonnets, the veils are fringed with chenille, the rest are wound round turbanwise. Coarse-plaited rustic straws, silver and gold bonnets have been worn throughout the summer, the Alsatian bow by way of trimming, and feathers tipped with silver.

Skirts are rarely more than three yards round, and paniers are creeping in, but more for day than evening wear. It is the trimmings and not the dress which at the present time are most to be thought of. Very exquisite are the new ribbons of the season. The narrow ones are applied in loose knots, and bows of many long loops; the brocaded ribbons are marvels of the weaver's skill. Feathery and fringed edges and reversible facings characterise many of them, and every colour is to be had in a gamut of shades. A new colour owes its name to the Exhibition, *Trocadéro;* it is linden and absinthe. Many of the new galons and gimps have pompons dotted at intervals, and the new trimmings known as shavings are gauffered silk on shaded tones. Englishwomen are wont often to be too economically inclined with regard to dress, or at all events, do not conduct their economies with wise discretion. Frenchwomen, on the contrary, at all events just at present, seem hardly able to make every article of dress costly enough; the buttons this year are made to imitate ivory and fine old enamels, and cost a fortune. For washing-dresses, acorns in buffalo are new and, moreover, pretty, which does not always follow.

Caps are very generally worn; some of the newest have pointed crowns, like a Mother Goose hat, and are made of row upon row of fringed silk bordered with

lace. Others are merely a silk handkerchief tied about the head, in such a manner that the ends appear either at the front or side; while others have a jelly-bag point at one side, and others a series of knotted ends hanging at the back. Very little foundation is now required; few have even any wire, and almost any material may be used—cotton to match cotton dresses, and velvet with velvet dresses, are deemed proper materials for caps, and plush and terry velvet also; beads and fringes of beads are liberally applied to the lace surrounding caps, as they help to keep them becomingly near the face.

The new hats for children's wear in summer are very noticeable. They are made in silk or muslin drawn,

canvas, gauze, velvet, silk, anything in fact; but they must distinctly accord with the rest of the dress. Quite the newest is copied from the head-gear with which the Spanish students lately made Paris familiar. It is a sort of Scotch cap, fitting the head closely, pointed back and front, a cluster of bows and lace standing up like a cock's comb from the centre of the crown. The most stylish caps have been copied from old pictures, and almost any form so resuscitated would be considered good style. Satin with satin dresses, with large crowns, the strings tied beneath the ears, bringing the brims down towards the ears. Caps beneath these brims are worn over the face, and suit young girls well. They are made both elaborate and simple; little fault can be found with the simplicity, but the excess of ornament is deserving of censure; surely costly ostrich feathers curling about the crown cannot be necessary for children of twelve years old.

A reaction has taken place in favour of the yoke bodice, and as it also goes by the name of blouse and of

smock, we have illustrated an example. The style is suitable for a lawn-tennis costume, seaside and country wear, and appropriate in washing and other summer fabrics. It looks well on children, young girls, and slight figures, but, alas ! the yoke-mania occasionally proves irresistible to middle-aged women inclined to *embonpoint* — and to them it is decidedly unbecoming. Sometimes the yoke, cuffs, and tunic trimmings are made of a colour that contrasts with that of the dress, and sometimes these are embroidered in crewels. When the design thus worked is graceful and light, and covers the yoke entirely, the effect is most pleasing. The washing materials this season have the merit of exceeding silkiness ; waste silk, termed "bourrette," has been manufactured into a new substantial-looking washing fabric, and sateens, cretonnes, and cambrics are now produced in the delicate shades that are popular, and likewise in the eccentric colouring glibly misnamed "art-shadings."

Many of the newest cretonnes have distinct floral borders, which can be used as a trimming like any other galon ; they form the margin of the material, and are cut off and arranged as edging to collar, cuffs, and tunics. If the costume we illustrate is to have a crewel embroidered yoke and cuffs, the following may be recommended :—the new drill (which is a corded linen), self-coloured cretonne, butcher-blue linen, cotton serge, and linen hop-sacking. All these are fashionable for morning costumes embellished with embroidery. The best plan is to cut out the bodice, tack the several pieces together, and fit it before commencing working.

If this costume is not to be worked, then it could be made in either dark bronze or dark green linen, the former piped with old gold, and the latter with pale blue cambric. Bège or biscuit-coloured cashmere, corded with silk of the same colour, would also look well. All these yoke bodices and blouse bodices are worn with a waistband. In England leather belts and silver-mounted belts are affected, but in Paris the waistband matches the costume, and is either of the same material mounted in folds on a stiff lining, or it is of silk, fastening at the side, either with an invisible hook and eye, or with a metal buckle.

Fichu mantelets are quite a *furore* this season ; we give an example of the most popular form of these simple summer confections. The best materials for them are Indian cashmere, bengaline, sicilienne, and canvas grenadine, the last either striped or with a fancy pattern. They should be ornamented down the centre of the back, and be bordered with either several rows of black French lace, or with the glistening black fringe called *copeau*, which translated means shavings, and for which there is so great a *furore*. For wear, there is nothing like cashmere for a mantelet ; sicilienne looks richer, and is more costly, but rain injures it by taking off its gloss ; the new repped fabric called "bengaline" is without dressing, and is soft and light. The trimming on this season's mantles is carried down the centre of the back, borders the edge, and appears in lavish profusion round the neck ; an inner narrow belt is sewn at the waist, so as to prevent the mantle from flapping away from the figure.

Rainbow, and bège, and jet beads are used, but French lace plaited and arranged row upon row, with loops and ends of inch-wide black ribbon (which may be either satin or gros-grain), and studded amidst the lace plaits, is better style and a less transient fashion. The simple model we illustrate may also be made up in black grenadine and trimmed with lace.

ON DISINFECTANTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IN plain language, a disinfectant is some substance that has the power of destroying evil odours and gases, and purifying the atmosphere from poisons and germs capable of producing disease. A disinfectant, too, may not only be a deodoriser, but a decomposer of the substances from which the bad smell arises.

Now the benefits that arise from cleanliness, ventilation, and disinfection can hardly be over-estimated. In the midst of life we are in death, and death and decay are continually going on everywhere around us, and the air we breathe is too often laden with mephitic vapours and noxious emanations. Especially is this the case in many of our largest cities, at all events in their poorer districts; and the high death-rate therein, as well as the feeble constitutions of their inhabitants, may thus, partially at least, be accounted for. I could mention many such towns, but Glasgow and Aberdeen, which I recently visited, first occur to me. The former of these is supplied with the purest water in the world, but the death-rate is high, and the lanes and closes, or "pens," of both cities are vilely filthy, and almost impassable to all but those who dwell therein. Indeed, those good people, ladies mostly, whom nothing will restrain from visiting the sick, never enter these terrible avenues without a bottle of smelling-salts, or a handkerchief sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne, held to their nostrils. In those houses where the water-closet system is adopted, these places are so constructed that, although they are used by several families, anything like thorough ventilation is quite out of the question. How then could the death-rate be otherwise than high? Residence in a pestilential atmosphere cannot but weaken the health, and of all legacies to leave to one's children, an enfeebled constitution is surely the worst. And yet matters might be so easily mended, by attention to cleanliness and disinfection. Now most disinfectants cost money, but there is one that does not, and I am happy to say it is the best and the simplest, and always at hand, and its name is PURE FRESH AIR. In the presence of oxygen, the chief constituent of pure air, miasma becomes *non est*, and the most deadly disease-germ loses its own existence. A gale of wind can destroy the cholera, but in a still atmosphere this plague rides rampant, and the victims it claims are legion.

Yet what a bugbear do not most people make of this same fresh air! What is really their best friend is treated as a foe; their very windows are often constructed purposely to exclude it, or if they are ever opened it is only to be pulled down with gingerly hand, a little bit at the top. Regarding respiration there are one or two facts that should never be forgotten: first, that we inhale oxygen—the life-giver—and exhale carbonic acid gas from our lungs, which gas is a deadly poison; and secondly, that a person in ordinary health requires every hour over 1,500 cubic feet of fresh air; out of doors only can he get this, but the rooms in which he lives and eats and sleeps ought to contain an atmosphere as nearly approaching in purity to that of the open air as possible. Depend upon it that sleep taken in a large, well-aired room, is ten times more refreshing than the heavy uncertain slumber obtained in a close and stuffy apartment. I have cured more than one case of nervous headache in young people, by ordering their bed-room windows to be well opened at night. The only danger is, of course, from draughts; but this may be avoided by placing the bed in a corner, and by covering the body well up. In most houses the chimneys form the ventilating shafts, and it is important that these should never be stopped, with bags of shavings or anything else, as is the too common and most unhealthful custom. The bed should be as high as possible, because carbonic acid gas is heavier than common air, and falls downwards to the floor. Up-stair bed-rooms are more healthy, for the same reason, than those on the ground floor.

Now if we remember that the more the infectious effluvia that arise from the sick are diluted, the less dangerous do they become, and the less likely to spread the disorder, we can see at once how valuable a thing is fresh air in the sick-chamber. It ought, therefore, to be perfectly ventilated by means of a little fire in the grate, and the occasional wide-opening of both doors and windows. Care should at the same time be taken lest the patient catch cold, by having him well wrapped up. But it is seldom while a room is being aired that a sick person takes cold; it is more often through getting up for a moment or two, without taking the precaution of throwing some kind of wrap around the shoulders. Every medical man knows, to his sorrow, that thousands of sick people every year lose all chance of getting well, are in fact hurried into their graves, through the ignorant, if kindly meant, assiduity of their friends and attendants, who carefully cover up every chink or cranny through which a breath of air might creep.

Having now told you what is the best disinfectant, I may go on to mention others; remember, however, that the influence these exert is only local, and, moreover, it does not last long.

The principal uses, then, to which disinfectants are put, are for destroying the poisonous emanations from cesspools, drains, water-closets, stables, dog-kennels, and cattle-sheds, as well as the contagious and infectious gases, &c., arising from the sick-room and the clothes that have been used by people ill of fever.

In addition to proper and thorough ventilation, there

is no better purifier of the air of sick-rooms than the red salt called permanganate of potash. About a tea-spoonful is mixed with a quart of water, and this is placed here and there in shallow dishes, and also sprinkled in corners, or vapourised.

Water slightly reddened with this solution may be used for washing the hands, for the bath, and for washing down wood-work, furniture, floors, &c. In all diseases where there is much spitting it is a bad plan to use handkerchiefs, which is too often done; a basin should be used, and in this basin water well reddened with the permanganate of potash. It ought to be observed, by-the-by, that as soon as the water loses its bright red colour, and becomes brown, it is inert and needs renewing. Eighty grains of this salt added to a pint of pure water form the officinal solution, from ten drops to a small tea-spoonful of which should be given now and then, mixed with a little water, in fever cases where the motions are very offensive, as well as in cases of consumption, and disease of the chest generally when the breath is impure. The solution is also used as a purifying and healing gargle, and as a wash to sores. A little of the solution may be added to drinking-water, to render it sweet and wholesome, just enough to give it a faint pink tinge. Foul linen may also be with advantage well soaked in water, in which half a wine-glassful to a gallon has been mixed —only soaked, however, and then rinsed out in clean water, else the articles will get stained. An ounce of the salts of sorrel added to a gallon of water will remove the stains from linen. The permanganate of potash is so good and handy a deodoriser, that no house should be without it. A solution of it may be used to disinfect closets, but there are cheaper substances that will do as well. Meat that has hung too long may be rendered sweet and wholesome, by being washed in water reddened with this most useful salt.

Clothes that have been removed from the sick should be at once plunged into a pan or tub containing water mixed with a little chloride of lime, another capital and very cheap disinfectant. The strength should be about an ounce of the chloride to a gallon of water. Linen, however, must quickly be wrung out therefrom and placed in clear water. Rags that can be spared should be burned after use.

Never under any condition use, or allow to be used by the sick, a chamber utensil without a lid. The best disinfectant for these articles is the sulphate of iron, usually called green copperas; a pound of this should be well dissolved in a gallon of water, and a little of this poured into the utensil every time it is used, while about half a pint should be poured down the water-closet as frequently as it is visited.

While we endeavour to keep the air of the sick-chamber pure and sweet, we should at the same time try to isolate it from other parts of the house, to prevent the spread of infection—I am, of course, presuming that the ailment is of a contagious nature—and for this purpose a sheet ought to be hung in front of the door, and frequently sprinkled with a solution of carbolic acid, the strength being an ounce of the acid to a quart of water. This same solution, or probably one a little stronger, does well for the purification of bed-pans, night-stools, the washing of floors or furniture, and also to pour down the closet and the sink. Carbolic acid is a capital antiseptic, and a bit of lint soaked in a solution of it is a capital application to wounds and sores. Some care is needed in the mixing of it; the acid should be added to the water, which should be warm, though it need not be hot, in a large bottle or jar; this must then be well shaken. Carbolic acid, like most other disinfectants, is a poison. Never, therefore, let it stand among medicine or wine bottles; and have it properly labelled. Drains, open cesspools, offensive ditches, &c., may be disinfected by chloride of lime, one pound of which is capable of purifying a thousand gallons; but such places should be speedily seen to, and either cleaned thoroughly or removed entirely. The chloride of lime, two ounces to a gallon of water, also does well for sinks, and to wash furniture with.

Dry earth has been known as a disinfectant for thousands of years, and, indeed, I am not quite certain that the earth-closet system should not entirely supersede the water. However, any heaps of refuse that cannot be at once taken away should be quickly covered with earth, and if to it is added some charcoal or quicklime so much the better.

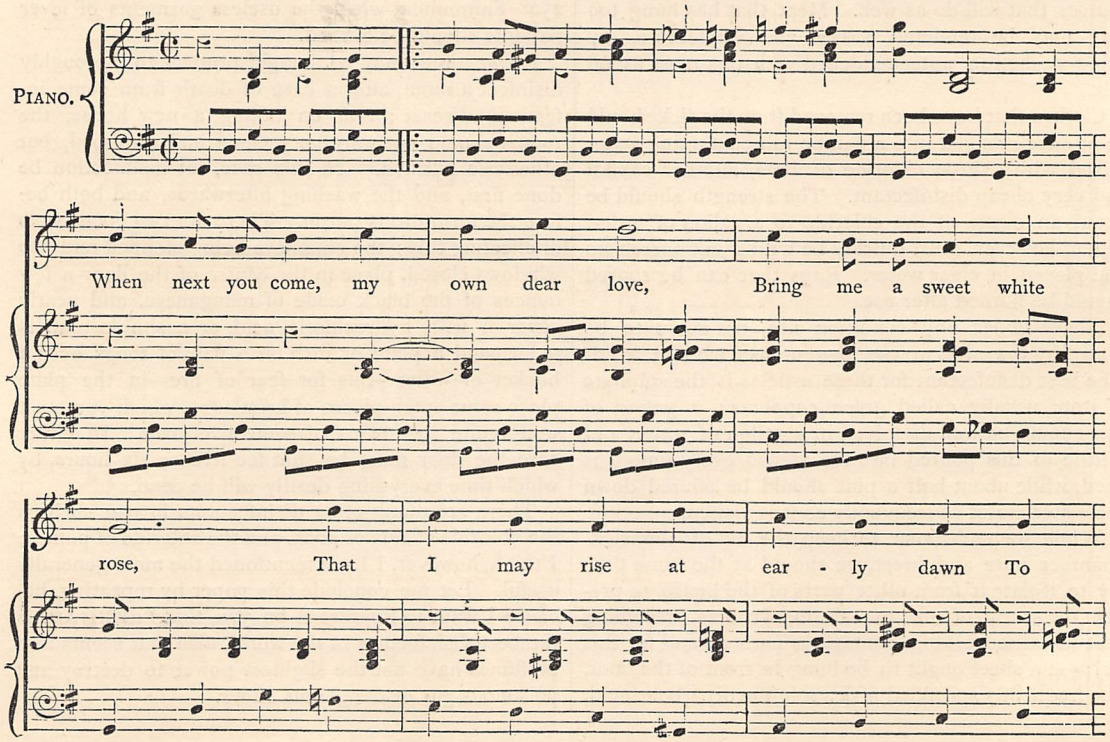
Heat may be called a disinfectant, whether in the shape of hot water or hot air. The linen of the sick of fever should not only be carefully washed with plenty of soap, but it should be boiled, and those portions of the raiment that cannot be so treated, should be exposed to hot air at a temperature not less than 250° Fahrenheit, while the useless garments of fever patients should be burned.

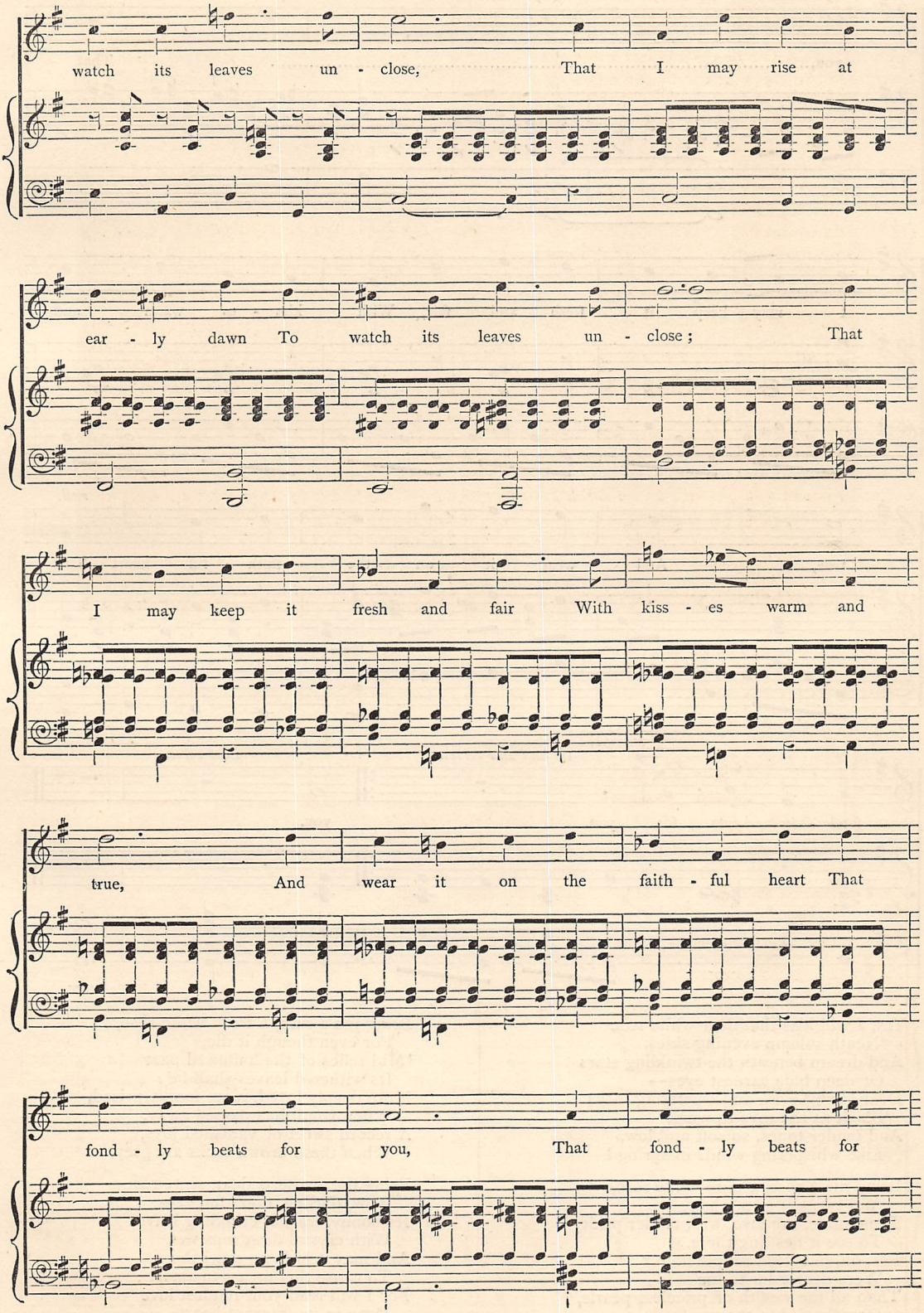
It sometimes may be thought prudent to thoroughly disinfect a room, after a case of death from some infectious disease; and on taking a new house, the rooms should not only be washed and scrubbed, but otherwise purified. In this case, let disinfection be done first, and the washing afterwards, and both before the furniture is put in. There are two good plans of effecting this: the chimneys being stopped and the windows closed, place in the centre of the floor a few ounces of the black oxide of manganese, and nearly cover it with hydrochloric acid, or a simple plan is to suspend a plate or dish on a pair of tongs over a bucket of water—this for fear of fire—in the plate place some small pieces of brimstone, which you must well ignite by means of some live coals. In either case the door must be shut for five or six hours, by which time everything deadly will be dead.

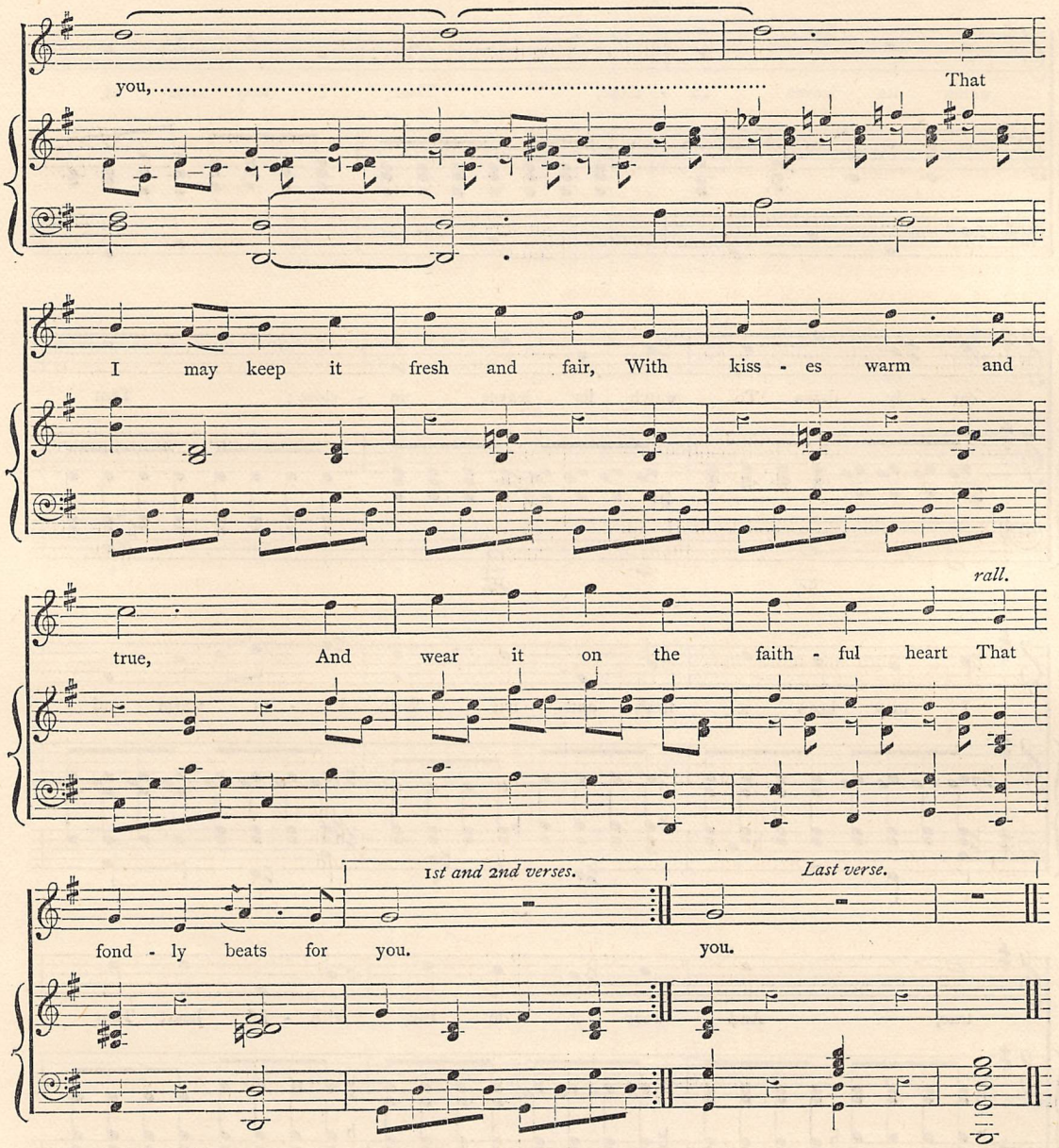
There are many other disinfectants in use, such as the chloride of zinc or soda, and the chloride of potass; I think, however, I have mentioned the most generally useful. Let me conclude this paper by repeating, because I want to impress it on you, that FRESH AIR is the best disinfectant in the world, also that scents and perfumes have not the slightest power to destroy any poisonous gas or dangerous odour.

"Bring me a Sweet White Rose."

Words by FANNY FORRESTER. *Music by* J. GORDON SAUNDERS, *B. Mus., Hertford College, Oxford.*




watch its leaves un - close, That I may rise at
ear - ly dawn To watch its leaves un - close; That
I may keep it fresh and fair With kiss - es warm and
true, And wear it on the faith - ful heart That
fond - ly beats for you, That fond - ly beats for



Yes, I will kiss that dear white rose
'Neath solemn evening skies,
And dream beneath the twinkling stars
Of deep blue earnest eyes—
Dear loving eyes, and clustering locks
Black as the raven's wing,
And tender tones, so soft and low,
Like whispering winds in spring!

Bring me a rose, a pure white rose,
And twine it in my hair,
Then smile, my love, with tender pride,
To see it nestling there.
For, oh, one little simple flower
Were dearer far to me
Than all the wealth of priceless pearls,
Deep buried in the sea!

Bring me a rose, a fresh white rose,
For even though it die,
'Mid relics of the hallowed past
Its withered leaves shall lie;
More deeply loved, more fondly prized,
When youth has passed away,
A record sweet of vanished joys,
When these brown locks are grey.

Bring me a rose, a dear white rose—
Now, darling, don't forget—
Its bonny, fragile, crinkling leaves
With crystal dewdrops wet.
And may it hide no cruel thorn
To cause this breast to smart;
For I will read your fondest love
Deep in its fragrant heart.

THE GATHERER.

Balloon Photography.

The invention for which the brothers Montgolfier were chiefly responsible contained the promise of a much wider range of usefulness than they ever dreamt of. Their balloon was probably looked upon as a curiosity and nothing more, and it was not until a comparatively recent period that it came to be considered as a valuable means to all-important ends. Our readers will remember that in the siege of Paris, in 1870–1, the inhabitants of the French capital were largely indebted to balloons for communication with the outside world. For reconnoitring purposes the invention was utilised at a much earlier date than the Franco-German war. But peace has her victories no less renowned than war, and accordingly we find that science has been greatly benefited by the employment of balloons in various circumstances; witness Mr. Glaisher's marvellous ascent of 7½ miles, and the results which he then obtained. Holiday-makers are often gratified with the spectacle of an ascent, and to be up in a balloon is now popularly regarded as rather a pleasant sort of thing. Ballooning, however, bids fair to become of still further service, and we shall proceed to chronicle an instance in which both military and scientific men may hope to gain something from it. We refer to Mr. W. B. Woodbury's plan for photographing by means of electricity from the balloon.

The balloon is raised to the desired height, and is then moored by a rope, along which the electrical wires are laid. A box, open at the bottom, occupies the place of the car. To one side of the box the cable is joined, and to the other is fastened a kind of sail to prevent the balloon from turning round. Inside the outer box is an inner one, swung on a pivot to keep it horizontal, which contains the photographic appliances—namely, the lens, which is placed in the bottom; a dark slide having two rollers carrying the sensitive tissue, moved by clock-work; and an electro-magnetic apparatus for guiding its movements, and working an instantaneous shutter placed over the lens. By electric communication with the earth, the clock-work is set in motion and stopped at will, thus exposing a fresh length of sensitive paper as required. The shutter is a disc of ebonite or metal, with an aperture at one side, and is made to revolve rapidly in front of the lens every time it is released, by a catch acted on by the electro-magnet excited from *terra firma*. The circuit for controlling the clockwork, and that for working the shutter, involve three wires of communication. When the lens is properly focussed, and the tissue in position, the shutter is set in motion by a current giving instant exposure. A photograph is thus obtained, and by further controlling the clock-work, a fresh sensitised surface may be exposed, and more images taken. Mr. Woodbury's invention, it will be seen, may be of vast service in war, where a plan of the country is of such great importance to strategetical operations, and there is no reason why it should not be as advantageously employed in the arts of peace. It possesses the additional recommendation of being entirely worked from the earth, so that there is practically very little risk to life or limb.

How to produce an Antique Bronze.

There is a Hibernian smack about the heading of this note, but of course its object is to indicate the means by which copper or brass articles may be made to acquire an antique-looking green bronze appearance. First of all, like the celebrated hare, the article—be it statuette, bust, ornament, or what not—must be procured. Then, this having been obtained, repeated applications of alternate washes of dilute acetic acid, and exposure to the fumes of anmonia, will in due course produce the desired result. There are, however, speedier methods than this: (*a*) the articles may be steeped in a solution of one part of perchloride of iron in two parts of water, when the tone assumed will darken with the length of immersion; or (*b*) they may be boiled in a strong solution of nitrate of copper; or (*c*) they may be immersed in a solution of two ounces of nitrate of iron and two ounces of hyposulphite of soda in one pint of water. Washing, drying, and burnishing complete the process.

In connection with this receipt we would add a few words of caution and advice. It would be hardly worth while to purchase a bronze article in order to have the satisfaction of making it green. It would certainly be unwise to experiment upon any object that was really valuable. Lastly, don't let the children tamper in any way with the various mixtures, and see that you are yourself very careful in this respect.

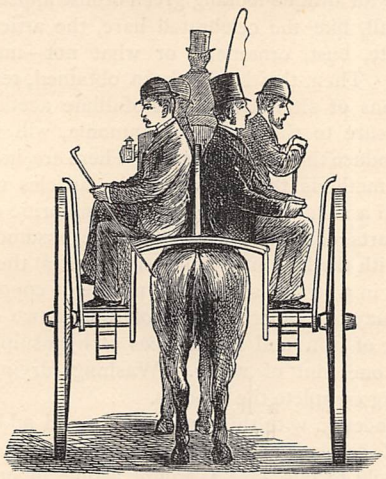
Prevention of Colliery Accidents.

It is sad to reflect upon the large number of lives that are annually lost by colliery catastrophes. Some of these disasters happen from causes unfortunately beyond human control, others are the result of accident pure and simple, or of negligence, and it may be hoped are not irremediable. For instance, overwinding does not fall within the former category, and a new method has been discovered for preventing calamities due to this source. This invention is on a different principle from the self-acting, safety-detaching hooks, and every one must be sincerely anxious for its complete success should it ever, unhappily, be tested in cases where the issues of life or death hang upon its operation. Assuming that somehow or other the engine has become unmanageable, or that the engine-keeper were to leave the engine altogether, the cage, when it ascends three feet above the landing-stage at the pit-head, strikes an

apparatus which at once throws the engine out of gear, and at the same time puts a brake on the winding-drum or pirns, as the case may be, sufficiently strong to hold the cage in position, and without doing any injury whatever to the machinery. The invention is considered, and we trust on ample grounds, to be well fitted for the important purpose for which it has been devised.

A Novel Vehicle.

Should this meet the eye of any coach-builder who is at a loss for a novelty, we commend to his emulative spirit a machine which an American gentleman has recently evolved out of the depths of his inventive faculties. We give an end view of this strange "trap," and whatever its chance of success, there can be no doubt about its ingenuity. Roughly speaking, it looks like a vehicle without shafts, the body of the machine



"EQUIBUS."

being placed across the horse, so that when looked at sidewise it resembles a huge wheel, with the fore and hind quarters of the quadruped in question. It is suggested that the carriage should be constructed to hold four sitters—two on each side—besides the driver. The wheels are not connected directly by an axle in the ordinary way, but—as the engraving shows—the body of the machine rises from the inside of one wheel, goes across the steed, and descends to the inside of the other wheel. The vehicle runs up to the collar, to which it is harnessed, and the driver's seat is placed right above in front—a position which he might find unpleasant if his horse became unmanageable. The principle of construction, it will be seen, is very simple and intelligible. The suggester proposes to call the machine the "Equibus," and he claims for it, with great enthusiasm, the advantages of catching the load close to the collar; the proximity of the driver to his animal, whereby he not only has it under great immediate control, but can also try, if he like, the gentler influence of moral suasion; the adaptability to crowded thoroughfares; cheapness, compact lightness, no annoyance from dust unless the wind blow aft and the horse be too slow to get away from it, and other particulars. As to cost, he argues that, as compared with an outlay of $1,000 upon a dog-cart, a handsome 16-hand horse, and a nice harness, he would have to spend only $430 in setting up *his* carriage, saving $250 upon both the vehicle and the beast—a useful rather than a handsome nag being wanted in the "Equibus"—and $70 upon the harness. We must, however, confess that the machine would, in our opinion, look ungainly, not to say ugly.

Home-Sickness, an Actual Disease.

Most people have a notion of what home-sickness is, many have suffered from it, but it has been left to a distinguished French physician to classify it as an actual disease. Mons. H. Rey finds that it is uncommon among children and old folk, and more frequent among men than women. Those who are most liable to it are the young conscripts drawn from the country who join the infantry: town lads are too accustomed to change and bustle to be readily susceptible, while the cavalry soldier is supposed to be too busy to have time to devote much attention to home and its concerns. Dr. Rey considers nostalgia (that is, home-sickness) a form of insanity. Its symptoms are that the patient becomes sad and moody, forbears to eat, retires to weep *solus cum solo*, and gives himself up to reveries of home. In the second stage, he wears the aspect of ill-health, suffers from headache and sleeplessness, and, should the disease advance, delirium, prostration, and decay set in, terminating in death. Occasionally veterans also are afflicted with the malady. This generally happens when fighting has to be done in retreat, in the bitterness of defeat, when they feel forsaken, cold, hungry, when they have to sleep on damp ground, agonised from thirst caused by their wounds, when they are taken prisoners, and become familiar with the strange bedfellows that misery acquaints them with—in these circumstances, utterly downcast and disheartened, the old soldier thinks of his home, his aged parents, his wife and bairns, with keenest, liveliest memory, and a severe attack of nostalgia is added to the other ailments of which he is already the victim. Dr. Rey's observations were probably drawn from French cases, and it is extremely unlikely that the young British recruit ever suffers to the same extent as his more unfortunate *confrère* who may be compelled to enter the army against his will. Instances of the disease in its gravest form are, we should say, very, very rare, and Dr. Rey, whose views on the subject are highly interesting, sets them forth apparently in an eminently French style.

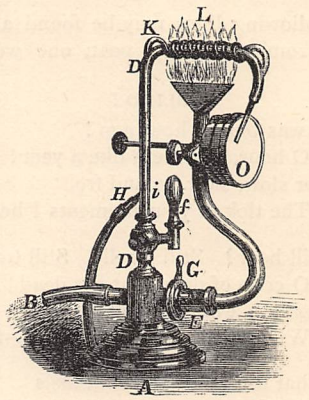
Type-Setting in Japan.

It must be no joke to be employed in a Japanese printing-office. In our own and most other countries of the world, except China and Japan, the language is written by means of an alphabet of separate *letters*. Among the Celestials and their next-door neighbours, on the other hand, each *word* has a distinct

character. The compositor's difficulties in either instance are obvious almost at a glance. In setting up this note, he has the letters conveniently arranged before him in what is known as the "case." But in Japan, according to an American contemporary, a full fount of type comprises 50,000 characters, of which 3,000 are in constant use, and for 2,000 more there are frequent calls! Instead of being compactly arrayed before him, the type is disposed about the composing room on racks, and the unfortunate compositor has to wander up and down the room setting his "copy" and stretching his legs, though he would probably be quite willing to dispense with the greater part of his enforced exercise. It is for the reason that it is impossible to apply the system of single-character words to telegraphy, that that inestimable boon to civilisation is apparently unavailable to the inhabitants of Japan and China.

New Lights for the Magic-Lantern.

Magic-lantern entertainments depend, for their success, upon the interest attaching to the slides exhibited, and the power and purity of the light used in displaying them. Those who are interested in this form of amusement will be glad to know that two new lights have been introduced which, though equally well adapted for other purposes, are peculiarly suited for the magic-lantern, in which they may be employed to great advantage. One of these is called the pyro-hydrogen lime-light, and its patent is of recent date. The accompanying engraving will help to explain our text. A is the stand, which is provided with a pipe B, into which gas is admitted from any convenient source of supply. The pipe B is divided into two branches, D and E, the supply of gas to either of which may be regulated at *f* and G. The branch D has a smaller pipe H inserted into it at *i*, which pipe is again brought out at K, and is then coiled round the pipe D, after which it is re-inserted into the latter, and ends in a jet concentric with the latter. The branch E has a Bunsen burner L formed at its upper end under the small coiled pipe, an opening being made in it through which air is admitted to mix with the gas, which passes through a jet regulated at G. O is a disc of lime upon which the heated air and gas are discharged. The action of the apparatus is briefly as follows:—Gas being admitted, by attaching at B a piece of india-rubber tubing connected with a chandelier or other source of ordinary gas, it is allowed to pass into the branches D and E. An air-pressure apparatus (either hand or foot blower) being attached to the pipe H, compressed air is admitted into the smaller pipe at *i*, and after passing through the coils in the latter, is discharged, mixed with gas from the pipe D, in a jet upon the disc O. The mixed air and gas passing through the pipe E are burned at L, and sufficiently heat the air in the small pipe and the gas in the pipe D before they are discharged upon O. The lime disc is placed in the brass cup, and the flange screwed on; by means of the milled head at the back, it may be turned round so as to present a fresh part of its surface to the jet when necessary, or it may be reversed so that the back of the block may be used. When done with, the cup holding the lime may be



placed in a tin box filled with dry powdered lime, and in this way the same disc will last for a considerable time. The best proportions of air and gas will soon be found by experience.

The other light specially adapted for use in connection with the magic-lantern is called the triplexicon. It owes its specific name to the fact of its possessing three wicks, each two inches wide, the centre one being straight, that on each side curving so as to include the middle one between them. This shows a burning edge of six inches, and the position of the wicks, along with the particular arrangement for combustion, produces a light of intense whiteness and dazzling brilliancy, having a strength equal to that of at least 110 candles. It has four-inch condensers, and is so constructed that the air in the cistern remains intact and cold, the hot-air passages allowing plenty of vent for the cold air to rush in through the perforated disc below. The lantern has an annealed glass chamber which will stand any amount of heat, and is covered over with a metal cap, with openings back and front, to allow the light to pass out when it is attached to the metal chimney. Crystal oil is the material which is used to feed the triplexicon.

American Horses in England.

The extension of the tramway service in this country naturally led to a great demand for horses. Our breeders having mainly turned their attention to cart-horses and high-blooded saddle and carriage-horses—none of which are suited for car work—were unable to meet the call that was made upon them. For a time, light, enduring animals were obtained from Ireland, but the present chief sources of supply are Canada and the United States. The importation of horses for tramways began two years ago, and already over 5,000 have been shipped from New York and Quebec. At first they were devoted to the killing labour of our "street railways," but it is said that they are becoming

favourites for family use—we wish we could add, partly because of the employment of steam or other motive-power for driving the tram-cars.

A Hidden Quotation.

In the following lines may be found a well-known quotation from a modern poet, one word in each line:—

BLIND!

"It was but an hour ago!
O hour, you seem like a year!
For slow, slow, to and fro,
The tick of your moments I hear.

"Still hear? Still smell? Still touch?
O echo of days that are dead!
Availeth a miser's clutch
When his gold has vanished—fled?

"What use in a hand that feels
And falters and seeks in vain?"
Through the dull dead darkness steals
The sound of a mighty pain,
Of a heart that is sorrow-slain.

* * * * *

A year that seemed like a life,
And the voice is a voice no more!
The heart that complained of its strife
Is a heart whose troubles are o'er;
Still death gives sight as before. W.

The Defence of the Thames.

In bygone days its wooden walls were proudly supposed to be Britain's best defence. With our hearts of oak and jolly tars it was confidently believed that our island home was secure against every foe. Attempts have been periodically made to fortify the coast by martello towers and the like, but they have all in the long run been abandoned as impracticable, and we have fallen back—not despairingly, but with undiminished faith—upon the good old tradition. The wooden walls, it is true, have to a great extent been replaced by ironclads; but, with our splendid navy and gallant seamen, the hearths and homes of Britain are still safe from attack. Nevertheless, caution has prompted the placing of the Thames in a complete state of defence, irrespective of the aid of the fleet; and we suppose that the same system of protection will ultimately be extended to other of the more exposed river-mouths of the country. The torpedo seems to be regarded as the limit of perfection in naval weapons of war. This terrible instrument it is which is to form the defence of the Thames. The station is situated at Shornemead Battery, and in the operating-room there is a number of bells, each in electrical connection with a torpedo, which can only be fired by completing the circuit. When a ship touches a torpedo the bell belonging to the latter will ring, and the officer in charge can either explode the machine or allow the vessel to pass on her way unimpeded. Of course, the torpedoes are not in position, but they are ready, with all the appliances, for being moored when required. This precaution is exceedingly necessary, otherwise there is no knowing what disaster an insidious torpedo unwittingly discharged might cause.

The Marvels of the Microphone.

Apparently we have as yet felt but the first pulsations of a giant wave of invention and discovery in physical science, that bids fair to stagger us with its marvellous wonders. Hardly has our surprise at the telephone, bringing within our ken sounds originated hundreds of miles away, had time to lessen, before we are startled with the phonograph, with its marvellous powers of perpetuation of sound. And while the phonograph still seems "a weird, uncanny thing, gifted with magic spell," a new discovery in the same direction makes us open our eyes wide with amazement, and wonderingly wait the next surprise. The telephone may bring us sound from a distance; the phonograph may bottle it up for indefinite periods, and yield it forth obedient to human will; but the microphone bids fair to do still more than either of these: it will render audible sounds previously unheard by the human ear, and carry them whither one will. This is the latest triumph of science, some slight account of which we will endeavour to give. The microphone is the invention of Professor Hughes, and is the result of the discovery by him that certain bodies are peculiarly sensitive to sound, and will increase sound in the same way as the lenses of the microscope magnify objects. By placing such bodies in the circuit of the telephone—by, in fact, breaking the currents transmitted through the wire—a wonderful augmentation of the intensity of the sound-waves is produced. Professor Hughes has found that the interposition of charcoal permeated by fine atoms of mercury will, at present, give the best results; and in his microphone, pieces of gas-carbon, tempered in mercury, are used to form the "transmitter." But, in the words of the inventor, "the best form and materials for the instrument have not yet been fully experimented on;" and as he has most unselfishly abstained from taking out a patent, further improvements may be daily expected. But even as at present constituted wonderful results have been achieved: the gentle rubbing of a camel's-hair pencil has been augmented to a crackling noise, painful in its intensity; the walking of a fly has produced a sound like the tramp of some six-legged horse, while its mere breathing has been heard as the trumpeting of an elephant. By the aid of the microphone, in conjunction with the telephone, sounds almost inaudible at their source—such as the beating of a pulse, the tick of a watch—may be transmitted and heard hundreds of miles away. What a prospect is thus opened up, what a possibility of wondrous advancement of knowledge in every science in the future! The microphone cannot, of course, produce sound; but what a world of sounds there is at present undistinguishable by the human ear! The impinging of a ray of light on any body, the growth of a tree, the rise of the sap in a plant, the

flight and breathing of minute insects, the flow of the blood in the veins, the passage of the air in the lungs, the combination of chemicals—all of these may be rendered distinctly audible to the human ear. Truly, in the microphone, as it is and as it will be, appears to exist a wonderful agent with which to wrest from Nature many of her grandest secrets!

Conversation at the Bottom of the Sea.

While on the subject of acoustic wonders, it may be interesting to our readers to hear of another practical use to which the telephone has been put. It seems that a French war-steamer has lately been engaged in towing an old ship out to sea, to form a torpedo training-vessel. Attached to one of the towing cables was a conducting wire, with one end on either vessel, and it was found that by the action of the sea on the copper sheathing of the ships, an electric current was set up, and telephonic communication was at once established along the circuit. So successful, indeed, was the experiment, that conversation could readily be carried on between the two ships. This result suggested to the commander of the French war-vessel the idea of impressing the telephone into the service of the diver, and in this way:—One of the glasses of the diver's helmet is replaced by a copper plate, and in this is inserted a telephonic wire. As in the case of the ships, an electric current is established, by means of which it becomes an easy matter to hold converse with the divers, even while they are "fathoms deep below"—at the bottom of the sea. In cases where it is necessary that divers should make observations, whether as to the state of the keel of a ship, or as to wreckage, and report thereon, the practical value of this new use for the telephone is obvious.

Double Acrostic.

Strange lovers these, who oft in verse confessed
The tender love that glowed within their breast;
Yet when they met as bridegroom and as bride,
All knowledge of these feelings they denied!

A much-admired, swift, fleet-footed steed,
For gentleness much noted and for speed.

Brave little maiden, wouldst thou give thy life
A substitute, to save the prince from harm?
Yes, with firm purpose, with devotion warm
She tried; but, strange to say, became his wife.

'Twas here the famous Grecian hero killed
The monster which the land with terror filled.

There comes a time, a happy time,
When blushing maidens coyly give
To loving youths a promise that
Henceforth for them they'll live.

Decked with the produce of the earth she stands,
Protectress of the fruits of many lands.

Against the conquering foeman's arms
They bravely fought, they bravely died;
Led by their queen, war's dread alarms
And all its evils they defied.

In literature, science, art,
This person plays a foremost part;
If e'er this *rôle* should fall to you,
Unbiassed be, impartial, true!

The sun by day and moon by night
Give their light,
And both unite
In sea and bight
To keep me moving swift and bright.

Answer to Double Acrostic on page 445.

CHRYSALIS—BUTTERFLY.

C r a B
H o n o l u l U
R o u T
Y a c h T
S cheherazad E
A v o i R
L e a F
I s a b e L (Tennyson's "Isabel").
S o r c e r Y

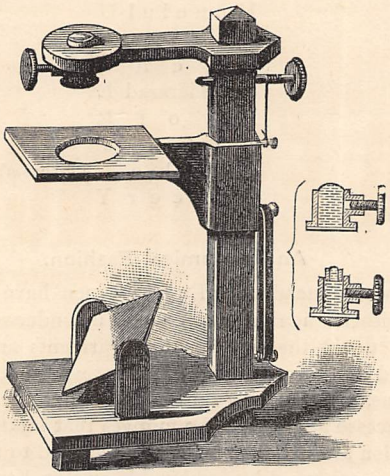
An Economical Fashion.

However steadfastly Englishwomen have set their face hitherto against any change in underwear, there is no doubt that combination garments are gaining ground steadily. They are approved of for many reasons, and are now recognised under the name of "Princesse lingerie." The motives that induce to their adoption are various; being closely fitted to the figure, they are approved by fashionable women, because they aid in making them look slender; stout women prefer them to bulky underclothing; economical women approve them because two garments are combined in one; consequently, there is a considerable saving in material and in the labour of making. Lastly, delicate women like them because the weight of combination garments is suspended from the shoulders instead of from the waist. Hence Princesse lingerie has much to recommend it so long as the present clinging drapery and sheath-like style of figure obtain.

A Rough-and-Ready Microscope.

Those who prefer to spend their leisure hours in mechanical pursuits might do worse than turn their hands to the making of a microscope, which, without being of much service in important studies, would still be of sufficient value to spend the time in pleasant and profitable amusement. The whole instrument can readily be constructed at home, and its cost would be trifling, the chief items of outlay being the brass fittings. The stand (see illustration) is made of wood. The sleeve supporting the table slides upon the vertical standard. A stout wire, with a milled head by which it may be turned, passes through the upper end of the standard, and has wound upon it a strong silk thread, one end of which is tied to a pin inserted in the sleeve. Attached to the lower end of the sleeve, and to a pin projecting from the standard near the base, is an elastic

rubber band, by means of which the table may be drawn downwards, in order to allow a nice adjustment of focus. Two uprights in the bed-piece receive the corners of a rectangular piece of silvered glass, which forms the reflector. The lens consists of water placed in a cell drop by drop. The vertical section of the lens shows the screw for adjusting the convexity of the drop. The best kind of cell is a brass tube about three-eighths of an inch long, and with an internal diameter of from one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch, having in one side a screw for displacing the water to render the lens more or less convex. A thin piece of glass is cemented to the lower end of the tube, and the inside of the tube is blackened—a thin



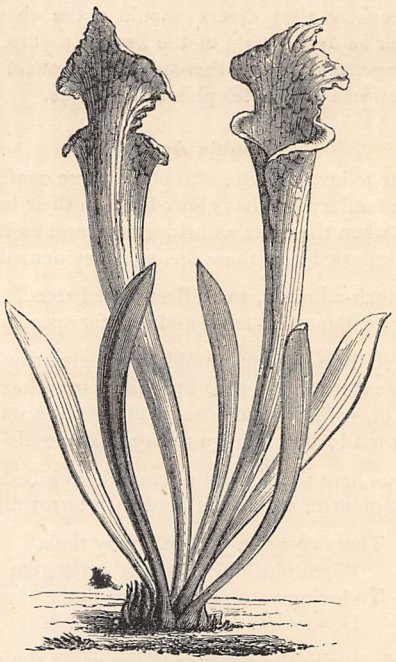
coating of black sealing-wax will serve this latter purpose. Several "bushings" may be fitted in the upper end of the tube to reduce the diameter of the drop, and so to increase the magnifying power of the lens. If air bubbles form they may readily be got rid of by the use of a needle. The object to be examined is placed upon the movable table, and the lens must, of course, be adjusted to suit the individual using it. A microscope of this sort is not proposed as a means of abstruse scientific research, but passing recreation may be extracted from it, and the making of it will also probably afford some amount of gratification.

Do Plants Dream?

Within recent years the life-history of plants has developed into a most fascinating and suggestive study. There are those wonderful insect-eating or flesh-feeding plants which, experiments have conclusively shown, thrive better upon a meat diet than upon the ordinary sustenance of vegetable life. Some of them have a natural will-you-walk-into-my-parlour look about them, and the unwary fly that is once enticed across the fatal threshold may abandon all hope, for it will be infallibly prevented from returning to the regions of the upper air. Dr. Francis Darwin, who has worked up the subject of their life-history with the thoroughness that is always to be found in the ardent scientific observer, raises the question whether or not plants may be capable of dreaming. He was sitting in his hothouse one night, waiting to make an observation at a given time, when he noticed the leaf of a sensitive plant suddenly drop to its fullest extent and slowly rise to its original position. In this action, he affirms, the plant behaved exactly as if it had been touched on its sensitive joint; and accordingly he concludes that some internal process produced the

LEAF OF THE SENSITIVE PLANT (*Mimosa pudica*).

same impression as an actual external stimulus. In like manner, he says, "a dog dreaming by the fire will yelp and move his legs as if he were hunting a real instead of an imaginary rabbit." Unfortunately, Dr. F. Darwin is led to believe that this power of dreaming is only a fanciful resemblance between the sleeping



AN INSECT-EATING PLANT (*Sarracenia*).

of plants and animals. If it had been otherwise, we should have liked to ask him to carry his investigations a step farther, and to tell us what the plant was dreaming about!

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

"And he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow—
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune."

THE strength of the hills is His," says the Psalmist; and this truth, which is to us at first but a few words, dawns upon the soul in all its mighty meaning when the eyes look up dazzled, and behold the glory of the mountains.

They have a beauty which awes, a power which overshadows, an unchanging calm which soothes, and yet fills the mind with unutterable thoughts. The sea, perchance, is the emblem of eternal trouble, the mountain of eternal peace. It rests upon the earth but it touches the heavens, and its head is crowned with celestial light when its feet stand in darkness. Round about it the lesser hills cluster, rejoicing in its strength; and in the clefts of its rocks there are safe dwellings for the feeble. An eternal youth is its heritage: the rock and the snow are out of reach of Time's hand. He passes by, and can neither stale the beauty of the one nor wither the majesty of the other. Day and night, that flying sunshine, that fleeting shadow, which fall on its calm heights from the sky, may pass over them, and be tossed onwards from peak to peak and crag to crag for a thousand thousand years, and yet find them unmoved, steadfast in power, sublime in glory, awful in their eternal beauty.

But to us swiftly-dying mortals who live out our little time on the sea-shore or at the foot of the mountains, day and night bring sorrow and pain and fear; and scarcely can the light give us a little troubled joy ere the darkness comes and snatches it away. Each recurrent day steals from us something of our life, and is a step onwards towards death; and each night leaves with us its shadow, as it bears us onwards to the land of shadows of which we dream when waking.

When the sisters left the great hills they took with them, unformed, some such shape of thought as this: not chiselled out into words, but bearing the deeper, stronger form of feeling—the shadowing power of the mountains upon the soul, the reverence of the mortal for immortality.

Down again in the plains small human things lost their insignificance, houses and steeples were once more high, poor human hopes and fears no longer seemed so little worth the counting.

"I could not say good-bye to Harry up in the heights," observed Dora; "they made our love too small. We seemed to be two human specks making a universe each of the other. I felt myself absurd, and I should have laughed with a kind of bitterness when I ought to have cried."

"Yet love is greater than the mountains," returned Rachel, "for it was Love that made them; and having love, you can never be small, for you are queen to Harry, and he is king to you."

"And where is your king, Rachel? Will you never choose one? I scarcely think it right you should throw away your life for a broken dream."

"Neither will I. Do not fear for me. I have my father and you."

Rachel turned away with that white, resolute look upon her face which always made Dora sorry that she had touched the old wound.

This was at Marseilles, where they had parted from Harry and seen him sail away for India. For three years the lovers were to hope and believe, and trust themselves to time and faith. It was a sore trial for Dora to see her lover go, having only just recovered him; but she had a bright nature not shadowed by many misgivings, so after the tears came sunshine, and she never made a single day of travel dull by repining or lack of chat and laughter.

They resolved to winter at Nice; and here an event occurred which gave Dora food for thought.

They saw Milly! It happened thus: a concert was given by some artists from Milan, and hearing they had talent Mr. Musgrave took tickets for himself and daughters. They entered a little late, and heard the last notes of a song floating into the air in a clear, liquid, soprano voice.

Before they drew aside the curtain of their box the singer had left the stage.

"Who was it?" asked Mr. Musgrave. "Her voice reminds me oddly of some one."

Dora looked at the programme.

"It is a Madame Marcia," she said.

"Her voice is like Milly's," observed Rachel, in her calm, quiet way. "It struck me directly we entered. I wish we had seen Madame Marcia."

"She will sing again soon," returned Dora.

But it was not until the end of the first part that Madame Marcia came on again. The girls were not looking at the stage at this moment; Mr. Musgrave had sent for ices and coffee, and their attention was

turned for a time towards their refreshments, and also to the chat of two or three friends who had entered their box.

Suddenly there struck on Rachel's ear the never forgotten notes of that Venetian ditty sung by Milly and by Eugene on the terrible night of her bitterness at Warewood. She turned sharply to the stage and saw there Milly herself! She was a little changed, a little worn and fagged in look, but exquisitely lovely still, and her voice had gained in beauty. Its divine notes trilled upwards and floated downwards, and filled sense and soul with the very rapture of melody. The audience was breathlessly still, every whisper and sound was hushed, and through this silence the music wound its way like a lark's song through the ambient air, cleaving the space, yet filling it with the very ecstacy of song.

The words that Milly sang now were Italian, but the meaning was the same :—

"Old loves, new loves, what are they worth?
Only a song! Tra-la-la-la!
Old love dies at new love's birth.
Give him a song. Tra-la-la-la!
New love lasts a night and a day;
Cares not for tears,
Mocks at all fears,
Flies laughing away!
Then what is love worth
At death or at birth?
Only a song. Tra-la-la-la!"

With head erect, with eyes flashing with that fire which quenches tears, Milly sang with an intense feeling, a playful yet scornful bitterness, a cynicism which charmed, though it seemed to spring from a rooted pain.

Rachel turned intensely pale as she listened, but she showed no other emotion, neither did she speak. Dora's eyes filled with tears as she kept looking from her sister to Milly, and from Milly to Rachel again.

The mockery of joy, the feigned carelessness, the real anguish breaking through the passionate music in Milly's voice, all touched her heart with the sense of some terrible sorrow hidden, and she could not keep back her tears.

Mr. Musgrave was full of silent indignation and anger. Why was his niece singing on a public stage? Where was her father? where her husband? What was the meaning of this misery ringing out in the bitter words of this hideously gay song? It was the scorn and pain of a broken heart, singing bravely to the world, daring it to say it was wounded to the death.

Could it be possible that this man Maberly was such a scoundrel that he had deserted his wife, and left her to gain precarious bread by wandering from town to town as a Bohemian artist? Stifling with indignant pain, Mr. Musgrave rose, and whispered to Dora—

"I shall go behind the scenes and insist on seeing her. I intend to understand what this means." But Dora held his hand in a tight clasp, and by a motion of her eyes made her father look at Rachel.

She was snow-white, and the muscles round her lips were quivering, yet kept in painful tension. Mr. Musgrave saw that to agitate her further at this moment would be cruel. He sat down and held his peace.

The song came to an end, and after a second's silence the audience broke into loud applause and cries of encore. The silence was greater flattery than the noisy praise, but when it burst forth Milly flushed and sparkled, and with eyes rapidly glancing round the house she bowed her thanks, then gathered up a bouquet flung at her feet and bowed again.

The flowers had fallen from a box above her cousins; she looked up at the donors, perhaps to thank them, and then caught sight of Rachel's face. Her own changed, her startled eyes fell, she hurried away, heedless of the applause, deaf to the cries of encore.

The noise continued, the demands for an encore grew in force, the audience was persistent and almost angry, and still Milly did not reappear. At length a gentleman came forward with an apology. "Madame Marcia had greatly exerted herself in her last song. She was ill; it was impossible for her to appear again: she thanked them for their kind applause; she begged to be excused."

A cheer answered this speech and quiet was restored. Then the curtain fell for the conclusion of the first part of the concert.

"Now I shall go to her," said Mr. Musgrave. "She may need my help. She cannot know that her father is now Lord Martock. How can he treat her so shamefully?"

"Yes, go," said Rachel. "She has not heard, perhaps, that Lady Martock's little one is drowned. This must and will make a great difference to her feelings and her position. She is her father's heiress, no matter how ill he treats her; she must be Countess Martock when he dies."

"True, my dear, and as his heiress she has a right to an allowance from the Martock estates. It is time I came to her aid and protected her, since her husband will not. Who could have believed that Maberly was the sort of man to let his wife sing for her bread?"

Mr. Musgrave had the old-fashioned idea that a woman's talent must never be used for money; but his daughters knew that, whatever Milly's sorrows might be, she would not reckon among them the opportunity to display her beauty and her voice, but they did not say this to him now. They saw him hurry away with trouble in their eyes, and hearts beating high with expectation. Dora was flushed; Rachel quiet and pale. She steeled herself to hear sad news of the man she had once loved. What could be sadder than to know him faithless to Milly as to herself, unworthy, unstable, cruel to the wife he had seemed to love so madly?

She gathered all her courage, she resolved to hear bravely the story of Milly's wrongs, she nerved herself to bear the probing of speech and question, and yet keep calm. Her resolve was made in vain. Mr. Musgrave came back looking flushed and angry; he flung himself into a seat with an exclamation seldom heard by his daughters from his kindly lips.

Rachel glanced hurriedly towards the door of their box; she thought to see Milly enter instantly, followed, perhaps, by Eugene. She could not tell what her

father had said or done; he might have forgiven them both the wrong done to her, and asked them to visit her. Another instant and perhaps her quivering eyes would be filled up with the pain of seeing these two treacherous faces, beautiful even in their falsehood. She did not try to speak.

"What has happened? Where is Milly?" asked Dora, bending forward, and laying her hand on her father's arm.

"I cannot tell you. I have not seen her. The crew there behind the scenes have lied to me!" said Mr. Musgrave, his voice full of anger and pain. "They declare Madame Marcia has left the theatre, and they do not know where she is lodging."

"Can that be true?" returned Dora.

"No, it is utterly false. But it is certainly true that she has left, for the manager of this troupe of artists was fuming and flaming with rage at her departure. Let us go home. There will be a great noise here directly when she does not appear to sing in the parts allotted to her."

"Yes," said Rachel mechanically, "let us go home, father."

She clung to his arm, trembling a little, heedless that her cloak had fallen to the floor. He placed it on her shoulders and led her away. Dora followed, deep in thought.

What could this flight of Milly's mean? Why was she afraid to see her uncle and cousins? Surely it meant that she was the guilty one, not Eugene, and if husband and wife were parted the fault was hers. He followed a calling reckoned holy by every Christian man, and the very sacredness of his profession laid a higher duty on him than on other men, therefore it scarcely seemed possible, unless he were lost indeed to religion and honour, that he could permit his wife to wander thus alone, exposed to poverty and temptation and the world's slander. If all this were Milly's own doing, then Dora thought she might partly understand it, but not otherwise.

When they got back to their hotel she and her father talked of Milly till late into the night. Rachel only listened, but it was she who proposed that the present Lord Martock should be written to and informed of his daughter's evident need of help.

"Perhaps her father will communicate with Mr. Maberly, and if there is some unhappy misunderstanding or quarrel between him and his wife they may be reconciled," she said, not faltering either in word or look.

"I will have nothing to do with Maberly," returned Mr. Musgrave. "Lord Martock may act as he likes; it is his duty to call his son-in-law to account, not mine; but I will help Milly if I can. I am grieved she has run away from me as if I were an enemy."

It was evident he was much hurt and his mind altogether galled by this strange event. For many years his daughters had not seen him so wounded and so bewildered in thought as he appeared to be when at last they bade him good night.

Dora was an early riser. She was out, as usual, the next morning by eight o'clock for the habitual walk which kept the roses on her cheeks so fresh. It was a bright October day; the crisp, clear air was full of sunshine and warmth; the sky was a deep blue; the road, just watered, was free from dust; the dark green of the southern foliage was as yet unchanged; the earth was fair with autumn flowers, whose incense rose up gratefully like a silent song of praise.

Not losing a single joy that earth and sky, and youth, and happy love gave her, Dora walked on musingly, her thoughts sometimes with Rachel and sometimes with Harry, following his route by sea and land with a pleased fancy, which now brought a smile to her lips, or now a shadow of tender tears to her eyes.

Time had tried her love and Harry's also, and both had found that it was deeper, tenderer, more faithful than each had believed.

In those days, that now seemed so long ago, when they had parted in foolish anger, neither had understood how the might of linked years, the ties of a common memory, the affection of long habit had bound them together. It was when they were parted, and the strong invisible chain of custom had tugged at each heart, and the crowd of hopes and fears, an undistinguishable throng, which each had shared rushed upon them in their solitude—a great cloud of sorrow and pain and tears—it was then they knew what their love was worth.

Both had suffered, and when they clasped hands again both felt they were the better for that suffering. Time, which had tried them, had brought them the precious fruits of experience. Never again would any shadow of mistrust rest upon their mutual faith. Theirs was no sudden passion, full of strangeness, full of excitement, full of uncertainties: at one moment joyful, the next in despair—it was a quiet love, the growth of years, and its calm had deceived them. They had fancied they could part; they had discovered they were "one flesh."

"Common as light is love," says the poet; and, careless in the enjoyment of both, we often forget how terrible would be our lot if the light was made darkness and the love was taken from our life.

If they vanished for a time, how should we welcome their return! how should we value the great gifts of the seeing eye and the loving heart!

Dora's musing thoughts had led her feet astray. She was startled to find herself near the station, and looking up at the clock she saw it was nearly nine. Rachel and her father would be waiting breakfast for her; she resolved to go back in one of the hotel carriages, which she would be sure to find at the station. There was one even now just driving up to the doors; a train was about to start.

Dora hurried onwards to beckon to the driver, but in an instant she checked her steps, with the colour fading from her face and her heart beating wildly. Within the carriage she saw Milly and Eugene Maberly! In another moment they had alighted and entered the station; and though Dora ran fast and breathlessly, the doors were closed before she reached them.

"Oh, pray open the doors for me! pray open them!" she cried to the official standing without.

"Is madame going by this train? I am very sorry, but it is too late; the train is off instantly."

"I am not going; I only wish to speak to a friend."

"Impossible; no one is allowed on the platform now."

Dora tried that universal language—money—which speaks to all hearts; it opened the station gates for her, and she glided within, scarcely knowing what she had it in her heart to do, except to utter a word of kindness to Milly.

But she was too late; the man's hesitation and delay in opening the gates had lost many minutes, and as she was at one end of the platform she caught sight of Milly quite at the other end. She hurried towards her; she called aloud, "Milly! Milly!" but she was not heard. She saw Eugene Maberly come to her and hand her into a carriage, with all the old deference in his manner, the care and gentleness which Dora had seen in him whenever he spoke to women. Then he sprang in after her, and in another instant the train was in motion. It passed by Dora where she stood, pale and anxious, and there flashed into her eyes those two well-known faces—Milly's beautiful as a flower, a little drooping, yet perfect in beauty; Eugene's firm and strong, and yet with a shadow of care. He saw Dora where she stood, and the colour mounted to his forehead; then he raised his hat, unsmiling, and with a slight hardening of his features. She just saw this, and the train was gone. But in the distance a white hand was waved from the window and a flower dropped.

Then Dora knew that Milly had either seen her or had been told by Eugene that she was there, and her relenting heart had flung out this offering of peace.

She walked to the end of the station, gathered up the crushed flower, and took it home, with many strange and puzzled thoughts.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

"——Only I discern
Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

"WELL, since the husband and wife are together, there remains nothing for me to do," observed Mr. Musgrave, when he had heard Dora's story. "I can only suppose that it is Milly herself who has been to blame. Her erratic nature or her vanity may have led her into this display of her talent as a singer, and naturally it would lead to estrangement or quarrel between her and Maberly. It is scarcely fitting that the wife of a clergyman should be a public singer."

"Yes, he would feel that," returned Dora; "yet I cannot understand the matter. I can only see that we are ignorant of Milly's history still, and for some reason of her own she is determined to keep us so. If not, why has she escaped us, as she has done again to-day?"

"Perhaps she imagines we feel resentment against Mr. Maberly," said Rachel, a slight blush just touching the fairness of her face and vanishing. "I should be sorry if any fear of me or my supposed anger has caused her flight, or kept her from receiving kindness from us."

"My dear, such a thought has never entered Milly's mind," returned Mr. Musgrave. "Her right in Maberly was prior to yours, and it has never struck her that she did you a wrong. In her letters she uttered no word of apology, or showed even shadow of feeling that such a thing was necessary."

Dora pondered over her father's words, but neither she nor Rachel answered. There was a painfulness in the theme which silence alone could soothe. Mr. Musgrave, too, felt that it was scarcely delicate or fair to Rachel to discuss the mystery of her former lover's conduct before her. It was better to let the man's memory and his name drop out of their lives. His anxiety, however, respecting his niece led him to search out the speculative musician who had got together the little group of singers from Milan.

"Madame Marcia!" exclaimed this unhappy artist, with much gesticulation. "What have I to tell you of Madame Marcia? She have ruin me! she have spoil all my plan for de winter! I had une idée to organise a company for de drames—opera, I would say, and she was to be my prima-donna. Now, vere is my prima-donna? I tell you, *novere!*"

And with both hands spread out, and eyebrows high as his hair, the unfortunate man struck an attitude the very picture of dismay.

"But why is Madame Marcia singing on the stage? *Why* is she a prima-donna?" asked the bewildered Mr. Musgrave.

"Vy! Because she have de talent. Vould you have a voice like dat of Madame sing only to de bébé, or a vaurien of a mari? What idée Inglise is dat! She have de trote of nightingale, naturellement she sing."

This was no reason at all to Mr. Musgrave, and did not by any means follow naturally according to his view of things; but, having no French at his command, he could not argue the matter; he could only confine himself to a few leading questions.

"Where did you find Madame Marcia?"

"I did hear of her from a friend at Milan."

"Was she singing there?"

"Yes, at parties, at private concerts; not at de theatre. It was preserve for me to make know her talent to de world. And now she is—*novere!*"

"What do you mean by nowhere?" exclaimed Mr. Musgrave, secretly exasperated at the disconsolate musician, who thought nothing of the woman and lamented only her voice.

"I mean she is hide—she is cacher herself—I mean she leave no address."

"But why has she fled—why hide herself?"

A shrug, that brought a pair of lean shoulders high as a pair of alert, listening ears, was the only answer the musician gave to this.

"Madame Marcia have not tell me. I cannot say to you even her true name," he remarked, as he brought his shoulders slowly down to their rightful position. "But it is possible to divine a little. Perhaps she run away from a mauvais sujet—a bad husband. Que

voulez-vous? It is de fate of de nightingale to marry herself comme une oie—what you call goose."

"Her husband accompanied her this morning when she quitted Nice," returned Mr. Musgrave, in rather a high voice, his pride being galled by the tone in which his niece was spoken of. "And I know of nothing against his character," he added, cooling himself down into quietness.

The musician stared at him, then turned away and caught up his violin.

"Apparently Monsieur knows Madame Marcia mieux que moi. And perhaps I have wrong to speak of her to a stranger. If she have ruin me, dat is my affaire. I am not a man of vengeance. Monsieur will pardon me if I say bon jour. I have a concert après-midi."

He made an elaborate bow and tuned his fiddle, with a long smile on his face, and eyes which seemed to listen, and ears alert, as having a separate life of their own.

"But cannot you tell me where Madame Marcia lodged while here?"

"BUT SHE WAS TOO LATE" (*p.* 516).

"*Novere!*" repeated the musician. "She arrive only in time for de concert, voilà!"

"But you can give me her address at Milan?"

"Pourquoi sall I gif you her address? She refuse always her address to Inglise people."

"I am a relative—a near relative. I have important news to give her."

There was no answer for a second or two, only the fiddle spoke loudly, those long nervous fingers, which twitched at screws and strings, drew forth the oddest

discords, twitting the ears as with sarcasms, sneers, and snarls.

"Oui—ah oui," said the musician very softly, listening to his violin with bent head. "Dey are all des parents who want Madame Marcia. I understand quite well. Monsieur, de nine o'clock train go nords; Milan is not reach dat way: inutile to gif Monsieur l'adresse à Milan." Frightful was the clash the violin flung at Mr. Musgrave here: it shrieked defiance at him, mingled with a small note of triumph, which screamed and twitted like the shrill note of Gaul's emblem bird.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Musgrave sturdily, and ramming his hat on his head he departed, with all the contempt of a Briton for artistic vagaries.

The violin sent a shout of victory after him: a long-drawn cry, which, like all sounds of victory, held a latent wail of sorrow.

"Comment!" said the musician, laying down his beloved instrument tenderly, and speaking to himself rapidly in his own dear tongue. "What! shall I tell him where to find Madame Marcia?—I, who have lost her! I recognised him! I knew him! He is one of those Englishmen always prowling about the Continent to pick up fine voices. And shall I help to make his fortune with my nightingale that has flown away? No, no—pas si bête! Ah, what an unfortunate I am to lose such a bird!—and one who did not know what she was worth."

He caught up his violin again and gave way to the grief within him; his soul ran through his fingers to the strings, and out came a sharp cry of distress, then a thousand murmurs; lastly a low wail of defeat and pain mingling with bitterest vexation. All this floated out at the open door and down the street, where it struck against Mr. Musgrave's unmusical ears and made him pause to listen. It was odd that the music did more than the man's speech had done; it brought a comprehension of the truth to Mr. Musgrave's mind.

"I do believe that old fellow is more vexed at losing Milly than I am. And I do believe, too, that he takes me for an operatic manager, and thinks I want to engage Milly for my own theatre."

He laughed aloud and walked on, a little vain of his own acuteness, unconscious that the violin had told it all in his ear, every word of it.

He did not mention his quest to his daughters; he would have liked to speak to Dora of it, but thought it scarcely fair to give her a secret to keep from Rachel.

During the day he made inquiries for the Milanese artists, hoping to find among them some friend or acquaintance of Milly's, but they too were "nowhere." They had returned to Milan, evidently being not wanted now the nightingale of their party had flown. So here ended the last hope of discovering Milly's place of abode at Milan, supposing she were still there, which seemed unlikely, since Dora had seen her depart by the northern train.

For many days and weeks after this they searched the French and Italian papers anxiously for any mention of Milly as Madame Marcia the singer. But there was none, and the fear which had threaded their minds that her appearance in this character denoted a painful history slipped away at last. Only there remained a doubt, and a sense of incongruity that the wife of a clergyman, the daughter of an earl, should be placed in circumstances that apparently had for a time forced her into strange company.

What this meant or what it hid they had to leave to time to tell.

Meanwhile, at Boscombe, Cordelia waited hopefully through the bright October days for Edward Haslam's return. She had been able to write him joyful news, that her father saw no cause to separate them in old Lord Martock's eccentric bequest. The family had allowed the will to stand: therefore, not having disputed it, they had no right to cavil at Mr. Haslam's marriage. It was an event they must have foreseen; and scarcely could the most cruel selfishness and greed demand of him to live a single life for their sakes, to remedy a wrong which they had themselves permitted. Clearly, if Lady Martock considered herself the person whom her grandfather intended to benefit, she should have brought forth her proofs at the right time in a court of law; not having done so, she must henceforth hold her peace. This was Mr. Gwynne's view of the case; and Cordelia fancied, when she told it to her lover, that all difficulties were now smoothed away.

He answered joyfully that he was hurrying homewards, and trusted that no shadow henceforth would stand between them again for ever.

So Cordelia waited while the leaves browned, and the roses fell, and the shortened day lighted the stubble lands and sank golden in the western sea.

And sometimes her thoughts wandered, with a vague fear, towards the great wealth from which she shrank—the wealth of which she, in her poor simplicity, knew nothing; but oftener they flew towards Bodrigan, and hovered near the angry bereaved woman, who sat in loneliness counting up her wrongs, with soul, like a caged bird, beating against the iron bars of fate.

Oftenest of all, Cordelia, as she sat by the Cornish sea, sent her thoughts forth to greet her lover with a welcome home—with a thousand words of kindliness and love, a thousand whispered hopes and dear fancies of happiness to come. And thinking thus, she smiled, while the waves rolled in at her feet, and the sanderlings flew and whirled and turned, and showed her the silver lining to their dusky wings.

And throughout this bright autumn time, whereso-ever her father went, he leant on Cordelia's arm; while the kindly people, looking up at the white hair and the rugged face they had learned to love so well through years of mutual Christian charity, whispered to each other—

"Our good rector is happy again: his care is gone. He and Miss Cordelia are together now always, as they were before a stranger's shadow fell between them. How will he bear it if she marries him and goes away?"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!'

LADY MARTOCK, clad in deep mourning, sat in the great saloon at Bodrigan; and again Mr. Bruntwell, with his black bag and his papers, was her companion.

"I will accept no compromise, Mr. Bruntwell; it is useless to urge me," she said in a hard tone. "Before my child died I might have listened, but I have nothing to lose now and everything to gain. While my boy lived I asked only for justice, now he is dead I want revenge. Therefore, I will leave them their false security, and not intervene until these two are on the eve of marriage."

"That would tell against you in a court of law," observed Mr. Bruntwell. "It will look bad on your side to allow things to go so far. If you will not accept the overtures made by Mr. Haslam, then I say you should strike at once."

"And lose half my revenge!" she answered. "No, I prefer to wait."

"You risk a great deal for vengeance," continued the lawyer. "It will be far more prudent if you permit me to send on your letter to Mr. Gwynne written a month ago. Its date will prove your wish to be honourable, and will make a great point in your favour, and the sad circumstance which prevented its being forwarded will also tell on your side."

A spasm passed over Lady Martock's pale firm face, and for an instant she could not answer; then stilling the shaking of her lip, she spoke with cold decision.

"Whatever evil may accrue through this delay I care not: I intend to risk it. Are all the letters and papers here that I signed at the 'Three Cornish Choughs?'"

"All, madam," replied Mr. Bruntwell, regarding her with a watchful look, as with one long white finger she turned over the letters on the table and rapidly glanced at the address of each.

"Yes, they are all here. Let them remain unposted until Edward Haslam and Cordelia Gwynne have fixed their wedding-day."

"Is that your final resolve?" asked Mr. Bruntwell uneasily.

"Yes. May I not give myself one little pleasure for all the pain inflicted on me?"

"Ladies will intrude feeling into business," said the lawyer. "I wish I could make you understand how much you risk by permitting yourself the luxury of revenge."

"I have said I do not mind the risk."

"But surely you wish for success?" he resumed.

"Certainly, and I shall have it. I am as sure of gaining my cause and my money as I am that I have lost all else in the world, except my hope and chance of this wealth."

"But the blow will be just as great for Edward Haslam if you strike him now as if you wait to strike him through the Gwynnes."

"That shows how little you know of love. I strike Edward Haslam twice when I strike him through the girl he loves."

"But, Lady Martock, I entreat you to reflect a little on the scandal you will cause. And Miss Gwynne is a delicate fragile girl; her father an old man in feeble health. Would it not be better to warn them privately rather than make them subject for public scandal?" asked Mr. Bruntwell, whose new mercy had sprung suddenly from policy. "As a clergyman, Mr. Gwynne will feel this more deeply than other men. I entreat you to reflect. Surely you have no cause to revenge yourself on the father and daughter——"

"Have I not?" interrupted Lady Martock, with an unusual fire in her hard cold eyes. "But for them, I should not have come to Bodrigan and drowned my son; but for them, the family estates and title would not have fallen into the hands of a gambler, and worse, a man who——"

She stopped, overcome by her own vehemence, and rising, she paced the large saloon to and fro, her beautiful face and figure flashing into its many mirrors like a succession of stately pictures.

"I grant that the present Lord Martock is not a very desirable person to inherit the family honours," said Mr. Bruntwell; "but you must remember he has only a very diminished portion of the estates."

"Quite enough for the gaming-tables," returned my lady, cold and quiet again. "And to think that, without these Gwynnes, I should have made the earldom one of the richest in England, and have handed over to my son the inheritance of his fathers doubled by my skill! I tell you they have cut down all my plans, broken off all my purposes in life, and wrecked me! Do not ask for mercy for these people again."

"Then let your vengeance fall on the true delinquent—on Haslam. You have only to warn him that you mean to assert your rights, and he will at once withdraw from his engagement to Miss Gwynne."

"Yes, to spare her, doubtless! I do not intend she shall be spared. Pray cease, Mr. Bruntwell; all argument is useless."

The lawyer was silent. He could not tell his client that she was herself the true cause of her own bitterness, and her own passions had led her on the dry waste of life on which she now walked. Avarice and hate had brought her to Bodrigan, and not Cordelia Gwynne or Edward Haslam. These moral conclusions Mr. Bruntwell might have reached in his own mind, but they were not the motives of his counsel to Lady Martock; these lay in legal and prudential reasons alone. Lately he had received cause to believe that Edward Haslam was willing to purchase his liberty at any price, and that a compromise might therefore be effected which he could make very profitable to himself. He had learned enough of Cordelia Gwynne to know that she did not value money very highly, having never felt its power or experienced its want; therefore, he anticipated no difficulty on her side. But he attempted no further argument at present; he gathered up his papers and prepared to leave the room.

"Lunch is awaiting you in the dining-room," observed Lady Martock. "Pray excuse my playing hostess to-day. I am not well."

The haggard, fixed look in her eyes, the fever-spot on her cheek, attested the truth of her words. Mr. Bruntwell knew that since her child's death she had not sat down to a meal.

"You do wrong, Lady Martock, to shut yourself up here in solitude," he said. "Pray send for some friend to stay with you. Cannot your niece, Lady Milicent, come to you for a time?"

I know Lord Martock will replace it: he will be too thankful to it not to rejoice in the sight of that strip of cold death; but while I was here I would not, I could not bear it."

She spoke coldly and without tears; there was no softness in her grief, no submission, no hope reaching beyond this world: all was anger, hate, and bitterness of spirit—this was the shape her sorrow wore.

"MADAME MARCIA! WHAT HAVE I TO TELL YOU OF MADAME MARCIA?" (*p.* 516).

"No!" returned Lady Martock shortly. "She is in trouble again, or rather, her husband is. These run-away matches always turn out ill and end mostly in hatred. But I am aware I cannot stay here; this place belongs now to Lord Martock. I am going to Paris to-morrow."

"I am glad of it; the change will do you good."

"Will it?" she said, fixing her gaze on her own image in a mirror without seeing it. "I doubt if anything will do me good. But I confess Bodrigan is driving me mad. I have had the pond filled up.

"At all events, it will be good for you to leave Bodrigan," said Mr. Bruntwell, not without pity.

"Yes," she answered; "but do not fail to keep me well informed of all that passes at Boscombe. I rely on you for that, and will leave Paris the instant I know it is necessary."

With this they parted; and Mr. Bruntwell went on to Boscombe and enlisted cunning Nat Sobie's services as a spy.

"There's no harm in it," said Mr. Bruntwell, "none in the world; but when you hear Miss Gwynne is

going to be married, you must send off this telegram to me."

He handed the man a form already filled up. The message was simply—

"It is high tide at Boscombe."

Nat Sobie read it with a bewildered expression, chinking all the time within his palm the coins he held as payment.

"Well, there don't seem much harm in that," he observed; "but if there be harm, and I be found out in it, I reckon I shall have to run. If I was to hurt Miss Cordelia, the folks would throw me into Tregeagle's Kitchen, for sartain."

"Well, I hope it is a good kitchen," rejoined Mr. Bruntwell, who did not understand the expression, "where you will get well served."

"If I went there I should never want for nothing more," returned Nat. "Well, 'tis poor times now, with Squire Musgrave away, and my poor old hoss and me be leary often for want of victuals, so I'll take your money, master, and do your biddin'."

"Take care you do it well, and you'll be well paid. Has that London barrister, Mr. Haslam, been here lately?"

"Not since July, master; but there's talk now of his coming soon to marry parson's daughter."

"Can you write?" asked Mr. Bruntwell.

Nat shook his head. "I can make my mark as good as any man," he said, "but if it come to writin', I should make a misment of it."

Mr. Bruntwell took a post-card from his bag and wrote his own address on it, and scratched a cross on the back.

"There, post that to me if Mr. Haslam comes to Boscombe."

Nat's eyes twinkled as he took the card. The rogue could write quite well, but, like a skilful general, he was providing for his own retreat in case of necessity. The writing being Mr. Bruntwell's own both on card and telegram secured him, he thought, from discovery.

"Have you got a wife?" was Mr. Bruntwell's next question.

"Iss; but she's in the churchyard."

"I'm glad of it," said the lawyer.

Nat grinned. "I shouldn't tell her nothin' if she was living," he said.

"Well, perhaps it is safer as it is," rejoined the other. "Now, remember, it's five pounds for you if I get the telegram in good time. But no false alarms, mind! Make sure before you send it."

"Don't you be afeared. I do knaw tin," said Nat, in the old Cornish phrase, which expresses neatly a man's powers of intellect.

This conversation took place at the station, whither Nat had driven Mr. Bruntwell in his very shaky fly, from the box of which vehicle he surveyed the departing train, with a very long smile on his sly countenance.

"Now, I should like to know what this smooth chap is up to," said Nat to himself. "I should, uncommon; but 'tis all as dark as Tregeagle's Kitchen to me."

He took the telegram form and the post-card from his greasy, untidy pocket-book, where reposed sundry turnpike tickets, bills for oats, a receipt for the staggers, to which his horse was at times subject when very much starved, and a charm for the toothache, an infliction which came often upon himself.

"Well, there's a cross; that's all he've put on the card: that means Mr. Haslam is here. And, 'It's high tide at Boscombe,' that's all I can read upon this here telemgramph: and that means Miss Cordelia is going to be married. I must take care I don't get 'em mixed like in my mind, or maybe I shall lose money. I can't see no harm in arning this five pounds, but, somehow, I feels as full of ill luck as if I'd shut a owl."

To shoot an owl brings a man seven years' ill-luck, says a Cornish adage; and Nat's conscience, being troubled, turned to this superstition and to many others in a scared way, as he jogged slowly homewards through the clear August night.

The great round harvest moon made weird shadows of him and his fly and his lean horse, as all went gliding past the silvered hedges; and at the three cross-roads, where a century ago some forlorn and desperate traveller unknown had hanged himself to the tall sign-post, Nat's cunning eyes grew dilated, and his hair rustled, as ready to stand on end should occasion require.

But there was nothing at this dreaded spot, save the high post glittering whitely and the moonlight shining over the green turf on the suicide's grave.

"There was two farthings in his pocket, I've heerd say," murmured Nat, "and a letter with 'For pity's sake!' writ across it, and not a word more. If arra waun among the gentry had claimed 'un, they'd ha' give 'un Christian burial: so ould Grandfer Jago says, and he ought to knaw, for his feyther was on the jury. So as nobody knawed the man, they gave 'un crowner's law, and buried 'un out there. Well, if I be found out, I 'spect I should have to buy a balch [rope] for myself too, for I couldn't bide in Warewood nor yet in Boscombe. As I be a Christian man, I be risking my life, and it's worth me ten pounds and more. I'm doing it too cheap in five. There isn't arra man in the parish would like to come to be crowned for five pounds. No, I'm too prodigal of myself. I should ha' axed ten."

Thus soliloquising, Nat felt himself almost a martyr, as through the thin darkness, fading into grey light, he crept softly with traitor's step into Warewood Church-town.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

"November's month is chill and drear."
* * * * *
"Lay your plots; the times conspire with you."

NOVEMBER was come again at Boscombe: not the November of murky cities, but the fickle, fitful month of the fair west, which one day brings storm and darkness, and another sunshine and a still sweet air, filled with the scent of flowers freshened with rain.

On the grey sea and on the shaggy heath the long

slanting lights of the autumn sky lay flickering, mingled with fantastic shadows of wandering clouds, which the hills caught as they flew, and flung onwards from peak to peak.

All the sounds of coming winter sighed around the rectory house—a strange mingling: the song of a wild land and a wild sea, to be heard only where the surge of league-long rollers sweeps the shore, and the winds rustle and whisper among the withered heath.

In the long dark evenings, when the moan of the swaying pines touched the ear, blending with the patter of rain-drops, the distant call of the sea, and the wistful rustle of fallen leaves, Cordelia would pause in her work to listen, and catching each wild weird sound, would feel in her soul an intense sympathy with the dying year, a strange sad longing to be at rest. For her lover tarried, and her mind misgave her as there seemed to her no cause for his delay. The crisp clear air, the bright days of a lovely October had passed away to the west, and each day as it sank in the sea had killed the hope of his coming. First he was at Athens, detained by a sick friend stricken with fever; then he was under quarantine at Malta; lastly he was at Paris, and, hearing this, Cordelia's heart failed her.

Did she not know that Lady Martock was there, softened perchance by grief, lovelier for her sorrow? And this woman was his first love, still linked to him by the might of memory and the strength of that self-interest which surely was all-powerful to draw them together, though he might at first resist the chain.

To many a worldly-wise heart it might seem the cutting of the Gordian knot, the solving of all difficulties, if these two married. The unfairness of old Lord Martock's will would turn to justice then, and all the fire of a long quarrel would be quenched in peace.

Musing thus, with many other thoughts revolving round her love, Cordelia lost the clue which led her clearly on, and doubts began to bring a haze of fear about her, and ofttimes she felt that she would do a better deed in giving up her lover than in keeping faith with him.

One day she said abruptly to her father—

"I am not fit to have all this wealth: the thought of it hurts me. And I have no right to it. Lord Martock never heard of me—did not know I lived; he meant it for his grand-daughter. I ought not to feel angry that she deems it unjust a stranger should grasp at her inheritance."

"But she was fickle; she forfeited it by her own act; she has no right to complain. And you will do much good, child, with riches. I am not afraid for you."

The rector often said this, for in spite of sober thoughts, and the patience and content of a quiet life—the harvest of duties done in faith—he was a little dazzled by the prospect of this vast wealth. Cordelia was his favourite, his first-born—the child of his strength and his youth, the prop of these fading years, and he was glad she should have honour and glory; he thought she deserved it all.

Mrs. Gwynne was dazzled too, but in a less bright way. "She would believe in this wealth when she saw it," she said, and she shook her head over it and hoped it would end well.

Still Cordelia perceived that her mother's heart gradually, day by day, was turning towards this money; and sometimes as she knitted she smiled, and looking up from her needles, would say she was dreaming of the time to come, when Harry, helped by his sister, would leave the army and take a farm, and live at home with her.

So Mr. Gwynne wished Cordelia to be wealthy for her own sake, and Mrs. Gwynne for the sake of her brother, and either way both now had set their minds on this rich marriage. Thus as the short days darkened and the evenings grew long, their talk about the money grew also, and they counted up its yearly interest, and schemed and dreamed with wide vague fancies over all it could do in this world.

Then as the weeks slipped on, Cordelia saw, with a dull unspoken pain, that her father and mother were getting anxious for her speedy marriage, and doubt was beginning to creep upon their minds through Mr. Haslam's long delay. Not that they wished to part with her—when the day of her departure came it would be a sad wrench—but they longed to see her safe; they would not like all this fortune to be lost to them and given to some other woman.

Hearing all this, it seemed to Cordelia that she was less loved than of old; she felt the mildew of this wealth slowly settling on their hearts, destroying the fresh springs of tenderness, and bringing in its stead the barren hopes of this world's prosperity.

As the pines bent in the west wind, wailing forth their requiem for summer's death: as the yellow leaves flitted to and fro mournfully, and the waves floated in the sea-birds dead and the wreckage of lost ships, Cordelia, as she wandered lonely on the wind-beaten path by the brown heath, felt with shrinking dim misgiving that a deeper winter, a colder death, was creeping slowly on them all in the soft insidious breath of coming riches.

Meanwhile, Mr. Haslam was at Paris, led thither by his fears. He knew now that the news of Lady Martock's marriage was false; he knew too that her little son was drowned. This last event touched his thoughts with pity, and he began to hope that she too would soften under grief, and be willing at length to make peace, and share old Lord Martock's spoils amicably.

In this vain delusion he came to Paris. He was resolved to risk Cordelia's anger, and see Lady Martock himself.

When his letter reached her, asking for an interview, she tossed it across a little table, on the other side of which sat a lovely lady.

"There, read that," she said, "and give me your advice. You have a shrewder brain than Mr. Bruntwell's. He changes like a vane—one day for mercy, another for striking blindly, like a stupid giant whom a babe can outwit."

"The question is, which do you most want?" answered the lady: "money or revenge?"

"I intend to have both; but I can wait for the first, the other I weary for every day."

"How odd! I can care for money—one wants it so badly; but I should never take the trouble to seek for vengeance—no, not even on a rattle-snake."

Lady Martock rose, flinging down her embroidery wearily.

"You have too light a nature," she said, "to feel as I do. If you had married unwillingly a man you could not love, and had been disappointed in the hope under which your consent was wrung from you; if just after your marriage you had discovered that by being faithful to the man you loved, you would have gained all the wealth you had now lost, I think some of my bitterness might have entered into your soul."

"One must make the best of things in this world," returned the other. "I might be bitter too if I would."

"You have been wilful; you have taken your own way; you have no right to complain. Let me go on. I want you to understand me. You know why I did not dispute the will? you know why I, of all people, consider that I have the best right to that money?"

"Yes, you explained that yesterday, to my great surprise."

"Well, then, bear in mind that for all the years of my marriage I suffered my loss and endured my thoughts silently. Then suddenly I was made a widow; was it not natural I should look now to Edward Haslam to do me justice? He knew as well as I why my grandfather had made that will. I repeat that he has no right to marry any other woman but myself."

"He has the same right that you had to marry Lord Martock."

"I deny that! I acted in ignorance of the will, in ignorance even of my own position towards him. He knows both, therefore he does me a double wrong by marrying. Setting aside the great sum left to his wife, he robs me of the other half of my dowry—the twenty-five thousand pounds, which can only be mine if he dies unmarried."

"It is very hard, dreadfully hard; I see all that."

"You ought to see more; you ought to perceive that inasmuch as he knows why the will was so framed, he is bound in honour never to put another woman in my place as his wife. And not only is he seeking to do this," she continued, losing her calmness in a sudden burst of vehemence, "but he has spoken contemptuously of me to this country parson's daughter; he has declared he hated me, and he has openly shown his joy at the prospect of endowing her with wealth which absolutely at this moment, if I proclaimed the truth, is mine."

Her voice rose and trembled, then fell, and with shaking hands she clung to the chair on which she leant.

"I hoped to soften him; I hoped to win him," she resumed in a changed tone, "and I should have succeeded but for this girl. Therefore I claim a right to revenge myself on her, for she has lost me my husband, my money, and my child."

"She is a very good girl, aunt, I assure you."

"Good! Do not irritate me with that sickly word. When has she been tried or tempted? She has led the life of a tree, or a sea-shell! She has never moved from one place. Why do you want to champion her? If you are on my enemy's side, we can cease to talk on this subject."

"I am on your side," returned the other in her pretty flute-like voice, "Mr. Haslam and Miss Gwynne are nothing to me."

"Then give me your counsel; and, remember, I desire to strike a sure blow, one that shall be felt."

"You recollect when you were uncertain with regard to his purpose respecting this girl, I advised you to have a paragraph inserted in different papers declaring your marriage?"

"Yes, and it was very good advice; it answered, it deceived him into false security, it showed me his true feelings, it showed me where I stood, and convinced me of the futility of all things but war."

"Then, I advise now the same tactics. Send him a false message of peace."

"I cannot write to him. The letter would be evidence against me."

"I said a message, not a letter."

"Who is to take it?" asked Lady Martock. "The same objection rests against a verbal message as against a written one. My servant would witness against me."

"But your niece would not," said Milly, coming forward and laying a coaxing hand on her aunt's arm. "I will be your messenger. I know revenge is a mean thing, and mean ways must be adopted to accomplish it. Well, I am prepared to be mean. So, in the future, when you deny your own words, I shall be ready to declare that I mistook them, and delivered a wrong message out of pure stupidity."

Lady Martock shook Milly's hand from her arm, and looked at her with a cold inquiring glance.

"I know you, Milly. I know you would not make such an offer as this, unless you meant to ask from me an enormous payment. Remember, I am not as rich as I was, since my child is gone. You should ask your father for help now."

"Never," returned Milly resolutely. "I will do again what I have done before—sing for my bread, rather than present myself as a beggar to the father who has ruined my husband."

"Knowing him to be ruined you should not have taken him."

"It was not for my father's daughter to forsake him," answered Milly, with an increase of colour on her cheek, and a flash of fire in her eyes. "If I do this mean act now I do it for his sake. I want you to help him."

"No money of mine shall go to endow gaming-tables, Milly."

"It is not for that. I promise you he shall not touch the money. I want it to pay the rest of this wretched debt, that he may no longer live under a cloud, that he may come out of hiding, and let me acknowledge our marriage."

It was a hard wrench to a covetous woman like

Lady Martock to part with money, but she knew no other messenger but Milly would be a safe one, so she yielded. She gave her a cheque for a large amount, and Milly took her false message to Edward Haslam.

The interview was a short one. She came away from it flushed and slightly trembling.

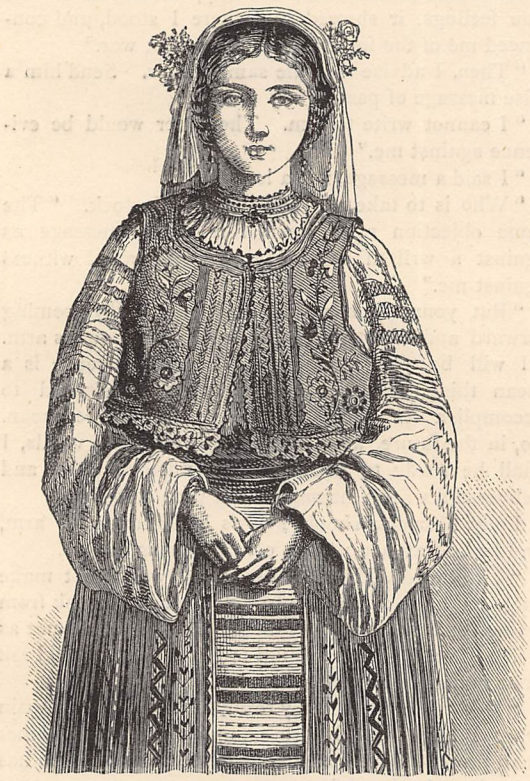
"What have I done?" she said to herself. "Perhaps I have wrecked two lives—but then what are these lives to me? I owe Edward Haslam nothing, I owe my husband everything—yes, even my truth and my honour, for my father has destroyed his."

That night Mr. Haslam wrote a long joyful letter to Cordelia, and another to Mr. Gwynne. In both he prayed for a speedy marriage. He could not believe long in Lady Martock's pacific intentions, so it behoved him to marry at once before she changed her mind. Once married he felt she would be powerless to hurt him, for the fact of her permitting his marriage would render the weapon she held harmless.

He had been surprised to see Milly. She came and she went away without telling him she was married. He received her as Lady Milicent Martock, and never thought of asking a question.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

ROUMANIA AND THE ROUMANS.



FAMED though it may be in folk-tale and song, a sail down the "Blue Danube" ought to a thinking man to be a long lesson in the race-wars and history of South-eastern Europe. At Ratisbon and Passan we are still on a Teutonic river, but soon we steam into Austria, "a government, but not a nation." The silent stream has witnessed an endless and seemingly never-to-end struggle of races, hating each other because their fathers told their thoughts in a different vocabulary from some other men's sires, and ready to cut each other's throats because their traditions are different. But at Vienna we are still sailing between German-speaking lands. Soon, however, we leave the Fatherland, and at Pressburg find that the tongue spoken by the passengers whom we pick up is strange to us. We are in Hungary, and the language is now Magyar. The politics are as strange to those of Austria as the words in which the patriot speaks. There are aspirations, but they are not Germanward, and the language points to the east rather than the west. Buda-Pesth is the Hungarian capital, and not Vienna; and the Maygar sympathies go with the Turks, who are their near allies, rather than the Russians, to whom the people we have just left gravitate rather more. But soon again we are in a new land, and among people speaking a multiplicity of dialects, amid the uncouth jargon of which we must perforce remain silent.

They are of the Slavic race, and recognise as their protector neither Franz Josef, who is their titular monarch, nor Hungary, which is their nearest neighbour, but the Czar of All the Russias, who rules in the far north those kindred races from whom they are disjointed fragments, severed in the shock of empires from the parent stock, and destined now to live under an alien crown. Yet they cannot converse with each other, and the deck resounds with a babel of tongues—amid the din of which a linguist might detect the voices of Slavs, Germans, Czechs, Ruthenians, Poles, Slowens, Croats, Serbs, Bulgars, Italians, Ladins, Magyars, Valaks, Jews, Armenians, Bohemians, and the dwellers in the uttermost parts of Dalmatia. We now begin to understand how uneasy must be the head that wears the Austrian crown. The steamer passes out of the "Kaiserlich-Königliche" dominions, and soon we have on our right hand a principality, in which we can see that the Turks, who now and then come on board at the chief stopping-places, are by no means popular. We are in Servia, and yet among the Slavs. But at the Iron Gate of the Danube again the people and the language change. Instead of a fair-haired people speaking German or any of the endless Slavonian dialects, we suddenly find the vessel boarded by swarthy *douaniers* who talk to each other a language strange to us. The towns on the left bank fly an unfamiliar flag, while the great fortresses opposite, which frown at similar buildings on the other shore, are surmounted by the Crescent and the Star. We are in Wallachia if we land on the north side, and in what was Turkey if on the south. The north

shore is ruled by Carl I. of Roumania, until recently the tributary of the Sultan, while the southern banks are inhabited by the Bulgarians, now by the fiat of Europe once more a nation. The Bulgars on the south are, however, of a very different race from the Wallachs on the north. Tongue, manners, and traditions, all are different; this we speedily discover as we steam down the ever-widening river, and continually lowering banks.

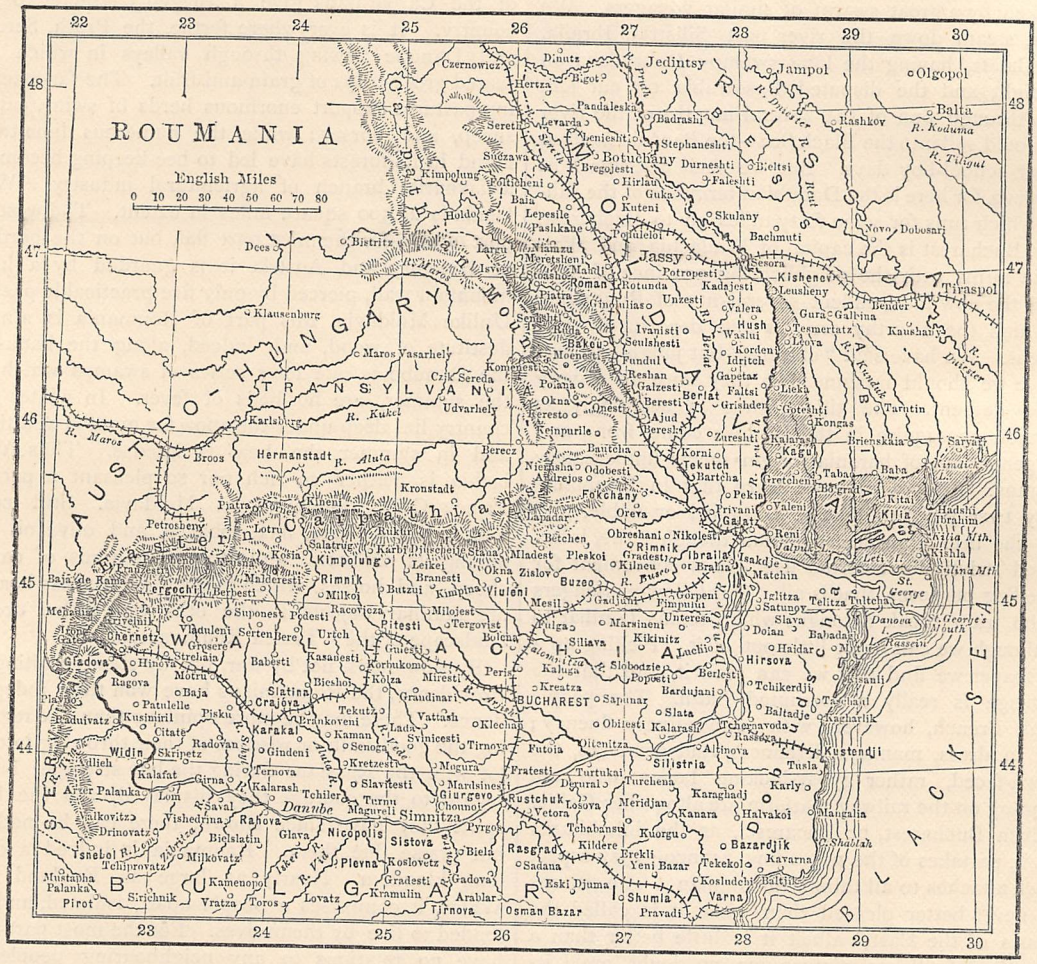
At Giurgevo, opposite Rustchuk, the dark-skinned people whom we picked up at Belgrade, Kruchuvitza, Widin, Kalafat, and Nicopolis land, and their place is taken by a great swarm of similar voyagers. We might steam down the river past Silistria, Ibraila, and Galatz, having the long swampy Dobrudsha on our right and the disputed Bessarabia on our left, until through one of the several mouths of the river we should sail into the Black Sea—the *Pontus Euxinus* of our school-boy days. But we shall disembark at Giurgevo, for here is the Danubian terminus of the railway which runs for some forty miles on to Bucharest. Now Bucharest is the capital of Wallachia, and Wallachia forms with the neighbouring province of Moldavia the now independent sovereignty of Roumania, of which the swarthy arrivals and departures were citizens. We have said "citizens," but judging at first glance we should imagine that they were all of very noble descent. The title prince is seemingly as common as esquire in the land we come from, and the gentleman of baronial origin seems unpleasantly common. After a time we learn that in Roumania every twenty-eighth man is a boyard or noble, and that the title of prince, common though it be, is reserved strictly for external use. It is convenient for travelling purposes, that is all. Our fellow-passengers in the train speak a tongue which seems familiar to us, though we can make little out of it. Picking up a newspaper we find that we can read it, and that the language is really a corrupted Latin. The people speak French, however, with extraordinary fluency; and in dress, manners, liveliness, and grimaces, the brown-faced, rather gypsy-looking ladies who are standing on the railway platform are altogether Gallic.

Even Bucharest, or Bucaresci, as the inhabitants call it, partakes of the prevailing Franco-gypsy aspect which attaches to all things Roumanian. The citizens are never better pleased than when it is called the "Paris of the East," albeit it is little better than a collection of villages, picturesque, no doubt, amid its green environment of herbage, when viewed from the outside, though internally as ill-paved, evil-smelling a collection of lanes as could well be imagined. In summer Bucharest is always dusty; in winter it is always muddy. Yet, compared with the other Wallachian cities, Bucharest is no doubt a very superior place of residence. It is even better than Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, the other division of Roumania. This is a city of 90,000 inhabitants—10,000 less than Galatz—but, owing to the fertility of the surrounding country, the neighbourhood of the Pruth and of the Russian frontier, to which it acts as a sort of *entrepôt*, and its situation on the grand line of railway which unites the Baltic and the Black Sea, Jassy is a place of some consequence, and is likely to be still more important in the near future. Originally the "Danubian Principalities," as Roumania was long called, comprised two States, which since 1861 have been united under one ruler and administration. However, the old divisions are still spoken of, and accordingly it may be well to say a few words about each separately.

Moldavia has an area of 18,142 square miles, and geographically it may be said to form part of the great undulating steppe or table-land of the south of Russia—except towards the west, where several spurs of the Carpathians give a rugged character to the country. It is everywhere fertile, the Pruth, Sereth, and Danube flowing through valleys in which are reared great crops of grain and fruit. The far-extending pastures support enormous herds of swine, cattle, sheep, and horses; while the numerous lime-trees found in its forests have led to bee-keeping becoming a favourite branch of agricultural industry. Wallachia is 27,500 square miles in extent. The western part of it is for the most part flat, but on the borders of Hungary and Austria it is guarded by a huge mountain wall, pierced by only five practicable passes. Unlike Moldavia, this part of Roumania is almost destitute of wood, and, indeed, along the banks of the Danube is one long series of swamps which, in the summer, are hot-beds of fever. In winter the country lies deep under the snow for months at a time, and in summer the heat is intense. Thus Wallachia is neither so rich nor so pleasant a part of Prince Carl's dominions as Moldavia. Still corn, maize, millet, wine, flax, tobacco, and olive oil are among its products, while the great herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, which feed on its treeless heaths, are familiar objects in the otherwise rather dreary landscape of the "Tzarea Roumanesca."

By slow steps, not by war, but by steady waiting on Providence, the Roumanians have won their independence. There may be more opinions than one regarding the good faith or wisdom of their throwing in their lot with the Russians during the late struggle; but in regard to the courage they displayed, and the high spirit they have since shown, there can be nothing but praise due them. Roumania is indeed a compact kingdom. Nearly as large as England and Wales, it comprises a people apart, isolated, and intended to live by themselves. For the most part they have no relations to any neighbouring people, in language, manners, or origin, and therefore have less chance to be absorbed in the ambitious schemes of a more powerful people who may find it convenient to claim them as relatives. *Romoun no pere*—"The Rouman shall not perish"—is a Chauvinistic proverb better founded on truth than such patriotic dicta usually are. It is singular with what persistency through many centuries of invasion the Roumanians have preserved their national characteristics. The first thing we hear of Roumania was as a part of ancient Dacia; but the Dacians were soon inundated by Goths, Huns, Bulgars, Avari, Chazars, Petschenegi, Uzi, and Magyars, who made Dacia their battling-ground. But though all these people left some

traces of their visits, the Roman colonists—some will say convicts—whom the Emperor Trajan left in the country have impressed their features chiefly on the Roumanians, and given to the country a language. The old Dacian tongue has perished, and though subsequently there has been an infusion of Greek and Turkish blood, yet to this day three-fourths of the Roumanian people are Dacians and Romans amalgamated. There must be Tartar blood also in the country, for in the thirteenth century from among the ruled, and in 1829 this concession was further increased by the dignity being allowed to be held for life. In 1858 the Principalities were united under one ruler, Prince Alexander Couza; and in 1861 under one administration. In 1866, Prince Couza, who did much for the country, was forced to resign, when Prince Carl of Hohenzollern was installed in his place. Finally, in 1877, the independence of the country, which was virtual before, was declared *de facto*, and by the Treaty of San Stefano recognised by Turkey.



the Nogai Tartars drove out the Kuman Turks and were in their turn, fifty years later, expelled by a Wallach chief, who divided the country among his boyars, or nobles. Towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, to escape attack from the Hungarians and other meddlesome neighbours, the two Principalities placed themselves under the protection of the Porte. The Sultan, however, treated Moldo-Wallachia as the Sultan treats his subject races. The boyars lost the right of electing their own ruler, and in time the Greek usurers of Constantinople were in the habit of buying the office of Hospodar as a speculation, and making what they could out of their investment in official stock. In 1822 Turkey was forced to choose the rulers

But the Roumans are not the only nationalities in Roumania. Out of the 5,180,000 people there were, in 1875, some 446,000 Roumans—nearly all farmers—90,000 Bulgarians, 40,000 Russians and other Slavs, 50,000 Hungarians, 130,000 Gypsies, 400,000 Jews, and 10,000 Armenians. The foreigners were:—30,000 Austrians of various languages, 10,000 Greeks, 5,000 Germans, 1,500 Frenchmen, and 6,000 others. The Jews are mostly of the fair-haired type, and speak a German jargon, mixed up with a great number of Oriental words. There are, however, also many Spanish Jews, who have preserved the language of Castile almost uncorrupted. The Jews are abominably treated. They are not recognised as natives, and

are abused in a manner disgraceful to the Government and people, and which even their not very amiable characteristics do not entitle them to receive. The Gypsies, or Tsiganes, were until 1849 absolute slaves of the boyars, subject to be disposed of at the will of their masters. The landowner could sell his Gypsy chattels (vatrari) as he chose—the husband to one bidder, the wife to a second, and the children to a third. So late as 1836, Nicolas Sterby, afterwards a candidate for the Hospodarate, having run short of funds to complete his house in Bucharest, had recourse to periodical sales of his vatrari to raise the wherewithal for the builder. "Bucharest," writes Elias Regnault, "will not soon forget the afflicting spectacle of the streets of the Gorgan suburb, thronged with wives demanding to be restored to their husbands, shrieking the names of the children who had been torn from them, dragging out their hair by the roots, tearing their bared breasts with their nails, and calling down the execrations of men and the maledictions of Heaven on the pitiless vendor. After several profitable retail sales, Sterby disposed of the rest of his flock to Oprand, the banker, for £4,800." In 1849 the Government redeemed the Gypsies, and though they are now free, they still form the majority of servants in the cities, as well as the tinkers, musicians, and troubadours of the country at large. As the features of some of the first families prove, there is in Roumania a great deal of unacknowledged Tsigane blood. Still later the serfs were freed, so that at the present time the only people who remain under political disabilities are the native Jews.

The Roumanians have many faults—some of which are racial, others are simply the effect of the peculiar political conditions of the country. They are vain, ostentatious, and fond of loud talk and braggadocio; but, on the other hand, they are very good-natured, tolerably honest, and so free from serious crime that, though not particularly moral, murder is almost unknown in the country. In sixteen years the country has made a wonderful advance. The people are aristocratically inclined, and possessed of great respect for the "rights of property." Hence, unlike what we are accustomed to see in other countries, the Conservative party conducts the government with extreme economy, while the Liberals, who represent the least tax-paying part of the community, are commonly accused of extravagance. When the Treaty of Paris abolished the Russian Protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia, there was an open field for ever-green intrigue. The Hospodars had often been aliens, and were always exposed to temptations "which," to use Mr. Trevor Barkley's words, "they seldom regarded otherwise than as being the principal delights of office." One-third of the land was held by the Church, while the country swarmed with lazy monks and priests living upon their fat revenues. Ignorance and superstition of course prevailed, and the liberty of the press was a mere myth. There were at that date not twenty miles of made road in all Wallachia, and not fifty in Moldavia. The rivers were unbridged, and railroads undreamt of. Bucharest and Jassy were unpaved and unlighted, the shops poor, and the hotels filthy beyond imagination.

All this is not yet swept away, but the changes that have come over the country since it freed itself from the control of the Porte have been remarkable and encouraging. There is a very general distribution of wealth, the land is in fewer hands, justice is purely administered, while the adoption of the *Code Napoléon* has supplied an intelligible system of laws, in place of an assemblage of contradictory traditions.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

THE evening rose up o'er the wold,
The sun dipped down behind the hill,
And all the flush of summer passed,
Leaving the wide earth calm and still.

So calm and still that, save the low
Of weary cattle winding home,
And distant murmur of the sea,
No sound broke over Heather-combe.

There in the gloaming sad and sweet,
Two lovers met to weep farewell,
For he to other climes must go,
And she—poor heart—must wish him well.

O Destiny! O cruel Fate!
How many souls within thy hand
Have mourned the dire despair begot
They know not why, nor understand!

"Good-bye, my love! remember me,
Nor let the seas which intervene
Keep thy fond heart away from me;
Farewell, my love! farewell, my queen!"

And she—what could she say but weep?
Tears fell when words refused to flow;
The past had been all beautiful—
What hope of any after-glow?

She stretched her hands, and whispered low,
"God bless my love!"—nor uttered more.
It seemed as though the hope of life
Had fled away for evermore.

Upon her lips he pressed his own,
Pledge of his faithfulness and truth,
Till in the far-off years he claims
The bridal-promise of her youth.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

PART THE FIRST.

THE PROPHECY.

"CURIOUS, isn't it, how the old customs still hold their own? Here is the fashion of penance by pilgrimage still in vogue, with the additional aggravation of calling it 'travelling for *pleasure*.'"

"Well, Edward," said a sweet voice, "that's a very pretty compliment to us—your companions. I think I ought to make *you* do penance for that."

"That's right, Miss Wentworth; keep him in order," chimed in a third speaker. "However, going abroad has this one advantage for us English, that *there* we can sometimes venture to seem amused without thereby committing the seven deadly sins in one."

Such was the chat which passed among the group of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—seated at lunch on the balcony of the Hôtel du Rhin, at Schaffhausen, one sunny afternoon in the latter part of May. The first speaker was a fine-looking young man of three-and-twenty, whose comely features, dark curling hair, and tall well-shaped figure, amply bore out the name of "Handsome Ned," given him by his intimates. Young, rich, good-looking, popular with high and low, in the plenitude of health and vigour, lately betrothed to the charming girl whose soft lustrous eyes were watching him half tenderly, half archly, from the other side of the board—Viscount Montague might fairly account himself an extremely lucky young fellow. But upon that bright young face, firm and manly as it was, brooded the *doomed* look which haunts one in the portraits of Montrose, of Claverhouse, of Charles I.—ominously bearing out the gloomy tradition current among the elders of his native county, that "the last of the Montagues" was so in a double sense, and that with him the grand old line which had left its mark upon every age of English history since the days of the Tudors, was doomed to pass away for ever.

Beside him sat his inseparable associate, Sedley Burdett, whose square muscular figure, and frank sunburnt face, looked the very embodiment of Young England at its best. Side by side, the two young men had shot buffaloes on American prairies, stalked moose through Canadian forests, "bowled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hobnobbed with negro kings on the coast of Africa; and they were now, *faute de mieux*, escorting the "Flower of Kent" and her mother on the inevitable tour through Switzerland, not without a secret hope that some unscaled mountain might afford them a chance of breaking their necks in the good old British way.

"Did you see how old Johann eyed me as he brought in the lunch?" said Montague. "He's evidently a devout believer in the Continental creed, that an Englishman's natural pastime is to knock somebody down, or set a house on fire, or make a heavy bet that he'll jump head-foremost out of the window, and then do it forthwith."

"Aye," laughed Burdett; "just what Dr. Buchmann said to me yesterday: 'Mein Herr, those countrymen of yours! When I was practising in Saxony, I had no peace for them! First thing in the morning, kling! kling! at my door. "What is it?" "An Englander, who has broken his leg in trying to scale the Teufels-horn, which no one ever ascended yet." I set the Herr Englander's leg, and am making him comfortable, when kling! kling! again. "What now?" "An Englander, nearly drowned in swimming across the Elbe for a wager." I wrap the Herr Englander in hot blankets, and bring him to. Before half an hour is over, kling! kling! once more. "Mein Herr! what's the matter?" "An Englander, who has broken a blood-vessel in trying to run twelve miles an hour, because somebody said he couldn't." Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it, but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason.'"

"But you won't do any more of these horrible things *now*, Edward," said Marion Wentworth entreatingly; "you *promised* to be more careful, you know, while you were with us."

"Don't be frightened, my child," answered the viscount, with his gay laugh; "believe me, I have no intention of being killed any sooner than is absolutely necessary.—Would you believe it, Sed? this unreasonable young woman is making herself miserable, and daily expecting a notification to attend my funeral, on no better grounds than an old monk's prophecy."

"An old monk's prophecy?" echoed Burdett inquiringly.

"What, haven't you heard of it?" cried Montague. "Well, this *is* a treat, to find one man to whom that story's new. You must know, then (as those fellows in 'Sandford and Merton' keep saying), that the estate which Harry the Eighth bestowed upon my respected ancestor, Sir Anthony Browne, included Battle Abbey and the lands belonging to it; and mighty short work he made of the poor old monks, if all tales be true. But after they were expelled, it began to be whispered that *one* monk still remained in the old walls, and that *he* was not to be driven out by either king or lord."

"My word!" cried Burdett; "that's just the Black Friar of Norman Stone over again. Do you remember with what dramatic energy our old tutor used to repeat that verse?—

"'Beware, beware of the Black Friar!
He still retains his sway,
For he is still the Church's heir,
Whoe'er may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail can raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.'"

"AT LUNCH ON THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL DU RHIN" (*p.* 528).

"Well," pursued Montague, "when my worthy forefather came into his property, the first thing he did was to give a big dinner in the great hall of Battle Abbey (if he found it half as tiresome as the dinner *I* had to give when I came of age, the impiety must have been its own avenger), and they lighted up the old place with a perfect blaze of torches, and held high revel till midnight. And *then*, all of a sudden, a chill blast of wind came moaning through the hall, making all the old banners and mail-coats along the walls clank and rustle; and the huge door swung slowly open, and in the midst of the guests, no one could see whence or how, appeared the shrouded figure of a *tall monk*. It glided like a shadow up to the dais where my ancestor was seated, and said, in a deep hollow voice that seemed to make the very torches grow pale as it spoke—

"'Anthony of Cowdray! thou hast enriched thyself with the spoils of God's Church, and for that deed His judgments are upon thee and thine. As snow melts in the sunshine, so shall thy race decay, until the end come; and it shall come suddenly, in one day, *by fire and by water*!'"

It was strange enough to note how Montague's light tone deepened into tragic solemnity as the dismal

tale proceeded, and how the shadowy impress of doom on his handsome face came out plainer and plainer with every word. The anxious look in Marion Wentworth's eyes grew into absolute terror as he ended; and she seemed about to speak when the waiter's entrance with a dish of fruit interrupted her.

As he entered, Mrs. Wentworth, evidently wishing to change the subject, spoke to him—

"Waiter! when did you say the night illumination of the Falls was to be?"

"Thursday week, gracious lady; but it will hardly be so good as the one we had last year, when they sent a big boat over the Falls, hung all round with lanterns."

"Was there anybody in her?" asked Montague.

"What do you say, milord?" gasped the old man, with a stare of blank amazement.

"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"The boat, milord? The boat went over the *Falls*, I tell you!"

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go with her, to keep her straight?"

"Why?" echoed Johann, goaded beyond endurance. "Because we Rhinelanders are no fonder of being drowned than other people. I've seen many a silly thing done in my time, but a man shooting the Schaffhausen Falls in a boat is a thing I've never seen yet, and never shall."

The sudden gleam in Montague's dark eye, and the glow on his handsome features, sufficiently betrayed the wild thought suggested to him by the honest German's last words. The significant glance exchanged between him and Burdett showed that the same idea was in the minds of both, though the latter accompanied his look with a warning gesture, reminding the reckless viscount of the effect which the words that were just about to break from his lips would have upon the two ladies. But when they had retired, Montague could contain himself no longer.

"Glorious idea! We'll do it—eh, Sed?"

"Do it? I should think we would! After the 'Gueule d'Enfer' Rapids in Canada, this thing'll be a joke! 'Never seen it yet, and never shall,' eh? We'll give Mr. Johann another story to tell to-morrow, one that'll last longer than any of his present stock!"

PART THE SECOND.

THE FULFILMENT.

OUR two heroes were not the men to loiter over any enterprise, however desperate, upon which they had once resolved; and they lost not a moment in setting out in quest of a boat. But to find one was no easy matter. Some were unseaworthy; others failed to please the critical eye of Sedley Burdett, who, with all his recklessness, knew better than to leave any chance uncared for in a match where life itself was the stake. More than one conscientious native, on learning the nature of the proposed expedition, flatly refused to have anything to do with it; nor was it till late in the afternoon that they at length met with a less scrupulous individual, who, on receiving the full value of his boat in advance, and a handsome gratuity for the use of her, consented to let the "English madmen" have their way. He agreed to leave the boat in readiness at a convenient spot, and then took his leave.

It was considerably past eleven o'clock that night, and Burdett, mindful of the tough work that awaited him next morning, was preparing for bed, when Montague (who slept in the next room) burst in, with a flush of unusual excitement on his face.

"Sed, old fellow, we must alter our time of starting. Those meddlesome asses, the local authorities, are going to put a spoke in our wheel!"

"Do you mean that they'll try to stop us?" asked Burdett, with the natural amazement of an Englishman at any one presuming to oppose his will.

"I do, indeed! That prating fool of a boatman (see if I don't punch his head when it's all over!) must have let the cat out of the bag; for as I came through the hall just now, I heard the landlady say to her husband: 'Ought we to let them go? It's really no better than a suicide!' and the old sinner answered with a chuckle, 'Be easy, my Gretchen—when these young distracted ones get to their boat, they will find it in charge of certain Gerichts-Diener [policemen] who are less foolish than they, and no harm will be done!'"

"Just like their confounded cheek!" cried Burdett. "What shall we do, then?"

"Do? why, set the alarm-clock two hours earlier (I'm safe to hear it where I am) and start at four instead of six; and we'll just meet the 'minions of the law' on our way back to breakfast, and a jolly sell it'll be for them! My word, every mortal thing seems to have conspired against this venture of ours; but I'll go through with it, no matter who stands in my way!"

For one moment, a thrill of superstitious awe shot through the stout heart of Sedley Burdett. Could it be that these countless hindrances were really a last barrier vainly opposed to the fatal impulse which was hurrying them both to destruction? The unnatural excitement of his comrade's manner, the feverish lustre of his eyes, the heated flush on his usually pale face, were all terribly suggestive of one goaded to his doom by some irresistible frenzy—flashing upon Burdett's mind, with ghastly vividness, the sudden memory of a long-forgotten painting of the young German knight lured to his death in the hungry waters of the Rhine by the siren-song of the Lorelei. He opened his lips to propose the abandonment of the whole project; but the fear of ridicule (that fear which has destroyed many a gallant man) withered the wholesome impulse, and the favourable moment went by—for ever.

Morning at last—a bright, breezy, glorious summer morning, over which all things in earth and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue skies, the waving woods, the green sunny slopes, the broad bright stream of the great river itself, all seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might so soon be closed for ever. Even

the two English athletes, absorbed as they were in their perilous enterprise, felt the influence of the hour, and muttered with involuntary admiration—

"What a royal day!"

One vigorous stroke sent the light boat far out into the swift dark current, down which it shot like an arrow from a bow. Rocks, trees, houses, seemed racing past on either side. No need to strain at the oars now! all that could be done with them was to keep the boat's bow perfectly straight, so as to offer as little space as possible to the rush of a current which seemed well able to carry away an entire city.

Suddenly there came a dizzy plunge—a shock that threw both men from their places—and then all around was one boiling whirl of foam, and the boat was flung to and fro, and dashed up and down, amid an uproar that seemed to rend the very sky. For one feverish moment, life and death seemed to hang by a hair; and then the two daring men found themselves floating on the little border-line of calm water that separated the first fall from the worse peril of the second.

"Hurrah!" shouted Montague gleefully; "who says it can't be done *now?* Keep her head straight, Sed, my boy, and we'll come out all right yet!"

The triumphant cheer was answered by a cry of dismay from the shore, and the two oarsmen, looking up, beheld Marion Wentworth rushing distractedly toward the edge of the high bank that overhung the second fall, followed by Montague's English servant. At the sound of his betrothed's voice, Montague turned his face toward her, and waved his hand cheerily: and seldom has any painter conceived such a picture as the one which that moment branded for ever on the memory of those who saw it. The stern black rocks on either hand, flecked with living green by the shrubs that clung to their craggy sides; the vast hill of leaping foam, half-way down which the frail boat hovered like a leaf; the rainbow-arch that spanned the black howling gulf beneath; the glory of the sunrise stealing softly into the pure, peaceful sky, in strange contrast with the rock-rending uproar below; the stalwart figures of the two gallant lads, straining every nerve to achieve their perilous task; the handsome, reckless face of the "last of the Montagues," with a gay smile on its short curved lip, and an ominous glitter in its large dark eyes.

"Good morning, my pet!" cried he gaily; "you're just in time for *the end of the play.*"

These were the last words that Viscount Montague ever spoke.* That momentary negligence had allowed the boat's head to deviate slightly from the direct line, and in an instant the whirl of the current threw its exposed side full against the tremendous rush of the cataract. One frantic struggle to regain the lost ground, and then boat and men vanished for ever into the mists of the roaring abyss below.

From that fatal hour, life was over for the "Flower of Kent." All that remained of the once bright and beautiful girl was a pale, silent, joyless phantom—a body as it were without soul. Neither the tender care of her heart-broken mother, nor the skill of the most accomplished physicians, nor even the sight of her dead lover's ruined home (the burning of which, on the very day of its master's death, fulfilled, by a sheer coincidence, the dismal prediction) availed aught to break that deadly lethargy which endured for the brief remainder of her life, checkered only by the spasms of convulsive agony invariably produced by the one sound which her ear still had power to recognise—the sound of *rushing water.*

BACHELOR PARTIES.

DAVID COPPERFIELD of pleasant memory once gave a small dinner party to some bachelor friends. He first invited the company, and then informed Mrs. Crupp, his landlady, of his desperate design. She advised that he should engage a handy young man (whose terms would be five shillings) to wait, and also a young girl who was to be stationed in the pantry with a bed-room candle, and was never to desist from washing plates. Mrs. Crupp also advised that they should have for dinner some oysters—from the fishmonger's; a pair of hot roast fowls—from the pastrycook's; a dish of stewed beef with vegetables—from the pastrycook's; two little corner things, as a raised pie and a dish of kidneys—from the pastrycook's; a tart and a shape of jelly—from the pastrycook's. This Mrs. Crupp said would leave her at full liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes, and to serve up the cheese and celery as she should wish to see it done. The preparations also included a slab of mock turtle from the ham and beef shop, a little dessert from Covent Garden, and a rather expensive supply of wine from the wine merchant's in the vicinity.

How that dinner party passed off—how David's attention was distracted by observing that every time the handy young man went out of the room, his shadow always presented itself on the wall immediately afterwards with a bottle at his mouth, in consequence of which he was speechless by the time the dessert was put upon the table; how the "young gal," being of an inquisitive disposition, was continually peering in at the company, and then imagining herself detected, retiring upon the plates (with which she had carefully paved the floor), thus doing a great deal of destruction—every one knows, or every one may know who cares to refer to one of the most charming of the works of the great master. But that bachelor's party is specially

* Though the direct line ended with Lord Montague, the title survived in the person of his cousin Anthony; but with the latter's death, a year later, it became extinct.

interesting to us now, because it is a type of what such parties frequently are.

There is no doubt about a bachelor's party being an enjoyable thing. Married men who are comfortably settled in pleasant homes, and whose wives give decorous dinner parties, distinguished for their elegance and refinement, will speak of bachelor parties with the keenest appreciation—parties which they enjoyed years ago in the days when they were free; before they had taken upon themselves the duty of working, and struggling, and carving for half a dozen children. If you were to ask them in what the excessive enjoyment consisted, they would find it a little difficult to say. Each one was perfectly at liberty to do as he liked, that was one thing; then there was brilliant talk, and kindly feeling, and the consciousness of latch-keys. Still perhaps he would have to confess that there were drawbacks. One or two little details were not what they should have been, and there were a few accidents; but the fellows bore up against them very good-naturedly, and they really helped to make fun.

Young men are so differently circumstanced, that it is not equally easy for all to entertain company. Some live at home, or have a sister living with them to look after them, and of course they need have no anxiety. They can ask their friends to visit them, and have everything arranged for them quite comfortably. Some have plenty of money at their disposal, and do not object to a little expense. The best thing such as these can do is to put themselves into the hands of a thoroughly good pastrycook, and let him provide what is necessary at so much a head. Then the only discomfort connected with the business will be that in making room for the invaders the host will have to disperse his belongings into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and will in all probability not be able to find them again for days.

There are a few men in the world that are so clever, they can dispense altogether with the assistance of the gentler sex. They can sew buttons and tapes on, and wait on themselves and cook for themselves, and are independent. If you were to place them on one of the mountains of the moon, they would be quite equal to the emergency and would sit down to a comfortable meal in the course of half an hour. Fortunately for the appreciation in which ladies are held, men of this kind are very rare. Most gentlemen are dependent upon women for the comforts of life, and the bachelor who cannot look to his mother or his sister for help in arranging to entertain his friends, is obliged to fall back upon his landlady.

Now landladies are uncertain individuals. Our landlady may be very obliging, and good-tempered, and capable, or she may be quite the reverse. If she be wanting in the social and culinary virtues, woe betide the young bachelor who trusts to her in laying his plans for giving a party! The very best thing he can do is to abandon the idea altogether. But if the landlady graciously consents and is willing to do what she can, what orders will it be wise for him to give her? These will be determined by the kind of party which is to be given, and by the means of the host.

Now the majority of bachelors are young men who have their own way to make; and when gifted with prudence and good sense they desire to be careful of their money, and to save it instead of spending it recklessly. Those who do not need or care to practise these homely virtues, can procure all they want by paying for it. I shall imagine therefore that, in the bachelor's party with which I have to do, things are to be managed comfortably and well, but economically, and that from a dozen to twenty guests are to be invited.

First of all it will be well for the host to inquire what are the resources of the establishment in glass and china, knives, forks, spoons, and table-linen. It will be remembered that when Mr. Bob Sawyer gave a bachelor's party, Mrs. Raddle, his landlady, was only able to supply him with four thin blown-glass tumblers. Additional tumblers therefore, dropsical bloated articles, had to be borrowed from the public-house, and by way of preventing the possibility of any misconception arising in the mind of any gentleman as to the real state of affairs, the young woman of all work forcibly dragged every man's glass away long before he had finished his beer, and conveyed it down-stairs to be washed.

Now, of course, it is not for one moment to be supposed that a mischance of this kind could occur with a party with which we had to do; still, seeing that "there never was a lodging-house yet that was not short of glasses," it is possible that we might fall short of something or other, and so be inconvenienced. By a little forethought this discomfort can easily be prevented. If on investigation it is discovered that the universal rule holds good in our case, and that there is a lack of these necessary articles, they may be hired. The majority of glass and china shop keepers "let out" their wares as well as sell them, and the judicious outlay of a few shillings will yield quite a respectable show in this line. Only let the goods be ordered in good time, and ask the landlady to count them both when they are brought in and when they are returned; otherwise, we may be called upon to pay for breakages we never committed, and "make good" articles we never saw.

In choosing the supper it will be best to fix upon dishes that will not too severely tax the skill of our friend the landlady. In summer time salmon is cheap, and pickled salmon is almost sure to be highly appreciated. This is so well known, too, that the landlady is sure to know how to prepare it. For fear, however, that she should not, a few simple directions can be given for this and for the other dishes. Either the whole or part of a salmon may be procured: four or five pounds taken from the middle of a good-sized fish will answer excellently for our purpose. The salmon should first be boiled in the usual way until the flesh will leave the bones easily. It should then be put into a deep dish, and as much pickle made for it as will cover it entirely. This pickle should consist of equal parts of the liquor in which the fish was cooked and vinegar

boiled together for ten minutes with a dessert-spoonful of peppercorns and a pinch of salt. It should not be poured over the salmon till it is quite cold, and the fish should stand in it for at least twelve hours. When the salmon is to be served, it should be placed on a dish, and may be garnished with fennel, or according to the old-fashioned custom with bunches of red currants, or with lettuce and prawns, or failing these, light-coloured shrimps. A little of the pickle is sometimes put into the dish with the salmon. When this is the case, the garniture must be very simple.

Pressed beef is another very excellent dish, which requires no great amount of skill in its preparation. For this, six or eight pounds of the brisket of beef or the thick flank of beef, already boned, should be procured. It may be bought ready salted of the butcher. It would need to be boiled the day before it is to be used. It should be washed in water to remove the superfluous salt, then plunged into a saucepan of fast-boiling water, in which has been put a carrot, an onion stuck with two cloves, and a bay-leaf. After boiling quickly for three minutes, it should be drawn to the side and allowed to simmer as gently as possible till it is done enough. Half an hour may be allowed for each pound of meat. It will be mellower if left in the liquor till it is cool. When taken up, it should be

A BACHELORS' PARTY.

pressed between two dishes, with a weight on the top one, and should be glazed before being served. The easiest way of doing this is to buy a quarter of a pound of glaze from the grocer, to melt it in a jar placed in a saucepan of boiling water just as glue would be melted, then with an ordinary gum-brush to cover the surface of the beef with the glaze, laying it on lightly rather than brushing it, so as not to show the marks of the brush. When one coat is dry, a second one should be put on.

Such very delicious tongues can be bought in tins ready dressed for about the same price as would have to be given for them unboiled, that it seems a pity to trouble our landlady with them. A single tongue can be had for 2s. 6d., two for 4s. 6d. The tongue should have a napkin or a frilled paper fastened round it, and should be garnished with parsley.

A couple of chickens boiled allowed to go cold, then covered with good white sauce, and garnished prettily with sliced lemon and parsley, should be opposite the tongue on the table. This dish is inviting in appearance, and will prove much more acceptable than it would be if the chickens were simply boiled and served whole. The difficulty with our landlady will probably be the white sauce, but this may be easily made.

A pint and a half of the liquor in which the fowls were boiled should be put into a saucepan with one or two bacon bones, or even a little of the rind of bacon taken from rashers. When this is used it must be scalded and scraped to cleanse it thoroughly. A slice of onion, a small carrot, two peppercorns, a very small piece of mace, and a pinch of salt must be added, and the stock simmered till it is pleasantly flavoured. The scum must be removed as it rises. The quantity of salt thrown in must be regulated by the saltness of the bacon. A few minutes before the stock is taken from the fire, a small spoonful of gelatine should be dissolved in it. The stock should now be strained. Two ounces of butter should be put into a saucepan, and when it is melted an ounce and a half of butter should be stirred into it with a wooden spoon. The stock must now be added gradually, and the sauce stirred till it boils. The saucepan should be removed to the side of the fire with the lid half on, and allowed to simmer till it has thrown up the butter, which as it rises should be skimmed off with an iron spoon. The sauce should now be poured through a strainer into another saucepan, and stirred till it boils, when half a pint of boiling cream should be added to it, and the sauce stirred frequently till it cools. When cold it is ready for "masking" or covering the chickens. Sauce made like this will cost about 1s. 6d.

In arranging for the supper it will not do to forget the salad. A well-made lobster salad is certain to be liked, but perhaps making it would task our landlady too much, for it needs both time and patience. However, salad to eat with the cold beef is sure to be welcome. The great point to be attended to in this is to have the leaves *dry*, thoroughly dry. Unless they are so, the dressing, instead of adhering to the leaves, will sink to the bottom of the salad-bowl. It is best to discard altogether the coarse outer leaves of the lettuce. The innermost leaves will probably be entirely free from insects and earthy particles. When this is so they need not be wetted at all, but can be broken and put into the salad-bowl. The leaves about which there is the slightest question (for our salad must be clean, whatever it is or is not) should be washed in two or three waters, then shaken in a clean cloth till quite dry, after which each leaf can be broken, not cut, into three or four pieces.

So many gentlemen nowadays are able to mix a salad properly, and more than this, pride themselves upon the exceeding ability which they display in doing the work, that there is sure to be some one of the party who will undertake the business. For it must be understood that the salad is to be mixed at table. It must not be done in the kitchen.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, however, and with all respect for the talented and amiable gentleman whose method of procedure differs from my own, may I be allowed to describe the way in which, when I was in Paris, I saw a salad mixed by a French lady residing there? I may say that the lettuce-leaves were so dry, that when I put my hand upon them, and pressed them down, it was not made wet in the slightest degree by doing so. My friend took the salad-spoon and put into it a salt-spoonful of salt, two or three dashes of pepper, a spoonful of mixed mustard, and enough vinegar to moisten the whole. She then stirred the ingredients together with the salad-fork, and added vinegar to fill the spoon (a large spoon it was) to the brim. She tossed the salad lightly till the ingredients were thoroughly incorporated, and then poured in oil without measuring it, in the most lavish manner (but I am sure there were not less than three large spoonfuls), and tossed the salad again. Her method reminded me of the old saying, that it takes four people to mix a salad—a sage to put in the salt and pepper, a miser to pour in the vinegar, and a spendthrift the oil, while a madman should mix the whole together. This salad, though made of such simple materials, was most delicious, and it possessed a peculiar pungent taste, which I discovered was imparted to it by having the bowl rubbed round briskly with garlic before the salad-leaves were put in. After tasting it I could almost understand Sydney Smith's rhapsodies about a salad—

> "Oh, great and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
> 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
> Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
> And dip his finger in the salad-bowl."

It is not often that gentlemen care very much for sweets, and so I do not think we need bring them into our calculations at all. If an exception were made it would be in favour of stewed Normandy pippins, and fruit compôtes to be eaten with cream—Devonshire cream if it could be had. Compôtes are very easily made, look very pretty, and are a great improvement on the ordinary stewed fruit of English tables. To make them it is only necessary to boil loaf-sugar and water together till it is a clear syrup,

then put in the fruit whole, and boil it for a short time till it is tender but unbroken. It should then be lifted into a glass dish, and the syrup when cold poured over it. Almost all kinds of fruit may be used—apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, &c. Apples and pears should be pared and cored before being boiled, and if very large they must be cut in quarters.

But though very few sweets are admitted, it is possible that a little cheese would be acceptable. Now instead of buying a large piece of Cheshire cheese weighing 7 lbs. or so, and costing about 6s., and which will be almost sure to get dry and uneatable before it is half finished, how would it be to get two or three different kinds of French cheese? Roquefort, Neufchâtel, Gruyère, Camembert, and Gorgonzola are all delicious cheeses. Half a pound of each of these would not cost as much as the mountain of Cheshire, and a pleasant variety would be afforded. If fresh sweet butter, a few water-cresses, and some pulled bread were provided also, the cheese course would be quite a feature of the entertainment. To make the pulled bread our landlady need only take the crust off a newly baked loaf of bread while it is still warm, pull it lightly and quickly with the fingers of both hands into rough pieces, and bake these in the oven till they are lightly browned and crisp.

One little word must be said about the beverages. Beer will most likely be wanted, for the majority of young Englishmen consider wine a poor substitute for English bitter ale. If this is to be enjoyed, however, it must be in good condition; it must neither be "thick," nor "a little gone," nor "getting to the end of the barrel." If there is any fear about the draught ale, bottled ale must be procured, yet good judges usually much prefer good draught ale to bottled beer. Whether or not wine is to be offered to the guests, must be a matter for consideration. If it is, there will be no need to say to bachelors, let it be good; for ladies would be more likely to provide headachy sherry than gentlemen.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

THE PENNIES OF THE PEOPLE.

THE light in which a poor man regards a penny betokens, as a rule, whether he is frugal and thrifty, or extravagant and reckless; sometimes it indicates whether he is sober or intemperate, and almost invariably it determines the character of his home, the prospects of his family, and the future of himself. Somebody has said that "intemperance and improvidence are twin destroyers of the peace of families, the order of society, and the stability of nations," and improvidence and intemperance are too often the result of indifference to the importance of a penny.

Penny banks were introduced into this country in 1857, the first being opened at Greenock, when 5,000 depositors availed themselves of its advantages in the first year. From year to year penny banks have been on the increase, and from recent statistics—which would be tedious to quote—it has been shown that at the present time progress is in every way satisfactory. One of the most pleasing features in connection with the movement is that so many of these banks avail themselves of the advantages offered by the Post Office Savings Bank as regards the gratuitous supply of books and information, and the investment of their funds with the Government, thus obtaining a guarantee for their absolute security. The last report of the Postmaster-General, published in July, 1877, gives the following particulars:—During 1876 authority was given for 172 penny banks in various parts of the United Kingdom to invest their funds in the Post Office Savings Bank, and since that time the progress has been even more remarkable, 117 penny banks having been authorised during the quarter ending 31st March, 1877, exceeding by 41 the number during the corresponding quarter in 1876. Of these 289 penny banks, 18 were in Board schools, 20 in Sunday schools, and 30 in other schools, one being in a Poor Law Union school, under the management of the master and chaplain of the workhouse. Farthing deposits are received from these pauper children, and as much as £4 18s. was invested on behalf of the penny bank between April and December, 1876.

In various parts of the country energetic measures have been taken by certain societies to bring the subject before the people; thus the Oxfordshire Provident Knowledge Society has been employing agents for the purpose of establishing penny banks in every village, school, factory, and workshop in the county, where they do not already exist, and has been highly successful in its operations; and one good feature is that all the penny banks organised by this society are in connection with the Post Office Savings Banks, and are under the management of local trustees. Another notable instance is that of the Liverpool Penny Savings Bank Association, formed to sustain and extend the system of penny banks in and around Liverpool, and to promote their efficiency and good management. It owes much of its success to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Thomas Banner Newton, who has advocated the cause on the platform and by the press with singular ability and effect. In the last report, for the year ending 20th November, 1877, it was shown that in 74 banks organised by this association there had been 295,800 transactions during the year, £14,931 11s. 10d. had been deposited, £9,401 12s. 5d. withdrawn, and £4,063 13s. transferred to the Liverpool Savings Bank in the depositors'

own names. There was at the end of the year an aggregate balance of £4,844 9s. 1d. due to 22,749 depositors.

All this is satisfactory, more especially as the returns show a steady increase in the business, and prove that habits of thrift are becoming permanent.

One interesting feature in the scheme is that the promoters have secured the co-operation of the press, and two local newspapers publish the weekly returns of the association, and so keep the subject steadily before the public.

Rapid as has been the progress of the penny bank movement in this country, we fall far behind France and Belgium. In both those countries, school banks have been instituted with much greater success than has hitherto crowned the attempt made here, and it is to the development of these school banks that the marvellous increase in the total amount deposited in savings banks generally is to be attributed. In France the movement is of very recent origin; nevertheless, up to December, 1876, penny banks had been introduced into 53 out of 82 departments, 3,200 school banks were established, and no fewer than 230,000 scholars had deposited in excess of the total limit, and had transferred their accounts to ordinary savings banks.

The apostle of this movement is M. Auguste de Malarce, who is making it his life-work, and whose next report will doubtless show that throughout France habits of thrift are being more and more cultivated, and that his later efforts are being crowned with a continuance of the extraordinary success that attended his earlier labours.

Time would fail to tell of the penny bank movement in Belgium, and especially of that branch of it relating to school banks. First and foremost in the field of philanthropists, as regards the latter institutions, is M. Laurent, of Ghent, and it is enough for our present purpose to quote just a few figures which speak for themselves as to the success attending his indefatigable zeal. Out of 15,392 children in the schools of Ghent, 13,032 are depositors, and their savings amount to £18,512.

In Belgium an admirable plan is adopted, which might be followed by the School Board authorities in this country with advantage. Prizes are given by the Government to elementary scholars for general proficiency, in the shape of a deposit book with a small sum entered therein to the credit of the recipient. In this way good conduct is rewarded, and in addition a practical lesson in thrift is imparted. In the years 1873—5, 1,051 deposit books were distributed in this way.

The fact is, the penny bank movement in Belgium is an enthusiasm; men work in the cause with a hearty good-will, and a zeal as great as ever was bestowed on the cause of temperance or evangelisation. One curious feature in connection with their efforts is that a great number of bequests have been made with a view to carry on the work. Here is a typical instance (quoted by Mr. Oulton, in his paper on School Banks, read before the Social Science Congress, at Liverpool, in 1876) from the will of M. Lambunam, who died in 1875:—"Convinced that the most powerful means for ameliorating the moral and physical condition of the working classes consists in giving them the spirit of order and economy, in which they are generally deficient, and that to attain the desired result it is necessary from infancy to accustom them to saving, desiring to contribute to the attainment of this end I bequeath to the town of Liége a sum of 60,000 francs (£2,400), to be distributed in capital and interest during twenty years, in pass books of the savings banks, to the scholars of the commercial schools judged most worthy of that distinction by the Administration of the town. Only those who have previously realised some savings shall have right to the sums to be distributed."

The only instance in this country, as far as we are aware, at all corresponding to the foregoing, is that of a manufacturer who left in his will £5 to every man who had been in his employment for some years, the amount to be placed in the Post Office Savings Bank by the trustees.

It is to be regretted that the example set by France and Belgium in the establishment of school banks has not been more closely followed in this country. At the same time it is a cause of congratulation that the subject is receiving attention, and only needs a few influential and warm-hearted enthusiasts to carry the movement to a successful issue.

Mr. Oulton, the chairman of the School Management Committee of the Liverpool School Board, in the paper to which we have already referred, advocates that a savings bank should be established in every school in the kingdom;—not merely that the school building should be used for the purpose, as it very properly is already in many neighbourhoods, but that the penny bank should be "an element in the school routine, the text-book of thrift, the visible illustration in the object lesson of economy . . . . Penny banks should be to the lesson on thrift, what pen, ink, and paper are to the lesson on writing—the necessary concomitant." He argues that extravagance is a national evil, therefore, as national education should lay hold of the peculiarities of the nation, this besetting sin should be counteracted by inculcating principles of economy in the young.

There are a great many reasons which might be advanced to prove how beneficial it would be if thrift were made to form part of every system of education. It will be sufficient to indicate a few. The fact is notorious that any movement destined to affect a large body of the community must have its origin in the rising generation; the fixed habits of grown-up men and women cannot, except in isolated cases, be rooted out. There are special advantages in introducing the subject into schools. (1) Because it will come as a thing to be learned, studied, diligently attended to, not the half-and-half thing it would be if left to outside tuition. (2) Children never work well at anything single-handed; in a school bank there would be a spirit of emulation provoked, which in so many things is a guarantee of success. (3) Lessons in

thrift, like lessons on any other subject intended to take a strong hold on habits of thought, must be inculcated with recurring regularity. (4) School literature is calculated to back up the efforts of teachers and give them practical application. (5) Youth is the best time for learning, and the longer the habit of thrift is postponed, like the learning of a language, the more difficult it is to acquire.

It is not worth while here to combat an absurd notion which some have advanced, that in teaching children to save you only teach them to be mean, stingy, and penurious. Of course children should be taught that the pleasure of accumulation is only beneficial when there is a definite and good object in view, that object being to help themselves in their start in life, or to aid brothers, sisters, or parents, and so the spirit of prudence and charity in their widest sense and kindliest form is inculcated. Moreover, the children should be shown that not only does this habit of forethought benefit themselves in the present, and hold out prospective benefits in the near future, but indirectly it will form a check to those errors in political economy which harass trade and check the course of commerce.

In France, Italy, and Belgium, books and stationery are supplied for all school banks gratuitously; this course might be adopted here with advantage, and in its application it is not necessary that only Board schools should be considered. In every private school, Sunday school, ragged school, and workhouse school, similar facilities should be afforded. There is no doubt that within the past year or two, during the revival in interest on the subject, many penny banks have been established in voluntary schools, but returns are not obtainable upon this point.

We have reserved one of our strongest arguments in favour of school banks to the last, because it will launch us into the consideration of another phase of our subject. School banks are the best means of encouraging thrift, inasmuch as parents become interested in that which interests their children, and are more likely to be taught the principles of economy by the practical lesson of its application brought home to them. The old story of the refractory sheep comes in here: the shepherd tried in vain to lure her to the fold, she would frisk and gambol with her lamb; at length the shepherd took the lamb and carried it into the fold, and the dam resisted no longer, but followed in the track of her lamb. Moral: Secure the pennies of the children, and it may be the pennies and the pounds of the parents will follow. This is one method of interesting adults, but only one, and it is of limited application.

The question eagerly discussed at the present time is, how to interest the masses in the subject of thrift.

The writer of an article on "Savings, and Savings Banks," published in the *British Quarterly Review* for January, 1878, has thrown out a hint which is worthy of consideration, as it is capable of development in various forms.

After pointing out the defective systems of friendly, benefit, and other clubs and societies, in contrast with the absolute security for all money deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, he proceeds to show how advantageous it would be if what is termed the "social element" could be brought into exercise in relation to the savings bank movement; and proposes one or two methods for the accomplishment of the end, and then the following plan, to which we would call special attention :—

"There is yet another way in which the social instinct may be gratified and the end in view obtained, and that is by the adoption of some such plan as the following, which is capable of much modification, according to the tastes and habits of the people. In almost every town and village there is a workman's hall, lecture-room, or some such resort, at which entertainments, as penny readings, concerts, or lectures, are given. Why should not such entertainments be made the basis of an institution to supplant the club system and the injurious frequenting of public-houses for meetings? It might be done in this way. Let the first meeting of each course be a special meeting for the enrolment of depositors in the savings bank. Make it attractive by organising a debate, giving a lecture, or insuring the attendance of some well-known men of local fame, who will entertain the meeting with speeches or what not. If possible, obtain the co-operation of the postmaster, who will attend, or send his clerk, in order to secure deposits then and there; or, if this cannot be done, induce as many as may be to open accounts at the nearest office within a given time; or constitute the clergyman a postmaster *pro tem.*, as already suggested; or, if it is more convenient and better suited to the means of the people, organise a penny bank, explaining of course that the money will be deposited in bulk in the Post Office Savings Banks. Provide as good a programme of entertainment for the course as possible, *and let the production of the savings bank book be the card of admission.* By this means men would recognise one another as depositors in the same manner as if they were members of a club; they would have the advantage of social intercourse without the expense and other attendant evils of the public-house, and they would be saving money which could be appropriated for use much more expeditiously than through the intervention of the cumbrous machinery of a friendly society."

There is no doubt that if this suggestion were adopted, it would meet one great difficulty standing in the way of many. Some adults have as much disinclination to work alone as children have. They will not go of their own accord, and in cold blood as it were, to deposit money in a bank; they are gregarious animals, and will only go with the throng. If a few can be got together in any cause, others will soon follow; and if one or two institutions were started on the principle indicated above, others would soon follow. The question arises, how should such institutions be conducted? and the writer gives us no clue upon this subject.

But it is evident that the plan is capable of modification, to suit the requirements of any neighbourhood or community, and we venture to supplement his remarks with a code of rules which may be adapted to any extent.

I. That the basis of the society be the encouragement of its members in habits of thrift, and to assist in promoting social intercourse, and means for recreation and instruction.

II. Every member of the society must be a savings bank depositor. If already a depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank, or in a trustee bank, the production of the book will be required on joining the society, when a card of membership will be given. If not already a depositor, an account must be opened in the Post Office Savings Bank for an amount not less than a shilling. Women and children will be eligible to attend the lectures and entertainments of

the society without having an account in the Post Office Savings Bank, but it is imperative that each should open an account in the penny bank in connection with the society.

III. The savings bank book, or the card of membership,* certifying that the holder is a depositor in a savings bank, must be produced at each meeting of the society.

IV. It is to be understood by each member that he will be expected to pay into the bank as much as he is able, and to this end it is recommended that an account should be opened in the penny bank in connection with the society as well as in the Post Office Savings Bank, as in the former small sums of a penny and upwards can be deposited, while in the latter no sum less than a shilling, and no fractional part of a shilling, can be taken.

How to interest the working classes in questions of thrift has received considerable attention abroad as well as in this country, and the principle of a scheme originated in Italy by Signor Sella, ex-Minister of Finance, the successful promoter of the Bill for the establishment of Post Office Savings Banks nearly identical with our own, is worthy of imitation. He established an association or league, La Lega del Risparmio, for the encouragement of habits of thrift among the labouring classes, the idea of which is to induce employers of labour to present to persons in their service, wishing to become depositors, a deposit book in which the sum of one franc has already been entered. Within four months of the formation of this society, 30,536 operatives had availed themselves of the inducements thus held out to them, 13,693 being men, and 16,843 women.

Only one instance has come to our knowledge of any attempt to carry out the scheme in this country. In the instance in question a charitably disposed lady opened nearly a hundred accounts by deposits of one shilling, in the names of certain poor people in whom she was interested, and hoped that they would add from time to time to their accounts. But in not one solitary instance was this hope realised. This, however, may easily be accounted for by the fact that instead of giving the books to the people to use as they liked, she retained them herself, and probably the "poor people" were too independent to bear the overmuch patronage which seems to have characterised the whole transaction.

It would be a good thing if large employers of labour would encourage any such movement as this; there ought to be in every workshop and factory a penny bank, and this would give an impetus to the movement which would be irresistible.

And if instead of giving Christmas boxes which only pass from the pocket to the public-house, or if instead of the usual stock-taking reward of a bilious dinner at an "inn," or the promise of a bean-feast in the summer, employers would adopt Signor Sella's scheme in the modified form indicated, they would be doing a permanent good.

There are special advantages in penny banks over almost every other system for small investments; for example, a depositor in any trustee savings bank cannot at the same time deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank, and *vice versâ*, nor can a depositor in either of these banks have two accounts standing to his credit, whereas a depositor may belong to any number of penny banks, and at the same time belong to a trustee or Post Office Savings Bank. There is, in short, a refreshing independence about them not to be enjoyed in any kindred institution. There is no registration of any kind required; there are no Acts of Parliament to guard them like moral policemen; no Department of Government has any right to put a finger in the pie; their rules may be framed to suit the exigency of any particular bank, without reference to the rules of any other bank, and these rules have not to be sat upon by any registrar, board, committee, or official of any sort.

It is by no means a laborious thing to establish a penny bank. All that is required is to get about half a dozen respectable and well-to-do people who will act as guarantors; their responsibility will be trifling, and their risk less.

The Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank will supply the deposit books, rules, and instructions gratuitously, and the cost of cash book and ledger as supplied by that Department is only eighteenpence for the two.†

There is a special need why this subject should receive the careful thought of earnest men and women at the present time, when there is everywhere a tendency to allow expenditure to exceed the limits of income. The great depression in trade has created a desire on the part of many to save, for improvident and unthrifty men have been witnesses that the steady and thrifty are always the last to be paid off, and consequently the last to feel the full effect of dull trade. And it is the more necessary that real philanthropists should bestir themselves in this good work at once, seeing that there are institutions whose aim is to create huge businesses regardless of risk—institutions high-sounding in title, elaborate in advertisement, and extravagant in management, which benefit the promoters more than they benefit the poor—and as it is certain that excessive expenditure must be met by some means, and it cannot be from the interest on the accumulated capital, it is to be feared that some day a crash may come, and one such catastrophe shatters the work of years. To avert such an evil, let the work be voluntary, let the machinery be without expense, and let the reward be the pleasure of knowing that germs of great principles are being sown which will bear fruit in the present and in after-years.

EDWIN HODDER.

* The object of the card of membership is to save the deposit book from unnecessary wear-and-tear. It would be desirable, however, in most cases to have the deposit book as a pass, as deposits might be received on the nights the institution would be open. American cloth cases might be supplied at a cheap rate to hold the book.

† It would be most desirable that the Government should supply these gratuitously. The cost would be trifling, and the boon considerable.

THE OXFORD UNION SOCIETY.

AMONGST the many points of interest connected with Oxford and its University, the Union Society may justly claim a place. Fiction has something to say of it. Was it not there that Pendennis harangued appreciative audiences? But surely the Union has some substantial claim to notice. Amongst those who, whilst undergraduates, were prominent members and officers of the society, are many statesmen of to-day, including the ex-Premier, whose portrait adorns the debating-hall, Mr. Cross, Sir Stafford Northcote, Viscount Cardwell, Mr. Robert Lowe, the late Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Goschen, and others, not to mention many a name famous in other walks of life. Some interest must centre in the society which first heard the rhetoric of those who as statesmen, prelates, and in other capacities, subsequently came prominently before the world.

Early in the present century there was founded at Oxford the United Debating Society. This, however, did not long exist. After some few years it was dissolved, in order to be purged of some turbulent members, and re-constituted as the Oxford Union Society. Under this title it has continued with ever-increasing prosperity until the present day, when its position may be judged of by the fact that its income is now about £3,600 per annum. At one time the meetings of the society for debate were held in a room at the back of a picture-dealer's shop in High Street. Now, however, the Union boasts commodious though in some respects inconvenient premises, and offers to its members many of the advantages of a club. Indeed to many the debates are no doubt of secondary consideration, in comparison with the other facilities offered by the society.

The visitor to the Union turns down a narrow passage out of Corn-Market Street, and soon finds on his left hand a house which has the appearance of having been added to and altered until the original building is insignificant compared with the additions thereto. To these premises the society moved just twenty-six years ago. The additions still continue, a new debating-hall being in course of erection. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a small hall, wherein telegrams, notices, &c., are displayed. From this, one door conducts to a room devoted to the weekly papers. Here, in addition to such publications as appeal to all readers, are found journals of all classes and shades of opinion. Communicating with this, but separate from the main building, is the present hall for debates, a handsome room capable of accommodating a considerable audience. Around it runs a narrow gallery for the convenience of strangers. Except during meetings of the society this hall is used as a reading-room, and scattered up and down the comfortable benches, or grouped around the central stove, graduates and undergraduates may be seen deep in their newspapers. From the entrance-hall, other doors open into the spacious writing-room, a lavatory, and an office over which the steward presides, wherein the business of the society is carried on. Ascending a flight of stairs, a room devoted to the magazines and some works of standard English authors first calls for attention; then the handsome library with its tempting rows of volumes, and seductive arm-chairs. A large number of books are also kept in the ante-room connected with the strangers' gallery, and in the gallery itself. Every part of this gallery, except that immediately over the president's chair, commands an excellent view of the proceedings of "the house." It is invariably well filled during debates, a large proportion of the visitors being ladies. The coffee and smoking-rooms are scarcely on a par with the other portions of the society's premises, and are separate from the main building.

The debates are held on Thursday evenings during term, business usually commencing punctually at half-past seven. If the subject for discussion is of an interesting or party character, the room will be crowded by that time. Upon the daïs, whereon the president's chair is placed, members who intend addressing the house usually collect, and all await amid gossip the arrival of the president.

Presently loud cries of "Order" are heard from the doorway, and all hats are removed as the expected one enters, attired in evening dress, and accompanied by the treasurer and secretary. The president having taken the chair, and the secretary having composed himself before a volume bearing a marked resemblance to a ledger, the proceedings commence. New members are first announced; then the librarian reads a list of books he proposes to add to the society's library during the ensuing week. Then the president asks "whether any honourable member wishes to ask a question of any officer of the society relative to his official duties." Upon this lively scenes frequently ensue. Many questions are always asked, some hinting at a breach of duty or negligence on the part of an officer. It always appears that the questioners have first in view the discomfiture of the officers, whilst the latter in replying seem to concentrate their energies on "scoring off" their interrogators.

The proceedings are occasionally diversified by a whirlwind of cries of "Order," caused by some member having entered the house without removing his hat. Occasionally too some one rises to address the house in inaudible tones. Remonstrances of no gentle nature are immediately addressed to him, and loud cries of "Speak up, sir," usually add to the speaker's confusion without rendering his remarks more audible. It will be

observed that in most particulars the proceedings are modelled on those of the House of Commons. The phrases common at Westminster are used in the mimic house, but not always with equal success. An inexperienced member, who addressed a question to the chairman on some point of order, spoke of another honourable member as having been "in possession of the president's eye!"

When all the members with questions have had their curiosity satisfied, the house "proceeds to public business." The president reads the subject for debate and calls upon the mover. The latter advances to the secretary's table, and having taken a little water with gravity worthy of "another place," proceeds with his oration.

As is the case at all debating societies, the speakers are few in number compared with the whole body of members: nor is this surprising if we consider the critical character of the assembly. The views and sympathies of the chief speakers are well known, and upon any of the burning questions of the day they are sure of enthusiastic audiences. But as the evening passes the attendance gradually grows less, until even upon a political question there are rarely more than sixty or seventy left at a division. The motions brought forward are usually of a political or semi-political nature, and as all shades of opinion are represented amongst the members, the discussions are rarely wanting in spirit.

At first it is somewhat strange to see a mere boy holding forth amid the cheers and counter-cheers of an excited throng. It is strange, too, to reflect that at some future day this now youthful orator may be found addressing the House of Peers, or that nations may catch up the words he utters from the Treasury bench of the Lower House.

To be president of the Union is a coveted distinction. Not unfrequently there are two or more candidates. Then, after a vigorous canvass by partisans in each college, the ballot-box decides the question, and elevates the chosen one to the chair of this mimic Parliament.

A. R. BUCKLAND.

THE FANS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

"Three thousand years of fans."

FIG. I.

MORE than three thousand years ago, or about the time that King David reigned over Israel, the artists of ancient Egypt depicted the fan upon the walls of the tombs at Thebes, and the Pharaoh of the day sits on his chair of state surrounded by his fan-bearers, each in his stated rank. The office must have been both honourable and onerous; for in time of war the fan-bearers, with their fans as standards, acted as generals and marshals; while in peace they ever waited on the king in the temple worship, waving their fans to cool the heated air and to protect the sacred offerings from the profanation of flies and other insects.

These insignia of their office were vividly coloured fans, on long, slender, twisted, and variegated handles. Their modern successors are to be seen in the Pope's official fan-bearers. There are two of these chamberlains, as they are called, and the fans they carry, but do not use, are made of peacock's feathers, with long ivory handles. The modern Greek Church and its branches place a fan in the hands of the deacon, to be used in the same way, and for the same purpose, as practised by the early Egyptians—viz., to guard the sacred elements from desecration.

The use of the fan in the worship of ancient Greece was similar, but its forms were far more beautiful.

According to Virgil, they were sacred to Bacchus, and were carried in procession at the feast of that deity. They were called "flabellum" or "muscarium;" and in the Roman Church of to-day the same kind of fans are called, in Italian, "frambella."

In our chat about the ceremonial use of the fan, we must not forget the Scripture reference to it, for the purpose of winnowing the grain: a very primitive method of separating the chaff, but one which it took some thousands of years to supersede, for the present "fanning" machines were not invented till 1737.

The graceful figure given under Fig. I. is taken from a representation of an Asiatic slave holding a feather fan, and forming part of an elegant group, painted on a vase. The other figures represent three Greek ladies, upon whom she is attending. Amongst Roman ladies, too, the services of an attendant slave to carry and use the fan were needful; and the ornamentation bestowed upon these very essential appliances was rich and costly—dyed ostrich plumes and peacock feathers being used for their adornment; while the handles were of gold, set with precious stones, or else of ivory, beautifully carved.

Approaching more closely to modern days, we find the folding fan, said to have been first invented by the

Japanese, from whom the Chinese copied it. The Portuguese brought it over from China at some time in the fifteenth century, and from Portugal the new fashion soon spread over Europe, being brought to France by Catherine de Medicis. It became so important a part of a lady's wardrobe, that in the list of Queen Elizabeth's we find no less than twenty-seven fans enumerated. In France they were formed of perfumed leather and paper, and soon attracted the attention of artists, who painted fans which, at the present day, are reckoned amongst the most valuable treasures of the art collection. The French name, *éventail*, is derived from the original shape of the fan, which was like a peacock's tail when spread out.

FIG. II.

In the portraits of Queen Elizabeth the feather fan appears frequently suspended from the girdle by a gold or silver chain. This shape is seen in Figs. II. and III., and is now made by the Indians, and sold to the tourists who visit Niagara Falls. In the portrait of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, in "Marie Stuart" costume, as worn at the fancy dress ball given at Marlborough House a few years ago, a Canadian fan is seen hanging to her side, so true a copy of those of the seventeenth century that it was found suitable to her exquisite costume. In Fig. IV. we see a very early fan, probably of Moorish origin: it is in shape like the weather-vane of a house, or a small flag. This form of fan is now used in Italy, but principally for fanning the small charcoal fires with which the cooking is done. I have two very gaudily decorated examples of this kind, which were bought in Tunis within the last few years. The fan-leaf is usually made so as to turn round on the stick. Figs. V. and VI. are the first forms of the folding fan seen in the early part of the seventeenth century, and may be considered the originals of the modern type. It seems, from the account in "Coryat's Travels," in the year 1608, that there were then plenty of cheap fans in Italy, made of paper with wooden handles; the paper part "adorned with excellent pictures, having witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them, or some notable Italian city painted, with a brief description added thereto."

FIG. III.

Returning to England, we find in the poets, dramatists, and moralists of the seventeenth century descriptions of a very uncomfortable kind of fan, with a long handle—so long that ladies used their fans for walking-sticks, and chastised their rebellious and naughty children by beating them with their fan-sticks. In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, ii. 3, we see—

"I could brain him with his lady's fan."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"Wer't not better
Your head were broken with the handle of a fan?"

Aubrey's account of these fans is worth quoting entire, as it is a most vivid and interesting picture of the manners of the day. "The gentlewomen," he says, "had prodigious fans, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and they had handles at least half a yard long; with these their daughters were often corrected (alas, poor daughters!). Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan; Sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan." Of the decorations of these immense examples of the article we have a most curious account. They were sometimes prints, referring to the passing events of the day—such as "Bartholomew Fair" or the fashionable "Beggar's Opera;" the works of Hogarth were also used; and we find in Fairholt a description of a fan measuring twenty-eight inches across, dated 1781, "which contains in the centre a well-executed engraving of a musical party, and on each side the words and music of a canon, and three French and Venetian canzonets."

FIG. IV.

A very large green fan was also in use at the end of the last century as a parasol, to shade the face from the sun. This fashion was very probably adopted from Venice, and it is still in vogue there. I have a large fan in my own possession intended for this purpose, which can also be used as a small one when needed.

FIG. V.

Fans suitable to the occasions on which they were to be used were also in fashion. Thus we hear of "chapel fans," to be used in chapel, with hymns and texts upon them; "theatre fans," with plans of the boxes and the names of the box-holders; and "fortune-telling fans," with a scheme of divination on them. Of this kind I have a curious example, purchased last year in Belgium, very cheap and common, costing only a few centimes, but containing the whole method of fortune-telling by the lines of the hand—the hand itself being given, and the names and meaning of the lines. In the *Spectator* is an amusing description by Addison of an academy where the use of the fan is taught. "In the flutter of the fan," he says, "there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the loving flutter. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it."

FIG. VI.

I trust I have interested my readers with the past history of this ancient and important addition to the toilette. It is always pleasant to understand something of the history of what we do; and I hope I have cast a new light, and perhaps a novel one, on a very common article in use, before proceeding to the practical description of how we may ornament and make them for ourselves without much difficulty.

The fan-makers *par excellence* of to-day are the Japanese and the French. A few years ago the

Chinese would more justly have been mentioned in place of the former, and they are still unrivalled in the production of mother-of-pearl, carved ivory, wood, and bone frame-work, and their lacquered fans too are most exquisitely done; but in the production of a cheap one, the Japanese nation may safely challenge the whole world, so absolutely perfect is their manufacture: for the nicety of finish in the wooden parts, and the really charming decoration of the paper mounts, has not yet been equalled in Europe. In America these fans are imported and used by tens of thousands: there, as well as in Italy, Spain, the West Indies, and Canada, gentlemen make use of them as well as ladies. Nor must I forget to mention the palm-leaf fan,

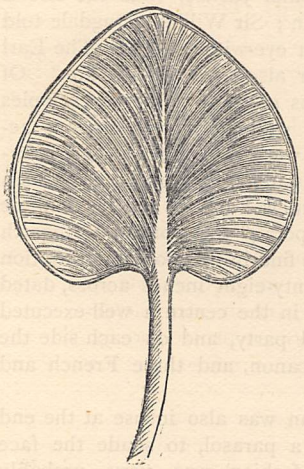


FIG. VII.

of which the sketch is given at Fig. VII. They are called in the West Indian Islands palmetto fans, and they are usually seen in two sizes—a small and a large. They are sometimes bound with bright-coloured ribbon round the edge, and the handle is covered with the same, while a large rosette decorates the centre. These are the most delightful of fans for comfort and use in the world: they are so light and do not tire the hand, can be used as a screen, and in fanning a sick person I have always found they produced the most air with the least expenditure of strength.

The fan of "Khus-khus" grass, shown at Fig. VIII., is of East Indian make. This grass is fragrant when wetted, and *punkahs* are often made of it. The fan illustrated turns round on its handle, and the wind is produced by the turning, instead of by waving it to and fro.

The large *punkah*, or fan, suspended from the roof of an Indian bungalow, admits of a great deal of ornamentation, and several splendid specimens of them may be seen in the India Museum at South Kensington. They are kept in motion by a servant especially appointed to the office.

The manufacture of the fan in France presents a remarkable instance of the sub-division of labour, as twenty different operations, performed by twenty different people, are necessary to the production of one fan, which sells for ten centimes. These various processes are not carried on in one manufactory, but form four distinct branches of trade.

The frames, or, as they are called, the "pieds" of the fans, are all made in the Department of the Oise—men, women, and children being engaged in the trade. The woods used are the plum, the beam-tree, ebony, sandal, and the lime-tree. The cleverness of the peasant work-people is wonderful, considering their absolute want of knowledge of even the first principles of engraving, gilding, or sculpture. The piercing of the holes is performed by minute saws, which the workmen manufacture for themselves out of pieces of steel watch-springs. At the Exhibition of 1851, a mother-o'-pearl fan was shown in the French section, which contained no less than 1,600 holes in the square inch, the work of a peasant-hand.

Fan-painting amongst amateurs is very common at present in England; the beauty of the fan, however, much depending on the suitability of the design and the delicacy of the work. Figures are more used than flowers, or a landscape with figures; and the old style of a group, as painted in the days of Watteau, is no longer seen. On the black satin and silk grounds which have lately been so fashionable, Chinese white is used, and no colour, excepting the needful admixture of black to produce grey for the shading.

Fan-painting requires much practice; the painter must not only be a skilful designer, but must have much experience in his or her art, and even then lessons in this special branch are requisite to enable the artist to attain to any perfection. The most fashionable style of fan at present is the embroidered, a species of decoration which can be achieved by any one with an ordinary knowledge of embroidery stitches: only two being generally used—long and short stitch for figures, and outline stitch for outlines and coarser work. The silk or satin employed must be carefully stretched in a frame before being traced, and the work must be performed with the finest silks that can be obtained, and needles to match. The making-up of the fan is of course done by a proper fan-maker; and if it be properly done, and the embroidery be good, nothing is more effective. Nor should I forget those of lace, which are so fashionable for full dress. They may be made by a skilful lace-maker; but I must not be understood to recommend any of the coarse and badly-worked point-lace which I so frequently see. Many ladies have beautiful old carved fan-mounts or frames lying by, which they have long put aside, and kept more as relics, than as likely to be useful again. Now that both fan-painting and embroidery have be-

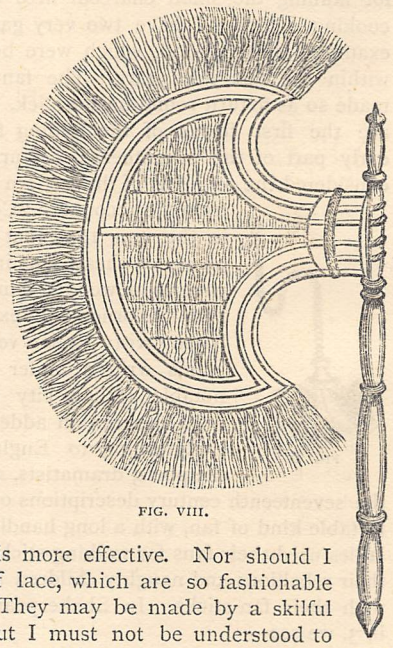


FIG. VIII.

(Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.)

"LAUGHING HE TWINES ME A GARLAND."

ROBIN AND I (p. 543).

come fashionable, the torn or otherwise spoiled leaves can be replaced by fresh ones of home manufacture, much more interesting as well as useful.

It is much to be hoped that the present exhibition in London will bring forth many specimens of amateur taste and skill, and excite an interest in a subject so likely both to form an amusement, and to supply a profitable employment.

The three exhibitions of fans which have taken place recently—in Liverpool, in Edinburgh, and in London—have demonstrated the existence of a revived interest in this article, which is probably owing, in some degree, to the idea that fan-painting and decoration is a suitable work for ladies. When we remember that the genius of Watteau and Boucher, in France, was applied to their decoration, and that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in England, the handles alone were marvels of goldsmith's work, costing frequently from £40 to £50, we cannot fail to be struck with our neglect of so worthy an instrument for the display of artistic taste and skill. In the cabinets of collectors of fine art works fans have ever found a welcome, and many exquisite specimens have been preserved to us; but it was not until the year 1870 that any exhibition of them was organised in Great Britain. In that year the authorities of the South Kensington Museum took the initiative by inviting loans of interesting and artistic fans. In answer to this they received no less than 500, the number of lenders amounting to 137. The next exhibition was held by the Liverpool Fine Art Club in that city last year, when a magnificent collection was gathered from all parts—in all 176 specimens.

The recent exhibition held in Edinburgh brought together 250 fans, which were divided into ancient and modern, and arranged according to their nationalities. That now opened in London has a wider range and a higher aim than any we have mentioned, being no less than a revival of the ancient Company of Fan-makers, who propose to hold a competitive exhibition, the special object being the resuscitation of their manufacture in England. The competition being open to manufacturers, amateurs, collectors, and dealers, renders it possible to secure representative fans of every description, and the prizes offered are of sufficient value to encourage competition. The prospectus is most comprehensive; the classes into which it is divided are five in number: the first class being—Modern fans of British manufacture, completely made in Great Britain or Ireland by British subjects. In this class are three sections—mounted fans, unmounted fans, and sticks of fans. The second class is—Modern European fans, not made in Great Britain but elsewhere in Europe, during the present century. The third class is—Ancient fans, completely made in Great Britain or Ireland by British subjects before the beginning of the present century. The fourth class—Ancient European fans. The fifth class—Exotic fans, of ancient or modern make, not manufactured in Europe.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

ROBIN AND I: A RUSTIC SONG.

DOWN in the meadow where the red clover
Sheds its sweet fragrance to coax the wild bee,
Soon as the heat of the noonday is over,
Blithe as young children, contented, and free—
Cheered like the birds with the fine summer weather,
Charmed with the blue of the earth-arching sky,
Weaving bright fancies we saunter together,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

Laughing he twines me a garland of daisies,
Pink-lipped and dewy, to wear in my hair—
Warm grows my cheek, for he whispers fond praises,
While his brown fingers stray lovingly there.
Dearest of fancies! his true heart rejoices,
Not in the wild-flowers that round our feet lie,
Not in the birds that with shrill little voices
Sing till we chide them, dear Robin and I!

No, 'tis the thought that when cold winds are blowing,
Scaring the song-birds, and chilling the flowers,
Pure and unchanging our love shall be glowing,
Cheering our lives in their dreariest hours.
Slily he slips a wee ring on my finger—
Goldfinch and throstle, still fluttering nigh,
Ask one another how long we shall linger,
Talking sweet secrets, dear Robin and I!

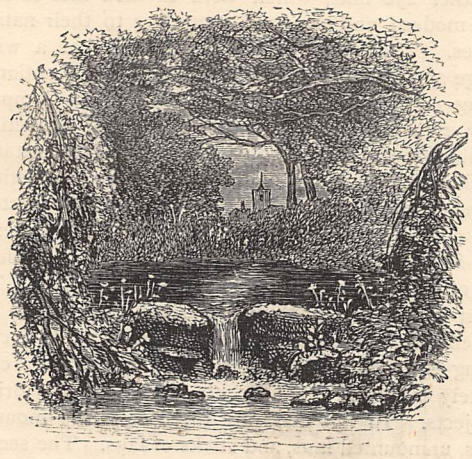
Clearly the brooklet, that through the green cresses
Giddy with joyfulness dances along,
Shows us the shimmer of daisy-bound tresses,
Mingles *two* names in its fairy-like song;
While the soft breezes, so gentle, so loving,
Steal through the flowers with a tremulous sigh,
Round the gay heads of the buttercups roving,
Seeming to whisper, "Dear Robin and I!"

"Dearest!" I murmur, with tenderest pity,
"Scorning the jewels that spangle the field,
Thousands are seeking for wealth in the city,
While the rich treasures that nature doth yield
Far from the toiling, the dust, and the shadow,
Live their sweet lives out, then wither and die."
Ah, in the summer-time rove we the meadow,
Rich beyond measure, dear Robin and I!

When the round moon rises stately and brightly,
Tipping with silver the mountains afar,
O'er the pale green of the grass gleaming whitely,
Hand-locked we watch for the first blinking star!
Far in the village bright tapers are burning,
Guiding us home, when we whisper "Good-bye;"
Then in the hush of the evening returning,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

FANNY FORRESTER.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.



CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THAT Friday stands out clearly marked in my memory. I went early to the farm. I had made myself as respectable as possible; but I was uncomfortably conscious of not presenting exactly a holiday appearance.

As for Tiny, she was as fresh as a newly-opened rose-bud. She had on a new dress and hat, the gift of Mrs. Carter's daughter, and I remember well how the sight of her increased my depression; I felt she would have shown better taste had she kept her new clothes for a more suitable occasion.

I might have spared my strictures. Tiny, as usual, was much wiser than I.

No sooner had I appeared than she dragged me up to her room—the strangest little garret under the roof—and there, extended in full beauty on the bed, was a complete boy's costume. I rubbed my eyes. I was half afraid of some kind of trickery.

Meanwhile, Tiny's merry, half-mocking laugh rang through the room. "You're not asleep, Archie, and it's yours. I made it out of one of Mr. Carter's. Dress yourself now, like a good boy, and make haste about it."

Miraculous! That suit fitted me to perfection.

When I had put it on with reverent care, brushed my hair, and given my face and hands another rub, I must confess that I experienced a most extraordinary sense of satisfaction.

Philosophers would do well to give more attention to clothes. My own notion is that clothes are accountable for much more than is generally laid to their charge.

I know that, on this particular occasion, changed as to the outward man, a change came over my inward man.

My depression passed away. I was proud, contented, gallant. Whatever my inner conviction might be about the possibility of finding work in a village where boys swarmed, I would yet say or do nothing that could spoil Tiny's holiday.

Before we started, I remember, I found out Mrs. Carter, and thanked her in graceful terms for her continued kindness to Tiny and me.

I heard her say as we were going out, "He is quite the little gentleman!" At that time I thought her remark justified, and I think so still, though at this stage of my experience I credit those new clothes with much that then went down, in my calculations, to the account of birth and inherent good taste.

No necessity to enter with minuteness into a description of that day. We were happy throughout. I refrained from finding fault with Tiny on any point, partly because I was grateful to her, partly because she was a young lady, and I a gentleman; she was much more submissive to me than usual, did not enter upon one argument, and asked my opinion upon many points.

It was evident to me, however, that there was something on her mind, and the first surprise having been of so pleasant a character, I was ready to believe that there might be a little more than I had imagined behind her mysterious manner.

Meanwhile, we went into the woods, and wandered about until we had found a spring, as clear as crystal; here we sat down and discussed with much interest the dinner Mrs. Carter had provided for us; then Tiny picked a select number of wild flowers, which she did not throw about as usual, but tied up into a bouquet, and towards afternoon we went back into the village. The little place looked quite gay in the sunshine; men were coming home from their work, women were standing, with babies in their arms and hanging round their skirts, at the doors of the cottages; the boys and girls were pouring out of the school, and making the green resound with their laughter.

"This way, Archie," said Tiny presently; and I followed her off the main road.

She stopped before a small cottage, with a trellised porch in front covered with honeysuckle and climbing roses, and motioned me to remain silent and watch.

I obeyed her. An aged man was seated in the porch; his thin locks were white as snow, his face was furrowed and worn, and it bore at this moment a look of perplexity and anxiety very pitiful to see in one so old. I looked towards Tiny.

"Hush!" she said, drawing me back.

The old man was shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Must give it up; must give it up," we could hear him mutter; "nothing but the workhouse before me."

The tears came into his eyes and rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "The workhouse," he repeated drearily; and then, "I might try once more; but they're too clever for me, too clever!" He went back into the cottage and brought out a pile of slates, over which his head was soon bent: in vain, as it seemed, for he shook his head again, and his tears fell upon the slate he held.

This moment Tiny chose for pushing open the gate of the little garden. I, however, in spite of her

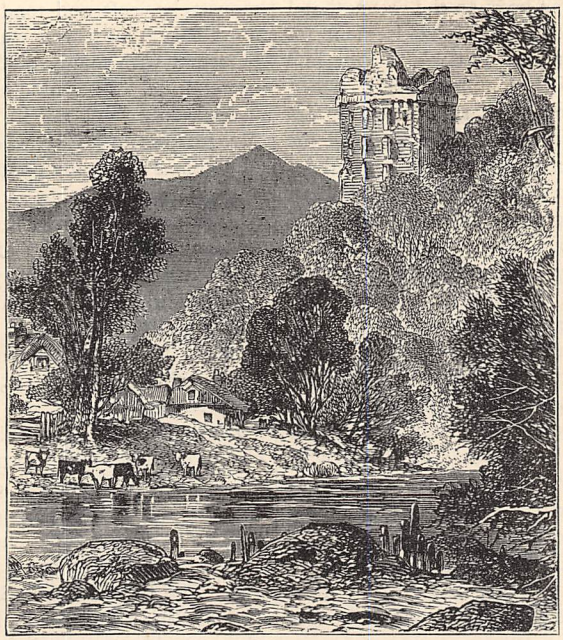
impatient signs, drew back. I felt shy, for, judging others by myself, I believed it would be painful for a man to be caught by another man in the act of shedding tears; and Tiny went forward alone.

Apparently the old man was accustomed to these intrusions on his privacy, since, making no effort to hide his emotion, he held out his hand and drew her towards him.

"Are they harder than usual, Mr. Josephs?" I heard her say.

He answered, sighing, "My dear, I must give it up: there's no use persuading me any longer. I'm not sharp enough for them, and they know it."

"Ah!" said Miss Tiny, with a most defiant air; "it's all that Joshua Slithers: *I* know him."



"NOT FAR FROM THE FARM WAS A FINE OLD MANOR-HOUSE, THAT STOOD DEEP IN ITS OWN GROUNDS" (*p.* 547).

Now where in the world had she picked this up? Evidently, too, her suspicions were well grounded, for the old man answered dejectedly, "Yes, my dear, and he's not alone; there's a whole gang of them. They set their own sums, they ask me questions. Why, the young folks I used to know—in the days when a schoolmaster might use his cane, my dear—why, *they*, bless you! they hadn't even such ideas in their heads. Reading, writing, sums, with a little geography and history for the higher branches; now a schoolmaster must know about the moon and the sun and the planets; he must teach science, as they call it. It's too much for me, too much: I must give it up."

"Mr. Josephs," said Tiny, with decision, "you must *not* give it up."

"So you said before, my dear, and I've tried; but it's of no use. Yes, Joshua will have my place. He's a sharp lad. If I had made him my assistant, as his father asked, maybe nought of this would have happened; but I couldn't. 'Twas against my conscience. You see, I've watched Joshua. He's clever, but his heart's bad; and the hearts of country lads want education as well as their heads. Joshua might make them clever, but not good, my dear, not good."

"I am sure he could not, Mr. Josephs. So, you see, it would be wrong of you to give up to him."

"But what am I to do, my dear?"

"Do you remember what I told you when I was here last?"

"Why, let me see. You did those sums for me."

"And wasn't Master Joshua surprised!" she said, clapping her hands triumphantly at the recollection. "But I *said* something."

A smile came over his furrowed face.

"Yes, yes; and I well-nigh believed it, my dear. The greatest of all told us not to pin our faith to what we could see; and it's my belief that's what people are doing now-a-days with their sciences and research, as they call it, and powers of observation. Yes, my dear, you told me you were a fairy-godmother; I remember, I remember; and you looked like it too."

Tiny's eyes sparkled. "And I had come—why had I come, Mr. Josephs?"

His smile broadened into a laugh. "'Twas singular you should know; only girls are so mighty sharp! You were sent, you told me, to get the better of Joshua Slithers, and that you knew an assistant."

"Yes, yes:" she began to dance in her glee. "And he knows all about sums, much more than I do, and he could answer questions about the sun and moon, and——"

But lest the list of my acquirements should assume an altogether extravagant length, I here thought it fit to interrupt Tiny by presenting myself.

Half startled, the old man rose to his feet, and made me feel awkward by bowing low.

"Is this the assistant, my dear?" he whispered to Tiny. "Yes," she said.

"But he's quite the little gentleman."

"He *is* a gentleman," Tiny answered confidentially; "only don't tell a single person, Mr. Josephs; and he's been to a gentleman's school."

"Sir," I said, for the old man looked a little frightened, "may I stay with you for a few days and try what I can do?"

He looked towards Tiny, who nodded decisively.

"She knows about it," he said dejectedly; "I don't. Girls are very sharp."

"Then it's all right," she cried, "and I shall say good-bye, for I promised Mrs. Carter not to be late."

It was in this singular way that I entered upon my first appointment.

Mr. Josephs, I could see, was exceedingly doubtful at first, but many days had not passed away before he found out that there was something in his new assistant. My training at Harrow, and the instruction

I had picked up from my tutors, stood me in good stead now, for to correct the sums and exercises of these country lads was simply child's-play to me.

But it was not alone my smattering of book-learning that helped me to retain the position into which shrewd Tiny had thrust me, for had I known as much as an Oxford don, my boyish appearance and white hands would have been desperately against my gaining the necessary power, but for two inheritances from the life that had gone by.

My uncle had taught me to box, and I flatter myself that I had made good use of the opportunity.

I could keep my temper in a fight, and use my fists scientifically. The consequence of this was that when, once upon a time, Master Joshua Slithers summoned me, in the presence of all the boys, to the green, that I might receive at his hands public chastisement for calling him publicly a liar and a sneak, I sent him away blubbering; and his father, a stout burly farmer, who happened to be standing by, said he richly deserved what he got, while from that time forth all the boys in the village treated me with respect. I had dethroned a tyrant, for Joshua had long been known as a bully; and since they, of course, did not understand the power of science, our disparity in apparent strength made my victory seem nothing less than magical. But my second inheritance also did me good service, for it made me a leader.

It was soon rumoured abroad that no boy in the village understood boys' games as I did, and that no one was so full of resources for the comfortable spending of a half-holiday. Now, I was ready enough to teach play as well as sums, but I would only play with those who treated me civilly. Moreover, owing to training and, I suppose, birth, I had a certain sharpness of wit that the native gentlemen of the village lacked. Those whom I desired to punish I could easily make into laughing-stocks, and I find that amongst high and low this position is generally disliked.

The result of all this was that the village lads, both belonging to the school and not belonging to the school, found out presently that I was a person whom it might be well to keep in good temper. First, I was unmolested; later, I was followed; and meanwhile I remained with Mr. Josephs, who, relieved from the pressure of anxiety, seemed to renew his youth. Our school increased in numbers; we had evening classes; in time he became so prosperous that before the end of that year I was able to give Tiny a new frock.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

ONE, two, three years passed away uneventfully. Tiny and I were not found out by the ghosts of our past life, who, in our memory, had become really like ghosts. She remained with Mrs. Carter, whose one trouble with regard to her was that she was too good for the place, for Tiny had grown both pretty and clever. She was seventeen now, as straight as a reed, and as fresh and wholesome as a newly-opened rose; her eyes had a trick of dancing with fun on the smallest pretext; and the only fault I had to find with her was that she was always laughing.

For I continued to be somewhat sentimental. I was sixteen. I suppose it is not right to speak of our own appearance: certainly, no amount of shrewdness could ever enable us to "see ourselves as others see us;" and when I say that I believe I was an exceptionally handsome boy, I must expect to be required to run the gauntlet of criticism.

But the fact remains. I had an olive complexion; eyes dark enough and fierce enough to suit such a person as that interesting "Corsair" of Byron's, who, at this period, was my hero and model; and black curling hair. I was as tall as many boys at twenty, and broad-shouldered to boot; and I had an incipient moustache, soft and tender still, but evident to the most casual observer, which, although I professed to regard it with manly disdain, was to me an object of secret pride. I was able to dress well. What I earned, indeed, only kept me in art materials and ties; but Mr. Josephs and Tiny, who both, in a surreptitious and underhand way, took considerable pride in my appearance, were careful that as regarded the more expensive part of dress I should not want. The old man had quite a little wardrobe of superannuated garments, belonging to his dandy days, laid by in chests and cupboards, and one after another of these precious relics he had allowed to pass under Tiny's transforming scissors. Up to this moment, consequently, I had never been without a good suit, in spite of my abnormally speedy development.

Owing to all this, mingled, no doubt, with the romantic halo which continued to envelop Tiny and me, I became an object of some interest, especially amongst the young ladies of the village; even farmers' daughters, who rode to hounds, and sat working at worsted-frames, and could play "God save the Queen" and "The Blue Bells of Scotland" on the piano, took notice of me; and some of these were both pretty and pleasant; but, to my mind, no one as yet was like Tiny.

She and I, meanwhile, quarrelled as much as ever; she was often saucy, I was often sullen; but scarcely a day passed without our meeting, either at the farm, where I was always welcome, or in our little cottage, or in the woods and lanes. I directed her studies—for Tiny was very anxious not to drop into the mere servant-girl; she took a deep interest in my progress in art, criticised the pictures I produced, and had a wonderful keenness in discovering little corners here and there of meadow, brilliantly coloured with flowers, or mossy rock overhanging some angle of the stream, where the yellow poppy nodded, or scrap of distant landscape, which could be well worked up into a picture; she had, in fact, much taste, and what is called an eye for the picturesque. In all that had to do with art we sympathised; when it came to poetry we disagreed. Tiny, from my point of view, was too fond of what was funny. A joke, a riddle, an amusing turn of speech, anything quaint or odd, delighted her. She would suddenly burst out laughing on what appeared to me most inadequate occasions. She could also cry pretty readily.

At the sight of a lame child or a suffering animal, I have seen the tears pour down Tiny's cheeks; but she either could not or would not get up any interest in my Corsairs or Giaours, or Alastors.

I suspected her of perversity, and on one of these occasions subjected her to a rigid catechism as to the actual state of her mind.

"Do you mean to say that you feel nothing, Tiny?" I asked.

"What is there to feel?" she said, with a look of calm wonder, which provoked me so much that I could not even answer; and this practical child of a practical age went on: "It seems to me that they were making themselves miserable about nothing."

"Nothing!" I cried out—"Is the mystery of life nothing? Is fate nothing? Is——"

But I could not at this moment find a single woe, however vague, to add to my list—an hour later, instances flowed rapidly enough from my brain—and Tiny, of course, began to laugh.

I give this as an illustration of our different tones of mind, for it would have been impossible, probably, to find two young people more unlike. This may have been the reason, partly, that, as days and weeks went by, we seemed always to become more necessary one to the other.

But I must hasten on now to the great event of our youth. Tiny was seventeen, as I have said; I was sixteen.

It was in spring, in the beginning of the month of May, I think—a warm May, for a wonder, and inexpressibly lovely. The hedges were of a tender green, and delicate flowers, blue and yellow and lilac, were peering out from beneath them; the abundance of white and pink blossom in gardens and orchards made one think that the beautiful old earth was decking herself out for her bridal; the lime-trees were covered with pale green buds; the chestnuts seemed to be thrusting up flame-fingers to the sky; even the tardy old oaks looked golden, as if the garment of life were falling upon them once more.

Such a spring, and a half-holiday! and Tiny and I, who had met as usual to spend it together, were sitting under the single apple-tree in Mr. Josephs' garden, deep in conversation.

As it happened, there was at this time a certain topic which interested not us alone, but every man, woman, and child in the village. This Tiny and I were discussing, since for us it had the charm of an exciting romance. I must explain this as rapidly as possible.

Not far from the farm was a fine old manor-house, that stood deep in its own grounds. For many years it had been uninhabited, except by a housekeeper. This ancient dame was a friend, indeed, an old patroness, of Mrs. Carter, and through her influence Tiny and I had been, as a general rule, free of the gardens and grounds; once or twice, when in particularly good humour, old Mrs. Grace had even allowed us to roam over the house, which became to us a kind of enchanted ground, peopled with fair ladies and brave knights, and rustling with mystery.

To the enlightened story-reader there is, of course, no need to do more than hint that concerning this long-empty house legends without number were afloat. The name of its ghosts was legion, and several past generations had a representative amongst them.

Owing, I suppose, to the trite fact that the near-at-hand or close-at-home is generally more interesting than the distant in time and space, one particular ghost had, as regards the interest it excited, carried away the palm from all others.

I used to think the ghost in question most remarkable: since I know more of affairs spiritual, I have found out that she at least lacked the element of originality. Most of us, I feel sure, will have met her several times: the foreign lady, with dark hair and glittering eyes and olive complexion, and a yellow satin dress fitting closely to her sadly emaciated frame.

Now the exciting point about this spirit was that its original had actually been in the manor-house within the memory of the inhabitants of the village, and that, for a considerable time, no one could have told for certain whether or no she was actually within its walls, so retired was the life she led, either from constraint or inclination: hence the apparition. As a fact, I believe the lady had been fair; but ghosts cannot be expected to attend to these trivial details.

What was certain, however, was that she had arrived, and that in due course of time an infant daughter was born, and that shortly after there was a general departure from the manor-house, and from that moment no one on the estate had again seen either Sir William Beaufort or his lady in the flesh. It was supposed that they had both died abroad. In any case, now, and for some years past, the estate had been managed by trustees for the benefit of little Miss Beaufort, who was being educated, no one knew exactly where.

"'Tis the fashion," Mr. Carter used sometimes to say, "for everything to be done in a close way in that family, and 'twill be the same, I suppose, to the end."

This expressed the general belief. Great, then, was the universal excitement when it was openly given out by the agent that Miss Beaufort, having finished her education abroad, was to return, with her companion, a cousin of her father's—who, it now appeared, had been with her for some years—and formally take possession of the manor-house.

And yet the element of mystery was not wanting, for, though all the tenants, who wished to make a demonstration of some kind, were earnestly desirous to ascertain from the agent when the young lady might be expected, nothing definite was known. A strict watch was maintained, but it was baffled; and presently it came to be known that late on one of these May nights Miss Beaufort and her companion had driven rapidly through the village, and that the young lady of the manor was actually installed in the home of her fathers.

That all this was exciting may well be imagined. Tiny and I, who had long taken a deep interest in the old house, and the old stories concerning it which Mrs. Grace had recounted to us, were specially excited.

What Miss Beaufort was like, how she would act, whether we should ever see her, were questions we had several times discussed, and now, under the blossoming apple-tree, we discussed them again.

There was not much that was new to be said on the subject, for even conjecture had exhausted itself, while the wildest speculation had nothing further to advance. As Tiny talked I began to grow sleepy, yawned two or three times, and finally allowed my eyelids to fall.

She was not offended, as I might have been under similar circumstances.

"Poor boy!" I heard her say softly; "he is tired." It was Tiny's delusion (and I must confess that it did not disagree with me upon occasions) that I was delicate, and had a strong tendency to overwork myself. When blinkingly I opened my eyes: "Take a little nap," she said; "I will bring out my work."

It was work for me, of course, the mending of some under-garment, and she set herself to it, humming as gaily as if to be constantly working were the happiest lot in life.

Her voice and the rhythmic movement of her busy fingers had a lulling effect on my senses. Though I tried to remain awake and make myself agreeable, I gave way presently to the delicious urgency of sleep.

In that sleep—but perhaps it may be as well to pause for a moment. Of what happened, more hereafter; meantime, I may just remark, that to beings like ourselves, who take pride in the capacity of self-direction, it must be a fact strange and not a little suggestive that the circumstances which, more than any other, are to affect the current of our lives, do not come at our own bidding. It is in those moments when we are helpless as to any conscious power of volition, that the lasting impressions are usually made, and we can no more resist them than the child can prevent the brooding mother-love and anxious mother-face from being its first and most abiding memories.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

WAS I asleep or awake? For a few moments I could not really come to any distinct conclusion on this point. There was a fragrance in the air, as of a thousand flowers, and a gentle whispering that came and went, most like some rushing waterfall, heard from a great distance; there was moreover a kind of fluttering about me, like the alighting of "an assembly of swiftest doves," and these sensations and similitudes seemed to be struggling with a certain haziness of intellectual perception, which I strove in vain to overcome. The feeling was as of independent impressions, which I could not localise.

How long a time I passed in this indefinite and indefinable state I cannot say. It seemed long; but at such periods our perceptions of time are singularly unstable. I was restored to my normal condition—and the male reader may imagine with what thoroughness—by hearing in the very sweetest voice to which it had ever been my lot to listen the following words:—

"Oh! please do not wake him yet. I like to look at him; he has a lovely face."

And then, of course, I would fain have kept my eyes closed; but it was impossible; trembling of lids would, I knew, betray me. I lifted them therefore, and looked round me.

Easy enough now to account for those independent sensations that had been puzzling me, but since the bewilderment of awaking was still on me, I was not quite sure for a moment that I had not dreamed both the sensations and my own responsive movements. What I saw was something so new, so dazzling, so utterly unexpected, as quite to take my breath away.

I must endeavour to explain, though any one who has tried the feat will agree with me when I just mention that there is an extreme, almost insurmountable difficulty, in denuding any object, as it were, of the multitudinous impressions that time and familiarity have built up around it, and seeing it as we saw it at the first moment, when it was endowed with the startling quality of novelty.

To make an effort then to give the first simple, instantaneous impressions that flowed to me from the beautiful creature, girl, woman, angel—the type was so unfamiliar that for the life of me I could not have decided which—who stood half in sunlight, half in shadow on the schoolmaster's small plot of grass that day.

Wonder was the dominating impression certainly. That any face could be so fair, any eyes so bright, that hair could shine in this way—it was like a golden film in the sunlight—that a dress could shimmer and tremble, as if it had a life of its own, all this was to me a conception new and strange.

And wonder was followed presently by a feeling akin to awe; I know what it meant now, I did not then. It was the style of this beautiful creature that impressed us. In her movements, her tone of voice, her lofty superiority, she seemed to be like one who had come from far off, bringing with her echoes of a great unknown world. Yet with all this there was a childishness about her which was bewitching. In the sparkle of her eyes, and the dimples in her cheeks, in the flashing hither and thither of that cloud-like dress, in sudden laughs, and sighing pauses, that seemed to say her enjoyment of the sunlight and the air were almost more than her fragile frame could bear, she was the young girl.

And so, before for more than five minutes I had listened, perfectly silent myself, to the laughing ripple of talk between her and a lady by her side, wonder and awe and uncertainty were linked with admiration and sympathy. I was able to listen—would presently be able, it might be, once more to find my voice.

During these first moments of my astonishment, I had not noticed Tiny; as gradually I returned to my normal mood, I looked round for her. She was laughing as usual, a fact which was somewhat annoying to me.

"So you are awake at last, Archie," she said. "I thought you would take Miss Beaufort for a dream."

"You are making him blush, my dear," said the beautiful lady, coming forward, while I, remembering that I was a gentleman, took off my hat and apologised,

in language which I fear was somewhat confused, for having been found asleep.

"Oh! you could not know that we were coming," she said, "and your being asleep was the very thing I wanted. You and the little girl made such a pretty picture! It was like one of George Sand's scenes. I was hoping to pick up a romance in the country, and my housekeeper, such a funny old soul she is! told me your strange history last night. And, oh! do tell me, are you lovers?"

It was Tiny's turn to blush; for my part, I must confess there was something unaccountably displeasing in the suspicion, and the elder lady seeing, I suppose, that we were both disturbed, said a few words to Miss Beaufort in a low voice.

She answered aloud, "I am in the country, Madeleine, and not in town; I will *not* be conventional. Besides, you know, I intend to be a mother to all these people about here, and is it not right that I should know their positions one towards the other?" These words were said with a mixture of dignity and petulance that, had we been a little older, would have doubtless much amused us; as it was, I think our chief feeling was indignation that a quiet, insignificant-looking person, with white hair, and otherwise not remarkable, should venture to interfere with this sparkling creature.

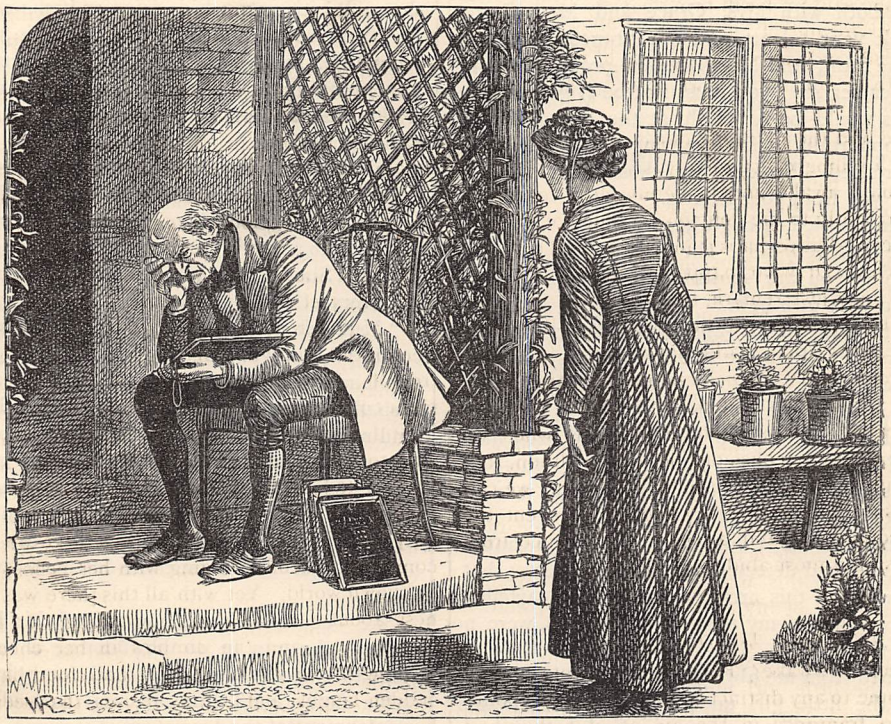
Meantime she advanced and, in the kindest way, held out her hand to Tiny. "I did not intend to hurt your feelings, my pretty little rustic," she said; "your feelings were not hurt? that's right. There is the more chance, then, that you will do what I wish."

"I will do anything you wish," Tiny answered with a smile.

"Anything but one," corrected Miss Beaufort, looking mischievously towards me.

"Anything at all," said Tiny, whose cheeks were once more crimson. Miss Beaufort patted her on the cheek with her small gloved hand.

"Come," she said lightly; "I don't intend to begin by being tyrannical. You shall look after your brother as much as you like, my pretty child; mend his clothes—oh, yes! I saw you hide the work away—keep him out of mischief, everything, only I want you to look after me too."



"TINY WENT FORWARD ALONE" (*p.* 545).

She paused; but Tiny was too much astonished to answer, and she went on, addressing the lady by her side.

"The little girl would look well dressed like Georgette, you know—ah! how stupid you are, Madeleine! I wish you would not make such eyes. Didn't I tell you the house of Mademoiselle de Cardoville in the 'Juif Errant' was to be the model of mine?"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Beaufort," the lady replied; "I have no remembrance of such a thing."

She pouted. "I never met anybody with so poor a memory as yours! Well, please remember it for the future, and, by-the-by, you may as well look up the chapters, as I shall want your assistance in carrying out my plans."

After this little interlude, she looked at us thoughtfully for a few moments.

"You had better come to me to-morrow morning," she said then to Tiny.

"Ma'am?"

"Oh! did I not make you understand? You are to leave Mrs. Carter's—she and I have just arranged it—and come to me. Why, if the silly child is not crying! Madeleine, pray explain it to her. Country people are so slow in taking up an idea. I suppose the humdrum kind of life they lead makes them stupid."

Therewith she turned to me, and asked me many questions, about our school and the people who lived round us. I answered to the best of my ability, but I was curious, and through our conversation ran like an undercurrent the words that were passing between Tiny and Miss Beaufort's companion.

"We have been talking about you, my dear child," she said, "both with Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Carter. They think your talents and appearance are thrown away at the farm, and Miss Beaufort proposes to take you into her service; you must not be frightened, for your duties would be very light at the Manor House, and your opportunities for acquiring useful knowledge much increased. Besides, we should not think of separating you from your friends."

Here Tiny smiled through her tears.

"I have been very silly," she said.

"And now you are sensible, you see the folly of standing in your own light."

"I was thinking of Mr. and Mrs. Carter," the poor child answered; "they are getting old, they will miss me so much."

"But it is their wish you should go."

"Then I must obey them, for they have been like a father and a mother to me; but I know"—there was again the sound of tears in her voice—"that it is only for my sake they wish it."

I am inclined to think that, in the meantime, Miss Beaufort had detected the superior interest that I was bestowing on this arrangement of my playfellow's lot in life; some of my answers, I suppose, were not exactly to the point.

She turned from me abruptly.

"Does the little girl understand what we want?" she asked, and Tiny came forward, with that pretty manner of hers, half modest, half proud.

"I hope you will not be vexed with me," she said, "for not understanding you at once. It is very kind of you to wish me to live with you, and——"

"And—you consent. Come, that is all I wanted; your brother"—she turned her attention on me once more—"we might put him into blue and silver, Madeleine. I have half a mind to start a little body-guard of pages: it would be original. They would come in handily, too, for our theatricals and fêtes. He"—addressing me again—"what did they say your name was?"

"Archie."

"Ah! yes. Archie is intelligent-looking and superior. I should put him at their head."

Now I was not a little girl, bound by my position to obedience. Moreover the memories of my former life still clung about me: thus, beautiful as Miss Beaufort was, the idea of serving her in a costume of blue and silver was instantly and strongly repugnant to my imagination.

At the same time, she took matters with so high a hand that it was difficult to find words in which to clothe my refusal. But Tiny, who had been observing me, noticed my restive movement, and she was never at a loss for words.

"I am afraid Archie could not be a page, ma'am," she said, with as much decision as if she were actually the arbitress of my lot; "he is making himself an artist," she went on. "And, oh! perhaps you could do something to help us. We want a man who is really great, and understands all about painting, to see his pictures."

She would have said more, but at this point Miss Beaufort struck in. She was not at all offended; indeed, that notion about the pages seemed to have passed altogether from her mind. She clapped her hands. She was as pleased as a child might be at discovery of some new toy.

"Madeleine," she cried, "did I not say we were coming into a world of wonders? A village Raphael! this is really charming. Oh! I shall unearth Genius. I shall make people live as they never lived before. And now I think of it, his face is like Raphael's—that portrait, you know, in the Pitti Gallery—and did you remark his hands? No, of course, you never remark anything. I did. They are artist's hands. I shall write to my old drawing-master this very day. Don't let me forget. He must come down and pay us a long visit."

She was so delighted, so full of this brilliant discovery—she ran in so bewildering a manner from stage to stage of Tiny's life and mine, joined, in her fertile fancy, with her life, and that of the village which, with her and us, was to assume hereafter an importance much greater than it had ever enjoyed, or even conceived, that we felt really dazed. In fact, her quiet and sober-minded companion felt herself compelled at length to interfere. I fancy the remark she made, *sotto voce*, was to the effect that village brains are as easily turned as brains of any other sort; aloud she observed that the afternoon was waning, and that Miss Beaufort had probably forgotten the fact that she had guests arriving from London in the evening.

And then the apparition that had floated in upon us floated out, and we were left alone with our wonder and admiration.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

EARLY EDUCATION AND EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

IT can hardly fail to strike every thinking and observing individual, that there are a great many persons in the world who commence life without any fixed or definite idea: who are blown hither and thither by every strange wind of doctrine, influenced by every fresh vagary of fortune or fashion: who flit from occupation to occupation, and from amusement to amusement, like butterflies, having no aim or object in life beyond mere existence, or the enjoyment of the passing hour.

Such people not unfrequently marry young, and when they are cut adrift from the moorings of home, and forced to begin life entirely on their own account, they look back on the circumstances that led to their union as a series of accidents or chances, more or less lucky according to their position. After the first bloom of enthusiasm has rubbed off, they are apt to regard the cares, duties, and responsibilities of married life as trying, onerous, and often sorely perplexing, more especially in the matter of bringing up their children.

Indeed to all parents, young parents especially, this proves a real stumbling-block. Some from excessive anxiety, some from excessive worry, exclaim, "What am I to do with my children?" It has been often stated that the mind of a child is a sheet of blank paper, on which anything whatever may be written—a statement which is only to a certain extent true, as it is an obvious fact that both in our physical and mental constitution there are original tendencies and propensities, which only require cultivation and guidance: the seeds are already sown, the first faint lines of character are already traced on the fair blank sheet, and only want the heat and light of instruction and training to bring them clearly out, and show fully and fairly their proportions. If sufficient food, raiment, and mere affection were all that a human being required during the first decade of existence, such wants could be supplied with comparative ease; but who that has watched the eager, curious, and observant eyes of a child, or listened to the remarks that seem to bubble like a spring of water from some inner depths of intelligence, or to the pertinent, often profound questions, that puzzle the gravest and wisest teachers, who that has been staggered by some query, put with childish directness of purpose and perfect confidence of a satisfactory reply, or astounded by some abstract reflection gravely uttered, can help admitting that in childhood the mind is predominant over the body, and that early education is a very serious matter, requiring to be well thought about, and by no means neglected? Gentleness, firmness, and truth are amongst the earliest influences that should be brought to bear upon the mind of childhood. The adoption of love, and disuse of terror, are having the happiest influences on modern education, and wilful cruelty and wanton mischief have ceased to be the schoolboy's characteristic, since undue severity has become a thing of the past. Indeed the general increase of gentleness and politeness amongst all classes is one of the grandest and, at the same time, one of the inevitable results of modern culture. The history of past centuries exhibits a very painful severity towards the young; the crown was not deemed more essential to the king, the Great Seal to the chancellor, than the birch to the schoolmaster. It requires no great effort of imagination to call up the grim old pedagogue, with his knitted brows and compressed lips, and we can easily understand the art by which each trembling youngster—

> "——had learned to trace
> The day's disaster in his morning face."

Lady Jane Gray tells us that she never sat down in her mother's presence. Even the study of the severest theology, or the driest philosophy, must have been a relaxation from such unmotherly austerity. The youngsters of this nineteenth century have much to be grateful for in that respect. The Wackford Squeerses, the Dotheboys Halls, and the grim parents have passed away, vanished under the genial influence of civilisation. As we grow more cultivated, we become more kindly-mannered if not kindly-affectioned one to another, and the terrible icy barrier of coldness, reserve, and unkindness between parent and child, teacher and pupil, is for ever swept away.

The great battle of existence, the daily toil for daily bread, occupies much of the time of the vast majority of fathers and mothers, thus forcing them to delegate to some one else the important task of educating their children; and it is satisfactory to know that the opportunities for doing so are greatly increased and improved, but there are some things which must be taught at home, some principles which can be instilled by parents only. In ordinary education the mere intellectual faculties are considered to require care and culture; the moral nature is left entirely to itself, or else it is supposed to derive some adventitious benefit from the intellectual training; frequently too the body is neglected, health and vigour are often ruthlessly sacrificed to a morbid craving for mental distinction. The natural appetite for knowledge, which should be carefully fostered, is sometimes stimulated by unhealthy ambitions. The desire of gaining a prize takes the place of a genuine love of learning and advancement, and when the prize is won at school, and the praise at home, a child is very apt to forget facts that have been mentally bolted instead of being slowly masticated. It should be ever present to the mind of a teacher that children have three distinct natures—the moral, the mental, and the physical. It takes several years to amalgamate those three, and while they remain separate each must have separate treat-

ment. One should never trench upon or be made subservient to the other—the cultivation of the mental nature is the work of the schoolmaster or mistress—the wants of the other two must be supplied at home.

Strict personal neatness, and systematic habits, sow the seeds of future order and punctuality in the graver business of life; and it is well to infuse into every child's mind a little wholesome self-respect—to impress upon each a sense of position and individual responsibility, and teach children that certain things are unworthy of them, and should not be done, not merely because their parents say so, but because of a certain social and individual dignity of their own. So should they be early shown that certain other things are for their good, that gentleness, politeness, unselfishness, and affection are qualities not only very beautiful and admirable in themselves, but that they have a value far beyond their happy influence on the home circle, that they are beyond all price valuable qualities to bring out into the wide world, the best of capital to commence the business of life with, and that they rarely fail to win for their possessor love, esteem, and friendship, and that they make no enemies. Children are quite capable of understanding all that and more, and if the precepts are backed up by the constant daily, hourly practice of that same gentleness, politeness, unselfishness, and affection, they cannot fail to sink down deep into the souls of children, and bring forth good fruit in due season.

Very many kind, well-meaning parents consider that when they give their children the best education within their reach, a sufficient quantity of plain wholesome food, and warm decent clothing, they have done everything essential for their future welfare, and that it is not only prudent but praiseworthy for them to screw, and scrape, and pinch, and cut down every expense in order to save money, and put it carefully out at interest. Now to a great extent this same saving is a very laudable measure, but it is not by any means without its disadvantages.

A little extra expenditure, to make home more refined and pleasant, to provide graceful surroundings, and at the same time increased comfort, is well-spent money—or at least in the great majority of cases it proves a good investment. There is nothing children are more vividly impressed by than their home surroundings; nowhere do they go without taking quiet notes and mentally comparing their own drawing-room, or their own luncheon-table at home, with that of the friend or schoolfellow they are visiting. Their style of dress and general appearance, if inferior to that of their companions, often causes them real serious unhappiness; and though we do not approve of tricking children out like dolls, or making lay figures of them to hang the latest French fashions on, we would like to see them always neatly, appropriately, and at the same time stylishly dressed—that is, their dresses of a shape and colour becoming to them, carefully made and well fitting, no matter whether the material be linsey, holland, or French merino. Well-made, well-fitting dresses make children look graceful, and to a certain extent act gracefully, while uncouthly-cut, ill-made, baggy frocks, transform really pretty children into dowdies. And so with everything else, children observe and are influenced by their surroundings; therefore it is very desirable that their homes be neat, orderly, and refined; it gives them graceful ideas, accustoms their minds to elegance, and makes them quite at home with the external forms of good-breeding.

But while advocating a refined and tasteful home—as refined and as tasteful as the position, circumstances, and future prospects of parents will permit—let it not for a moment be imagined that we approve of lavish expenditure or profusion, or would advise anybody to live up to or beyond their income. Such conduct would be folly, and no amount of logic could refine it into anything else. In no sense of the word do we recommend ostentation, and in no circumstances is extravagance justifiable; and we feel quite certain that good taste, style, and quiet dignity and perfect refinement are quite in harmony with the strictest economy and good management. If people want well-cooked, well-served food, a scrupulously clean, neat home, and respectful attention, they have to pay a trifle more for it than for slipshod, slovenly attendance and cookery; but the gain is so great, and the extra expense so comparatively small, that people who can afford it never for a moment regard the outlay as an extravagance, but rather consider it to be what it really is—a great economy. There is nothing more contrary to good-breeding, or more in opposition to true politeness, than display of any kind, whether of wealth, or knowledge, or anything else. True refinement delights in quiet harmony of action, thought, word, and surroundings, for the great pleasure such harmony gives, and the grace with which it invests even the simplest home. Show, and glitter, and gaudy grandeur are an utter abomination, and positively painful to the eye of one whose mind was early impressed with the true beauty of simplicity. Refinement avoids all extremes—steers clear of all peculiarities in dress, manner, and conversation; it breeds sincerity, gentleness, truth, unselfishness, or rather it is the result of those qualifications combined with a simple, earnest belief in one's self, and an honest desire to always do the thing that is right. A truly refined woman is

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,
> For transient sorrow's simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

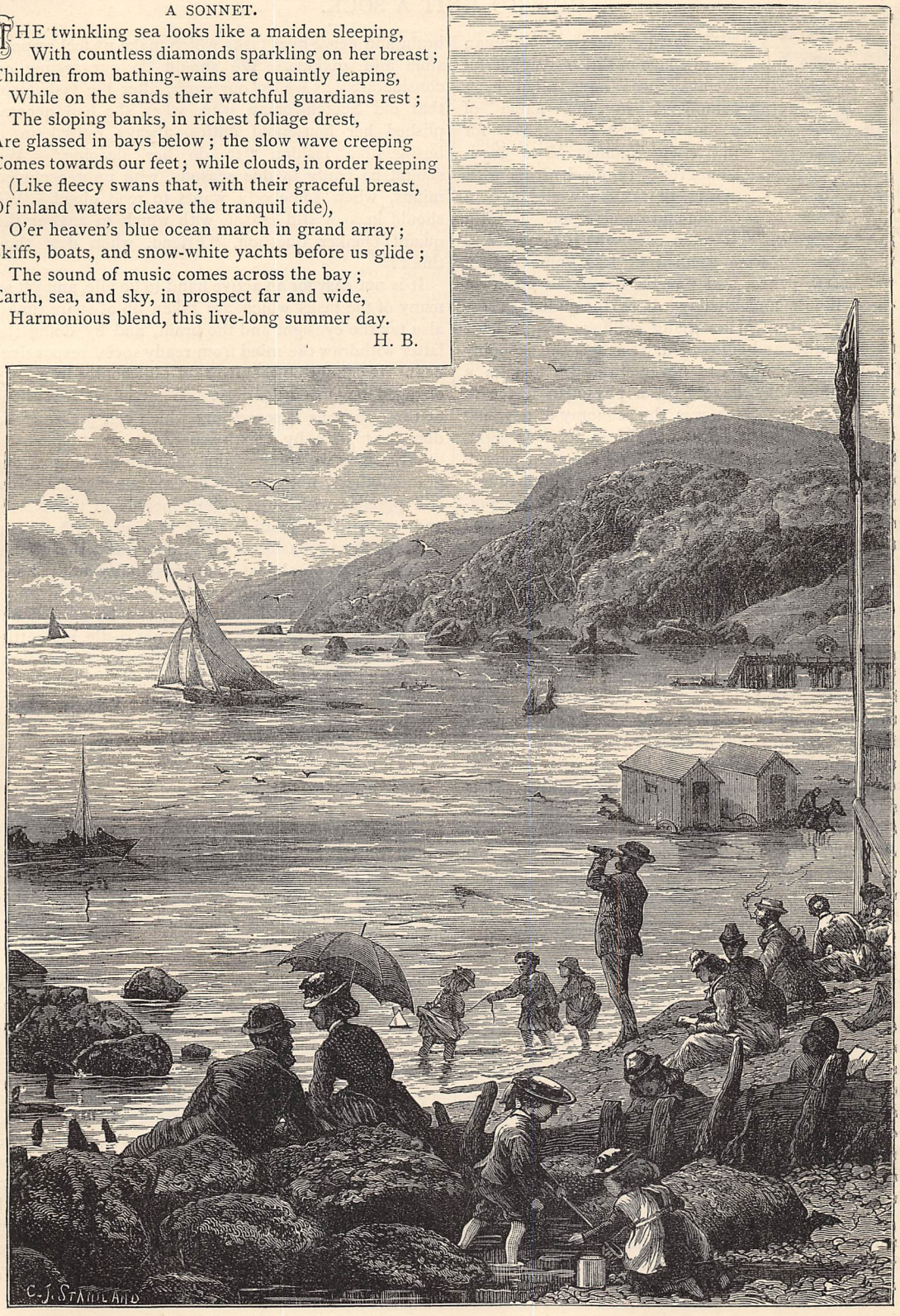
It is from the example of such a mother that children learn to be simple, natural, gentle, and graceful. In their nursery, or at their mother's knee, the seeds of their future manners are sown. And such early impressions are more powerful, and have a far better, happier influence than all my Lord Chesterfield's principles of politeness committed to memory, or all the other rules and maxims ever written. Beyond all doubt and question, example has a most powerful influence on both early education and early impressions, and it becomes every one to well consider what sort of example he or she sets, and what sort of impressions are provided for the minds of children.

PERFECT SUMMER: A SEASIDE SCENE.

A SONNET.

THE twinkling sea looks like a maiden sleeping,
With countless diamonds sparkling on her breast;
Children from bathing-wains are quaintly leaping,
While on the sands their watchful guardians rest;
The sloping banks, in richest foliage drest,
Are glassed in bays below; the slow wave creeping
Comes towards our feet; while clouds, in order keeping
(Like fleecy swans that, with their graceful breast,
Of inland waters cleave the tranquil tide),
O'er heaven's blue ocean march in grand array;
Skiffs, boats, and snow-white yachts before us glide;
The sound of music comes across the bay;
Earth, sea, and sky, in prospect far and wide,
Harmonious blend, this live-long summer day.

H. B.



HOW TO KNIT A SOCK.

THERE is in almost every human heart a love of thrift. Wonderful extravagances have often been committed in the name of economy, such as those for which Sir Thomas More good-humouredly reproached his wife, saying that "she would save a candle-end and spoil a satin gown." It often seems as if temper and comfort were deemed of less value than a few pence, and pounds are often spent in illness and anxiety where the judicious expenditure of as many shillings might have secured health and enjoyment. Such is the economy of those people who can never "afford" to take a holiday until they have paid a physician a fee to bid them do so. Such was the economy of a young lady, actually of considerable wealth in her own right, who waded through damp heather in a worn pair of boots, because she knew the upland way was rough, and feared lest the stones might cut her new ones, preferring, as a friend remarked, to spoil her constitution rather than her boots.

But all this is only the perversion of a feeling which at bottom is one of the most wholesome in nature—the hatred of waste: the intense delight of making the most of everything, and especially of doing it in some unexpected way. It is foolish to cut off from one end of our cloth to join it on at the other, but it is wise to join together that which was originally separate. Economy, being derived from the classic words for a house and a law, is not necessarily saving, it is rather making the best of things. It is more economical to spend a pound wisely than a shilling badly. It is far thriftier to buy materials for work than to sit in idleness.

And that brings us to the consideration of the fortune which is entrusted to each of us, alike to prince and to peasant, either to husband or to squander. We all have Time.

There is, probably, not more difference between different incomes, than there is between the amount of work done by divers men. In our own day, on a large scale, we have seen those who have combined politics, literature, social science, and philanthropy. And in many families there is one person who writes most of the letters, entertains the visitors, knows all about the books from the library, keeps up with the newspaper, hires the servants, and in some cases earns a fair income and looks after its expenditure into the bargain, while there is probably another who finds it the business of a morning to make out a washing-bill, and who has "no time" for anything but doing nothing!

And yet the most industrious of us often feel that if we let money slip through our fingers as we let time we should be spendthrifts indeed! Still, it is no prudent policy to be always bustling about, straining brain and nerve over tasks which make us feel responsible and anxious. We should do our resting as considerately as we do our work, after the fashion of that old Scotchwoman who, when she had accomplished her household duties, always retired in a businesslike fashion "to do her sleeping." We should be ready in due seasons, with unpreoccupied minds, when somebody wants to read aloud. We should keep a still season with which to answer the quaint Quaker question, "Friend, when dost thou think?"

It is not easy for an active hand to lie idle, and yet so many of the tasks which are taken up at spare times, also tax the eyesight and the brain, and by doing the latter withdraw the mind from ready social responsiveness. It cannot be easy to talk philosophy to a lady engaged on art-embroidery. What is really wanted at these seasons is something which can presently be done, as it were, by a sixth sense.

What may we think of the old sock-knitting of our grandmothers, not yet out of date among ourselves, still popular with quiet elderly people in the North, and quite the regulation work of Germany? When once the art is mastered, all is done, and the nimble fingers can go on almost as unconsciously as the heart beats. It is work which can be done at the fireside, away from the central lamp, or it can be carried out into the fields or garden. It does not rustle, nor rattle. It requires no constant consideration: a little counting now and then is its utmost demand. Three pairs of magnificently strong socks of the very best wool can be made for little more than the shop price of one ordinarily good pair. It appeals to pleasant feelings, for as a modern poet says—

> "It is the pride of woman true
> To cover from the cold."

In solitude, it goes on with that sort of restful jog-trot which quiets fagged nerves, and lets in pleasant memories and kindly thoughts. It has been said that sock-knitting is to women what some men claim that the pipe is to them, but certainly with this difference, that it results in garments instead of in dust and ashes!

As to its influence on conversation, many people talk much better if their hands are occupied. Madame de Staël liked to keep fingering a piece of pencil, and we have all heard of the unfortunate barrister who was struck dumb when he rose to plead, because the acute solicitor of the opposite side had abstracted the piece of red tape which seemed magically to unlock the floods of his eloquence. One writer says:—"I have a strange notion that my sister's knitting is to her strength of mind something like Samson's hair was to his bodily prowess. When we two are in argument, I have a wild wish to snatch that mysterious web from her agile fingers. Its very continuance daunts one with the reproach, 'Behold, in spite of idle clatter, these needles go on, and so does the world!'"

But nobody should attempt a stocking until they have first made themselves thoroughly expert in ordinary knitting stitches, and in picking them up if dropped. Still there are many people who can do all this, aye, and who can master the mysteries of those "feather and fan" and "shell" antimacassars, which irreverent men-folk angrily call "dish-towels," when a burst of laughter warns them that they have carried one off, attached to their coat-tail button. And yet there are comparatively few who can knit stockings. But all old Scotchwomen can do it, and so can all the country-folk in Wales and Germany and the Tyrol, and so can anybody else who has a reasonable share of those three invaluable "p's"—patience, perseverance, and practice.

Now we will suppose that you have learned to distinguish between "plain" and "purl," and that you have got your four bright steel needles and your ball of wool. Unwind about a yard from the ball. Do not break it off, but put it over the fore-finger of your left hand, holding it there with your thumb. Take a knitting needle in your right hand, insert it under the wool drawn over your fore-finger, and with the wool in your right hand, nearest to the ball, knit as for a "plain" stitch. This makes a nice, even, firm "casting on."

For an average-sized sock, you must "cast on" 32 stitches on the first needle, 32 stitches on the second, and 33 on the third. If the sock is large, you may want a little more; if small, a little less. But the rule is that on the two first needles an even number of stitches must be cast, while on the third one more stitch must be added.

In casting on the stitches on the second and third needles, see that you keep the needles drawn well together, or you will have an ugly loop between them.

When the stitches are on the three needles, take up your fourth needle and with it knit plain all the stitches on the first needle, with that needle thus set free knit plain all on the second needle, and with the second needle knit plain all on the third needle. This will make your first row, and will give you an idea how the four needles relieve each other, three in turn keeping the shape of the stocking, while the other in its turn carries on the work. You must remember that, in knitting, "a row" means all round the stocking.

For the second row, knit 2 plain, 2 purl, 2 plain, 2 purl, all round the stocking, till you come to the odd stitch at the end, purl it, that will make 3 purl stitches in that one place.

Do this again and again; take great care not to let your plain and purl stitches get out of place, the plain of one row must be always over the plain of the row before it, and so with the purl. Never forget that odd stitch. As you work you will see your knitting growing into nice close ribbing, which serves to hold the stocking neatly to the leg.

You must work all round the stocking 50 rows of this "purl and plain," and it will be a very good exercise for painstaking carefulness.

After the 50th row you purl no more. The rest is plain knitting, except that odd stitch at the end of every row. That must be always purled, which makes a neat seam-like stitch, that marks the middle of the stocking and keeps you straight when you come to make the heel.

Knit 50 plain rows with 1 purl stitch at the end of each. Then knit another row plain, until you have only 4 stitches left, that which is always purled, and 3 others, then knit 2 together, knit 1 plain, then purl 1 as usual. We will call this reducing row No. 1.

Begin the next row by knitting 1 plain, then knitting 2 together, then knit plain to the end and purl as usual. We will call this reducing row No. 2.

Knit 7 plain rows with the purl stitch at the end of each.

Repeat the two "reducing rows," followed by the 7 plain rows, four times more.

Thus you will see that you have reduced the number of your stitches five times. Now you will have to re-arrange your needles, and to do this you must first count your stitches. You will find that you still have 32 on the middle needle, 27 and the purl stitch on another needle, and 27 on the third needle. You will now see the value of the purl stitch. It serves to mark the middle of the sock, and to guide you in making your heel.

The united number of your stitches will be 86 without the purl stitch. You must divide this number into two, which will give you 43 on one side and 43 and the purl stitch on the other. You must slip the stitches from one needle to another, until you have 43 on the middle needle, 21 and the purl stitch on another needle, and 22 on the third needle.

Your wool will now be standing at the end of a row —*i.e.*, at the purl stitch. Knit plain to the end of the 22 stitches, then turn back, and purl the 22 stitches, the purl stitch, and the 21 stitches.

Turn back again, and knit plain along these two needles, taking care to purl over the purl stitch which is now in the middle of this "row," since, at present, the needle holding the 43 stitches is standing still, and does not enter into our calculations; slip the first stitch of each row.

You must knit 14 more of these rows, alternately plain and purl. This will make a piece of knitting with the slip stitches making a sort of chain down each side. When you have finished the 16th row (which will be a plain one) turn back and purl to the purl stitch, then purl 1, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn back. Continue as follows:—

Knit 3, purl 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn back.
Purl 6, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn back.
Knit 4, purl 1, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn back.
Purl 8, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.
Knit 5, purl 1, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl 10, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.
Knit 6, purl 1, knit 4, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl 12, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.
Knit 7, purl 1, knit 5, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl 14, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.
Knit 8, purl 1, knit 6, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl 16, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.
Knit 9, purl 1, knit 7, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl 18, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.

Knit 10, purl 1, knit 8, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl 20, purl 2 together, purl 1, and turn.
Knit 11, purl 1, knit 9, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.
Purl along the whole row and turn.
Knit 11, purl 1, knit 10, knit 2 together, knit 1, and turn.

Now pick up the slip stitches, of which there should be nine at each side, and re-arrange your needles, slipping the stitches from one to another, until they are arranged as follows :—the 43 still standing on the middle needle, 20 and the purl stitch on the other, and 20 on the third.

Plain knit all round the stocking, then plain knit the 43 stitches.

Knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 17, purl 1, knit 17, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Knit all round the stocking twice, purling 1 at the middle of the heel. Knit the 43 stitches.

Then knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 16, purl 1, knit 16, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Again knit twice round the stocking, and then knit the 43 stitches, and repeat, reducing the two needles at either side of the purl stitch. You must take notice that this reducing is done after every seventh "needle" is knitted, not after every seventh row, but in reality, as nearly as possible, at two rows and one-half of a row. Continue this reducing until there remain on one needle 13 stitches and the purl stitch, and on the other 13 stitches.

At this point you may discontinue the purl stitch in the middle of the heel; but you must be very careful never to shift a stitch from one needle to the other at this point, or you will deform your stocking by an ugly twist when you work the toe.

You may now relieve the needle burdened with 43 stitches, by transferring 4 stitches to the needle which has 13, and 4 to that which carries 13 and the odd stitch. You will find that this restores the balance of the stocking, giving 35 stitches to the middle, and 34 and the odd stitch to the two back needles.

Now knit all round the stocking not less than 58 plain rows.

Reducing begins again at this point. Begin with the middle needle and its 35 stitches, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit along the needle till 3 stitches remain, knit 2 together, knit 1. Then on the side needle, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit to the end of that needle; then on the last needle, knit till 3 stitches only remain, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Then knit a plain row all round the stocking to the same point.

Then repeat reducing row. You will notice that in each of these rows the number of stitches is reduced by 4 : 2 on the middle needle and 1 on each of those at the side.

Then repeat the plain row; and go on, repeating these 2 rows alternately, until you have only 26 stitches on the needles—13 on the middle one, 6 on one side needle, and 7 on the other. Slip the last 13 on to one needle, put the needles side by side, and knit together one from each needle. Again knit together one from each needle. Then through the loop of the last stitch draw the loop of the first. Repeat this until all the stitches are fastened off, and the sock is complete.

You must remember that, when you have once mastered this task, you are put in possession of certain principles by which socks or stockings of any size may be made. Whatever are the number of the stitches cast on at the beginning, they must be of even numbers on two needles, with one additional stitch on the third. Whatever be the size of the sock, you must always count the stitches and divide them into two equal parts for making the heel, and the same again when you begin to reduce for the toe.

Of course the plain and purl ribbing with which the stocking begins, may be carried down to any length that taste or use may direct. For children's socks it should go all down the leg, and for socks to be worn with shoes it should even be continued in the upper half of the sock, over the instep.

Do not be daunted by finding that, in your early experiments, you do really require to give undivided attention to your work. By the time you have made two pairs of socks you will be quite expert, and if you always keep a sock on hand your acquirement will never grow rusty. In learning to knit a sock, you also learn many little secrets of the art, which will enable you without much further instruction to knit many little articles of clothing. And you have also learned something which, while it may be the pleasant pastime of some of your happiest hours, will not utterly fail you if days come of feeble health, and failing sight, and which in old age will certainly help to finish that pretty picture of "grandmamma," which stands in so many young hearts as an abiding type of contentment, helpfulness, and comfort.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I DID not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbours. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This was how it happened. He was the Rector of Doveton, and we lived at the Manor House, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and the Rectory. We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and on the whole it was rather pleasant to me also.

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised when, one morning as we got to the avenue which led up to the Manor House, Mr. Cartwright asked me to be his wife.

I have never been able to find out why I said yes, but I did ; perhaps I thought it a pity to throw away so much love; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse him; perhaps I feared his pale face, and his low pleading voice, would ever haunt me if I rejected his love ; or perhaps it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not ; perhaps it was all these reasons put together, but anyhow I said yes, and in due time we were married.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

It was all my fault, I either would not or could not love him ; I accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of course, but I made no effort to return it ; and I am sure he had found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning, about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased I concealed my annoyance, and asked carelessly when he would start.

"I OPENED A BOOK I HAD GIVEN HIM" (*p.* 558).

He replied, the next day if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever ; I only once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning, I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him ; as the train moved off, I remembered this was our first part-

ing since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which, when he saw I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him, and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief, as he followed me, whining, into the house. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master; at last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings, and liked me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me standing on his writing-table, and another on the chimney-piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed the room was full of little remembrances of me; I opened a book I had given him, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath in his own, "From my darling wife." I laid it down with a sigh, as I thought how carefully he treasured everything I had ever given him, and how little care I took of all his gifts to me.

Everything I attempted, everything I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me, and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero appeared to think so too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing round his master's chair in the most melancholy manner.

My plate, for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully, if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself, and go and visit some of the poor people in the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story, all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened with burning cheeks, I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he most loved and cherished.

At last I went home, tired and sick at heart; but there was no one to notice I was pale and worn-out, no one to get me wine or soup to revive me, no one to make me lie down and rest, as he would have done had he been there. Oh, how I missed him! What a fool I had been! Was there ever woman loved and cared for as I had been? Was there ever friend so ungrateful? Oh! why had I ever let him leave me? I was sure he would never come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered, "You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind words; and so he left you, to seek love and sympathy from his mother."

This thought almost maddened me; in fancy I saw her sitting in my place by his side, loving and caressing him, as I had the best right to love and caress him; I pictured her receiving tenderly the little loving acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her. I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, and of trying to win his love from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers-in-law in general, and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself, on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"Why, Nelly," said Maud, "I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much, and thought her so nice, that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband very properly, as mamma says, objected."

"So I did," I answered; "but I did not know then she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way, or, of course, I should never have liked her."

"Really, Nell, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good," said Maud.

"Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it," I replied rather crossly.

"The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason that I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous, and that I was in love, as she called it.

This knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew I loved him than I longed to tell him so, and make up, as far as I could, for all my former cruelty; for I could call my conduct by no milder word. I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but when morning came my pride stepped in, and I began to feel it would

be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home, and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for, or so pleased with, her first love-letter, as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality I think there was a tone of gentle reproach throughout the letter. He gave me an account of his journey, and of his mother's health, begged me to write to him a few lines every day; but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool and with no allusions to my misery. The more I tried, the more impossible I found it to *write* any expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

I lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night, and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maud became frightened, and declared she would write and summon my husband home, and tell him I was pining away for him. I forbade her doing this, so sternly that she dared not disobey me, for I was determined he should never hear from any lips but mine that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain-fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning, to tell her my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three hours' journey, they seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a largish town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a fly to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learnt afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the little drawing-room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped into another room, so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side were some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he was writing, lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear! Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking on to a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went to fetch him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling! what is it?" he cried as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly. For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out—

"Oh, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and to tell you I can't live without you." I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth, and when at length he let me go, there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learnt from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth. We went back to the Rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.

SONG.

WHAT sap have you dead leaves to quicken,
Though ooze the dew and weep the rain?
When love is dead, though kisses thicken,
Hearts will but sicken; all's in vain.

Blown is my flower of love's engraffing;
Weak is my passion, that was strong;
Broke is my cup, there's no more quaffing;
I, sad, half laughing—make a song.

WHALES AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

A STUDENT, on being asked by his examiner if he could give any information regarding the fishes, is said to have replied that "he knew them all, from the limpet to the whale." Whilst most persons would object to the idea of the limpet being included in the class of fishes, there are not a few who might possibly agree with the student in his ideas of classification as regards the whale. Very frequently the latter animal is named a "fish." It swims about in the sea, and is in fact wholly aquatic in its habits. It is, moreover, fish-like in shape and appearance. It possesses a tail-fin and other fins, or fin-like structures, seen in fishes. And with this list of characters before the mental vision, it is hardly to be wondered at that popular zoology should have classified the whales with fishes, or that many persons, even in this enlightened age, will express some surprise on being told that the modern leviathan, so far from being a fish, is in reality a very close relation of their own. To begin with, fishes are cold-blooded animals—that is, their blood is a degree or two warmer than the water in which they swim. They breathe by gills—structures adapted for separating the oxygen gas from the water with which it is entangled—and are thus truly aquatic animals, being unable, as a general rule, to exist out of their native element. Their bodies, as every one knows, are covered with scales, and their fins are supported on stiff filaments known as fin-rays; and if our examination of the fish extended to its internal structure, we should find that its heart was a comparatively simple organ, consisting of two compartments, or chambers; whilst other anatomical characters, which need not be specially detailed in the present instance, would come to be associated with fishes as typical features of their class. Lastly, the young are hatched from eggs, and, save in a very few cases, of which the sticklebacks, sea-horses, and their neighbours present examples, the parent-fishes show no concern for the welfare of their progeny, which are left to themselves in the matter of development and growth.

Turning to the whales, on the other hand, we may speedily discover wide and apparent differences between them and their fish-neighbours. Thus whales are warm-blooded, their temperature rising very considerably above that of the surrounding water. They breathe, as does man, by lungs, and require therefore to ascend periodically to the surface of the water to inhale atmospheric air. The covering of their bodies consists typically of hairs, and not of scales, although this body-covering is but sparsely, or not at all, developed in the whales. They may possess fins, but these fins are not supported by fin-rays such as are found in fishes; and the tail-fin in whales is placed horizontally, or across the body, and not vertically as in fishes. In their internal anatomy they present features of perfect agreement with man and all mammals or quadrupeds. They have a four-chambered heart, this being the highest type of heart that we meet with in the animal series; and in respect of their brain-structure and of other characters, the whales present a close resemblance to the quadrupeds. Lastly, the young of the whales are born alive, and are nourished with milk, the strong attachment existing between, and the affection of the whale-parent for her offspring being a matter of common knowledge, familiar to all who have read accounts of whaling-expeditions. The whales, to conclude, present us simply with a modification of the quadruped-class adapted for a life in water, and in this respect are approached by the seals and walruses, although these latter animals exhibit a nearer approach to ordinary quadrupeds than the whales.

Having thus cleared the ground, as it were, for a brief study of the whales, we may next glance at the various kinds of these animals which are comprised within the limits of their order. This order, or division, is named *Cetacea*, and hence the term "Cetacean" is used to indicate any animal that is truly "like a whale." The whalebone whales, sperm whales, and their allies represent, of course, the most typical members of the group; but there are other animals, familiar to most of us, which, whilst departing somewhat from the strict type of these whales, yet evince all the characters of Cetaceans. Such are the familiar dolphins of mythological fame, whose unwieldy gambols serve to amuse the tropical voyager, and to remind him of the exploits of a troop of schoolboys liberated from pedagogic supervision. To the dolphins, may be added the grampus and porpoise, both dread enemies of the fisherman's interests, from the havoc they commit amongst shoals of fishes; and most extraordinary of all the Cetaceans, perhaps, is the Narwhal, or sea-unicorn, from the upper jaw of which grows a long spirally twisted ivory pole, measuring from eight to ten feet in length, and representing the large or extreme development of a certain tooth, the exact nature of which it is very difficult to determine. The ivory pole of the narwhal represents certainly the longest, and probably in other respects the most remarkable tooth in the animal world. The remaining members of the whale group include two animals which cannot by any stretch of ideas be described as well-known forms. One of these creatures inhabits the

mouth of the Ganges, whence it is named the Gangetic Dolphin. Like the Gavial or Gangetic Crocodile, this latter form possesses a very long snout, whilst its nostrils are represented by a mere slit. The remaining animal is equally curious in its habits. It is named the Inia, and is found inhabiting the rivers of Bolivia. It is often met with in the upper reaches of these rivers, at a distance of 2,000 miles or more from the sea, and may thus be regarded as a typical fresh-water Cetacean.

There also exist, however, certain animals which, as Polonius would say, are so "very like a whale" in all their features, that even by naturalists they were formerly included in the Cetacean group. Such are the Sea-cows, or Manatees, and Dugongs, animals attaining a length of from eight to twelve feet, and which inhabit the Atlantic coasts of Africa and North America, and also occur on the shores of the Indian Ocean. They have been named *Sirenia*, from the fact that when they support themselves in a semi-erect posture in the water they present to the eye, and no less to the weird imagination of voyagers, a striking likeness to the fabled sirens and mermaids. Like the whales, they have a horizontal tail-fin, but they certainly differ in habits and in many points of structure from the former animals, and are hence classified by modern zoologists as near neighbours of the whales, and not as true Cetaceans.

Such is a brief *resumé* of the whale-family and its nearest connections. A family history may in this instance appropriately preface an account of some of the more prominent individual peculiarities of certain members of the group, and we may commence such an account with the recital of the chief features of interest to be found in the well-known Greenland or whalebone whales. These animals form the chief objects of interest to the Greenland whalers, and, as implied by the last-mentioned designation, afford that useful substance known as whalebone, or "baleen." Common as this substance undoubtedly is, it may be questioned whether any persons who have not an intimate acquaintance with comparative anatomy know exactly what it represents in the living animal. The term "whalebone" would lead us to believe that it forms some portion of the animal's skeleton, but this is very far indeed from the truth. Whalebone, in fact, represents an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate. From 150 to 200 of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale, and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone-plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer. Thus when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of small or minute animals, allied to jelly-fishes and the like, are engulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth-cavity. The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal-contents are strained off and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and when a sufficient quantity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is duly swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest of animals are supported by some of the smallest beings, and the case before us serves as a practical parallel to the fable of the lion and the mouse. The sperm whales possess no whalebone-plates, and there are a few whales, exemplified by the rorquals, &c., in which the baleen-plates are of very small size.

Beneath the skin in the whales there exists a thick layer of fat, constituting the "blubber," and serving to maintain an equable temperature of body in whatever seas the whale may chance to swim. This blubber affords the "oil" of the whaler, and in addition to its function of acting as a warm coating, it fulfils the purpose, from its lightness, of rendering the body of the whale more buoyant, and on the well-known principle that fat people float well, serves to render the great body less cumbrous.

Whales have no hinder limbs, and possess the merest rudiments of haunch-bones. The horizontal tail-fin is adapted for acting as a huge lever in enabling the animal to dive, but it is useless, from its position, as an organ of locomotion; hence the "flippers," or swimming-paddles, formed of the modified front limbs, constitute the organs of movement of these animals. The whales, however, swim very swiftly, the spectacle of a whale careering along the surface of the water being one worthy of remembrance. At frequent intervals the whale is seen to "blow" or to "spout"—these terms being applied to indicate the ejection of water, or what looks like that fluid, from the nostrils. In the whalebone whales the nostrils are situated on the top of the head, and are named "blow-holes." On the supposition that the water ejected from these apertures consisted of that which, as already remarked, is continually being drawn into the mouth, the "blowing" of these animals appeared to be susceptible of ready explanation. But it was ultimately seen that there was no plain anatomical justification for the idea that water could pass so readily and constantly from the mouth to the nose, while a much more feasible explanation of the "blowing" of these animals can readily be found. Thus the water which is taken into the mouth appears to be strained off, as we have seen, by the whalebone-plates, and escapes simply by the sides of the mouth-cavity. When, on the other hand, the whale "blows," the animal rises to the surface, the act of "blowing" being in reality the effort of expiration, or "breathing out" the heated air of the lungs, preparatory to taking in a fresh breath of air. As the whale begins to blow just before approaching the surface of the water, the effort must result in the water which lies above the head being carried up into the air in the form of a column or jet; whilst the heated air from the lungs is expelled when the animal has reached the surface, and being condensed by sudden exposure to the outer cold, appears in the form of the fine spray or vapour which is last exhaled.

HOBBIES: THEIR EFFECT ON THE HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

If I had wanted a motto for this paper, I should have selected this: *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Very hackneyed words, I grant you, but words that contain much truth nevertheless. You cannot separate mind and matter, says the philosopher. I shall leave him to think so while I, from a purely medical standpoint, assert boldly that howsoever serene and calm the mind of a man, and especially a Christian man, may remain while suffering bodily, certain states of the mind cannot long exist without deleteriously affecting the health of the body. I am not, be it understood, talking of positive disease of the mind, such as melancholia or mania in any form, but such minor mental ailments as care, worry, impatience, and ennui. We must have the *mens sana*, the healthy mind, if we would be well. Now many of the so-called ills of this life are merely imaginary, and would melt into nothingness if we did not think about them. Moreover, mourning over little griefs and vexations, if much indulged in, soon becomes a habit, and induces extreme sensitiveness and nervousness, and these in their turn tend not only to shorten our lives, but to render us miserable while we do live. There is something to be said in favour of the school of laughing philosophy after all; only we must learn to laugh at adversity, not from the teeth forwards, but from the heart. Now there is, I think, much good to be derived from the possession of an honest hobby of some kind. It gives us much pleasure, and some interest in life, something to live for and think about, it helps to banish care and ennui, and with these, who can say how much sickness? Hobbies, moreover, keep us from evil habits; an idle man, depend upon it, is never a happy man, and I quite concur with Dr. Watts that "the devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." I am of opinion, too, that if the cultivation of simple and innocent hobbies was more the rule and less the exception in our country, there would be fewer gin-palaces and fewer unhappy homes in England.

Now let me give you an instance of how the adoption of a hobby saved a ship's crew from scurvy. There were three of us altogether—three full-rigged Greenland ships, each with a crew, all told, of nearly ninety men, and I myself made one in one of the three. The weather had been exceedingly mild for some weeks, and in the pursuit of our avocation we had bored our way many, many miles in through the ice, towards Greenland West. There, thinking he was sure of us, King Winter blew on us from the north with his icy breath, and lo! we were held as in a vice, and thus remained for months, fully one hundred miles from blue water. As time went on, the fear that we might not escape from our snowy prison that season increased, and the captain of our vessel very properly reduced our allowance of food. Light was in plenty, both by night and day, for the sun never set; water we had enough of and to spare; but, as I said, our provisions were stinted, and they were mostly salt. We had neither books nor games to amuse us; the solitude of our situation was more dreary than I can describe, for no living creature, bird or beast, ever came near us. Besides, we had positively nothing to do, and too much time to do it in. Taking exercise in a case of this sort is very monotonous, because you know you are merely taking it to try to keep body and soul together. It was a happy thought then of old Peter Noble, our spectioneer, which found vent in the following words:—

"Pitch away your pipes, lads; there is more to do in this world than smoke, and mop and mourn. Let us make silver rings for our wives and sweethearts."

"Bravo!" chorussed his companions, "that's a capital idea; let us make rings for the dear ones at home, and when in happier days we look at them, we'll kiss the hands that wear them, and our minds will revert to this dull time, and we will thank Him we are free, and in our own land again."

Now this making of rings was a very simple thing, but it required some time and a little thought besides; but it was a labour of love, and it kept the hands well employed. A shilling, a florin, or even a sixpenny-piece was softened in the fire, a hole was then bored in the centre, and into this hole was inserted the point of a marline-spike—this latter being an iron tool, round and tapering, not unlike a steel for sharpening knives on, which is used at sea for unstranding ropes in splicing. Well, the coin, being adjusted on this handy instrument, had to be hammered gradually adown it, until the hole was supposed to be wide enough to admit the finger of the fair one for whom it was intended; this done, it had to be filed, and afterwards nicely polished. Of course there were big rings to be made and little rings.

"My little Mary," said one sailor, as he hammered away and thought of home, "bless her heart; her little finger ain't thicker than a pipe-stalk."

"Ah!" said another, "but my Sue is a fine lass; half-a-crown ain't a bit too big for her finger."

Now the upshot of all this ring-making was that, first and foremost, there was not a coin left in the ship that was not converted; there was thus much illegal defacing, for which I think Her Majesty would graciously forgive us, if told that the hobby kept our crew in health and spirits, and that the crews of both the other ships were down with, and some dead of scurvy.

Well then, if some of my readers are convinced that the state of the mind does really influence that

of the body—that the pursuit of an innocent hobby, which pleasantly engages the thoughts, has an effect for good on the general health—then I think they cannot do wrong by adopting one. And here is a word of advice at the outset: in the choice of a hobby, just as in that of a profession, be guided by your bent or inclination; and whatsoever hobby you do choose, determine to excel in it, for if your motto be *Excelsior*, you will derive double the pleasure therefrom. Probably your station in life, and the part of the country in which you reside, will have a good deal to do with your choice. If your home is near the sea, for example, or by the banks of a good boating-river, rowing will most likely suggest itself as a most pleasant hobby; and a more manly or health-giving exercise it would be hard indeed to find. By constant daily rowing, the muscles, especially those of the chest, are greatly strengthened, and the capacity of the lungs is much increased, while at the same time the mind is correspondingly exhilarated. Few people indeed come home unhappy after rowing for an hour or two; a little tired, perhaps, but usually dreamily contented. Be cautious, however, if you take up rowing as your hobby, that you do not catch cold; flannels are essential to the oarsman, and you will soon learn the wisdom of slipping on a comforter and reefing-jacket on leaving your boat, heated though you may be at the time. There is no need to toil at the oars and tire yourself; avoid very hard rowing and what are called "spurts," for these tend to heart-disease of the most distressing kind. Neither would I have you be over-vigorous or ascetic in "training;" live naturally and you will live all the longer. Riding and hunting are grand hobbies, combining as they do the best of out-door exercise with the most pleasant and healthful excitement. My friend G——, yonder, confesses to nearly seventy, yet is he hours in the saddle daily, and his eyes are clear as a baby's; they have not that bilious, curried look, which you see in people who are addicted to indolence; my old friend's biceps is hard as a cocoa-nut, while every sinew of his arm is as tough as telegraph wire, and I fully believe he will live till he is ninety. But nearly all out-door sports may be taken up as hobbies, such as cricket, which greatly enlivens the mind, and I am sure tends to length of days, for I know at this present moment several amateur cricketers who have had an "innings" of eighty years, and are likely to live a few more ere their wickets go down.

Bicycling was at first thought by many medical men to be prejudicial to health, but it is now generally allowed to be very excellent constitutional exercise. The young man is surely to be envied, who after a day's work, or a week's hard toil at the "drudgery of the desk's dull wood," can mount his airy iron horse, and in an hour or less exchange the city's din and dust for green fields and shady lanes, and life-giving ozone-laden breezes. More chance of long life has he, I ween, than yonder wan clerk, whose only exercise is his pedal progression twice a day between his office-stool and his dingy lodging, and who, if he neglect to make good use of his Saturday half-holidays, can have little idea how pleasantly the lowing of kine sounds in summer evenings in the green country, or how sweet is the singing of birds, the murmur of brooklets over their stony beds, or the plash of the glad trout in the tree-shaded pool. Talking of trout, by the way, reminds me that I know a gentleman who makes fishing one of his hobbies. He whirls down on his bicyle from town, bringing his tackle along with him, puts up for the night at some rural hostelry, spends the evening in reading his favourite author or in quiet chat, and next day in fishing. He always manages to make a good bag, and after so enjoyable a day, on returning to town he cannot help feeling invigorated. An occasional day now and then spent in this fashion, is better for one than all the physic in the world. To a man of contemplative mind, I think there can be no better hobby than fishing. You never tire of it, and it never over-tires you as shooting may, while there is just sufficient excitement about the sport to make it delightful, without the chance of after reaction.

Sketching or painting is another hobby which takes one much out of doors; it is especially to be recommended to those who are irritable and excitable, or dyspeptic, and whose nerves want calming and toning. But happy is he who can combine the pleasure of a walking with that of a sketching tour. A month or six weeks thus spent in Highland or lake districts, when the bloom is on the heather, or the autumn tints are on the trees, will so brace a man up that he can easily do without a single dose of medicine for a whole year at the very least.

The capability of playing well on some musical instrument is, of course, better named an accomplishment than a hobby; still music is a wonderful care-killer. Were I to be separated from my good old fiddle—oh! call it not a violin—I verily believe I soon should wax old and die.

There are many excellent hobbies that may be adopted both in town and country, by those who have either little time or little wish for hard exercise. Flower-tending, for example, and window-gardening, are both occupations that tend to soothe the mind, and often too carry the thoughts to higher things. What a charming hobby a fernery is, and how easily one may be built, filled, and kept up! An aquarium is another, especially a salt-water one; it is very great amusement to watch and study the many curious manners and customs of its inmates. This leads me to say a word in conclusion concerning the domesticated animal hobby. The proper care and breeding of beautiful dogs and cats, for instance, gives genuine delight to more people in the British Islands than in any other country in the world, and those who have not tried this hobby can have no idea to what state of beauty or perfection a noble dog, or even a humble cat, may be brought.

I could name to you hundreds of care-dispelling health-giving hobbies, but this is not my intention. I only wanted in this paper to give the reader a taste for doing something or keeping something. If I have succeeded, I am indeed rewarded.

The Window-Garden.

Words by T. B. ALDRICH. *Music by* GEORGE COSBY.

PIANO. *Allegretto. mf*

8. *mf* *p*

1. With lash on cheek she comes and goes;..... I watch her
2. Up - on her win - dow - ledge is set..... A box of

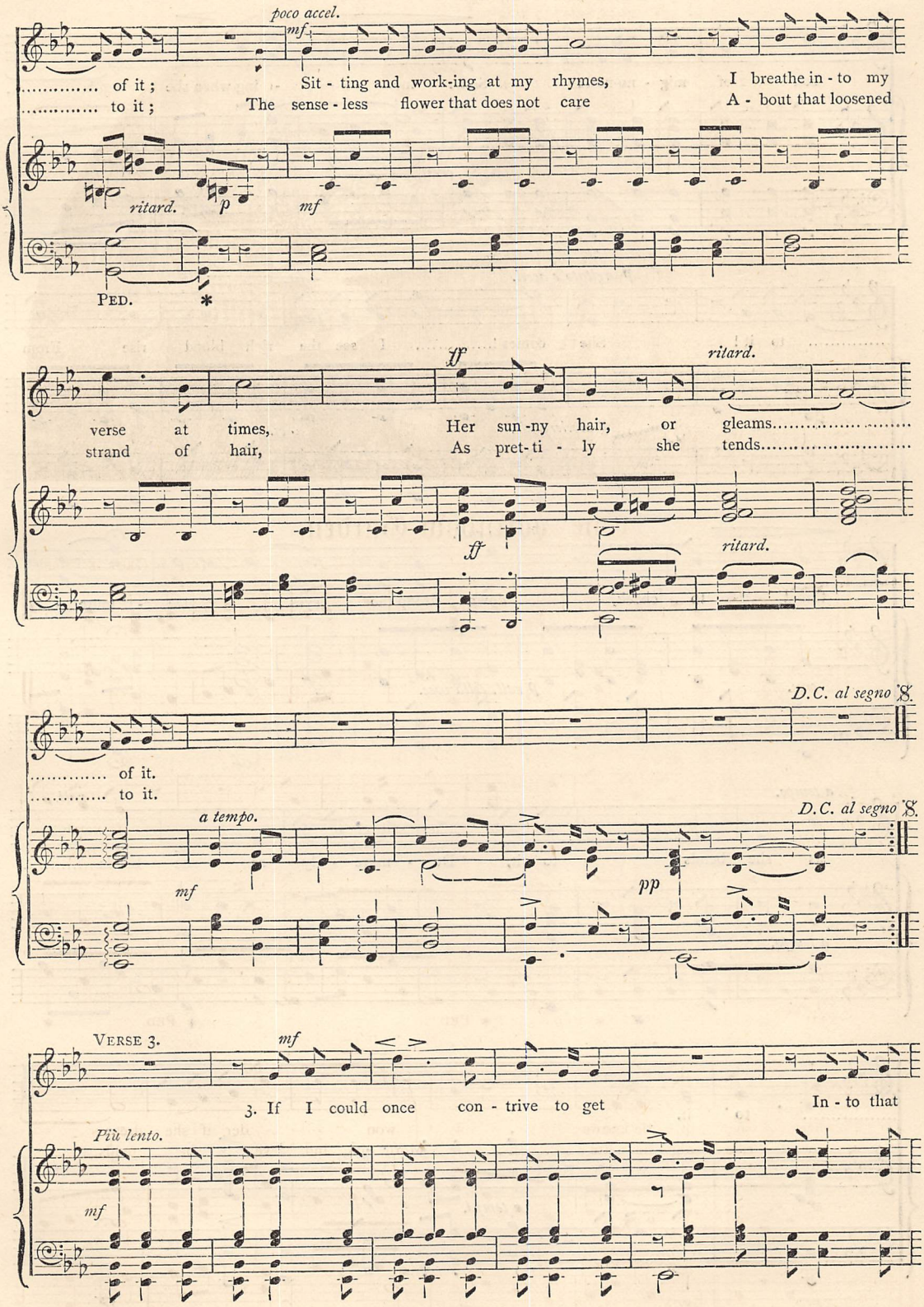
8. *mf* *p*

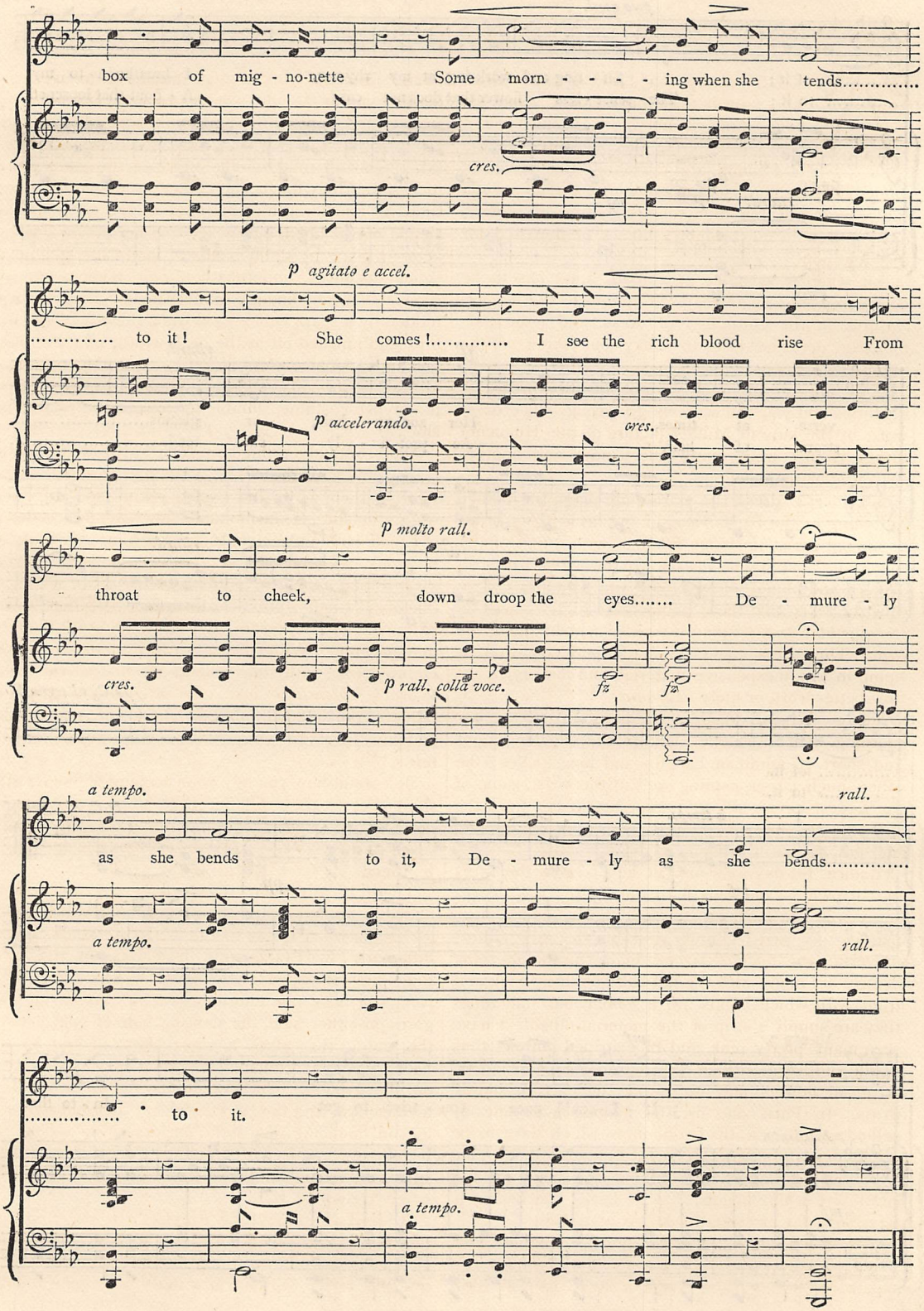
PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. *

when she lit - tle knows; I won - - - - der if she dreams
flow - 'ring mig - no - nette; Morn - ing and eve she tends

cres. *dim.*

PED. * PED. *


poco accel.
mf
..... of it ;
..... to it ;
Sit - ting and work-ing at my rhymes,
The sense - less flower that does not care
I breathe in - to my
A - bout that loosened
ritard.
p
mf
PED.
*
ff
ritard.
verse at times,
strand of hair,
Her sun - ny hair, or
As pret - ti - ly she
gleams.....
tends.....
ff
ritard.
D.C. al segno 𝄋.
..... of it.
..... to it.
a tempo.
D.C. al segno 𝄋.
mf
pp
VERSE 3.
mf
3. If I could once con - trive to get
In - to that
Più lento.
mf


box of mig - no-nette Some morn - - - - ing when she tends.....
cres.
p agitato e accel.
..... to it! She comes!..... I see the rich blood rise From
p accelerando.
cres.
p molto rall.
throat to cheek, down droop the eyes..... De - mure - ly
cres.
p rall. colla voce.
fz
fz
a tempo.
rall.
as she bends to it, De - mure - ly as she bends.....
a tempo.
rall.
..... to it.
a tempo.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

AUGUST means your London season over. The crowds who have spent some six hours daily, if not more, in seeing and being seen during the past three months in London, are refreshing themselves at numerous watering-places at home and abroad; while some, weary of the monotonous routine of society, have retired to quiet country homes or departed for the Continent.

But whether at home or abroad, dress has to be considered, so I shall begin to epitomise the leading features in the chronicles of dress, and more particularly describe how to carry out some of the prevailing fashions.

Copy almost any old costume of the three last centuries and you will scarcely go wrong. The dress worn by the lady in Millais' picture of the Huguenot lovers is just what many affect now, and another revival is made as follows :—

A Princesse dress, the skirt quite plain, the bodice buttoning at the back. Round the neck are a series of oblong piped slashings filled in with a puff of the material. The tight sleeves to the wrist are also slashed and puffed at the elbow and shoulder. Care must be taken that these puffings are high enough on the shoulder, and are placed exactly in the bend of the arm. This dress could be made perfectly well at home in any inexpensive material, and few styles are now better worn or more *distingué*.

There are two distinct fashions in sleeves for morning wear: the one high on the shoulder, tight and short, to admit of bangles and long gloves; the other much larger, coming well to the wrist, some of the newest having a long perpendicular slit from the shoulder to the wrist, piped, and a box-plait laid beneath, so that it expands as the arm moves.

Bodices for day wear are cut now to give the effect of narrowness and length to the figure; the sleeves sewn well forward on to the bodice; very little padding is used. Bands and buckles are almost universal, the buckles large; many of the morning dresses are made with the full baby-bodices, back and front, with which bands are essential, but sometimes they are simply a strip of the material piped. I have seen many pretty pink and blue striped cottons thus made, and worn without any out-door cape or jacket. Artificial flowers play an important part in ladies' dress. In Paris one firm is making a fortune by selling natural wreaths for bonnets, which have to be renewed daily. A single natural bloom is blended with the lace lappet worn round the neck for full dress, and a tiny bouquet on the left of the bodice is *de rigueur* for day wear on dressy occasions.

The following is a useful and fashionable short dress for daily wear, much worn during the past two months in Rotten Row, where it found its way from Paris. The material, a small black and white shepherd's plaid in a light woollen make. The skirt, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards round, sufficiently short not to touch the ground. Up to within a quarter of a yard of the waist, this is kilt-plaited all round. The width of the plaits is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and they touch each other; they require three times as much width of material as the skirt. They should not be lined, but tacked and hot-pressed, being kept in place by three bands of inch-wide ribbon at equal distances underneath. The bodice, cut *en Princesse*, is long enough to meet the plaits; the join is hidden by a scarf, half a yard wide, thrown round the hips and finished off at the back with a careless knot and ends. A sleeveless jacket cut with the six seams, a black velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets, complete what is a stylish costume, suitable for town, country, or sea-side.

Short organdy printed muslins have as yet found favour only with the *élite*. Next year we shall all be wearing them as we did twelve years ago. In Paris white muslin is fashionable for evening parties, trimmed with Valenciennes or Mechlin, over pink or blue silk, with clusters of upturned loops of narrow satin ribbon, folded so as to show the other colour on the reverse side; pink, cardinal, red, pale blue, olive, navy blue, myrtle, cream, and black being all blended in one knot. With these, white mittens are worn, embroidered with the colour to match the slip. Worth's *spécialités* just now are short, wrinkled tabliers, the Medici tabliers, short and round, and Indienne dresses—viz., cambric with cashmere patterns.

Be careful how you buy your boots and shoes; with short dresses they will be seen. The toes must be pointed, and in shoes embroidered with sprays which reach to the very tips; the boots have cashmere tops buttoned.

There is a rumour that crinoline is once more about to ascend the throne of fashion—it has hardly as yet put in a claim to rule—but the skirts are cut differently in France and England. In the latter they are arranged with plain widths back and front, the back one enormously long and having two gores on either side, the slanting side of one meeting the train; this gives a short skirt all but at the back, where a semicircular train sweeps half a yard on the ground. In France the skirts have much greater flow, and the back is wider; being lined with muslin flouncing they stand out almost as well at the back as with a positive crinoline. Many of the richest silks and velvets in Paris are made, not short, but barely trained at all.

A word as to evening dresses. In deciding how the bodice should be made, you have the choice of a stay-bodice, which is low and cut so that it fits the figure without a wrinkle and comes down

well on the hips, having merely a shoulder-strap in lieu of sleeves, with an armlet or bracelet below; or, as is most fashionable now, a sleeve to elbow, made in transparent tulle, lace, net, or rows of insertion sewn together; it starts from the shoulder, with no under-sleeve, and finishes off with a frill of lace at the elbow, being just sufficiently wide to allow of the movement of the arm. One of the critics of fashionable follies urged, as an objection to shoulder-straps replacing sleeves, that vaccination marks were unsightly; the transparent sleeves hide these, but their tightness gives a bare uncomfortable appearance to the arms, nevertheless. Then there is the low baby-bodice, made with folds and gatherings, which is most becoming to thin figures, and terminates in a waist-belt—this is perhaps the newest; or there are the low square bodices, those that are cut as they might be for a yoke, with the yoke out, a sort of three-quarter height, square in front or high to the throat; for quite full dress high bodices are often adopted by people who have not the excuse of being elderly.

My advice would be to select either a white or black dress, satin if possible, for throughout the London and Paris seasons more than half the people in every ball-room wore the one or the other, and if economy is an object they admit of a variety of trimming, and so represent several toilettes instead of one. White is more *distingué* with no colour whatever either in the way of flowers or head-dress; it looks well, however, with floral fringes, with chenille gimp, of which a little goes a great way, and with bands of embroidery in coloured silks or white satin. Just now there is a decided *penchant* for the gold cloth and gold and silver fringes hitherto deemed theatrical. I have seen a white dress with a scarf of gold tissue and one of gold cloth carried across the skirt, a bow of the two materials mixed on the train and bodice, the cap worn with it made of gold tissue. Gold and silver tinsel fringes border many of the scarf tunics of black and white dresses.

Skirts of evening dresses are generally plain at the back, save for kilt-plaitings and the ends of the scarf tunics, which heading more plaitings in the front, are bordered, with chenille or floral fringe. Gauzes, open gauzes with satin stripes, canvas, grenadine with brocaded satin, canvas gauze with velvet roses in relief, bourrette gauze, bourrette Lyons crêpe—these are favourite materials for drapery in France, trimmed with two novelties—viz., lace covered with tiny flowers fastened on with gold or black or white beads in the centre of each, and appliqués of Indian design on black tulle. For head-dresses, caps and wreaths are worn, also combs formed of a single row of jet, silver, or pearl beads, and Greek fillets. Mignonette, pine-cones, burs, thistles, buttercups, and dandelions are used for artificial flowers.

Quite charming for the country is a short petticoat bodice, and sleeves of a plain bright cotton with a tunic and bib bodice of Pompadour print, a parasol of the same lined with a colour, and a drawn hat of the plain tone, with just a spray of flowers in front; and for a lawn tennis dress a cream-coloured white serge, plain short skirt, laveuse tunic, full-banded bodice and triple cape, all tied with deep cardinal bows, hat of cardinal velvet, beefeater shape.

Indian pongee is the best material for a summer ulster. Dust-cloaks are being made in this material with triple capes. Coats are newer than cloaks and ulsters, the distinction being that they have no band and are shaped to the figure. A wrap of the kind made of a cloth which is light and waterproof, an improvement on alpaca, and woven from the finest portions of undyed wool, is very durable.

From America come the gossamer waterproof garments, having the appearance of mackintosh, but as light as possible, absorbing no moisture, and unhurt either by sea-water or climate. They are most delightful for travelling, as they are rolled up in a small case and carried in the pocket. Cloaks, coats, and leggings can be had of this.

In ordinary seasons, sea-bathing commences in June and is continued till September; although the fashionable world waits until Parliament rises and the London season draws to a close before it adjourns to the sea-side.

"They manage better in France," is an opinion frequently heard on divers subjects, but in no particular one is this really more pre-eminently the case than in the matter of bathing in the sea. An English bathing-dress is ugly to the last degree; the low neck,

and short skirt, stinted in material and guileless of trimming, the unprotected head and feet, the two small thin towels provided by the machine-man, do not combine to render the pastime a fascinating one; let us, however, trust it is health-giving. The bathing, on the contrary, on the coast of France is conducted on more intelligent principles, and with far more attention to comfort. On leaving the sea, there is the luxury of hot water and hot linen—a hot bathing-sheet of Turkish towelling which, for those who come from the cold water chill and blue, assists reaction, and the hot foot-bath often prevents a head-ache. Bathing-slippers, made of hemp or straw, with bright sandals, are a protection against broken shells and glass; and a straw hat or cap preserves the complexion from the glare of the sun. It is true some few Englishwomen adopt the French bathing-costumes; they are, however, by no means general; we have therefore illustrated one of the most simple styles. For stouter figures I recommend a square yoke, with the skirt attached; three box-plaits in front, and three at the back, shaping it to the figure, and a band confining it round the waist. The plaits should be stitched down to the waist-line. The skirt reaches a short way below the knee, and the trousers descend to the ankles. The sleeves should be short. Several materials are used for bathing-costumes—flannel, serge, brown holland, and bunting. The last retains its colour, and wears thoroughly well; it is obtainable from almost any flag-maker, and the prettiest mode of ornamenting it is with bands of a contrasting colour stitched on by machine; for example, dark blue bunting looks well with either red or white bunting bands. Sometimes coarse Torchon lace and Macramé are used on French bathing-dresses, but neither is appropriate, as suitability should be aimed at, and pretentious ornamentation scrupulously avoided.

From three and a half to five yards are required for a bathing-costume, the exact quantity being regulated by the width of the material selected. White serge embroidered with coloured wools, or trimmed with wide bright braids, is fashionable in France, while pink flannel serge costumes embroidered with white are to be seen in Brighton, looking both pretty and becoming. For swimming-costumes braiding is in vogue, and the legs of the trousers are shaped in below the knee like those of a boy's knickerbocker suit; lightness should be aimed at in all that appertains to a swimming-dress.

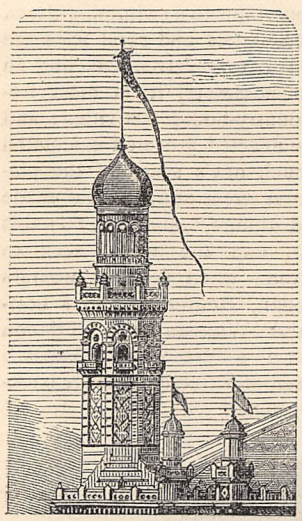
The toilettes for garden-parties and rural fêtes are charming this season. Whatever artistic feeling in dress an Englishwoman possesses, it is most frequently discernible at country-house festivities; and the quaint fashions now affected are well calculated on such occasions to touch one's sense of the picturesque and æsthetic. A great aim is now made to dress "like an old picture," and never is this so well carried out, and the result seen to better advantage, than when the fair wearers of the Gainsborough, Rembrandt, and beef-eater hats, and Watteau and Trianon dresses, have a greensward beneath their feet, and stately trees for background.

Ivory barèges trimmed with satin and rich fringe, ivory satin foulards, ivory cashmeres, white-grounded cretonnes studded with bright flowerets, exquisitely fine white cambrics with a wealth of either lace or embroidery for trimming, gauzes of delicate colouring made with clusters of ribbon loops showing curious contrasts, and open-work silk gauzes, are the favourite materials. The ivory-white or cream dresses are most frequently trimmed with the new fiery cock's-comb colour known as *coq en colère*; but sulphur, toad-green, and delicate blue have each also a high place in popular favour. The trimming introduced in the spring and called "Indienne," and which is nothing more than cotton printed with a cashmere pattern, which pattern is outlined with gold thread, is used most effectively on dark green and dark blue linen costumes. It looks rich and is a Swiss invention; the gold is put in by machinery in a tambour stitch. For young figures there is no inexpensive costume prettier for a garden-party than one made of a plain bright-hued cotton, skilfully combined with chintz or cretonne. The bodice and skirt are self-coloured, the tunic and low bib over bodice are of the chintz. The illustration offered is to be made up in more costly materials, such as gauze and silk, or gauze and satin. For those who like durability combined with lightness in a material, the uncrushable black grenadine recommends itself, and made up with old gold satin it is uncommonly stylish. This peculiar make of gauze is manufactured principally in Norwich, with glazed thread; and wear and handle it as you may, it never creases. American ladies have long known its value. Canton crêpe is a good investment for combining with more solid materials, for it is one of the few fabrics that can be dyed without injury. It is naturally soft, and is not made more flimsy by the colouring process. On all occasions when white and light thin dresses are worn, the strictest attention should be paid to the accessories of the toilette. All should accord—petticoats should be scrupulously white, shoes and stockings should be perfect in their way, gloves and ribbons should be fresh; thick black leather boots with white muslin dresses, and fur-trimmed velvet jackets over gauze dresses, are not unknown visions at some of our gayest sea-side resorts. Incongruity should be avoided; pleasing harmony, the *en suite* in fact, should reign.

Every one accepts the truism that "fine feathers make fine birds;" that elegance in dress adds much to the plainest face or to the most dowdy figure, and even heightens the effect of beauty itself; and it is certainly a satisfaction to the wearer to feel that her toilette is unexceptionable. This fondness for fine feathers reflects no discredit upon us, if we do not indulge it beyond our means. And it is consoling to remark that those who dress the best are not always those who spend the most money and greatest thought on the subject.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



THE Exhibition, as is now well known, consists of two portions, fronting each other, one on each side of the Seine, connected by a bridge. That built in the Place du Trocadéro is a permanent structure and will not be taken down; the other is in the Champ de Mars, a piece of ground generally used for reviews and such purposes. Another bridge has been made beyond the Exhibition to supply the place of the one taken, which latter has been widened, so that the statues, which were at its edges, now appear as if out of their places, standing as they do in the roadway.

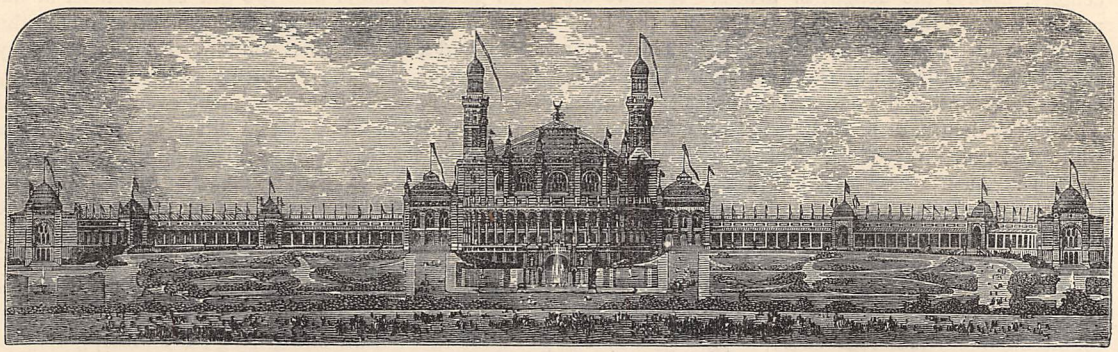
We advise the visitor who wishes to gain a clear idea of the whole, and to see all that is really curious, to find his way to the Champ de Mars, and to pass through the vast gallery of machines. Here let him note specially the Brazilian diamonds, and the two Indians in a kind of enclosed pew, one of whom embroiders a cashmere shawl. This individual, I was told, was on his way to Paris frequently mistaken for an Indian prince, and treated as such, whereupon his head was turned, and he at first refused to work at his allotted task, and was only made to do so by threats of being sent back directly to his native land. There are other industries shown near this, such as working in jewellery, lace, pipe, doll-making, and the manufacture of artificial flowers from feathers; but passing these, let the visitor make his way into the open-air Street of Nations, a beautiful walk extending nearly the whole length of the building, gay with parterres of flowers, and having on the left a long façade, each front representing the house of some foreign country. In their brightness and decoration they resemble theatrical scenes. The space of frontage allotted to each nation depends upon the size of its space in the galleries. Portugal has a very beautiful front, a copy of the gate of the Cathedral of Coimbra, with exquisite Gothic mouldings and tracery. The Belgian house is constructed of brick, stone, and marble, and is an

imitation of one of those ancient edifices of the sixteenth century, always the delight of artists. It bears the mottoes: "All Belgians are equal before the law," "There is no power but in the people." The visitor should enter the Dutch house to see some curious wax figures representing the national costumes of all ranks. The Greek house, dedicated to Minerva, brilliant in white and red, gives one a vivid idea of an ancient dwelling. Austria-Hungary has a splendid portico rather than a house, adorned with statues of her great men. There is a Russian pine house, and a large wooden structure from America, with an appearance of rustic stability very pleasant to look upon. In the building belonging to the Swiss Confederation an (unintentionally) ludicrous effect is produced by the clock which adorns the summit. Two figures strike the hours upon a shield; the upper portion of their bodies is clad in steel armour, the lower in pink and white striped trousers!

Britain has no less than five fronts—or, rather, I should say, England, for I was sorry to see that old Scotch architecture (which was highly picturesque) is not represented. Mr. Lascelles shows two country cottages, with overhanging eaves and gables; then there is a building of red brick and terra-cotta, disagreeably gaudy and villa-like; another of pitch pine and plaster, after the old London style; the fourth, a quaint-looking structure of timber, by Messrs. Collinson and Loch; the fifth forms the "private pavilion" of the Prince of Wales. It is Elizabethan in exterior, and constructed of rubble stone, the archway closed by a strong iron gate, through which a crowd are always endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the interior. Through the courtesy of Mr. Owen, the Secretary of the British Commission, I made an inspection of the apartments, which are sumptuously furnished in the much-talked-of "Queen Anne style." Passing through a tiled vestibule, on each side of which is a staircase with balustrades of dark brown wood, ornamented on the landing-places with small trophies of silver and steel armour, one enters the dining-room, a heavily carpeted room, with massively formed chairs, carved buffets, and a long, low table, covered with a thick velvet cloth of the favourite colour of faded-looking yellow-green. The walls are wainscoted in American walnut, and panels of ivory and ebony, the upper half having tapestries (not hanging, but fastened "taut" to the wall), sewed in greys, blues, and browns, of scenes from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—Anne Page, Herne's Oak, &c.—the titles being in old English letters. Over the fire-place, also in tapestry, is a portrait of the Queen. These decorations are the production of the Windsor School of Tapestry. On the table was displayed a magnificent dessert service of silver-gilt repoussé (Elkington) and china plates, some eight guineas each in value. The centre candelabrum of the set, however, only held four or five candles. At each end of the dining-room is a *salon*. That for the use of the Prince is somewhat dark in tone; the chairs are grey; the fire-place, with brass andirons, is lighted up by its tiles; the ornamental shelves over the mantel-piece, which closely resembles the picture in the "Art at Home" series, were decorated with pieces of china and two gilt candlesticks in the form of storks. There are cabinets and stands in the room, and a stained glass window. Its quiet and grey look is relieved by the ornaments, which are judiciously distributed here and there without overcrowding, and among which I noticed two silver statuettes of the Queen and Prince Albert in Highland dress. Beyond this apartment is the secretary's room, and two smaller ones behind, with windows looking to the street. In one is a handsome bureau. The dining-room, &c., is lighted from the roof, if I remember rightly. The *salon* of the Princess, at the opposite end, is much brighter in appearance; the furniture is of turquoise-blue satin and gilding; the white, gold, and blue walls are ornamented with Wedgwood medallions. In the space corresponding to the Prince's stained-glass window, is an exquisite little alcove with fountain, rockwork, and ferns (by Messrs. Doulton), which would be perfect were it not for the inharmonious introduction of blue and white china storks placed where the spray falls. Opening off each *salon* is a retiring-room furnished with wardrobes, massive wash-hand-stands, and dressing-tables. The doorways of the different rooms are all closed by thick curtains; doors would have been cumbersome in such a small building. Thick carpets of velvet-like softness are everywhere, and cocoa-nut matting. Soft greys, pale blues, and browns predominated, and the air of the whole was that of quiet if somewhat sombre splendour. The rooms above were not completed, but were destined, I understood, for the British Commission. A printed card gave the names of the firms who had supplied all the furnishings, even to table-linen, hair-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

Spain imitates the Alhambra; and Italy presents a beautiful and artistic portico, worthy of her glories, supported by columns of marble and porphyry, and with medallion portraits of her great men on the entablature. On entering through this into the Italian Court, one can absolutely revel in artistic beauty. Exquisite cabinets, statuettes, and *pietra dura* inlaid tables abound, whilst a little further is the dazzling collection of Venetian Murano glass. Two statuettes there are especially beautiful, one of a Cupid whispering to a seated nymph who holds a rose; the other, the infant Moses carried in a basket by an Egyptian woman. Notice also in the Italian Court some figures of children, dressed in modern garb, full of grace and expression.

On the right the visitor will pass a square edifice devoted to the "Ville de Paris," gorgeously ornamented on the exterior by means of paint and gilding. It is well worth a visit; there are some beautiful pictures, the property of the Government, and models of all the famous buildings of Paris. Further on is a spirited work of art, Boehm's Clydesdale horse-rearing. On reaching the transverse gallery at the end of the street we find the Indian section on our left, including the Prince of Wales' presents. This department, in the opinion of some great travellers, is the part of the Exhibition which is really unique—not, be it under-



THE PALACE OF THE TROCADERO, PARIS.
(By permission, from a drawing made for *The Magazine of Art.*)

stood, the best part, for that the art productions undoubtedly are—but certainly what can never be seen again, and what has not been in Europe before.

A step or two onwards are the cases of Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries, containing beautiful animal pieces and the gem of the selection—a figure of Selene with a rich classic border, designed by Machard, Rome, 1874, and intended for the Musée du Luxembourg. Close by this is a magnificent trophy of Sèvres porcelain. Going out by the principal door the visitor finds himself at the façade of the Champ de Mars building, on the summit of its flight of steps. Below him lie the gardens and the river. Beyond it, the grounds of the Trocadéro all dotted over with little restaurants and shops of all countries; and lastly, as a background, the huge Trocadéro building itself, with its immense waterfall, which forms gigantic steps as it were downwards from the central rotunda, and finally falls into a large basin with four gilded figures —horse, bison, elephant, and rhinoceros—symbolic of the four continents.

Among the noteworthy objects not artistic are the furs and silver ornaments of Norway, the fur and sealskin robes and cloaks shown by some Parisian firms, of most elegant design, and entirely without that heavy, clumsy look which fur garments so often have. There is also the Japanese screen, price £2,600, four leaves of flowers on a black ground, in mother-of-pearl, silver, gold, and porcelain. Two caskets of Scotch stones, pebble-work, gold, and silver (one bought by the Princess of Wales) are very beautiful, and so is the silver model of the Gothic Scott monument in Edinburgh. A temple of glass, surrounded by a glass balustrade, is one of the marvels of the Exhibition, and especially attracted the notice of the royal procession on the opening day. A few details of that ceremony may not inaptly conclude this sketch.

Animated as Paris seemed on the morning of the 1st of May, it was only Republican France that rejoiced at the opening of the long-talked-of sight; the other parties regarded it with contempt.

The tickets for the ceremony were not, as in the British Exhibition, for sale, but were presented by the Government to individuals, the portion of the building to which the ticket gave admittance being indicated by its colour. After the proceedings were over the place was thrown open to the public at the usual charge—one franc. At ten o'clock I took my place at the prescribed gate, which a few moments later was surrounded by a large crowd, chiefly French, though the door was not to be opened till half-past eleven.

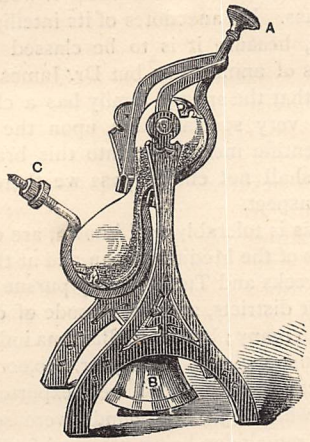
Time crept slowly on; twelve, one o'clock came; and after we had looked at all around us till we knew it by heart, the chime of the great clock striking the quarters was all that broke upon our waiting.

At two o'clock we heard the thunder of the guns, and a shout announced that the Exhibition was opened. Then came the news that the procession had begun; and still we waited. After awhile, in the distance we heard a low, deep roar, like the sound of many waters—"They are coming, they are coming!" and a dazzling array was seen at the far end of the gallery. "They are stopping at the glass!" and there they were some time; then they moved on again, and presently the brilliant pageant burst on us. Gorgeous Hungarian, Spanish, and Italian uniforms, gold, silver, plumes, helmets were glancing and sparkling everywhere; the magnificent scarlet and white uniforms of the Marshal's tall body-guards were splendid, then there were breathless cries of "*Où est-il? où est le Maréchal?*" At last he came, walking alone, with grand military bearing, in dark blue and silver, tall, grave, and worn, but with an expression of proud satisfaction on his features; one could imagine him the central figure of a Roman triumph. The roar of applause grew louder and louder; then passed the Prince of Wales, in red and gold, erect and stately, his countenance unshadowed by the careworn lines visible upon those of many of the "princes, knights, and captains" round him, but bearing that look of imperturbable repose characteristic of the English aristocracy. Near him were the Crown Prince of Denmark, Amadeus of Spain, and others. Then came more and more brilliancy and splendour, until the tramping and shouting passed away into another gallery, and we took our departure from a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.

THE GATHERER.

An Alarm Sand-glass.

Those who are in the habit of boiling eggs by the aid of a time-measure may be interested to know that, by a very ingenious addition to the sand-glass, the efficiency of that instrument has been considerably in-



creased. The glass is fixed in a wire frame, and is provided with an axis which passes just behind the wasp-like waist and enters bearings in a swinging frame. The swinging frame is suspended between two standards with the object of making the appliance true, whether the pedestal stands on a level surface or not. The upper part of the frame is curved back to support the glass at a suitable inclination, while from the bulb of the glass the wire frame projects in a hammer-head, A, for striking the alarm, B, which is hung between the lower ends of the standards. On the screw-threaded arm, C, is placed a nut for regulating the action of the apparatus. The bulb containing the sand is turned upwards and rests against the frame. The weight of the hammer brings the centre of gravity of the glass above its centre of oscillation, and it is consequently top-heavy. When the sand has run into the other bulb, the glass is brought into a vertical position and it overbalances, when the hammer strikes the bell. This signal egg-boiler has been recently patented, and its advantages are obvious. By using it the housewife is spared all fidgety irritation, and can do other work while the eggs are being cooked, in the full assurance that the bell must ring, but that it won't ring until the sand has run out.

A Chapter of Railway Accidents.

The following figures, culled from a Report to the Board of Trade, of the number of casualties on British railways during 1877, supply facts of painful and suggestive significance. They speak plainly for themselves, and require little comment at our hands. In the year mentioned there were in all 1,227 persons killed and 5,713 injured; but from these figures we have to deduct 52 killed and 2,008 injured, in consequence of accidents not immediately caused by the movement of vehicles used exclusively upon railways. For instance, 6 passengers were killed while ascending or descending steps at stations, and 76 were injured from the same cause; 6 servants lost their lives and 462 were injured whilst loading, unloading, and sheeting waggons; 12 were killed and 131 injured by falling off scaffolds, platforms, &c.; 39 were hurt by being kicked or trampled on by horses, and so on. Making allowances, then, for catastrophes of this description, we have a total of 1,175 persons killed and 3,705 injured in the year 1877, in the course of actual public traffic on railways. Of this number, 35 deaths and 822 injuries resulted from accidents to trains and rolling stock. These disasters were chiefly due to collisions (182 for the year), by which 14 persons were killed and 551 (considerably more than one-half from this particular source) injured. By accidents other than those to trains, rolling stock, &c., but including those due to incaution, misconduct, and the like, on the part of the victims, 529 persons lost their lives and 878 were injured. Of this number 254 persons were killed and 141 injured by trespassing on the railways; 37 were killed and 19 injured by crossing the line at stations; 131 were killed and 66 injured at public level and other crossings; and 41 committed suicide. So that it would appear that at least 300 persons lost their lives by their own carelessness, and a wilful ignoring of company's rules, while at least 150 sustained injury from the same reason. The servants of contractors and the various companies, of course, poor fellows, contribute largely to these sad returns, for we learn that besides those killed and injured in the foregoing classes of accidents, 620 lost their lives, and 2,005 were injured. Most of the casualties occurred to the men in the discharge of their duty. Among other details we find these: 44 killed and 351 injured while coupling or uncoupling vehicles; 39 killed and 223 injured in getting on or off waggons, &c., during shunting; 129 killed and 147 injured whilst working on the permanent way, &c.; 154 killed and 162 injured while walking, crossing, or standing on the line on duty, &c. &c. At this stage we draw our summary to a close. The black record might point several morals, but we may say that one thing is clear—namely, that railway servants, in the risks they run, are deserving of the greatest consideration on the part of their employers, and that their claims for compensation in case of injury to life or limb have a very substantial basis. Another lesson we may draw from these figures is, that common sense and common caution, combined with self-control, would remove the item of accidents due to the absence of these possibly common-place but apparently rare virtues.

Restoring Old Writing and Cleaning Oil-Paintings.

Should any of our readers possess a letter or other MS. of which the writing has become illegible from age, it may be restored by the following means—the recipe, however, being applicable to gall-ink only:—Paint the piece with sulphide of ammonium, which will bring out the lines distinctly, then wash off the surplus sulphide, and dry between filtering-paper. Or, a moderately concentrated solution of tannin, applied in a similar manner—the MS. being dried at from 50° to 60° C.—will effect the same result.

A new method of cleaning oil-paintings has also been suggested. The picture is taken out of its frame, thoroughly dusted, washed with a wet sponge, and then covered for eight or ten minutes with a thick layer of soapsuds, which are cleared off with a strong brush. The painting is next washed with water and dried, after which it is rubbed with a linen cloth saturated with nitrobenzol, frequently changed until the picture becomes clean. Of the efficacy of this process we are unable to speak, but we should not advise, in the case of valuable oil-paintings at least, any departure from the usual custom of sending them to a professional cleaner, who will not only do his work *secundum artem*, but whom you can also hold responsible for any damage the pictures may suffer in his hands.

Mesostitch.

A name that Fancy wreathes around
With blooming weeds by cypress bound.

I had a wife, she had a fate;
And oft I stand for man's estate.

I may be worthless; may be worth
What mortals prize the most on earth.

A mountain vast—statue I might have been,
Colossal, such as ne'er the world hath seen.

One of three thousand (Uranus' granddaughters)
Whose home and joy are in the bounding waters.

To make terms with the Persian, I was bid;
Historians know if or if not I did.

I turn and turn and yet have never done,
And when I've turned an age I have but just begun.

A town for onions famed in days of old,
Ere yet the world heard of crusaders bold.

J. G.

Answer to Double Acrostic on page 511.

BENEDICT—BEATRICE. *(Much Ado about Nothing.)*

B a r B
E l s i E { Longfellow's "Golden Legend."
N e m e A
EngagemenT
D e m e t e R (Ceres.)
I c e n I
C r i t i C
T i d E

Where do our Sponges Come from?

It is not unlikely many of our readers could give a more satisfactory reply to this than to another question, namely, What is a sponge? For long, it was doubtful whether this familiar object belonged to the animal or the vegetable kingdom, but naturalists are now agreed that it is unquestionably to be referred to the former. Commonplace article as an ordinary sponge is, it possesses a history, from its cradle in the ocean depths to its cradle uses in the nursery and elsewhere, that in point of interest and instructiveness it would be difficult to surpass. No anecdotes of its intelligence could be narrated, because it is to be classed among the lowest forms of animal life, but Dr. James Murie has ably shown that the sponge family has a charm of its own, and a very special claim upon the thoughtful study of scientific men. But into this branch of the subject we shall not enter; pass we therefore to its commercial aspect.

Sponges, as is tolerably well known, are obtained in various parts of the Mediterranean and at the Bahama Islands. Greeks and Turks mainly pursue the fishery in the former districts, and their mode of diving, &c., are familiar to many; but of the Bahama industry information is not so general. Last year, 250,000 pounds of sponges, worth about £28,000, were exported from the islands, of which 150,000 pounds were sent to this country, the remainder being reserved for the United States and Canada. About 500 vessels and 2,000 persons (mostly coloured) are employed in the fishery. The ships cruise about among the islands, their trips lasting from two to six weeks, according to the weather, the divers being unable to work when the water is rough. The sponges, when caught, are found to be a black gelatinous substance, giving off an unpleasant odour that increases with putrefaction. After the divers have collected a sufficient quantity, the sponges are taken ashore and buried in the sand, or exposed to the sun for a few days; they are then beaten with clubs to remove the decomposed animal matter, which flies away in the shape of black dust. They are next thoroughly washed in sea-water, after which they are stowed in the vessel's hold. On arriving at port, the sponges are sold to merchants who trade in them, and by whom they are passed into the hands of the clipper, who cuts off all coarse matter, and otherwise trims them. This operation having been performed they are ready for the press, where they are baled for shipment. A sponge-press is not unlike a cider-press on a large scale, but it is made of iron, and requires from two to eight men to turn the screw.

Observing the Vocal Chords.

Within recent years the human voice has been the subject of many varied experiments. One of the latest observers, under the eccentric title of Laryngostroboscopy, describes a method of examining the vibrations of the vocal chords during the production of sounds, and it is satisfactory to learn that the results he has obtained are more interesting and valuable than the outlandish name by which he has chosen to style his

process would lead us to expect. The apparatus consists of a laryngoscope mirror—an instrument now well known in the physiology of the voice, and of great service in some affections of the throat—a strong light, and an arrangement by which the light can be rapidly interrupted. The effect of this interruption is to prevent the impressions made by the vibrations upon the eye from being modified before they can be perceived, and the interruption itself may be produced by a perforated diaphragm revolving quickly at a rate proportioned to the rapidity of the vibrations of the sounding chord, or by a tuning-fork of the proper note. The interrupting apparatus must be placed between the light and the mirror, or behind the mirror, between it and the observer. It is by this means possible to notice not only the vibrations of one of the vocal chords, but also to compare the vibrations of one with those of the other.

Pots and Pans.

Utensils for boiling purposes have undergone little modification in shape from the remotest times to the present day. The reason for this is not far to seek. Water heated in a round vessel with upright sides would soon boil over, whereas when treated in a pot whose sides incline inwards towards the top, the bubbling waves of the liquid have a tendency to a common centre, and usually waste themselves in conflict with each other. Thus the cauldron, kettle, and saucepan have in all ages and in all nations much similarity in form. With regard to material, no doubt the earliest pots and pans consisted of such natural objects as adapted themselves to the requirements of cooking—as the gourd, pipkin, cocoa-nut shell, and the like—and among savage tribes these are still employed for the purpose. In course of time vessels of clay came into service, and afterwards metal was brought into requisition. The old Egyptians had pots precisely like the modern saucepan, and their larger utensils were furnished with the well-known ears and feet which may even yet be seen in some of the homesteads of our country. Shakespeare makes the "secret, black, and midnight hags" in *Macbeth* use a cauldron of this description, and it will be remembered that the savoury mess with which the more respectable Meg Merrilees appeased the hunger of worthy Dominie Sampson was dished from a like vessel. That these articles were common in China in dim antiquity, and that the Chinese had a superior method of mending them, can surprise no one, and is what we might have expected to find in a people who seem to have forestalled nearly every invention, great and small, that was ordinarily supposed to have first seen the light in other lands than theirs.

Planting Fish.

Some of the American rivers are from time to time stocked with fish which are either of rare occurrence in them, or are not found at all. The Potomac was recently planted with some 600,000 shad, and the experiment has been so far a marked success. The eggs were gathered in Albemarle Sound, off the coast, and when the vessel started it contained 800,000 eggs, but a large number of them were injured from some cause or other not clearly ascertained. The hatching process went on apace, and by the time the ship reached the river the young shad were nearly three inches long. At this point the planting began, and was continued until the vessel was moored at the wharf at Washington. The process of planting is both easy and simple, and consists merely in lowering cans containing the infant fish down into the water, and allowing the contents to escape into their native element. The Americans would appear to be more successful than ourselves in the matter of stocking our colonial rivers with salmon, for we understand that from 1,000,000 eggs of California salmon supplied to the New Zealand Government at its expense, 95 per cent. of live fish was obtained. Probably, however, there is some difference between the Californian and European salmon that may explain this state of affairs, which, however, is extremely gratifying, and upon which our Antipodean friends are to be heartily congratulated.

Answer to Hidden Quotation on page 510.

"But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"
Tennyson's "Break, break, break!"

A One-Man Power.

The term horse-power is, as our readers are aware, used to express the force of a motive-power, and is commonly applied to the steam-engine. Estimates of the work done by a horse working eight hours a day vary, but as it signifies little what number is adopted provided that the same be always and everywhere used, the original estimate of Watt—namely, 33,000 foot-pounds per minute—is still reckoned a horse-power.

Our American cousins, with customary fanciful ingenuity, have calculated what constitutes a one-man power, and they state it to be the raising of seventy pounds one foot high in a second (or 4,200 foot-pounds per minute) for ten hours a day.

Japanese Bronzes.

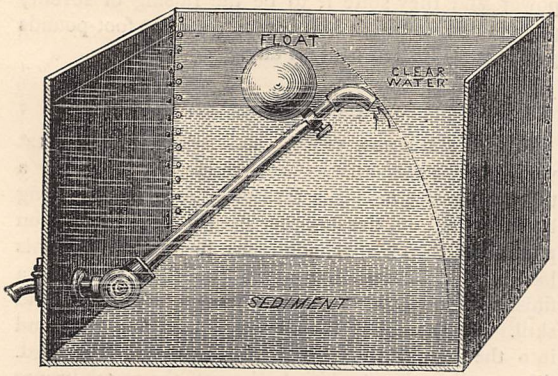
Bronze statuettes, vases, candlesticks, and a great variety of knick-knacks are made in Japan in a thoroughly business-like fashion. A subject having been decided on, the designer makes a sketch of it on paper, and then a specimen figure in wax. When this has been approved, the artist proceeds to make a finished model with much patience, dexterity, and skill. The model is then pressed into fine clay, and into the mould thus obtained the metal is poured. After cooling, the mould is broken off, the rough bronze filed away and a lustre imparted, when the casting is ready for delivery. It is significant and pleasurable to be informed that many of the designs show the influence of foreign ideas, and are the better for it. The articles range in value from $30 to $100, say from £6 10s. to £20 or £25, but we presume their artistic excellence is great.

The Phoneidoscope.

The marvellous rapidity with which the inventions of the telephone, phonograph, and microphone followed one another will receive permanent record among the *memorabilia* of science. Reference has already been made to these instruments in the pages of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, and readers will remember that in the two first-named a thin disc of metal is thrown into vibration by the human voice. It has been proposed to render these vibrations visible by the use of a film of soap-solution, and the experiments can be effectively made by means of a recently constructed instrument known as the Phoneidoscope. This instrument consists of a cylindrical L-shaped brass tube, the horizontal limb of which has a caoutchouc tube ending in a wooden mouthpiece, while the open end of the vertical limb is surmounted by a brass ring, that carries a blackened brass disc pierced with an aperture of variable shape and size. This aperture is covered with the film of soap-solution, which soon becomes thin enough to show the wondrously beautiful colours familiar to every one in a soap-bubble. On singing near the mouthpiece, the air in the tube is thrown into vibration, and the soap-film at once takes up the motion, which results in the production of many lovely colour-designs, often arranged in definite form, which, as the film becomes thinner, are sometimes simply superb. Change of pitch and difference of quality effect remarkable changes in the reflected figures, and the shape and size of the film are not without influence, as may readily be observed by using discs with apertures of different forms and magnitude. It is the varied colour-display that makes this experiment both novel in character and exquisite in demonstration.

An Improved Cistern.

Our engraving represents a simple but effective means for draining off clear water from the cistern, not polluted by any of that dust or dirt that will find its



way into even the best-regulated reservoirs. The tap is attached outside near the foot of the cistern, and the flow-pipe within is fastened at its top to the float, and rises and falls with it. All sediment having a natural tendency to sink, it is evident that while the bottom of the cistern will be covered with a layer of the sediment, the water above will remain clear. The water entering the outlet-pipe from the surface, this layer is undisturbed, and consequently when the water is drawn off it will be always clear, and as wholesome as unfiltered water can be reasonably expected to be. The pipe and float arrangement is the useful appliance, and it is scarcely necessary to point out that by placing the tap at the top of the receptacle, the same purpose would not be served, for as soon as the liquid sank below the level no water could be drawn off.

A Suggestion on Behalf of Divers.

Under no circumstances can the occupation of a diver be considered pleasant: that it is an unhealthy one may readily be believed, and it ought to be, and we trust is, profitable. It is stated that the operations of this subaqueous worker are seriously hampered at any depth in excess of forty feet, by the pressure of water, which is such as to prevent him from remaining underneath for more than twenty minutes at a time. If no return-pipe be used, the air he breathes is subject to a pressure due to the column of water above him; and if a return-pipe be used, he will have to contend against a pressure of about a ton on his chest, unbalanced by any compensating effect of compressed air within. It has been proposed to obviate this by enclosing the diver's body in a loose-fitting coat of metal, which should relieve the principal parts of the body from all external pressure of the water. The limbs would be covered with the usual india-rubber cloth, the joinings with the trunk being carefully made water-tight. The pressure on the limbs would be of little consequence, while the case need not be larger than the body by more than one inch all round, and would not interfere with the freedom of the diver's arms.

Railway Passengers and the Guard.

Any means by which immediate communication between travellers by rail and the guard can be effected is worthy of serious consideration. A Mr. Morris has patented what appears to be an ingenious and practicable plan for attaining the object in question, and one that will compare favourably with the system now in vogue. Attached to the end of each carriage are two waterproof detonators or fog-signals. In the centre of each compartment a short chain is suspended a few inches from the roof, and by its means a passenger with one pull can explode the fog-signals in rapid succession, and at the same time cause a red or white semaphore to appear at right angles to each side of the carriage. The compartment in which the signal has been given being thus infallibly indicated, this very fact would probably alone prevent any misuse of the communicator. By a simple addition to the apparatus, the lamp nearest the signal end of the carriage can be raised above the roof so that it could be seen at night by a signalman, and the train be stopped at the next signal-box. But this additional precaution is considered hardly necessary, because if the guard did not hear the first fog-signals they could be repeated from carriage to carriage until his attention was attracted. The appliance for each carriage is complete in itself.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself."
* * * * *
"And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste."

NAT SOBIE walked out of Boscombe Church with a scared and thoughtful countenance. Unconsciously his hand sought the greasy book lying in the breast-pocket of his Sunday coat, and his cunning eyes peered round him cautiously, as if he were committing a robbery upon his own property by surreptitiously fingering it.

There was a certain stir in all the rustic congregation as they poured out through porch and lych-gate on to the breezy heath, where the sea-spray met them.

"Well, I didn't think the wedding was so close at hand," one neighbour said to another. "I was pewerly surprised when Miss Cordelia's banns was read out. You might ha' knocked me down with a feather."

"And the rector read 'em out fine and strong too. He be brave and well again now, I reckon. And 'tis a grand match, I do hear; and Miss Cordelia will be a great lady, and go to see the Queen."

"What stuff be talking up? Mr. Haslam be only one of they men in black gowns and white wigs we do see at 'Sizes telling up strams [fibs] to judge and jury. Sich as they don't shake hands with the Queen, I know."

"Well, I've a-heerd tell they'll be rich, I can't tell 'ee no more. And why wasn't Miss Cordelia in church?"

"She be too sheam-faaced to come and hear her own banns. She'll go to Warewood Church all the three Sundays they be called."

"And there's sarvice there twice a day now parson's got a curate. All the folks be wild to hear 'un."

Nat Sobie came up close to the speakers.

"Fust time of axing, wasn't it?" he said. "I didn't 'zackly catch the words. I wasn't in church last Sunday."

"Yes, to be sure, it was the first time," responded the woman to whom he spoke. "And the wedding is to be afore Christmas."

Nat Sobie asked the same question of two or three others before he felt certain, then with easier feelings as regarded his expectant five pounds, he went home and pondered over his pipe for a full hour, the subject of his reflections being, by which way safest for himself could he forward his telegram.

"If 'twere waunce known," he ejaculated, wiping his forehead in terror, "I might so well sell my hoss and fly, for there isn't narry man, woman, nor cheeld would ever go in 'un again, not even to a buryin'!"

As the result of his cogitations, he departed the next morning long before daylight for a distant town, where his shambling figure was quite unknown. His reasoning was much like that of an ostrich when she hides her head in the sand; he did not consider the address on the telegram was Boscombe. The clerk who took the message laughed, and peered at Nat curiously.

"I've always heard you were a queer lot at Boscombe," he said. "You are the folks who turned a currant-cake into a turnip-lantern once, didn't you?"

Nearly every parish in Cornwall has a story one against the other of a facetious sort; and of Boscombe it was said that the typical boy of the parish having a currant-cake given him, and being asked what he would do with it, had sapiently replied, he would make it into a turnip-lantern.

Now certainly there was none of this simplicity and misunderstanding of the fitness of things about Nat Sobie, and yet he was quite capable of committing as egregious a blunder if once removed from his own sphere of action. A strange place bewildered his wits: he had no sharp answer ready in defence of Boscombe.

"How much to pay?" he asked, with a vague smile on his lips.

"A shilling. There's a telegraph office two miles from your place; you needn't have hired a horse and fly and come fifteen to send off a telegram."

Nat took up his change with a furtive frightened stare.

"Thank 'ee, sir, for telling me. I wasn't awear of it. 'Tisn't in my almanac. I wish 'ee well, and good day."

Cornish-like, Nat was immensely civil to strangers. He made his best bow and departed, then at the door turned back.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting of 'ee in winding up thic clock, but how long will a telemgramf take in running along the wires to Lunnun Church-town?"

"I can't exactly tell you; there may be interruptions on the line—perhaps an hour, perhaps longer."

"I'm afraid he'll lose the tide," said Nat.

The clerk looked up from his clicking needles, half amused, half vexed.

"I can't help that. I am sending off your message now at once."

"Couldn't you just put in like that I comed away

as quick as I could, as soon as I knowed the tide was running in?"

"Here's your telegram, if you like to add to it, and there's pen and ink. You may put in fourteen more words if you choose for your shilling; there are only six now."

"Dear! It's a pity not to have a full shilling's-worth, now, isn't it? But I can't write," said cautious Nat, drawing back from the counter. "If you'd take it down from word-of-mouth, I'd reckon it a kindness, comraade."

"Very sorry, but it must be written. I'll write it for you, though, if you like."

Nat's eyes twinkled at this proposition; there would be nothing now to prove that he was the Judas, not a scrap of his writing to show against him.

"Thank 'ee; you be uncommon kind, to be sure."

"Well, what is your message?"

"Tide runs three Sundays; first tide yesterday. I comed away d'rectly I hurd it. Must charge for hoss and fly."

"Stop!" said the clerk, "that will be six words over the twenty. You'll have to pay extra."

"I waien't do that. I shan't be paid for no extras."

"Then what will you leave out?"

"Don't 'ee leave out about the hoss and fly, 'pon no account," returned Nat. "That's uncommon partic'lar, that is."

"Well then, I had better erase the first words, they are just six; and, perhaps, your smuggling friend will understand quite as well that the tide suits him, without informing him it is high tide at Boscombe."

"That's more than my life is worth, to leave out that," said Nat solemnly. "Here, I tell 'ee what, I'll risk another sixpence, if you'll take that for the extras. It won't break your wires no-ways."

The sixpence was paid, and Nat drove off triumphantly, feeling he had circumvented the world of Boscombe.

Cordelia had consented unwillingly to this unseemly haste, as she thought it, in fixing her marriage so soon. But her lover's entreaties, and the evident desire on her parents' part to avoid delay, made her yield. She shrank from uttering any arguments in favour of her wish to wait; she could not endure to see a flush of eagerness grow on her mother's cheek, a shade of anxiety darken her father's eyes. The canker which she felt, she at least would not behold openly showing itself: she fled even from the thought of it.

The Martock money, which had rusted the temper of Edward Haslam's life so long, was beginning its evil work now on hers, and her step grew slow, her eyes downcast, as she walked through her old pleasant haunts, seeing not their beauty, but only the shadow of her own weary figure flitting mournfully over brown heath or glistening sands.

Sunday came again, and once more Mr. Gwynne's sonorous voice read out the solemn words—

"If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it."

"I know of a cause!" cried a sudden clear, thin voice. "I forbid these banns!"

Like the sudden falling of snow was the whiteness that struck Mr. Gwynne's face, but he kept erect, and in an instant was able to perceive the tall, dark figure on whom all eyes were fixed. She had risen to speak, and was still standing; she was in deep mourning, but she had flung up her black veil, leaving her pale, clear-cut features visible to all.

"I will speak to you after the service," said the rector brokenly. The instant his familiar voice poured over the ears of the little flock who had listened to him so long, all eyes left the stranger and turned on him. Many women burst into tears; many men for a moment hid their brown faces in browner hands. A stifled cry of indignation broke from a hundred lips, and was stilled by the upraising of the rector's hand.

Then, in a voice which faltered, but yet gathered strength at every line, he went on with the service; and the people, being angry and amazed, watched the tall figure in mourning with scowling looks, till she rose and crept silently away like a dark phantom.

Never was sermon listened to as it was on this Sunday, when the lined, rugged face, which had borne all weathers many a rough time for their sakes, rose above the heads of that simple congregation and prayed for them in the dear old-fashioned way they loved, and then gave out the text, and spoke the words that comforted and healed.

"God bless him!" whispered many women to each other; "he be the same brave man he ever was. Whoever saw him stand back in wreck, or from a storm? 'Tis a cruel shame to try and bring disgraace upon his grey hairs."

Nat Sobie slunk down to the bottom of his pew, and felt that his five pounds were worth nothing. The tall signpost at the three cross-roads haunted him, beckoning with long, white arms.

The blessing that fell down from the rector's lips never touched him, though, of all the heads bent to receive it, his stooped the lowest and was the last to rise.

Once more the rector's hand was lifted up, praying his flock to stay.

"My friends," he said, and now his voice shook, "I hope in the afternoon to be able to tell you the meaning of this strange insult offered to my daughter and myself. Meanwhile, I thank you for your sympathy."

He came down the pulpit-stairs, and passed on to the vestry, many hands being held out to him on the way, which he stopped an instant to grasp, and many voices murmuring goodwill and honest affection in that scant homely speech which comes direct from the heart, and never stops to choose fine words.

There was no one in the vestry.

"Where is the lady?" said the rector. "Go and seek for her, David."

But David the clerk, and Daniel the sexton, and many others sought for her in vain, and, after waiting full twenty minutes, dismayed, wondering, and silent,

the rector went home with his wife. Her eyes were red with tears; nevertheless, she cheered him on the way, and both agreed they would say nothing to Cordelia until they heard from Mr. Haslam.

He was in London, and they would telegraph to him to-morrow, and warn him of this strange event. He was the only person who could explain it; and, unless his explanation was all it should be, then the hope of this marriage was at an end.

"Susan," said Mr. Gwynne, holding his wife's hand in a tight clasp, "we are both to blame. We have been blinded—this money—no, I cannot speak my thoughts to-day. My dear, we should have cared more for our child; we ought not at our age——"

He stopped, an agony of shame and pain rushed like a flood upon his heart, overpowering speech.

Mrs. Gwynne put her arms upon his neck and kissed him with tears.

"You shall not blame yourself," she said soothingly. "Your sole wish was to make your daughter happy. She loves this bad man."

"Hush, my dear! Let us hope he is not bad, for Cordelia's sake. And—and I know what my conscience tells me. There, we will say no more now."

He unclasped her arms gently, and, being impatient and sad, they went out together on the road to Warewood to meet Cordelia.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

"Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread."

THERE was a deep wooded glen between Warewood and Boscombe; a foot-path ran through it; the grass on either side in spring-time was purple with hyacinths, in the winter it was thickly strewn with fallen leaves, brown and golden, and here and there among them the scarlet berry of some withered trailing flower, dead since autumn, peeped out, glorifying the dark ground.

The brown November leaves rustled wistfully over Cordelia's head, or flew in little eddies before her lagging feet, and the trees pressing down upon the lonely path seemed chill and bare, as if they had lost their last hope of sunshine, and were standing in cold shadow expectant of winter and death.

Amid the noiseless fall of many a yellow leaf Cordelia walked in thought, wondering at herself that she was not more joyful. Each day brought her some new proof of the love and hope, the passion and tenderness filling her lover's heart, and yet there was a shadow between them.

The letter she daily received she opened eagerly and read with longing eyes, only to lay it down with the same dull feeling of disappointment. It never cleared away the cloud which her quick perception enabled her to see was ever present with him when he wrote.

That it was Lady Martock's shadow that thus chilled their joy Cordelia felt certain, and a vague jealousy and distrust filled her mind with foreboding.

She stopped, and gathered a late honeysuckle hanging in sweet forlornness from the tree to which it clung; she added to it a bunch of berries and a cluster of laurustinus shining whitely amid the gloom. As she stooped over the dew-laden bush a figure, whose steps were unheard on the soft path, drew near, and a voice addressed her.

"I believe I am speaking to Miss Gwynne?"

Cordelia started, and turning faced her questioner, and with a true instinct recognised her instantly.

"Yes, I am Cordelia Gwynne; and you are Lady Martock."

Their eyes were fixed on each other—Cordelia's grey, dark, and deep, with all the aspirations and tenderness of a high and lovely nature; Lady Martock's grey also, but light and eager, shining with the cold sharpness, the cruel glitter of a vain and shallow soul. Yet she read her rival, as she thought, with a glance, and gauged her pretensions to beauty with one sarcastic look and a false smile.

Cordelia's gaze was slower and more steady; it had in it a ray of that divine pity which springs from charity—the love which "thinketh no evil" and "suffereth all things and is kind." It was, in fact, a touch of that sublime sorrow which the higher must ever feel for the lower, even when they thrust the nails into the hands, and place the thorn upon the brow.

Lady Martock's eyes shifted uneasily and turned away; but she kept her wondrous smile upon her lips.

"You are right in your conjecture, Miss Gwynne. And you guess, perhaps, why I have sought a personal interview with you. I confess at once our meeting is not an accident."

Cordelia grew pale; she felt that the secret her lover had withheld from her was now to be laid bare; there was no escape from it, she must hear it from these cold lips, and not from his; this was her grief.

"You wish, doubtless, to speak to me of Mr. Haslam," she said quietly, a transient colour just touching her cheek and fading.

She leant her hand against the tree by which she stood to stay herself; her heart felt strangely weak.

"You are right; and I have sought you in the resolve that you shall no longer be deceived. Miss Gwynne, you cannot marry Mr. Haslam. There is an impassable barrier between you and him. I have to-day forbidden your banns."

Cordelia heard her, as we hear the voice of some terror that we have long seen approaching. She did not faint or fall, though she grew white to the lips, and was obliged for a moment to lean against the tree on which her hand had rested.

"I cannot believe you have cause for such an act," she said. "I have heard of you from Mr. Haslam."

Lady Martock smiled again; her cold eyes, full of the glittering light of a cruel pleasure, scanned her victim from head to foot.

"No doubt, and I think it time you should hear of Mr. Haslam from me."

"I have no wish to do so," returned Cordelia steadfastly. "I cannot believe you have any right to stand between us."

"I should scarcely dare to forbid your banns unless I had the right. You can refuse to hear me if you please, but, you must remember, in that case it will be

my duty to make my explanation to your father: and he is an old man."

Could she spare her father pain by bearing herself the sword-thrusts of this woman's speech? The question made Cordelia pause. And perhaps, too, she felt she would rather hear evil of Edward Haslam

"We the undersigned, Edward Ernest Haslam and Letitia Laura Martock, do hereby, in the presence of witnesses, declare ourselves to be husband and wife.

"EDWARD E. HASLAM.
"LETITIA L. MARTOCK."

Then followed the signatures of witnesses, and the

"SHE HELD BEFORE CORDELIA'S FAINTING EYES A SHEET OF PAPER, YELLOWED BY TIME."

with her own ears than through her father's. She would be a more merciful listener than he could be.

"I will hear you," she said faintly.

"Sight is a stronger sense than hearing," returned Lady Martock. "Will you look at this? No—permit me to hold it. I cannot allow this document to pass out of my own hands."

She held before Cordelia's fainting eyes a sheet of paper, yellowed by time, on which, written in Edward Haslam's well-known hand, were these words:—

date and name of place—an obscure village in the west of Scotland.

Cordelia's wild eyes took in all this with gathering terror; her breath came short and quick; she looked piteously in Lady Martock's hard and cruel face.

"I do not understand," she said.

"No! Nevertheless, the matter is easy of comprehension. Being eager to enrich himself, Edward Haslam took advantage of the ignorance of a girl, and persuaded her to sign this document in Scotland.

In that country such a declaration as we two make here constitutes a marriage."

"But you married your cousin, Lord Martock," faltered Cordelia. "You could not have done that if you were the wife of Mr. Haslam."

"I have told you I was ignorant. I had no idea of the force and power of this declaration. I did not know it made me a wife, until too late to save myself from the agony and fear of shame—the life-long pain of a false position."

Her voice rang out in bitterness; a flush began to burn upon her cold, white face.

"I had no alternative but to keep my dreadful secret. Edward Haslam had his hand upon my heart, his foot upon my fate, and he knew it. When my grandfather's will was read out, no one knew as he did that I should not dare to dispute it; that, unjust and cruel as it was, I should bear it silently. Miss Gwynne, it remains for me to tell you why that will was made. It was because *I showed my grandfather this document.*"

With one white finger she struck at Edward Haslam's written name, and her eyes gathered an angrier fire.

"In this lies the secret of the eccentric condition he placed on his bequest to me. He knew there were many sorts of Scotch marriages; he knew they could be disputed and declared invalid—oh, I am not denying that!—but he knew also which was the right way to turn my Scotch marriage into an English one, and he took that way. Now you understand why I have forbidden your banns, why I solemnly declare that Edward Haslam has no right to marry, and endow another woman with my inheritance. It would be a fraudulent marriage, entered into for the fraudulent purpose of gaining wealth which can never justly be either his or yours. And I shall withstand you both to the death. Now my child is dead"—she threw her arms upwards, with a sudden sharp cry—"I care nothing for my name, for I have nothing to lose. I intend to claim this sum left to me. I shall claim it as Edward Haslam's wife. It may be possible, I do not dispute it, that the marriage may be declared illegal—no marriage in fact. That does not alter the truth, which I shall prove, that the will was made in consequence of the supposed marriage, and my grandfather meant to give his money to me when he left it to Haslam's wife. All the other stipulations were made with the view to force my friends to make the marriage legal. Oh, I am assured I shall gain my cause! The wealth that you and your family covet so greedily will never be yours."

A fevered hectic colour began now to burn on Cordelia's cheek; she had heard all Lady Martock's terrible words with face of snow, but this last accusation touched her as with a breath of fire.

"You mistake me. I have never desired your wealth. I had never heard of it when I first loved Edward Haslam. Were I his wife I would willingly renounce all right to these riches in your favour."

Lady Martock gave her a smile of supreme contempt as she answered—

"I would not accept as a gift from you what is in fact my own; and you had better wait the result of the trial between us before you talk of being Edward Haslam's wife. I wish you joy of the uncertainty of the Scotch law, and the long anxious delay of years. I hope the love you speak of may be enduring enough to bear it patiently. You do not appear very strong," she added, with a hard gaze at the fragile, shrinking figure before her, "and I think it fair to warn you it will be a long trial, and one in which much interest will be taken. Your name will be in every newspaper in England, and you must expect to find your attempt to enrich yourself very much commented on. The affair will do your father no credit as a clergyman. Of course, he has been very eager for the money. I know lately he has hurried on this attempted marriage to the utmost of his power."

"You shall not speak to me in this way of my father!" exclaimed Cordelia. "I will not hear you."

"Is mine the only voice that will judge him?" asked Lady Martock with contempt. "You will hear all the world speak soon, and give its opinion of this disgraceful conspiracy."

"Conspiracy!" repeated Cordelia. She put her hand upon her head in a bewildered way. Could it be possible she was hearing such words applied to herself and her father?—he, a good man—a light set upon a hill—a man whose integrity was unspotted by the world. Indignation gave her a momentary strength.

"The conspiracy exists only in your own mind, and the disgrace is yours, Lady Martock — you who married, not being sure you could marry lawfully—you who would have married even a second time if——"

"You may well say 'if,' Miss Gwynne," interposed Lady Martock passionately, losing at last her cold calmness. "I affirm again that you have all been guilty of a conspiracy against me, to become possessed of my grandfather's legacy. The first step was that false announcement of Edward Haslam's death, which he and you inserted in the papers for the purpose of misleading me into marriage, that your own might follow. It was fortunate for me my niece undeceived me in time. But for her I should have fallen into the snare, and been bound again hand and foot, and compelled to look helplessly on while robbers despoiled me. Oh! it was a notable scheme, and well planned, and you must have waited impatiently for its success. I can imagine the pleasure with which you read the announcement of my marriage, little guessing my newspaper paragraph was as false as your own."

She ended with a mocking smile, while Cordelia regarded her with eyes full of amazement, dismay, and pain.

"Your mind is stuffed full of errors," she said pitifully. "How shall I make you understand the truth, blinded as you are? Mr. Haslam was nearly killed in rescuing your niece from death. He was very ill; he had nothing to do with that paragraph in the papers. I answer this for him. Your accusation against my father is not worthy of reply."

"I have heard from my niece that a poor fisherman saved her. But I let that pass. For the rest, I am

possessed of ample proofs by which to uphold my charges against you all. Let your father refute them if he can. The world will not easily believe him. A quarter of a million of money may well tempt even so immaculate a man as the Reverend Mr. Gwynne."

She smiled again scornfully, and looked up and down the small trembling figure before her, with the hard gaze of a merciless and jealous hatred.

"The trial will show a new phase of your father's character to the world," she continued in the same mocking way. "I hear he is celebrated at present as a saviour of the drowning—a philanthropist who turns his house at times into a hospital. Well, now it will be seen that, like a mere common mortal, he can fall down at the footstool of Mammon. Is he proud of his cloak of righteousness? will he bear bravely to have it torn from his shoulders?"

The honest rugged face, the clear kindly eyes that had for a moment been dazzled by the glitter of riches, rose before Cordelia's fainting sight as these cruel words were poured into her ears. And it was through her, it was for her sake all this had come upon him—but for her he never would have suffered this temptation, never have slightly fallen—as she knew he had fallen—never have had to bear these hideous charges, this cruel misrepresentation of his character and feelings.

Oh! if she could find out some way by which she alone should be the scapegoat to bear the sin and sorrow of this dreadful time!

"You make me no reply, Miss Gwynne," resumed Lady Martock, smiling and triumphant still. "I presume you keep your defence for the law-courts. Perhaps it is as well you should, for you will find it very hard to show any disinterested and honourable reason for desiring to lay your hands on Martock money and Martock lands. Most likely the litigation will go on for years, and wear some of us out, and put the old among us in their graves. But I shall live to see the end, and so will you, and you need never expect me to yield."

"I expect nothing of you but cruel greed," cried Cordelia, rousing herself suddenly into a burst of indignation. "Edward Haslam has told me what you are."

This was a sharp blow, and Lady Martock flushed under it, then she drew a step nearer to her victim.

"Jealousy takes many shapes," she said, "and the commonest of these is abuse. Edward Haslam has never forgiven me my forced marriage with Lord Martock. In his heart he loves me still. A fortnight ago, in Paris, he earnestly sought an interview with me, but I refused to see him. I assert nothing without proof; you know his writing; here is his letter."

She took it from the pocket of her long trailing robe, and held it beneath Cordelia's bewildered eyes, which unwillingly scanned the first few words—

"DEAR LADY MARTOCK,—For the sake of early memories, I entreat you——"

Cordelia turned away; her heart was sick within her, a cold breath seemed to pass over her, killing hope and faith. Such words from her lover proved Lady Martock's power, and if they did not quite prove love, they showed at least the might of lingering memory. She looked steadfastly, yet with bitter anguish, in her rival's fair, cold face.

"I will not read your letter, Lady Martock. I will hear only from Edward Haslam himself why he sought to see you."

"Do you think it likely he will confess that he wanted to bribe me into a compliance with his illegal marriage with you?—that he wanted me to stand silently aside and acquiesce in that cruel wrong against you—that cruel despoiling of myself? Miss Gwynne, I have had more mercy on you than that. I have stood between you and a terrible fate. You hate me for it, doubtless, but that matters little. Henceforth you can never meet Edward Haslam without feeling the barrier there is between you—never again can you plead ignorance of the truth. I hear voices approaching; I leave you now. I have no wish to distress your father further to-day; this is why I came to meet you. I think I have more mercy for him than you have: at least, I shall say so if you persist in clinging to Edward Haslam."

With these words, she gathered up her long trailing dress in one white hand, and rapidly passing Cordelia, she took her way onwards beneath the trees towards Warewood.

In another moment, Cordelia saw her father and mother coming towards her; there was something in their aspect so strange and sorrowful, so new to her, that as she looked upon their dear familiar furrowed faces, her heart smote her, and her pent-up tears burst forth like rain.

"Upon me only!" was the cry of her anguished spirit, "upon me only let the pain of this blow fall!"

"There is no need to hold it back, John," said Mrs. Gwynne, laying her hands on Cordelia's outstretched quivering arms; "the poor child knows it all."

"Yes, I have seen Lady Martock. It was she who forbade the banns." And falling on her father's neck, Cordelia wept bitterly.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

"O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!"
* * * * *
"Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me."

IN the first year of Edward Haslam's delirium of love for Letitia Martock, the old lord went to Scotland, taking her and her mother with him. It was near vacation time, and young Haslam soon followed them. Hope and passion were at the height then both of their sorrow and their joy. Letitia was in the "angel years" of her life, before the world and the old hereditary taint of avarice had poisoned the springs of happiness; the thought of fickleness for money's sake had not yet soiled her soul.

One day the lovers rode together to the hills, and here were overtaken by storm and mist. They lost the road and wandered to and fro till their horses were fagged out. At length when night fell amid drenching rain, they came upon a little hamlet between the

foldings of the hills—just a cottage or two, one of which was a rough sort of village inn. Here they sought for shelter, and Letitia, weary, exhausted, and frightened, looked forward longingly to a brief rest. But an unexpected dilemma arose; the woman of the house eyed the young couple with suspicion, and point-blank refused them a welcome.

Rich folk would not come to such a place as hers, she argued, and she did not believe they were lost: they were just a run-away couple, and she would have naught to do with them.

In this resolve she persisted with all the obstinacy of over-righteousness, increased to-day by extra whisky, which added ill-temper to her virtue.

Meanwhile the rain poured down in torrents, and the summer lightning, scarcely visible by day, grew vivid now in the darkness, while the thunder-claps startled the ear as they reverberated among the hills. For a delicate girl there was danger in remaining exposed to such weather; and Edward Haslam, having tried bribes in vain, grew angry and insisted on shelter being given to the lady, while he would seek it elsewhere. But even to this the whisky-warmed virago objected, saying she would not bring herself into trouble by helping run-aways.

Letitia by this time was in tears, and ready to faint with terror.

"Let us tell her we are married," she said to her lover in French. And, not waiting for his answer, she called out to the woman that the gentleman was her husband. At this moment she would have made a greater sacrifice than this to truth for the sake of warmth and shelter. She was shivering visibly, and, seeing her condition, her lover repeated her assertion manfully, and being no longer withstood, he lifted her from her horse and carried her within-doors, the vixen mistress of the establishment observing they were daft not to have told her before they were man and wife.

The inn was a wretched place, consisting only of two rooms: one of which was given up to Letitia, who, being worn-out with fatigue, and moreover angry and miserable, soon added to her lover's embarrassment by going into violent hysterics. He was at once called by the landlady to come to his "wife's" assistance, and his hesitation again put her inquisitiveness and ill-temper on the stretch. Not being quite in her senses, through unusual drams of whiskey, she was hard to manage: she grew loud, angry, and coarse, threatening at last to turn her visitors out upon the heath.

Naturally alarmed by this, more alarmed still by Letitia's condition, which to his inexperience seemed worse than it was, and anxious to relieve her from the woman's insults, and purchase peace for her, Edward Haslam hastily wrote out the declaration—now shown to Cordelia—and he and Letitia signed it in the presence of the vixen landlady and her husband.

It was done merely to procure shelter and quiet for Letitia in her present exhaustion, and no thought of its possibilities as a serious document came at that moment into Haslam's mind, though there was a shadowy feeling that he might use it in her behalf if circumstances should render it necessary. This arose from his perceiving there was no alternative for Letitia but to remain where she was till morning, as even if the storm ceased, and they had a guide, she was far too ill to mount her horse and ride home through the night.

Loving her as he did, he wrote the document with perhaps a too ready willingness to bow to the necessities of their position, and maybe with a latent hope that this adventure might wring a consent to their marriage from the Martocks. But an hour had scarcely passed from the time they had taken shelter, when Lady Laura herself in a pony-carriage arrived in search of them. She was too frightened, and too glad to find her daughter in safety, to give way to the rage within her. Moreover, Letitia was really ill and unfit to bear any violent scolding at present; and seeing her fainting state, Lady Laura was forced to refrain from pouring her vials of wrath either on her or her lover. In after-days, also, she felt it more prudent to be silent, though she was careful in the future that her daughter never again rode out with young Haslam without a servant who knew the roads well.

She had Letitia now conveyed to the carriage and drove off, leaving Edward Haslam to return as he could with the horses.

The appearance of Lady Laura, and her suppressed fright and anger, had due weight with the virago of the inn. She was quite sure now she had had to do with a couple attempting to elope, and she chuckled over her own ill-temper as a proof of superior wisdom.

"Ech, but the young leddie is his wife now, Effie, woman, for a' the mither has come between them!" observed the meek husband, who smoked his pipe placidly in the chimney-corner. "Have na' we our ainsels just put our han's to their marriage lines?"

The expression awoke Edward Haslam as from a dream. He searched for the paper, meaning to destroy it—Letitia being safe with her mother, it was needless now—but he could find it nowhere.

Letitia had in fact taken it.

The next day, when he spoke to her of it and advised her to burn it, she laughed, and then said seriously, she loved him too well to destroy a document which might one day avail them if they were still denied leave to marry.

He was in love; he yielded to her voice, and allowed her to retain the paper. From this time in their letters they began to address each other as husband and wife, jestingly on her part, seriously on his; for the declaration which she regarded with levity he looked on as so binding, that when he felt her growing fickleness and the harassments he received from her family were reasons why he should set her free, he dared not do so.

Yet he did not mistake their mutual position, or imagine this declaration constituted a marriage—which it never was or could be. It is true that in Scotland marriage is looked on as a civil contract, needing only the mutual consent of the parties, proved by writings or verbal expressions in presence of witnesses; but the Scottish courts are so jealous of

these irregular forms of proof, that they scrutinise the evidence with eager care. Hence, there is nothing more difficult than to prove an irregular marriage in Scotland. The case must be extremely clear and certain, before any court will admit a couple to have attained the marriage status in any other way than by a ceremony in a church. In spite, however, of the severity of courts, a declaration of marriage before witnesses, with subsequent life together as married persons, was ever held in Scotland to be a perfectly lawful marriage. But without that life together the declaration would certainly be a mere piece of waste-paper.

As a lawyer, Edward Haslam knew this; as a woman, Letitia Martock was ignorant, and thought little of the matter till the time came when she knew how deeply it had affected her fortunes.

At Castle Martock she showed the paper to her grandfather, one day when that dreadful old man was in a playfully-wicked good humour.

He pinched her cheek on seeing it; and, hiding the gleam of delight in his eyes, told her grimly to take care of it, as it might be worth her money in the years to come.

"Not that I shall give your bridegroom a penny," he said. "You know they have all forced me to promise to keep him a beggar, but you need not forsake him for that. Let me see what you are worth, and if you can be faithful to a poor man. I shall not tell him I have seen this precious document. There, keep your secret, and wait till Edward is Lord Chancellor, then make him own you." He could not resist giving himself the wicked pleasure of adding that he had left a huge fortune to his grandson.

"So Fred will be the rich man, and you must take Edward for love," he added, pinching her cheek again.

"So I will," she answered, saying these words in anger, not in faith.

A few days after this, Lord Martock, escaping from the family spies, altered his will in favour of Edward Haslam's wife.

The very bitterness of gall was in her lot when Lady Martock knew what he had done, and recalling this conversation, felt that she had herself gained this alteration of the will in her favour. And now it was all useless, and the document that would have stood her in such good stead was only a reproach and a pain.

No wonder she was glad at last to use it as a threat, an instrument of revenge, and a means by which to separate Cordelia and her former lover. She hoped also that through it she should yet gain the wealth whose weight had so long lain heavily on her unsatisfied soul.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

"This is the way to kindle, not to quench—
What is about to me? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near—I cannot speak!"

IN the morning, after this terrible Sunday, Mr. Bruntwell came to the rectory, and had an interview with Mr. Gwynne. He began by making apologies.

"No one, my dear sir," he said, "can regret Lady Martock's act more than I do; but she would not be advised; ladies will intrude personal feeling into business, and no man can stop them. I looked upon it as quite unnecessary to cause you this annoyance and exposure to scandal. A private letter would have had precisely the same effect."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Gwynne. "I should never have permitted any engagement between Miss Gwynne and Mr. Haslam, had I been made aware of his doubtful position with regard to Lady Martock. It was her duty to write to me long ago."

"A letter to you, sir, was absolutely written, when the accidental death of her child changed her feelings altogether. They began then to take a vindictive shape, which I regret to say they still wear. I think had her child lived she would never have spoken of this Scotch marriage, which I confess frankly at once is no marriage, not even under the most liberal interpretation of the Scotch law."

"Then how could she dare use it against my daughter as she did yesterday?" asked Mr. Gwynne with indignation.

"Because, sir, her opinion of the marriage differs from mine. She believes in it, and she thinks Mr. Haslam ought now to forgive the union into which she was in a certain degree forced, and make her legally his wife. The great pecuniary loss to which she will be subject if he refuses to do this, renders his conduct in her view most unfair and unjust, and naturally she looks on his obduracy as being caused by your daughter and yourself in your desire to enrich yourselves."

The rector heard him to the end quietly, without the drooping of an eyelid, or a quiver on his face; but inwardly his heart within him was smitten with a burning sense of shame and indignant pain.

Who or what was this Mr. Haslam to him, that in his old age he should despoil him of his crown of honour and self-respect, and destroy the peace of his home and the happiness of his daughter?

"Is it to utter this slander, sir, that you have sought an interview with me?" he asked. "Miss Gwynne became attached to Mr. Haslam in utter ignorance of this wealth; she never heard of it until July last, neither did I."

"Ah, but since, my dear sir, you must confess that it has had its influence with you. Come now, frankly, as man to man"—and Mr. Bruntwell leant forward, with the tips of his extended fingers pressed together—"has it not weighed with you as it naturally should do, and induced you to hurry on this attempted marriage with a little unseemly haste?"

The question being put so odiously smote the good rector like a blow in the face, and his eyes flashed fire, and his hand was clenched, before he bethought himself how unseemly a thing was anger to one of his name and calling. In the effort to calm himself he grew deadly pale; his lip shook as he spoke.

"Mr. Bruntwell," he said, "I must refer you to my solicitor. I decline to discuss this matter with you."

"Pardon me, I come to you as the rector of this

parish, as it is my bounden duty to do, to lay before you the 'just cause' why Miss Gwynne's banns with Mr. Haslam were forbidden. It will be for you now to judge, as a clergyman, whether you can venture to marry these two or not."

Mr. Gwynne lost his patience; the instant had come for which Mr. Bruntwell had watched and waited.

"No, sir, I will never let my daughter be the victim of a doubtful marriage. You need not imagine any sacrifice of honour to Mammon can occur in my family."

"Am I to infer that you give up all hope of seeing Mr. Haslam your son-in-law? all hope of gaining this huge fortune for your daughter?" asked the lawyer, with one of his expansive smiles.

"Hope! I never hoped it. How dare you insult me?" roared the rector, his voice loud as his parishioners had often heard it amid the shriek and din of mingled sea and storm.

"My good sir, calm yourself, I beg. I ask the question with all respect. It is very important, because, as doubtless you can well understand, if you permit Miss Gwynne to renounce her engagement to Mr. Haslam, and she completely breaks off with him, the matter simplifies itself extremely. It leaves your name and hers entirely out of the question, and I pledge myself they shall not be mentioned, and it confines the trial to facts at issue between Lady Martock and Mr. Haslam only. You perceive that clearly, I trust?"

Through all the agony of the time, through the dimness of pain and anger, the rector saw thus shown him the loop-hole of escape from misrepresentation, from the cloud of dishonour, and the glare of publicity, which a trial involving his and Cordelia's names would fling upon his hearth and home. But he would not seize an escape when offered to him as a bribe. He rose up, towering to his full height like a rugged tree.

"THREATENING AT LAST TO TURN HER VISITORS OUT UPON THE HEATH" (*p.* 583).

"Lady Martock is at liberty to bring what action she chooses against Mr. Haslam in order to prove her right to the money she claims, and if she drags forward my name and my daughter's in that trial, to throw any slur upon them, I shall know how to defend myself and her. For the rest, sir, I shall not press Miss Gwynne to renounce her engagement; if she prefers to await the issue of the trial, she will do so with my sanction."

He said this standing firmly up, with voice clear and strong as when it rang out across tumbling waves to wrecked seamen to whom it brought life; but his eye was troubled, and the hand with which he grasped his chair had a look of agony in its quivering muscles.

These little signs Mr. Bruntwell marked, and he knew the rector would give many a year of his remaining pilgrimage, to stand clear and untouched from the blot and the shadow which Lady Martock would strive to fix upon his name.

"Then may I ask if Miss Gwynne is much attached to Mr. Haslam?" demanded Mr. Bruntwell in his smoothest voice. "In that case I would leave the decision entirely to her, merely as a preliminary making her understand how much depended on it."

"Attached to him?" repeated Mr. Gwynne, his voice growing vague and troubled. "Yes, yes—my poor girl!—yes, she cares very much—I beg your pardon, what were you saying?"

"Will you permit me to see your daughter, Mr. Gwynne? I think it advisable she should comprehend this matter perfectly."

"See her! She shall do as she likes, sir. She shall see you if she wishes it," returned the rector, all his courage in arms again; "only I must be present at the interview. I will not have any mental racks and thumbscrews applied to my daughter."

"There shall not be, I assure you. I will merely put the case before her in a few clear words. I will even confess to her more freely than I have to you my legal opinion that there is no marriage between Lady Martock and Mr. Haslam, and no chance of proving it; therefore, if she (Miss Gwynne) chooses to abide the issues of a trial, she will most probably find there is no just cause or impediment why she and Mr. Haslam should not be man and wife. All this I promise to say, only I must stipulate that I see the young lady alone."

"Again I reply that I will leave my daughter to decide for herself."

In saying this, Mr. Gwynne left the room with a firm step, while the lawyer's keen eyes followed him.

"He is more shaken than he likes me to know; he tries to hide how broken down he is, but I can see it. I can see too my task will not be very difficult, unless the girl is made of sterner stuff than I suppose. If she were a worldly woman, she would not let go her chance of such a fortune; but being what she is, I think Mr. Haslam will soon find himself standing alone."

His reverie was checked by Cordelia's entrance. She bowed to him without speaking, but the sweet calm of her manner, the gentle quiet graciousness that shone about her, moved him unconsciously, and his voice took a low and deferential tone when he addressed her.

"It has been my unhappy duty, Miss Gwynne, to explain to your father the nature of the impediment which exists——"

Cordelia lifted her eyes to his face slowly; they were full of calm sorrow and resolve.

"Excuse me," she interposed, "there is no need to tell me more. I saw Lady Martock yesterday."

"Exactly; and you found her, I fear, angry and vindictive. To-day, Miss Gwynne, I have with great difficulty persuaded her to take a milder view of the case in point. She thinks you have been deceived; she looks on you as the victim of an unscrupulous man; she begs you to read this letter. She begs it as a favour, that you may not judge her as a traducer of a person whom perhaps you esteem."

Mechanically Cordelia took the letter into her hand; it shook a little as she held the paper and her eyes fell on Edward Haslam's writing. She saw the words, "My beloved wife," and she read no further.

"This letter was never meant for my perusal," she said, with quivering lips. "I must decline to read it."

But the arrow had entered her flesh; with her own eyes now she had seen her lover's written words of love—written acknowledgment of the tie he had always denied.

"I am sorry you will not read it. On this letter, and on others of the same kind, I freely confess would stand our only chance of proving a marriage. The declaration you saw is useless."

Cordelia looked at him again; her pale, sad face was a mute reproach.

"Useless," he continued, "because the parties were never domiciled in Scotland or elsewhere as man and wife; never, in fact, lived anywhere in that relation. A few minutes after that paper was signed, which Lady Martock showed to you, her mother arrived at the village to which she and Mr. Haslam had ridden on horseback, and she returned home in Lady Laura's carriage. Miss Gwynne, it remains with you to decide whether Mr. Haslam and your father shall be tortured by a long law-suit in which all these painful circumstances will be divulged to the world, or whether they shall be buried in oblivion for ever."

"It remains with me?" repeated Cordelia.

"Yes; I have advised Lady Martock for the sake of all who must suffer, herself included, not to pain her former lover by raking up this old story and giving it to the jeers of the world."

"Yes," said Cordelia, a little breathlessly.

"Then the question is, Miss Gwynne, will you do somewhat on your side to spare Mr. Haslam pain, and to save your father from being accused by a hard world of a wish to seize this wealth?"

"I will do anything in my power," returned Cordelia, not eagerly, or faintly, but in a strangely quiet tone.

"Then before I tell you what conditions Lady Martock makes as the price of her forbearance, you must allow me to place her position and your own clearly before you."

Cordelia's dark, sad eyes, grown larger since yesterday, looked assent at him; she did not reply otherwise.

"Setting aside all idea of a true marriage between the parties—because there was, in fact, none—it must be acknowledged there was a declaration of marriage, forming a contract and promise so binding, that old Lord Martock was justified in coming to the conclusion that no other woman than his granddaughter would be Edward Haslam's wife. You follow me and confess that?"

"Yes," Cordelia said, still in the same quiet way.

"It was a binding contract," continued Mr. Bruntwell, "because it was just possible that Mr. Haslam might claim the lady as his wife, even if she married another person, therefore her position would be uncertain and painful unless she remained faithful."

"I see that also," Cordelia said.

"I wished you to see it, because that was just what Lord Martock saw. He had no great opinion of his granddaughter's fidelity, but immediately after she had shown him the paper which you have seen, he cancelled his old will in which he had left a huge fortune to his grandson, and he made a new one, giving that fortune to Mr. Haslam's wife. That he would never have made such a will unless his granddaughter was to be that wife is certain, for no one can suppose it possible he wished to benefit a stranger, and since he had stated publicly his resolve not to leave Edward Haslam a shilling—a resolve he kept—it cannot be presumed he intended to enrich him. Hence all the evidence goes to prove that his legacy to his granddaughter was left in that peculiar way for the sole purpose of insuring her marriage with the man she loved—to gratify her affections, in fact, and procure her happiness. Do you follow me, Miss Gwynne?"

Cordelia had grown very pale, but she answered firmly—

"I understand perfectly that I am hearing your view of the case."

"Not mine only, but that of eminent counsel as well. But setting aside all legal points, Miss Gwynne, I ask you whether in common justice you do not think Lady Martock has a better right to this money than a stranger—yourself for instance?"

"I do not reckon I have any right to it," said Cordelia. "Lady Martock's claim certainly would be more just than any stranger's, but"—she hesitated, then recovered her courage—"she should have been faithful."

"Granted," returned Mr. Bruntwell; "yet her inconstancy was enforced, her love still lives. It is a sad pity Mr. Haslam is insensible to her affection, for putting the matter in a business light only, it is certain the best and wisest solution to this difficult question would be a marriage between these two. After all, it is Mr. Haslam who is really inconstant."

Cordelia was silent; she felt his words like hammer-strokes upon her heart, and she shrank from them as from a blow.

"Having rehearsed the facts to you, Miss Gwynne, and confessed that the declaration of marriage is waste-paper—except as a proof that it was the cause of Lord Martock's will—there remains only for me to tell you the terms to which I have induced Lady Martock to consent. If you will renounce your engagement to Mr. Haslam, she promises on her side that she will take no steps for two years with regard to this business, and at the end of that time she pledges herself that neither your name nor your father's shall be mentioned in the course of the trial."

"Why two years?" asked Cordelia a little hurriedly. "Is there any reason for fixing that term?"

"There are two reasons, Miss Gwynne;" and Mr. Bruntwell's long smile expanded his face again. "One is, that in that period all talk and gossip respecting yourself will die away, and also your memory in Mr. Haslam's mind; the other reason is, that Lady Martock naturally hopes in that time to soften his rancour and jealous anger against herself. She is a very beautiful woman, and he once loved her passionately; surely there is reasonable hope of her success—reasonable hope that he will be spared all litigation, all painful publicity of secret and sacred feelings, and will at last be a rich and happy man, with the woman who was his first and only love, for the best and brightest years of his life. No love of middle age can equal the love of youth. I cannot believe he has forgotten Lady Martock, I believe there is still happiness for him with her, if you, Miss Gwynne, can be generous enough to step aside and renounce your hope of wealth."

"I never had such a hope," said Cordelia simply.

A spot of crimson burnt now on either cheek, her eyes looked large and glassy, her lips shook, and her voice held in a world of pain.

"Then never having hoped for it, I trust it will not cost you much to relinquish it," observed the lawyer airily.

She wrung her hands tightly together, and her shining eyes grew strangely dark.

"I have had other hopes," she said, "with which this wealth had nothing to do. I will ascertain what my father and Mr. Haslam wish, before I give any promise to renounce them."

"Quite right on your part, Miss Gwynne. Let me add that Lady Martock asks for no sacrifice of feeling from Mr. Haslam. What I have said with regard to the future are rather my aspirations than hers. I see on one side a beautiful woman, who can endow her husband with a princely fortune; on the other, a man who once loved her with passionate devotion; is there not room in such circumstances for hope?"

Cordelia's hand rested on her forehead; she seemed scarcely to hear him, and yet she had heard all.

"There is one thing more," she said. "You have not told me what is the alternative if both Mr. Haslam and I refuse to listen to any terms."

"You mean if you persist in endeavouring to marry."

A slight blush flitted over her face, then she raised her head and said quietly—

"Yes, I mean that."

"In that case you would find Lady Martock quite regardless of consequences either to herself or you.

She would hold back no detail of this matter from a gossip-loving world. There would be a chancery suit, and in her affidavits she would accuse you and your father of mercenary motives; Mr. Haslam also, most likely. In fact, she believes he sought to marry you only to get possession of the Martock money; and she is not alone in that belief. Nearly all the world would share it with her."

This was tantamount to saying there was no beauty to be desired, no well-favoured loveliness or grace in the pale drooping girl before him. She caught his meaning more in his smile than in his words, and her cheeks flushed again with a transient pain, and before her eyes there flitted as in a vision Lady Martock's glorious figure, and the clear-cut beauty of her ivory face.

"Pardon me," continued Mr. Bruntwell, "if I am obliged to use frankness. I assure you, if I thought only of my own interest, I should not have urged my client to offer you these terms; a long law-suit would pay me better."

He smiled, and then rose because Cordelia did.

"Is it all said now?" she asked.

"I think so. When may I expect your answer, Miss Gwynne?"

"In a week, Mr. Bruntwell."

"That will be the thirtieth," he said, making a note of it in his pocket-book.

"Just so," she answered.

She seemed so calm and quiet, so resigned and cold, that he thought she had but little feeling, yet there was something in the sweet graciousness of her face which made him sorrowful for her.

"I trust, Miss Gwynne," he said, "you have observed that I have not insulted you with the offer of any share in this money. I have not supposed that any motive but consideration for your father and Mr. Haslam could actuate you."

"I had not noticed it," she answered; "I should never have thought it possible such a thing could be said to me."

She still stood, so there was no alternative for him but to go, and he went, feeling his last speech a failure.

When she was left alone, Cordelia looked around her in a bewildered way, her eyes full of a frightened agony, then as she heard steps approaching, she turned hastily to the window, opened it, and fled out into the November mist, heedless that she had no covering for her head.

It was an hour before she came back, shivering and white as the snow just falling on her sparsely.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

THE LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

THERE was an Anglo-Saxon law that required all freemen over fourteen years of age to find sureties for their good behaviour. As a simple way of providing such sureties, ten families would agree to be mutually responsible, and would collect among themselves a common fund wherewith to pay (*gildan*) the fines which might be imposed for any offences. And that they might the better know and watch each other, they met from time to time to eat and drink at a common table.

In this bond lay the germ of the Saxon trading guilds, and of the great City companies of our own day. Of those Saxon trading guilds, the names of only three—the Steel-yard Merchants, the Knights, the Saddlers—have come down to us.

The Steel-yard Merchants settled in London before A.D. 967, dealt in grain, flax, cloth, and iron, and set on foot the Hanseatic League. They swore to remain unwedded, and lived on their premises, guarding their wares from the marauders of the surrounding forests. Gradually the guild decayed, and in 1552 dissolved itself. But long before this happened many others, tracing back their origin to Saxon times, were flourishing in the City. We hear of the Mercers in 1172 holding the lands left by Gilbert à Becket, father of the great archbishop; and a few years later, in 1226, the Goldsmiths and Merchant Taylors, having chanced to quarrel, met on an appointed night, numbering, with their respective followers, 500 on either side, and fought manfully till separated by force.

The purposes and functions of these guilds were manifold. They supported, protected, and regulated trade, preserved trade secrets, and watched over the morals and manners of the citizens of London.

The master of each guild was, during his year of office, almost omnipotent; and though, by degrees, certain members of the craft were allowed to help him in managing its affairs, the brethren as a body were little consulted, and were expected to yield entire obedience.

Assisted by three wardens, chosen by himself, he searched for spurious goods, tested weights and measures, and fined and imprisoned dishonest traders. The Master of the Merchant Taylors, followed by his beadle armed with a silver yard wand, went through Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair, trying the ells used "within the said fayre." The fishmongers were not permitted to sell stale fish, nor the vintners bad

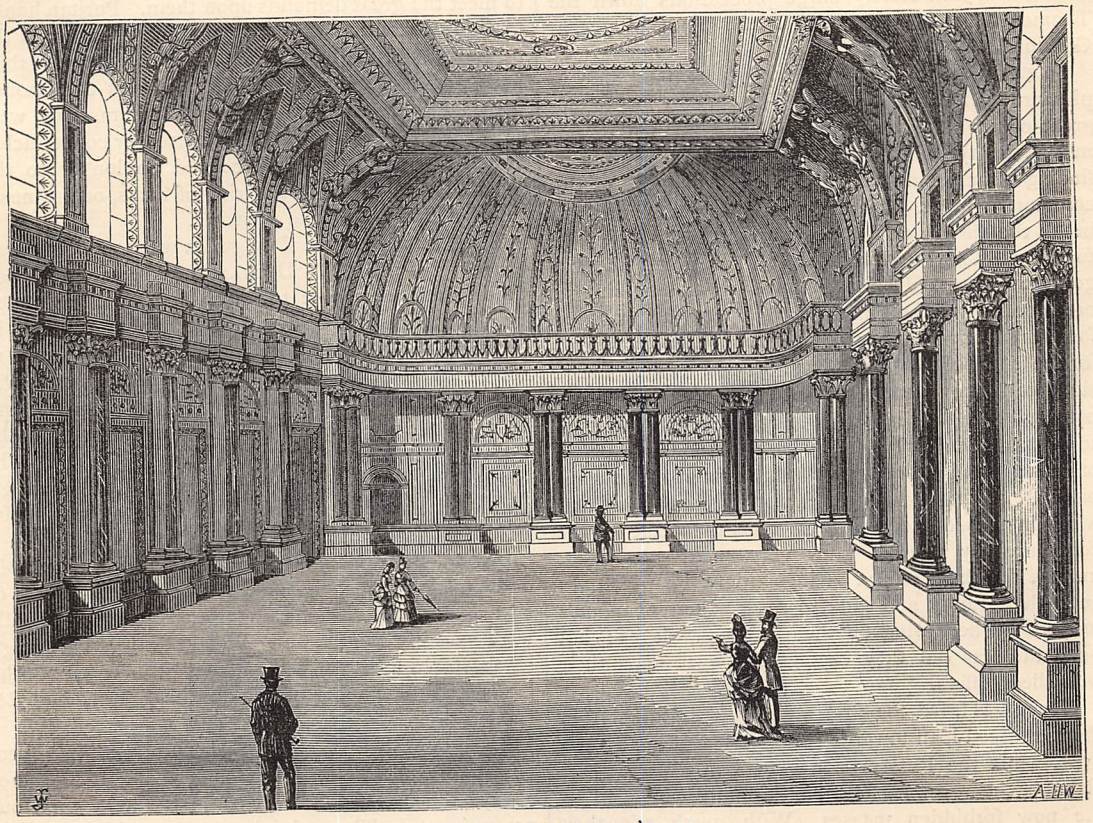
wine. A baker sending out adulterated bread might be drawn on a hurdle from the Guildhall to his own shop, with the condemned loaf hung round his neck; and if he transgressed three times, had to forswear his trade for ever. A goldsmith, who had alloyed his metal overmuch, was once set in the stocks by Goldsmiths' Hall, and then cast into Newgate to die.

But the authority of the guild-master was by no means confined to trade concerns. If any of the guild left London without his leave, or contrary to his command, a sergeant was sent to bring the truant back. Brawling and insolence were punished by fine; perjury and debt by expulsion. On election and quarter days, and especially on the anniversaries of their patron saints, the brethren were expected to assemble in their distinctive liveries and go *en masse* to church; the Skinners, on Corpus Christi Day, being accompanied by priests in rich vestments, bearing torches and chanting as they walked. There were, besides, services at St. Paul's, and as time went on state ceremonials, at all of which the liverymen, as they came to be called, were bound to appear unless "lawfully let."

The apprentices were still more strictly ruled. They might not carry weapons in the City; their dress and length of hair were minutely regulated, any disorderly conduct severely chastised, and all disputes between them and their masters arbitrarily settled. They were bound at the age of fourteen, and having served their seven years, and being of age and good name, they were then sworn of the freedom and enrolled.

However galling all this guild control might be, there was no escape from it. If a man wanted to follow any craft in the City, or to enjoy any of the benefits of citizenship, he *must* belong to a guild.

And he had compensations for the restraint imposed on him; he bore a part in such grand City pageants as greeted Edward I.'s return from his victorious Scotch campaign. He helped to swell the coronation trains to Westminster; and from the time when the third Edward enrolled himself as a Linen Armourer, or Merchant Taylor, he could generally claim kings and princes as his fellow-liverymen.



INTERIOR OF DRAPERS' HALL.

But the dignity of the great guilds rested on surer grounds than their presence at royal shows, or the royal names included in their lists. Special charters, granted by Edward III., had confirmed and increased their ancient privileges; and now, under their changed name of Livery Companies, they held in their hands all the power and most of the wealth of London. For several centuries the Common Council consisted entirely of their representatives, and the Court of Aldermen of their chiefs (in earlier times styled aldermen), who yearly elected from among themselves

the Lord Mayor, "Master of all the Companies," and veritably master throughout the City.

For those too among the London craftsmen who loved convivial meetings, there were the great feasts in the noble old halls, to which, on high days, wives, sisters, and sweethearts were often bidden. Then the board groaned under capons, bucks, and barons of beef; the loving-cup went freely round, and once a year the new Master sat at the high table, crowned with a gay garland; while minstrels played in the gallery, or the London parish clerks acted a miracle or mystery play. There were Mayings too in Greenwich Park, and stately barge processions down the Thames to instal in turn each new Lord Mayor at Guildhall.

So even the most prosperous trader gained both in pleasure and importance by belonging to one of the great companies; while, if he should chance to fall into adversity, he might look to receiving a pension or finding a shelter in some alms-house supported by the common moneys. Death itself was not allowed to break the tie which bound the members of a guild together. They were carried to their graves under a gorgeous state pall, and followed by a long line of brethren. And the chaplain, while praying by name for every living member, did not neglect to say masses for the souls of those who had passed away. Large sums of money were often left by will to provide in perpetuity for such masses, the residue to be spent on some specified charity, or laid out in banquets, or such other ways as might seem fit to the officers of the companies. And as these legacies were frequently in land, which increased enormously in value, the wealth of the companies by degrees grew very great—too great, indeed, for their safety. Kings might be willing to enter their ranks, and glad to secure their chaplain's prayers by bestowing on them fresh privileges; but none the less did they cast greedy eyes upon their well-filled coffers.

Henry VIII. led the first attack by wringing from them a forced loan towards the expenses of his Scotch wars, while the Reformation gave him a pretext for claiming the revenues hitherto faithfully expended on the now forbidden masses. With much ado they came to terms with him, and if they lost a good deal, they obtained at least many fine conventual buildings and noblemen's mansions, easily transformed to halls and chapels with the needful surroundings of buttery, brewery, and bake-house.

Elizabeth made them contribute more or less willingly to the American exploring expeditions, the building of the Royal Exchange, and the magnificent masques in which she took delight. But they showed no backwardness when the Spanish Armada threatened English shores, and she called on them for help. With eager zeal they raised and equipped 10,000 men, and furnished six-and-thirty ships; and when somewhat later she required them to supply from among their numbers a standing force for the protection of the City, 3,000 men, partly musketeers and partly pike-men, were soon ready to be reviewed by her in Greenwich Park, and did no small credit to their City training.

To another wish of hers the companies proved less compliant. Disregarding the rights of the Leather-sellers, she granted a patent to one of her courtiers, giving him authority to "search and seal" all the leather throughout England. At once the whole craft rose to resist the encroachment, and the queen wisely yielded to their protest.

But evil days were now coming. James I. and Charles I. exacted from them large sums of money; and when the Commons became masters of London they fared still worse. The massive plate which had long adorned their buffets had to be sold or pawned to meet the great demands upon them. Puritan hands tore down and defaced the tapestry hangings, and the portraits of former benefactors, which embellished their halls, and shattered the stained windows emblazoned with heraldic devices. The halls themselves were converted into barracks, public offices, or conventicles, and the lofty oaken roofs echoed no longer to the minstrel's song, but to the ring of arms, or the nasal twang of some favourite preacher.

But the life in these City guilds was too vigorous to be easily destroyed. During the Protectorate they rallied, and were able to welcome back their exiled king with costly gifts and entertainments. He ill requited their loyalty. They were soon forced to surrender their old charters, and to content themselves with others which greatly curtailed their powers, and brought them completely under the control of the Crown. Another and a worse blow followed. The Great Fire destroyed many of their halls and archives, and left much of their property in ashes. Once again, however, they rose above their calamities. They recovered their melted plate from among the charred and smoking ruins, and sold it as so much weight of silver. By subscriptions among the brethren the halls were speedily rebuilt, and William and Mary's reign saw restored to them their ancient privileges, and the lands and tenements of which the Stuarts had despoiled them.

Since then their history has been one of unbroken, uneventful prosperity. Amongst them twelve, not always the oldest or the richest, have long stood out pre-eminent. They alone count royal personages among their members and entertain crowned heads, and on all occasions of ceremony they take rank in the following order:—Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Merchant Taylors, Skinners, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, Clothworkers.

Their civic authority has indeed died out, but many of their old customs and traditions survive still. Each company has its own church, to which, on certain days, the brethren go together all habited in their furred gowns. Each has its chaplain, who prays for its prosperity; while the money once devoted to masses for the dead now finds a better use in supporting University scholarships and exhibitions.

The master of a City company has still, in his own sphere, an absolute rule; and though he does not exercise the same close supervision over trade wares and dealings, some traces of the ancient regulations

remain in the Fishmongers' right to destroy bad fish in Billingsgate, and the yearly trial of the pyx at Goldsmiths' Hall, where the fresh coinage brought from the Mint is tested, and all articles of gold and silver made in London are assayed and stamped. The members of a guild may now follow any calling; but apprentices are still sometimes bound to their master's trade, though more often the binding is merely nominal, serving as one form of entrance into the guild.

If they no longer fulfil their original ends, the City companies still have a worthy part to play, and play it worthily. As patrons of livings, as governing bodies of great schools, like Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's (the last left by Dean Colet, more than three centuries ago, in the hands of the Mercers), as trustees of many smaller schools scattered over the country, they discharge their grave responsibilities always honestly and carefully, and generally wisely. The affairs and properties of the several companies are entrusted to Courts of Assistants, picked members of the Livery, from among whom the masters and wardens are annually appointed. Forming themselves into distinct committees, the "members of Court," for the most part experienced professional or business men, apply themselves earnestly to their allotted work, whether it be dispensing charities, overlooking schools, or managing estates, with a single-minded desire to promote the welfare of their guild and of the institutions dependent on it. The fee they receive is rarely large enough to repay them at all adequately for the time they spare from their own concerns. They have no personal interest whatever in saving or spending the company's money, and jealous care is taken to prevent any one among them from using undue influence for the advancement of any personal *protégé*.

And the larger portion of their finances is spent in charity, wider and more discriminating than any of which their guild forefathers ever dreamt. In splendid subscriptions to the great London hospitals and infirmaries, in founding and supporting Convalescent Homes, in bountifully relieving the wide-spread misery brought about by famine, warfare, and shipwreck, the great companies, one and all, set a noble example.

Moreover, there is even now a scheme afloat which will revive, and in a better shape, something of their old influence over the crafts of England. Before many years are over a great college for technical trade education will probably be built and endowed in London, with offshoots all over the country, maintained entirely by the Livery Companies of London.

THE TABLES TURNED.

I AM not sure that it redounds much to our credit. I will tell it, however, as a warning."

So our guest answered an inquiry made by a young and, it must be confessed, somewhat conceited member of the little party gathered together one winter evening round our dining-table.

"Hang the credit!" that person replied. He was rather uplifted, for he thought he had that evening won distinction in the sight of a lovely pair of eyes, then wasting their sweetness in the drawing-room. The owner of the lovely eyes had been a widow for some years; she was rich, elegant, and clever. There was a humorous wrinkling about the mouth of our middle-aged guest, as he answered—

"Hang the credit! So I can say now with a light heart. Then the credit was of more importance to me. However, you shall judge. You have heard," he went on, turning to the gentleman who headed the table, "that in the early days of our settlement we were a wild lot. Large fortunes had been made by the first settlers; and it got abroad at home that gold was to be had simply for the asking. Adventurers poured in. The native war brought in adventurers of another kind—men whose lives had been played out in the old country, and who were ready for any kind of devilry. Oh! I can assure you there was at times a singular collection in the settlement. I could tell you one or two tales that would surprise you. This, however"—turning to the person whose remark had provoked his tale—"is not of so desperate a character."

You must understand that at the time of which I speak—things are much changed now—we had neither library, nor theatre, nor concert-room, and were driven now and then to queer devices for killing the time. Some few of us took up with practical jests, but after a time even these palled. Every one in our community became so keen and wide-awake, that the most artfully constructed scheme broke down. If it did succeed, on the other hand, the vengeance taken was so dire as to be alarming. We were sorely in need of a patient butt.

It happened that, at this time, a young solicitor whom fortune had not favoured at home, taking it into his head that competition was slaying his talent, determined to try his fortune amongst us. He was certain—and he was not far wrong—that in such a community causes for litigation would abound.

He was slightly acquainted with one of my friends, and wrote to him of his intention, asking him at the same time to be so kind as—in the poor fellow's own words—"just to let people know, you know, that I am coming."

The letter was shown about, and that same evening my friend and I, with two or three others whom we had let into our secret, went out together, armed with large pieces of chalk. In the morning there was much questioning in the community, for on every bit of

boarding, every blank wall and gate, was posted up in gigantic letters—"HE IS COMING."

Again and again were the notices expunged by indignant householders. Again and again were they imposingly reproduced. The police were set on the watch: we either brow-beat or bribed them. People began to think that there was something mysterious in the business. We, of course, kept our own counsel, and at last one fine morning a second advertisement appeared. It was to this effect—"HE HAS COME."

In the interval our friend had heard again. "I shall arrive by S.S. *Benares*," our solicitor wrote. "I hope you have let people know." We had let people know to some purpose. It began to be rumoured abroad that a joke was on foot, and the whole community flocked to the landing-place.

To preserve the delusion we had paved the jetty with scarlet cloth, and decorated it with flowers. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor, my friend and I put off in a small boat to receive and bring to shore our distinguished guest.

He was a small delicate-looking man, with a face as refined as that of a woman. I had slight prickings of compunction when I met him. He was so delightfully frank and confiding. "I say," he said to his friend, as we neared the decorated landing-place, "do they expect any swell?"

"BOWING GRACIOUSLY TO HIS RIGHT HAND AND HIS LEFT."

"They expect you, my dear fellow," was the reply. "I let people know, you know."

"You must be a jolly hospitable set. But what am I to say to them all?"

"No necessity to say anything. Just bow as you pass through."

"Oh! I scarcely like——"

"You must, my dear fellow, you must. Not to acknowledge this brilliant reception would stamp you at once as a churl."

The young fellow's colour rose. He was as shy and sensitive as a girl, but rather than appear ungrateful he would have gone through any ordeal, and presently—oh! dear, I can see it now—he was stepping out on the scarlet cloth, and bowing graciously to his right hand and his left.

No need for us to wink and nod behind his back. It was understood that a butt was being brought into the community. The bows were gravely returned, and as, like an honourable body-guard, we formed round the new-comer, to escort him to his hotel, the crowd that had gathered to receive him fell into procession behind us.

It was the cold season, and we called on him the next morning to take him for a ride. He was full of his pleasant reception, and anxious to become personally acquainted with those who had so interested themselves in him.

"Oh! you'll know them soon enough," my friend said. "Shouldn't wonder if you find, when you go back, that half the community has been calling on you." And sure enough, when we returned, there was his table heaped high with visiting-cards. His eyes glistened.

"I've heard that people abroad were hospitable," he said, "but, upon my word, this kind of thing I didn't expect."

My friend glanced over the heap of cards.

"Ah!" he said, "the most influential names. They don't often call on new-comers. I suppose you impressed them favourably yesterday. Sharp set of fellows too! You had better lose no time in returning their civility."

"I will make my return-calls this afternoon," he said warmly. "Can you give me an idea of the addresses?"

"No need. Everybody knows everybody here. You have only to ask. I wish I could accompany you, but I shall be busy this afternoon."

"So shall I," said I, "but we will look in upon you later."

"Oh! and stay to dinner, do!" replied our young friend, and we readily agreed.

To one of us, as it happened, the offer of a dinner was not a thing to be lightly treated.

We were not surprised when, at the proper hour, we made our appearance, to see the young new-comer look weary and depressed. He brightened when he saw us.

"So kind of you to come!" he said. And presently—"Either I must be stupid at understanding directions, or everybody does *not* know everybody in your settlement. Such a wild-goose chase as I have had this afternoon!"

"What!" cried my friend with well-assumed surprise. "You didn't find them?" And his voice so clearly commented, "You must be a foolish fellow!" that the young man's colour rose.

"I must have another try," he said. "But was not this strange? I showed one of the names to a member of your police force. He directed me to the road leading out of the settlement, and I walked on for about an hour, expecting of course to reach some house. All at once I found myself at the cemetery."

My friend laughed. "That man was a wag: not a doubt of it. However, wait a few days till you know the place better."

As you may have guessed, more than half the cards dropped by our orders at the young man's door, bore the names of men either dead or departed. But a long time passed before he found this out; he might never have found it out at all, but for—however, I must not anticipate.

To give in detail the practical jokes we played on our new-comer would be impossible. One I must tell you, for it very nearly had a tragic ending.

Two or three of us had started with him on a shooting trip up the river. It had pleased one of us, his first friend, to feign a deep melancholy, from which our new-comer sought in vain to rouse him. The young fellow spoke to me in private on the subject. "Our friend," he said, "ought to be watched. Men in his state of mind have been known to do strange things." I, of course, encouraged his fear. We were neither of us then much surprised when, one evening, the melancholy man, after hastily wringing our hands and murmuring that "it could be borne no longer," leaped into the river. What followed helped me afterwards to understand the sequel of this story. Without a moment's hesitation that brave young fellow threw off his coat and boots, and dived after his friend. He was not a strong swimmer, however, and that little trick was near being our last. When we fished him up he was half drowned.

He rose in our estimation from that moment, though it was not in the nature of things that we could give up our diversion, and we were still plotting against his peace, when hazard called me away from our settlement to a little place at some distance. I went willingly, for the house in which I was to be entertained was presided over by a young lady whom it always gave me pleasure to meet. She was the daughter of the merchant I went to see: a bright, clever, and intelligent girl, and to my taste peculiarly handsome. It had struck me, moreover—no harm in confessing it now: there is an age, you know, when we read volumes in a smile—it had struck me then that the beautiful Eleanor Hartley had a special kindness for me.

"HE STOOD UPRIGHT, HIS VOICE WAS CLEAR" (*p.* 595).

But on this occasion it seemed to me that something was wrong with Miss Eleanor. She sustained her part in the conversation only with effort. She was languid and depressed.

"This detestable climate is telling on her," was my conclusion, and I outdid myself in my efforts to be amusing.

At such times, as we know—if, that is to say, we are not born talkers, like our friends of the Emerald Isle—there comes the moment when everything is used up. Neither joke, nor pun, nor lively anecdote will visit the distressed brain. Nothing remains but to choose between naked common-place and doleful silence. To me, one evening at dinner, such a moment came. Up to that time (for our host was a silent man) I had

done all the talking, and Miss Eleanor's eyes had often mutely thanked me. I could help her now no longer. In the silence that followed on this dreary conception she raised her gentle voice. What a plaintive look there was in her face! How hard she was trying to be animated; and how I felt for her! Happy thought! Had I been alone I should have cut a caper. It struck me all at once that I had not yet told them about our new-comer, and the tricks which we had played upon him. This, if only properly managed, would afford food for laughter and amusement for days.

"Oh! by-the-by," I began, "I have not told you about the new fellow who arrived at our place the other day."

Certainly Miss Eleanor's eyes were fixed on me with an interest such as she had not hitherto accorded to any of my stories, and, thus encouraged, I proceeded boldly, telling them, only with much more gusto, what I have just told you, about the letters and advertisements, the dead men's cards, and the false suicide. I was so much taken up with my own cleverness that I did not notice the way in which my story was being received by my hostess. Judge then of my astonishment and dismay when, as I ended with an inane little chuckle, she suddenly burst out—

"And you call yourselves men! Do you know what I call you?"

"My dear Nellie!" said her father.

I was speechless. She fixed her eyes on my face, and the position, I assure you, was a singularly uncomfortable one.

"I call you cowards," she went on, "and—and——" evidently she was at a loss for an expressive word.

"Miss Hartley," I said, deeply penitent, "if——"

"Pray say no more," she answered coldly. "Papa, I will leave you to your wine."

I did not see her again during my stay, which, as you may guess, was not prolonged beyond the time absolutely necessary. This abrupt and mysterious interruption of an acquaintanceship that had promised to prove interesting, cut me up more than I can well express. I tried to cast the whole matter out of my mind. I could not. In every quiet moment I would find myself running over the unfortunate occurrence, and trying to account for it. Had she known him before? Was she in love with him? The idea made me turn first hot, then cold. But no! impossible! Not the most extravagant fancy could make these two images, of Eleanor Hartley and of our simple little new-comer, stand side by side. Looked at from another point of view the thing was equally absurd. A score of men admired Eleanor Hartley—fine stalwart fellows, the pick of our community, for none other would have ventured to lift their eyes so high—men broad-chested and deep-voiced, and well-versed in every kind of world-lore. Was it not preposterous to imagine that this puling boy could be her choice? How then was I to explain her displeasure? I did explain it. It would be hard for you to guess how. But at certain times, you know, our thoughts are peculiarly obedient to impulses communicated to them by a will with which our desires have tampered. I said to myself that Eleanor Hartley was disappointed in me. Yes, this was the meaning of it all. That I should have joined in inflicting annoyance on a helpless fellow-creature vexed her. And really, when I looked back calmly, the whole thing began to wear an ugly aspect. Well! it was annoying. But time plays havoc with impressions. Eleanor would be sorry, doubtless, for her hastiness. I could easily put the matter in a different light. All would be well.

Meanwhile I returned to my own quarters, where, as I presently found, events of an exciting character were under discussion. Miss Hartley, I was told, had come to pay a visit to her married sister, who lived in our settlement. As we were not cheered by the presence of any unmarried ladies, this was of course an occurrence of the first magnitude. But further, a large dinner was to be given at our club, to which all the ladies and our new-comer were invited. He had been persuaded that the dinner was given in his honour, and was to be beguiled into making a speech, from which much fun was expected. I threw cold water on this scheme. I was afraid, you see, that Miss Hartley would see in it another malicious trick and be further incensed against me. But once a ball of such sort is set rolling, it requires a hand of peculiar force to stop it. Mine was not able for the feat, and my friends arranged their plan of action without me. After all, I think, I was not sorry that he should make a fool of himself publicly before Miss Eleanor. It would be sure to destroy any sentimental liking she might have had for him, so I held my peace, and the eventful day came on.

How nervous I was that evening! I remember I was obliged to call in the assistance of one of my friends to adjust my neck-tie, and he was obliging enough to tell me that I looked as yellow as a guinea. A comfortable assurance truly, when I had wished to look my very best; for I had not seen Miss Hartley since my unlucky story, and I wanted to make my peace with her. But when, with an apology on my lips, I drew near the sofa where she was sitting, I found, to my infinite relief, that no apology was necessary. She was as friendly in her manner as ever. She was exquisitely dressed that evening in—well, I can't exactly say what—some dead-white material, that fell in delicious folds about her stately figure. That girl could always dress herself to perfection. She looked superb. Beyond a doubt she was the queen of our party; certainly we all felt as proud of her as if each one of us had been her father or brother. She did not speak to our new-comer, and this relieved me. But at the dinner-table I felt a little more uneasy. She and he sat at opposite corners of the table. It seemed to me that she was quietly watching him, from time to time, and at such moments there was in her face a wonderful light of happiness and pride. I understood it all presently.

The long dinner passed; dessert was on the table; the usual toasts had been given and responded to. Then my friend rose, and in a few serious words

which, as some of us knew, veiled a real irony, proposed the health of the youngest man at the table, our distinguished guest, whose arrival had been so long anticipated and so eagerly hailed.

All drank the toast, and there followed an awful pause. Every eye, Eleanor Hartley's amongst the number, was fixed on our new-comer. He rose to his feet, and I ventured to glance at her. All was explained.

Oh, woman, what a strange being you are! Soft and yet triumphant was the beautiful face of our queen. She was bending a little forward: her eyes glistened: you would have said that she was listening to some exquisite melody.

About him, too, there was a change. I was excited, and of course what I saw and heard was coloured by my mood, but I could have declared that the young man's form had expanded, and that an indescribable dignity had crept into his gestures. He stood upright, his voice was clear and unfaltering; he did not shrink from, he rather courted, the multitude of glances that were bent on him. As for his speech—sir, I have knocked about pretty much, as you know, and now and then at dinners and elsewhere I have knocked up against distinguished men, but I have never heard a speech to match this one. In substance it was a review of the time he had spent in the settlement. To hear him one might have believed that he had seen through our practical jests from the first, and while seeming to be their victim, had been quietly amusing himself at our expense. Its manner, the delicate irony, the wit, the forcible piquancy, I should be glad indeed to reproduce, but of such an effort I am incapable. Here was a turning of the tables! My friends were bewildered; those not in our secret applauded vociferously. I alone knew who it was had planned this triumph; and I was not surprised when, a few days later, it was rumoured abroad that Eleanor Hartley and our new-comer were engaged to be married. Rumour, for once, told a true tale. Before that cold season was over, I was invited by Eleanor Hartley's father to his daughter's wedding.

"And I would wager," said the gentleman who had asked for the story, "that my lady kept him in order."

"On the contrary," replied our guest, "she was a model among wives—devoted, adoring. I believe she thought that man half divine. Well, poor fellow! he was always delicate, and, after two or three years of happiness, he died."

"And his wife?"

"I think you have met her."

"What! She cannot be——"

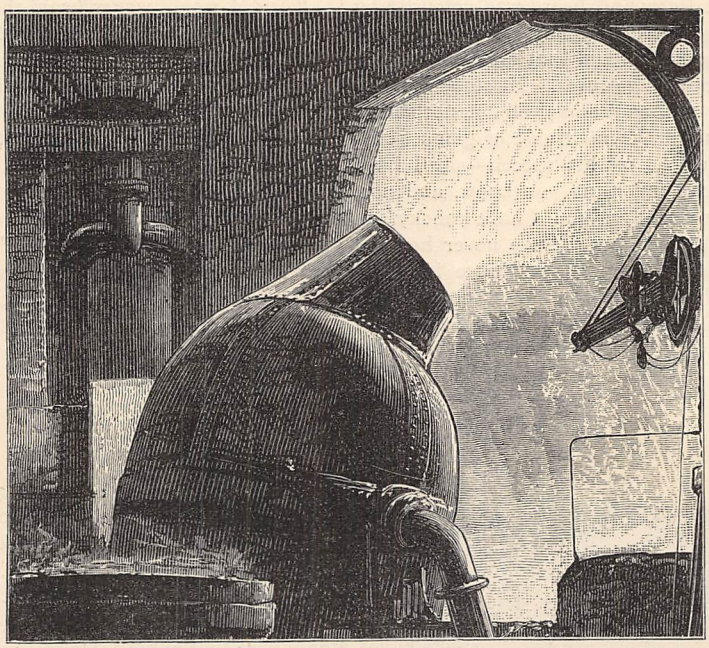
"I see that you have guessed. Thank me for giving you a peep into the character of Eleanor Walthingham."

C. DESPARD.

OUR STEEL MANUFACTURE.

THE ages of stone and bronze have passed away, and that of iron has already given place in some respects to that of the metal which will some day replace it fully—steel. Already on railways the reign of steel has been inaugurated; in shipbuilding, in the manufacture of tools, and for other purposes, there is an increasing use of steel, and as its greater durability is proved, and as the difference in cost between the two is lessened, there will be a decreased use of iron. For a long time the use of steel was restricted by its great cost and the comparatively small production possible; but the invention of new processes has removed both these obstacles, and as they have been removed gradually, the result has been seen in an increased use of the metal. But that increased use is contributed to by the fact that the "steel" we use so largely now varies greatly from that which once only bore that name. Down to a recent date, the process of "cementation," as it is called, was that almost exclusively used for the steel manufacture, but the discovery of the Bessemer process has not only changed the chief mode, but it has introduced a new kind of steel, cheaper, more easily made, and one capable of an expanded use; and this change has materially modified the steel manufacture and introduced it into districts where it was previously unknown, or where it had died out. Prior to the discovery of this process, the production of steel in Great Britain was very small—a few thousand tons annually—but by the adoption of the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin processes the production has been increased until it is now about a million tons yearly. The works by which this large growth has been contributed to have been erected in different parts of the kingdom, and the citation of a few figures from the official "Mineral Statistics," supplemented from local sources, will indicate the position of these works, and also the source of our steel supply, and the comparative production of different districts of the kingdom. As to the chief mode of production,

the producing capacity is best stated by the capacity of the "converters," and these in number, capacity, and location, are as follow:—In and on the borders of Sheffield there are 24 converters, the capacity of which may be stated as varying from 2 tons each to 10 tons each; Manchester has in its district 10 converters, of from 3 tons to 6½ tons capacity; Liverpool has 10, of 5 tons capacity; in the North-west, at Barrow, Workington, and Carnforth, there are 26, the capacity varying from 6 to 7 tons; at Dowlais and Ebbw Vale, 12, of 5 and 6 tons capacity; at Greenwich, 2, of 5 tons capacity; at Glasgow, 2, of 3 tons; at Deepcar and Wednesbury, 12, of from 3 to 5 tons; at Crewe and Bolton, 6, of from 3 to 6 tons; and at Ferry Hill and Eston-in-Cleveland, 8, of from 2½ tons to 8 tons capacity. In the total there are about 112 converters in Britain, and it will be seen that the North-western and the Sheffield districts contain half of the whole. In addition to the Bessemer process of manufacture, there are the Siemens and Siemens-Martin processes, and so far as can be learnt there are about 90 furnaces in the kingdom erected for the manufacture of steel by these modes. And of these, and the "Siemens Regenerative Gas Furnaces," most are in or near the ancient seat of the British steel trade. In that district, the bulk of the older form of appliances are at work, and it retains much of the famous trade it has acquired. But so far as regards the newer processes, by which the larger portion of the steel manufactured in Britain is made, there are some circumstances which militate against it, and which favour other districts by enabling them to manufacture more cheaply.



THE BESSEMER PROCESS.

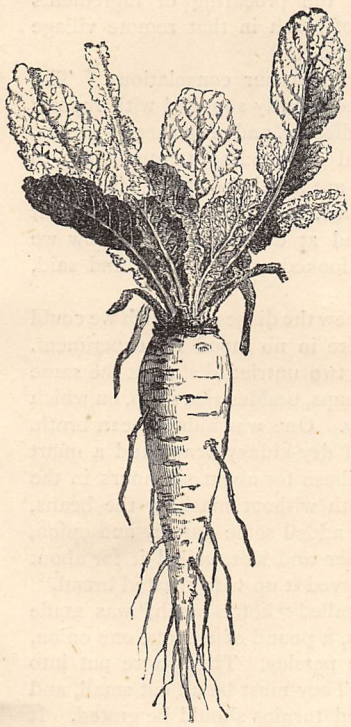
Although Britain is plentifully gifted with iron ores, there is far from a varied and extensive disposal of those rich ores which are necessary for the steel manufacture. The only district possessing a deposit of such ores in very large quantities that we have is the North-western district; and thus since the discovery of the Bessemer process there has grown up, as we have seen, a large manufacture of steel in other parts of the kingdom. In addition, there is now a large importation of ore into the kingdom, and on the Welsh and Cleveland coasts large steel-manufacturing establishments have been erected, with the obvious intention of minimising the cost of carriage of the raw materials, and of that portion of their product intended for exportation. The largest portion of our British ores are not, under present conditions of manufacture, suitable for conversion into steel, because they contain vitiating elements; and the problem of metallurgy has been, for some time, how to adapt these ores for cheap and rapid conversion into steel—a problem as yet unsolved. Of these vitiating elements, the chief is phosphorus, the presence of which hinders the use for steel-making of the cheap and plentiful ores to be found in Cleveland and other parts of the kingdom. The utilisation of these stores in the method indicated is a work now of time only, and its completion may form the commencement of a revolution in metallurgy as complete as that following the discovery of the Bessemer process.

As by the latter the greater portion of our steel is now produced, it may not be uninteresting to glance at the process. It has been already stated that rich ores must be used, for the reason stated, and these are smelted in the blast furnace in the mode employed in the manufacture of pig-iron. But in the most economical and the quickest mode of steel manufacture, instead of the molten iron being allowed to cool into the "pig," it is conveyed direct to the Bessemer converter, a hollow vessel, almost egg-shaped, mounted on an axis, and lined with fire-clay or ganister, and having its bottom fitted with fire-clay cylinders perforated with holes. Its work is to allow of the decarbonisation of the molten metal, and the after-addition of a determinate quantity of spiegeleisen or an equivalent. When the molten metal is poured into this hot converter, a fierce blast is turned on, and through the air-chamber at the bottom of the converter and the perforated cylinders, it pours through the hot metal, its pressure being, of course, more than the weight of the latter, otherwise the metal would, when the converter is placed upright, fall through the holes. As the vessel is placed upright, fierce flames leap from its mouth, growing brighter and longer, and bringing with them showers of sparks thrown upwards and outwards, and falling at some distance from the vessel. Minute after minute this spectacle continues—the glow and the flame increasing, and leaping out of the mouth of the

vessel in furious flames and crackling sparks; but at length the volume of flame lessens, and shortly the converter is partially turned on its axis, sending out a momentary stream. The decarbonised iron now receives a portion of "spiegel," or of ferro-manganese, which in mixing with it causes an ebullition, and the issue of a mass of flame, paler in tint and less furious in force than before, and with the addition of this the manufacture of Bessemer steel is complete. In a short time the converter pours its charge of from three to six tons into a ladle, and this is swung over a row of ingot moulds which form the arc of a circle. The ladle is tapped at the bottom, and a stream of pale-straw-coloured metal runs out into each mould in turn. When the metal acquires solidity, the moulds are raised from their still ruddy contents, and the great ingots are taken, yet hot, to be reheated in the furnaces, prior to being sent to the rolls to acquire the form of rails, or to be otherwise treated, according to their intended use.

Since, by processes such as this, the price of steel has been brought so low, and since the durability of the product of these processes has been fully demonstrated, there has been a revolution in the metallurgical world. Steel rails have, to a very large degree, supplanted those of iron; steel plates are beginning to be used for ship and boiler building, and in many other modes the cheap and more durable material is being increasingly used; while as its production is increased, the difference in price between it and iron is lessened, and its use continues to expand. The consequence of this is that the iron-producing districts feel very much more the force of the depression in trade than do the steel-producing districts; and there is in progress a very great change in the facilities of manufacture, for many of the iron-manufacturing firms are changing their works, and becoming Bessemer steel makers. When this change is accomplished "the iron age" will have given place to that of a purer and a longer-lived metal.

A SUMMER EXPERIMENT IN COOKERY.



WE were what landladies know as "a troublesome party." There were not many of us, but we were all independent people, who had formed our own habits and ways. One of us had been long in somewhat enfeebled health, accustomed to indulge in oysters and sweetbreads, in jellies and soups. Another of us had a constitutional inability to eat mutton. One was accustomed to early dinner, and another to late. And now here we were, settled down for a whole month in a little village three miles from any railway station, with one "shop" where everything was sold, from boots to bread, and with one butcher, who supplied the rectory and the Great House, and sometimes killed an extra "beast," generally a sheep, which the village consumed at its leisure.

It was here, and at this dreadful juncture, that we became enlightened as to the meaning of that phrase "butcher's meat," which we had heard so constantly on the lips of the peasantry, and which had hitherto struck us as mere tautology. We found that there is a "meat" which is not "butcher's." There is the domestic pig, which is either slaughtered in one's own sty, or bought in the form of bacon at "the shop." This was the village *pièce de résistance*. The first day that the butcher entirely failed us, our landlady mildly and timidly suggested "bacon." At the very sound of the word the delicate member of our party went to bed with a bad sick-headache, and stayed there for the remainder of the day.

"Can any fish be got?" we asked wildly.

"No," said our landlady hesitatingly—sometimes a man from the county-town brought over a basket of red-herrings, but he was not to be depended on. There was tinned-fish at the shop, but the village people "did not fancy it," and the stock was stale, seeing that the shopkeeper's own family would not touch it.

What could we do? We told our landlady that we would think about it, and would communicate the result to her, whereon she joyfully withdrew. And we sat and looked at each other.

"I've heard that it is possible to live very nicely without any meat at all," suggested our mutton-hater.

"I've heard of people doing so, and declaring they live the longer for it," said our late diner. "They'll give you a list of vegetable-eaters who have reached a hundred years. But I believe it is with them as with the early risers—they must have been very strong to dare to begin the habit at all."

"It could not hurt us for a little while," said our early diner.

"We might try it for one or two days," said all of us.

"We can't do better while we can get nothing else," said our late diner.

And so we set our wits to work. Our mutton-hater

knew how to make one or two dishes to begin with, and was evidently no tyro on the subject, since she instantly wrote home for sundry books and papers, which she had stored there, and which she thought might be useful to us.

With fear and trembling we sat down to our first dinner. Our newly-appointed caterer was a little fussy and anxious, but not without signs of secret jubilation, which she was only afraid of showing too soon. We had already had experience of such dinners as our landlady could provide—very tough steaks, very greasy mutton chops. But now a soup tureen and plates were set before us.

"Rice soup," said our mutton-hater calmly, removing the lid, and while we were partaking of it with considerable enjoyment, she told us how it was made.

The ingredients were six ounces of rice, one quart of milk, and two ounces of butter. The rice, with a quart of water, had been put in an earthen vessel, and set in the oven until the water was absorbed, then it had been transferred to a pan with the milk, and set over the fire, while the butter was stirred in, then seasoned with salt and white pepper, and boiled for ten minutes. We all pronounced it very good.

The next dish—so to speak, the "joint" of the occasion—was a potato-pie. This we were told was made with two pounds of potatoes, two ounces of finely-cut onions, one ounce of butter, and half an ounce of tapioca. The potatoes had been cut, pared, and put at the bottom of a pie-dish, then sprinkled with pepper and salt; the onions, the tapioca, the butter, and half a pint of water added; the whole covered with bread-crumbs, and baked in a moderately hot oven. This was pronounced a great success. Our delicate friend partook of it, and even the late diner wrote down the recipe that he might instruct his housekeeper in its mysteries.

Our meal concluded with fresh-gathered strawberries. And after resting for a little while we went out for our accustomed walk across the hills, and as our early diner said, "were not ashamed to look a sheep in the face."

When the mysterious packet of books arrived, the hour for selecting our dinner became also a season for all sorts of discussions and discoveries. We found that there were large numbers of people in the constant practice of what seemed to us so novel and so queer. We found that some abstained from flesh-eating on the grounds of its cruelty and selfishness towards the animal kingdom, whilst others did so rather from the belief that the simple diet was more truly wholesome and beneficial to man. We found that most great men, both of ancient and modern times, had given thought to the subject on which we had stumbled in such an impromptu, homely fashion, and that among those who had not only favourably inclined to its theory, but had more or less practised it in their own lives, may be counted Pythagoras, Plato, Diogenes, Plutarch, St. Chrysostom, Seneca, John Wesley, Benjamin Franklin, John Howard, Emanuel Swedenborg, Wordsworth, Lamartine, and Francis W. Newman. We found that such naturalists as Linnæus, Cuvier, Ray, Monboddo, and Bell have recorded their opinion that the teeth, the stomach, and indeed the whole of the structure of man indicate his adaptation to a fruit and farinaceous diet. We were not by any means convinced; but, at least, we were made aware that we had set up our experimental tent and tripod on no waste ground, but on an ancient battle-field.

We had our difficulties. Our landlady did not approve of our idea, for though we found no real diminution in our weekly bills, she got the notion that we were "mean." "Them as can pay for meat should leave other things for them as can't," we overheard her saying—the good woman's mind being quite unable to travel so far down an argument as to perceive that if such a "mean" course was more universally followed, the price of meat would certainly come within the range of those who now abstain not from choice, but of necessity. The butcher-boys hooted us, but providentially in such broad Sussex dialect that we could not understand what they said. Nor were all our dinners so unmitigatedly triumphant as the first. One or two dishes, highly recommended by the recipe-books, proved quite unpalatable — nay, nauseous to us. Others involved the procuring of ingredients more hopelessly out of reach in that remote village than even fish, flesh, or fowl.

Yet we were not without our consolations. The county paper kept us constantly supplied with reports of the foot-and-mouth disease, and of farmers, graziers, and butchers punished for sending tainted meat to market. We had been apt in other days to pass rather quickly over these items, conscious that they might painfully recur to mind at dinner-time, but now we read them aloud, and looked at each other and said, "We are safe."

However, we soon knew the dishes on which we could fall back when we were in no mood for experiment. We never ventured on two untried dishes at the same meal. We had some soups, besides rice soup, on which we knew we could rely. One was kidney-bean broth. We took half a pint of dry kidney beans and a quart of water, and stewed these for about six hours in the oven, strained the broth without mashing the beans, returned it to the pan, added some parsley and onion, seasoned it with pepper and salt, boiled it for about fifteen minutes, and served it up with toasted bread.

Another, which we called "hotch-potch," was made with four large turnips, a pound of carrots, one onion, one lettuce, and some parsley. These were put into four quarts of water. They must be all cut small, and part of the carrots and turnips should be grated. It should be seasoned with pepper and salt and allowed to boil slowly. Young green peas may be added. Part of them should be put in with the other vegetables, and the rest added about an hour before the soup is ready.

A rather more luxurious soup was made with six ounces of vermicelli, two quarts of new milk, the yolks of four eggs, a pint of cream, and a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup. The vermicelli is blanched by setting it on the fire in cold water; when it boils, drain

off that water, and put the vermicelli into cold water for a few minutes, and then drain all water entirely away, put it into a pan with the milk and boil it. Beat up the eggs, gradually adding to them the pint of boiled cream, strain this through a sieve and add the ketchup. Pour this into the pan with the vermicelli, drop in a lump of loaf-sugar and a tea-spoonful of salt, and keep stirring the whole until it boils.

The solid savoury dish was a more difficult matter than the soups. The most enthusiastic of us could not help feeling that it lacked variety, though our mutton-hater declared that she liked potato-pie so well that she would cheerfully eat it all the year round! Another little dish was composed of one pint of bread-crumbs, a small handful of chopped parsley, an onion finely minced, a small tea-cupful of dried marjoram, two eggs beaten up, a cupful of milk, a sprinkle of nutmeg, pepper and salt, and about a quarter of a pound of butter, the whole mixed and baked in a slow oven until it is of a light brown colour. This must be served up very promptly.

But some of our pleasantest chief dishes consisted in novel ways of serving up old and familiar articles of diet, such as cheese and eggs. We had eggs with asparagus. We took six eggs, two ounces of butter, half a hundred of asparagus, and four table-spoonfuls of cream. The eggs were well beaten up and put in a stew-pan with the cream, butter, salt, pepper, and the asparagus, which had been previously boiled till tender, and cut into very small pieces. The whole was stirred together on a slow fire till thick, and then served up on square pieces of toast.

Then we sometimes had a cheese fondue, made of half a pound of good toasting cheese, three eggs, half an ounce of butter, a quarter of a pint of rich milk, and three ounces of bread-crumbs. The milk was boiled and poured over the bread-crumbs, and kept covered with a plate for a quarter of an hour, then the cheese was grated, and stirred into the crumbs, together with the butter and the yolks of the three eggs well beaten. All must be thoroughly mixed, and then the whites of the eggs, also well beaten, are added, just before the whole is put into the oven. It should be baked in a mould, and the oven must be rather hot. This dish also must be served with great promptitude.

Of course, the great point of such simple dinners was the fruit dishes at the close. After the bread-crumbs, and eggs, and such ingredients in the foregoing compounds, we never cared for pastry, but ate our stewed fruit from great bountiful old china bowls, with but little sugar and accompanied only by dry bread.

And so we lived for more than a month. Cheese, eggs, and milk were our only animal food. We all felt well-fed and strong: one or two of us had become so virtuously vegetarian, that we felt a sort of compunction in the thought of returning to a way of life which demands a dreadful slaughter-house, a greasy butcher, and a messy kitchen-maid.

"This has been all very well," said our late diner, "but wait till the cold weather comes, and wait till we are back in our dingy London houses, running about, catching trains and posts, and working against time. Wait till then, and see if we shan't be glad of our roast beef and mutton."

"Perhaps so," said our early diner; "but are we quite sure that the way of life which constantly demands a stimulating diet is itself a desirable thing? If we could bring ourselves to live on less, might not life itself be better worth having?"

"The worst of it is," returned our late diner, "few of us can choose how we will live, if we mean to live at all."

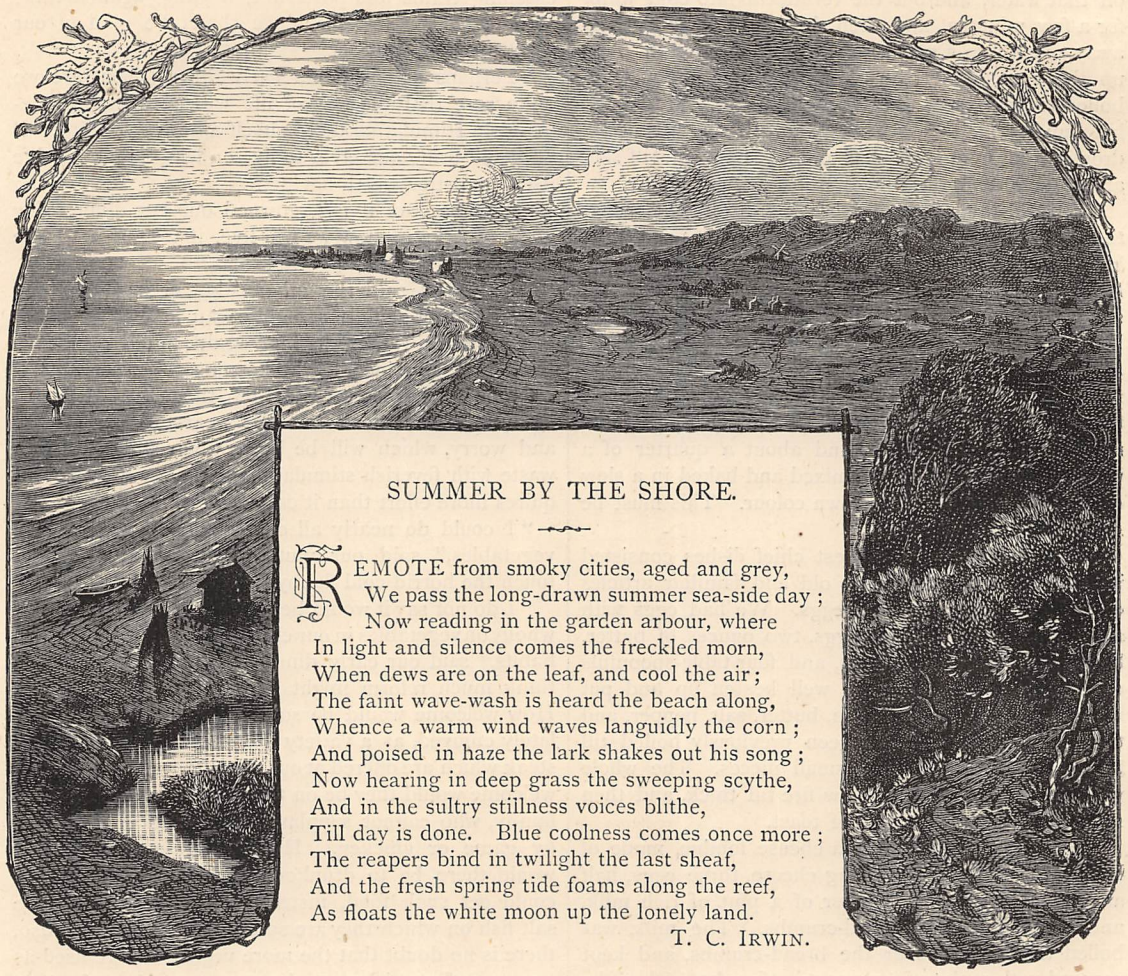
"Granted," said the other, "but at least we can have different ambitions. We can labour for peace in middle life, rather than for wealth in old age. We can relieve our incomes by keeping fewer servants, if we require simpler service from them, and that will save our constitutions from the wear-and-tear of care and worry, which will be better than supplying that waste with feverish stimulant whose very winning requires more effort than it can be worth."

"I could do nearly all our cooking if we lived on vegetables," said our mutton-hater, "but I cannot touch the horrid cold flabby joints."

"I do not say it would be wise for many of us to live wholly on vegetables in our climate, and with our general habits," said our early diner, temperately, "but I do think much reform might be made in this direction. How welcome would be some of the dishes we have lately enjoyed, as a variety from the eternal chop and steak which are offered at our restaurants. How equally welcome would they be on the table of many a modest family, who cannot supplant the insipid cold mutton by game or chicken. How much less temptation would there be to drunkenness if our working men could get such food, instead of the bacon and the salt fish on which they are so often driven back. Also, there is no doubt that the more vegetables are used as a means of nourishment, the greater number of people can live on the land. As Professor Newman says, 'To get the same amount of human food through cattle, needs three or four times as much land as would be required if we fed on crops of grain, pulse, potatoes, or fruit suitable to our climate.'"

"And above all," said the delicate member of our party, who was looking wonderfuly plump and fresh, "let this make us remember that everything is well worthy of careful consideration, and that nobody so wise and good as are many of the ancient and modern patrons of vegetarianism can possibly have a hobby-horse which has not some "go" in him, though he may not travel quite to the goal which his driver expects."

As for me, as I turned my back on the sweet Kentish village, and my face towards great London town, I marvelled within me whether the golden age may not be before us rather than behind, and among the light bells of fancy rang out the note of a mystic prophecy concerning the time when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like an ox," and "none shall hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain."



SUMMER BY THE SHORE.

REMOTE from smoky cities, aged and grey,
We pass the long-drawn summer sea-side day;
Now reading in the garden arbour, where
In light and silence comes the freckled morn,
When dews are on the leaf, and cool the air;
The faint wave-wash is heard the beach along,
Whence a warm wind waves languidly the corn;
And poised in haze the lark shakes out his song;
Now hearing in deep grass the sweeping scythe,
And in the sultry stillness voices blithe,
Till day is done. Blue coolness comes once more;
The reapers bind in twilight the last sheaf,
And the fresh spring tide foams along the reef,
As floats the white moon up the lonely land.

T. C. IRWIN.

A CURIOUS MIDNIGHT CUSTOM.

MIDNIGHT in an English forest is suggestive of little that is either wild or strange. Imagination may conjure up and bring vividly before the mind's eye many a fantastic scene in association with forest coverts or fairy-haunted moonlit glades; but in reality the setting of the sun in our native woodlands ushers in a season of singular quiet and calm, unbroken by few sounds save the faint occasional "whirr" of a bat, the dismal cry of an owl, or the sweet bursting melody of a nightingale. Oftentimes, however, the nocturnal hours which precede the rising of the moon are absolutely still—

> "No sights are seen—no melancholy bird
> Sings tenderly and sweet; but all the air
> Is thick and motionless,"

and holds a "solemn" stillness. Especially does silence reign throughout our woodlands during the dreary nights of winter, except when the wind mournfully sighs through leafless branches.

In one, however, of our English forests, the quiet of midnight has been annually broken during the last 300 years, in a very singular manner, by the exercise of a custom which will in all probability be extinguished by an Act of Parliament, to which the royal assent will be given during the present session of 1878. Comparatively few persons, however, not inhabitants of the straggling Essex villages which lie in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest, have ever seen this curious custom exercised, and some description of it will probably be interesting to those who love to link the present in picturesque association with the past.

It was on the night of the 11th of November, 1873, that the present writer, forming one of a little band of "Friends of the Forest," found himself at the small forestal village of Loughton. The night was cold but clear, the brightly glittering stars adding to the subdued light from a waning moon. A point of departure had been fixed for the "Friends of the Forest"—

defenders of public rights to common lands and jealous guardians of the finest recreation-ground of the largest city in the world—at the "Crown" inn at Loughton. Thence they plunged into the cold night-air, and as the hands of the church-clock neared the mysterious hour of twelve, they left the village and made towards the forest.

Following the course of a winding road, the houses are soon lost from view, and a dusky, wooded knoll comes into sight beyond a small expanse of gorse-covered turf. The road from Loughton winds round this upland; but access to its sides from its fence-encircled base—the mark of illegal enclosure—is gained through a gateway on the Loughton side.

Entering this gateway, the "Friends of the Forest" are not long in reaching their destination at the knoll-top. Here a curious scene is lighted by the pale beams of the moon. Lone and dreary as this upland crest would be on every other winter's night in this sparsely inhabited district, it is now covered by a crowd of dusky human forms. Whose they are cannot be discerned by the dull light of the waning moon; but figures are moving everywhere—not alone, however, on the turf, which is damp with the night-dews. There is a strange movement in the trees. Leaves unfallen yet in the late autumn are stirring gently, touched by the breeze which reaches the knoll-top from the dark expanse of woodland stretching far away into the night. But it is not the motion of the leaves which makes the strange movement from the tree-tops. Big branches are swaying with a force which the soft night-wind could not produce, and there is a strange glitter of reflected moon-rays between the leafy interstices.

Presently all is still. The moving forms on the greensward are motionless; the tree-tops cease to sway to and fro. A dead silence falls upon the scene, broken only by the husky rustle of the seared leaves. Listen! One other sound now strikes on the ear. It is the first stroke of the village clock announcing midnight. The further strokes are drowned by a deafening shout from human voices rising clear and sharp into the crisp night-air. Another shout; a sound of cracking branches; a hurried movement to gather them; a blaze of light; then smoke and flames as a bonfire lights up the hill-top and shows an assembled crowd of people of both sexes, of all ages, and of various ranks in life.

The blazing branches reveal the figures of many a lusty Essex peasant ensconced in the tree-forks, and applying axe to branch with enthusiastic rapidity. The work of lopping, or "top-lopping," as it is locally called, goes on apace for a short period, until the turf has become littered with the fallen wood. This is hurriedly gathered into heaps, which provide the food of many other bonfires. When these have burnt out, the crowd subsides. Loughtonians and visitors descend the hill in various directions in search of their homes, and smouldering embers alone tell of the curious scene which has disturbed the quietness and solitude of this early winter night in Epping Forest.

A right, however, has by this singular initiation been acquired by the poor inhabitants of Loughton—the right of wood-cutting for their supply of winter fuel, from the 12th of November, 1873, to the 23rd of April, 1874. The "lopping" has been performed—and uninterruptedly performed—in the face of the presumptive possession of the wooded knoll by private persons whose fences surround it. For more than seven months preceding this 11th of November, the passing of these fences would have constituted a "trespass" in the eye of the law, for it was a year later before the Court of Chancery declared that this enclosure and many another—encircling in all nearly 2,000 broad acres of the metropolitan forest—were illegal and unwarrantable. On the 24th of April in each year, the right fell through, and could not again be claimed until November, and then only by the initiatory process already described—initiatory to the exercise of a custom which had acquired the force of law.

Authorities differ amongst themselves as to the circumstances which gave origin to this custom, and as to the date of its origination. By a preponderance of opinion the latter, however, is fixed in the reign of Elizabeth. The virgin queen, it is well known, was a frequent visitor to Epping Forest. She hunted there, and built at Chingford a hunting-box, a portion of which still remains, and bears the name of "Elizabeth's Lodge." It is said that on one occasion, during a sojourn in the forest—her own royal forest, be it remembered—she so much compassionated the miserable condition of the poor in the forestal manors immediately surrounding her residence—the manors of Loughton, Theydon Bois, Epping, and Waltham—that she gave them permission to cut firewood from the forest-trees for their winter use. But to the royal permission she attached—probably under the influence of a whim—the condition that the lopping should commence each winter at midnight of the 11th of November. The terms of the arrangement between Queen Bess and the Essex peasants living within the four forestal manors already referred to were, indeed, very precise. The axes of the wood-cutters must be struck into the trees at that moment which was exactly between the 11th and 12th of November. This prescription being duly attended to by any one, or by more than one, of the inhabitants in any part of either of the four manors named in the royal charter, the privilege of wood-lopping would continue until the 23rd day of the ensuing month of April, after which—during spring, summer, and autumn—it would cease, as already mentioned. If, however, by the slightest mischance or forgetfulness the explicit instructions of the queen failed to be carried out, the right to cut wood would be forfeited, not for one year only, but for ever.

The royal wood-cutting charter, however, gave great displeasure to the lords of manors in Epping Forest. These persons looked with a jealous eye upon a practice which promised to be a serious interference with their manorial rights. But they dared not object to what the sovereign had, with so much of kind consideration for her poorer subjects, ordained; and the royal will overrode for the royal pleasure at all times, within the royal forests, manorial rights and

customs. No enclosure in those days could bar access to royalty or to those armed with the royal permission. There was, however, the chance that, by artifice or cunning, the fulfilment of the one condition on which the right of wood-cutting had force might be prevented.

One of the lords of the manor of Epping offered to perform the lopping for the poor inhabitants of his district. He represented to them that by the irregular and unsystematic lopping practised by the wood-cutters, great injury was done to the forest-trees. He promised, therefore, that not only would he undertake to have the work done by his own people in due form and under the requirements of the royal charter, but that he would further have the wood carted to the doors of the poor residents within the boundary of his manor. Deceived by the plausibility of this proposal, the cottagers consented to accede to it. For a time all went well. The wood was regularly cut according to royal prescription, and sent round as promised to the recipients. Soon, however, less regularity was observed in cutting and delivering the wood, and after awhile the supply ceased altogether, and the "lord," who had cozened his poor fellow parishioners into believing in his sincerity and generosity, then not only refused to continue the practice, but forbade them to cut for themselves.

In the manor of Waltham, within the bounds of Epping Forest, a *ruse* of a different kind, but one which proved equally effectual, was adopted by a crafty "lord," with the object of depriving the poor of the right to lop. A short time before the arrival of the 11th of November, in the year 1641, the manorial lord of Waltham sent an invitation to all the inhabitants—not a very large number—within his manor to attend a great feast which he announced his intention of giving on the night of the 11th. No suspicion of any ulterior designs appears to have been entertained, and the *convives* came in force—there being no absentees from the manorial board, save those compelled by illness to keep their beds. Nothing was wanting at this sumptuous feast. Viands were piled up in profusion, and wine without stint flowed merrily. The time, too, passed rapidly, and it was long past midnight before the carousing assemblage thought of leaving. Then, however, and not till then, it flashed upon them that it was the initiatory wood-cutting night. But it was too late; the time had gone by for qualifying for the privilege; and their late host informed them that their right had lapsed by *non user*. They had, in truth, sold it for a mess of pottage, and there was no redress or appeal from their own thoughtlessness.

The inhabitants of Theydon Bois, by dint of watchfulness and by scrupulous attention to the stipulation regarding the midnight lopping of the 11th of November in each year, managed to secure and retain the privilege of wood-cutting until a few years since. But owing to the power and influence of some of the later lords of manors, and to the timidity or fear of the inhabitants of that particular district, the practice gradually became reduced in extent, and has finally become almost extinguished, its exercise being only attempted in a furtive way.

Perhaps it is because the poor of Loughton have been mostly fashioned of sturdier material than the poor inhabitants of the sister parish of Theydon Bois, that the Loughtonians have succeeded in maintaining their privileges intact, in spite of threats, intimidations, and *ruses*. The fact that they have retained their lopping rights in the Loughton portion of Epping Forest is the more remarkable because of the circumstance that the whole of the forestal portion of the manor of Loughton, and not merely the wooded knoll referred to in the early part of this paper, has been enclosed in these recent years; and the lopping, consequently, has been performed during the period from November to April in spite of the enclosing fences, and each year during their existence. Loughtonians, however, have had to fight against the craft of lords of manors who have sought to deprive them of their privilege of wood-cutting. One instance of an attempt to deprive them of this privilege is interesting because, whilst it recalls the attempt made by the manorial lord of Waltham in 1641 to deprive the poor loppers of that manor of their right, it differed from the Waltham case in being unsuccessful.

A lord of the manor of Loughton, as the readiest and most likely means of preventing the poor villagers from qualifying for their right to lop, gave an invitation to all and sundry to attend a great banquet at the Loughton Manor House on the 11th of November. The time fixed for the commencement of the entertainment was late in the evening. No expense had been spared in the preparation of the feast, and the ostentatiousness of the invitation brought a very large gathering. Pains, indeed, had been taken to prevent any one from refusing to come. There were some of the wassailers, however, on this occasion who did not forget, even when the festivity was at its height, that the "lopping" would have to be done at the appointed time. To avoid obliviousness of the occasion they refrained from quaffing too freely of the flowing bowl. Their host, however, pressed them; but, with a keen eye to the important business of the night, they resisted his importunity. A little before midnight they rose to go to the forest; but, on reaching the doors, what was their astonishment to find that they were heavily barred and that the egress of the guests was obstructed! Their cunning entertainer smiled maliciously on witnessing the confusion of the would-be loppers, and refused to allow the doors to be unbolted, in spite of the entreaties of his guests. But his triumph was very short-lived. The men, rendered desperate, resorted to an expedient which the manorial lord had not taken into his calculation. Either suspecting treachery or, what is perhaps more probable, anxious to combine business with pleasure, and to make the most of the latter, a number of them had concealed their axes about their persons, so as to stay as long as possible at the banquet, and avoid the necessity of returning to their homes ere proceeding to the forest. With such effective instruments they made short work of the wooden doors of the Manor

House; and, regaining their liberty, made for the wood with all possible speed, and reached it before the hour of midnight.

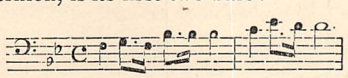
But the curious custom of "top-lopping" in Epping Forest is now doomed to extinction. The stunted appearance of the trees in many portions of this woodland—large numbers of them being mere pollards—is due to the long-continued, indiscriminate, and unskilful practice of cutting the trees in the manner which has been referred to. The future conservators of the forest—which now, in the size to which it has grown by the abatement of illegal enclosures, is to be preserved for the enjoyment and recreation of the public for ever—will be the Corporation of London, a body which defended the popular cause in the famous suit determined by the Court of Chancery in 1874. These conservators will have to undertake themselves to superintend the future work of lopping the forest-trees so as to get it done in a proper and systematic manner. But they will do no hardship to the poor, and for the privilege thus taken away they will substitute either a sum of money in compensation, or an equivalent in "kind" in the shape of fire-wood or coal.

FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MENDELSSOHN'S *HYMN OF PRAISE.*

TO enter into the meaning and appreciate the significance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, or *Hymn of Praise*, it is necessary to apprehend the occasion for which it was composed, and the place in which it was, by special intention, first performed. The occasion was a celebration of the 400th anniversary of the invention of printing: the place was that church, St. Thomas's, in Leipzig, which is for ever associated with the name and the sacred musical compositions of John Sebastian Bach. Out of an appreciation of the occasion Mendelssohn evolved the subject, which is allusive to the diffusion of knowledge over a world previously dark with ignorance, and expressive of gratitude to God for enlightenment; from the local association with the memory of Bach arose the propriety of treating the subject in the manner of that great father in music. And yet the treatment is not altogether that of Bach; but largely also that of Mendelssohn himself: for while the composer adopted from Bach, as in other works, the feature of introducing chorales, or popular hymn-tunes, into his work, he struck out in quite another and an interesting direction by making the work in large part a symphony. The *Lobgesang* is, in musical phrase, a sinfonia-cantata; having an important section—the first—which is purely instrumental, and leads, not as a mere prelude, but after considerable elaboration, to the section which engages both voices and orchestra.

Both sections, however, are bound together; and the link, the text-phrase to this symmetrically-planned musical sermon, is its first two bars:—



Let the listener, if he wish to satisfy his mind with the full significance and symmetry of this fine and finished work, be there to hear this "text," a text which the composer-preacher gives out by means of the pompous and imposing trombone; and which, like a dexterous occupant of the pulpit, he occasionally, but not too often, brings in again in later parts of the musical discourse, always with fresh context, and therefore with new significance as well as with recalled memories.

The first short portion of the symphonic division of the *Hymn of Praise*, is devoted entirely to the enunciation, with some repetition and variation, now in the higher, now in the lower part of the orchestration, of this key-phrase: after this has been duly enforced upon the mind, a quicker movement is adopted, and the band runs off into some animated discursive matter, soon, however, returning to the characteristic two bars, which again appear with renewed reiteration. This process is repeated from time to time, the discursive instrumentation getting more and more animated, and the opening phrase of the work making occasional more or less disguised appearance, till, at a point marked "Maestoso come primo," it is again solemnly enunciated at the original majestic pace, and the first part of the symphony melts through a fine but not showy cadenza, into a second movement. Here time, manner, and theme are all changed, and we hear one of the most elegant and fanciful, though strictly religious, movements which the repertoire of oratorio has to give us.

This "Allegretto un poco agitato" is one of the favourite pieces of the organ-player, and may often be heard in church; but never on the organ to so much advantage as when rendered by the full orchestra. There is something at once fantastic and pensive, agitated and melancholy, about this theme, which will live in the mind, when once heard, as only real creations do live. Some pages of this, and we revert to double rhythm, in the noble movement marked "Adagio religioso," with a solemn and impressive opening, the orchestration, however, soon becoming rapid and busy, and the symphonic section of the work being presently brought to a close.

Little more than two bars of the introduction to the first number of the cantata, or choral section, of the *Hymn of Praise* has passed when we hear again, and before the voices actually enter, the already quoted key-phrase, imbedded in the short orchestral prelude which introduces the broad outbursting first chorus, "All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord." The voices do not, at

first, repeat this key-phrase; but after their first few sentences, they at length adopt it, tenor, bass, treble, and alto taking it up in rapid succession, and weaving it in with "Hallelujahs;" till presently a lighter theme is introduced, "Praise the Lord with lute and harp," and treated with some elaboration, ultimately being arrested for recurrence to the now easily recognised passage or text on which the whole work turns.

In the succeeding number, solo with chorus accompanying, the listener who has heard other of Mendelssohn's sacred works will recognise the well-known manner in which he so happily throws the religious spirit into music; this is succeeded by a tenor solo, commencing "Sing ye praise," in which the musical setting of the words "He counteth all your sorrows," will impress itself upon the ear and the mind; the chorus which follows, "All ye that cried unto the Lord," being the choral echo to the exhortation contained in the tenor solo.

Thus far the several numbers and movements have run into each other, and the stream of music has been continuous: at the end of the fourth we are still led on, without actual break, into number five, the well-known and universally appreciated duet, with fragmentary choral accompaniment, "I waited for the Lord." To characterise this is to repeat once more the adjectives which describe Mendelssohn's sacred art-work in its best moments—elegant, religious, soothing, poetical. This lovely movement brings with its end a pause in the progress of the cantata, and with the next number we enter upon a new section.

If it is sought to make a telling picture, there must be not only bright light, but also deep shade. The musical illustration of the dawn of knowledge, which was the task set himself by Mendelssohn, required also that he should paint the night of ignorance; and one of the most powerful scenes in the range of oratorio music is the famous number in which he has done this, that which comes next.

To fully appreciate the several strokes, full of purpose and effect, which compose it, the listener may well compare this number with another picture, drawn in different material, by another master-hand; I mean Bunyan's description of the passage of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. There is, at the outset, a weirdness about the orchestral accompaniment, and deep intensity characterises the sentences assigned to the soloist, who had need be a tenor not only of voice but also of brain, taste, and religious feeling, before attempting to sing this solo. After the passages, full of descriptive power, to the words "The sorrows of death had closed all around me," and "But said the Lord, Come, arise thou that sleepest," the air changes to a recitative, than which no more masterly and powerful recitative exists, to the words "We called through the darkness, Watchman, will the night soon pass?" The call to the watchman is set to a phrase of the extremest intensity, which, after an interposed passage, "The watchman only said, Though the morning will come, the night will come also," is repeated, one tone higher in the scale: the same interposition occurs a second time, and then the question, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" is repeated a third time, again a degree higher, and reiterated in very agony of distressful expectation.

There is a pause. Then breaks in, like the first beam of the rapidly rising sun to a benighted traveller, or a sailor wrecked and cast ashore in the night, the voice of one soprano singer, "The night is departing!" The men's voices of the chorus, after a short space, as it were of looking eastward for the coming sun, repeat the exclamation; and soon the whole choir joins, in a chorus which is amongst the great successes of descriptive music.

A chorale, "Let all men praise the Lord," follows: this is after the manner of Bach, and from the breadth of the tune, and the nature of the treatment, constitutes a climax even upon the vivid chorus which has just preceded it. The listener should note, first, the refreshing effect of the modern introduction of unaccompanied voices; after one verse, however, the orchestra re-enters, and the voices sing in unison, the instruments giving the harmonies in a busy accompaniment; till, at the final phrase, the voices are unveiled again, and the orchestra, suspended for a moment, resumes upon the last chord of the chorale.

A short joyous duet, "My song shall alway be Thy mercy," now relieves, in pleasing phrases of thanks, the highly-wrought musical situation, and prepares the listener for the final grandiose chorus, "Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might." To this by a master-stroke, at once simple and grand, is appended, as a coda, a passage of ten bars, in which is repeated the key-phrase, quoted at the outset, which binds this compact and noble work together, and makes it as complete in form as it is powerful in detail. With this ends the *Hymn of Praise*, as with this it began.

JOHN CROWDY.

BLOW, SUMMER WIND!

BLOW, summer wind! from yonder ocean blow
Along the wild sea-banks and grasses drear,
And loamy shores, where mosses brown and sere
And pale pinks in the sandy ridges grow:
Float round yon promontory in the brine,
Whose stretching arm in deepest azure lies,
Where quiet browse the heavy-uddered kine;
By rock and shining shallow, grey and clear;
And fill, this listless hour, the dreamy ear
With thy scarce-toned and wordless harmonies.
For here with nature will I rest, and please
My heart with sweetest fancies, all the noon,
Until the limpid crescent of the moon
Lights the blue east above the April trees.

ELEPHANTS.

ELEPHANTS have suffered more almost than any other animal from the contempt which is bred by familiarity. If you go to the Zoo and see a tiger, you may be assured by physiologists, and believe it from your own common sense, that the animal is a much finer creature when it bounds through its native jungle. Still, as it glares at you unpleasantly through the bars—especially when it comes near its dinner-hour—you have a very high opinion of its ferocity. Physiologists may be eloquent, and give you *data* and figures; none the less you have a very exalted respect for the captive. The elephant, on the other hand, with a whole nursery on his back, picking up pennies and dining on water-biscuits, is a very poor figure, and his bulk raises nothing more dignified than laughter.

The ancients had a very different opinion of the monster. He was a favourite subject for speculation, and the most ridiculous propositions were advanced with regard to him in old scientific treatises. Thus a popular idea, which survived into more enlightened times, deprived him of joints. Sir Thomas Browne, who lived in the reign of James I., mentions it among his list of "Vulgar Errours." "This absurdity," he says, "is seconded by another, that being unable to lye downe he sleepeth against a tree, which the hunters observing doe saw almost asunder, whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree falls also downe itselfe, and is able to rise no more." It is easy enough to understand how this fallacy got about. The pillar-like look of the legs suggests that joints would be almost unnecessary, and, as a matter of fact, the animal gets such support from them that he rarely lies down at all. In captivity elephants have been known to sleep for months standing up, and in some menageries the keepers infer that the animal is ill if it lies down during the night. In fact, its legs support it so well that one sportsman printed an account of his firing at

"THE LEADER OF THE HERD" (*p.* 606).

an elephant over and over again, and at last, coming up to it, found that it had died standing up; and Major Rogers having lodged a bullet right in the brain of another, the animal fell on its knees, and died in that suppliant attitude.

Another popular error about the elephant is that it dislikes all other animals. This is true in a restricted sense. Elephants are very conservative, and do not like what they are not accustomed to. They are by no means cowards, but, like other animals of undoubted courage, they may be frightened by unfamiliar objects. It is known that an old woman once escaped from a bull by opening an umbrella, and in the same way a flock of elephants will fly from the yelp of a dog. Indeed, Tennent tells a story of a little Scotch terrier that seized an elephant by the trunk, and so frightened the big brute that it came at once down on its knees. The keeper had ultimately to interfere, or the elephant would have run away. The distrust which an elephant has for a horse is founded on the same grounds. Horses are such purely artificial creatures, we can scarcely wonder that other animals feel a little strangely towards them. Before the Prince started on his journey to India, his horses were taken several mornings to the Zoo, and were walked round the elephants and other animals, so as to accustom them to forms they might see a little more frequently in the East. The true antipathy, however, is not so much on the part of the elephant as of the horse. Thus horses are known to have an unaccountable dislike to camels, and to become quite impatient even at the smell of them. This antipathy is mentioned by so early an historian as Herodotus. There are, indeed, stories told of elephants attacking horses, but they do not seem to be well-founded; and it has happened more than once that a horse which had escaped from its rider in the jungle was afterwards found grazing in peace with a herd of wild elephants.

In our own days we have become sceptical about the wonderful qualities of the monster, making his acquaintance chiefly at travelling circuses, country fairs, menageries, and on other occasions calculated to impair our sense of his dignity; or if we have any curiosity left, we reserve it for a single species, better known in similes than in reality as the Rogue elephant. If people indeed were at pains to get information about the Rogue, they would learn a great deal about the whole race. For the Rogue being a kind of felon or convict, a sense of his offences will lead us to understand the usages of the society from which he is an outcast. We have spoken of a herd of elephants, and the phrase is a vague one; the proper expression, perhaps, should be a family; which gives us quite a patriarchal idea of the animal. They move about, not in casual groups, but in clans. They are all cousins or kinsmen. Of course this must rest to a certain degree on conjecture, but on conjecture strongly supported by proof. Thus a gang of twenty-one elephants were captured, and it was found that they had all the same kind of trunks—that kind differing from the ordinary variety. On the occasion of another great *battue*, where thirty-five head of this gigantic game were bagged, they had all the same coloured eyes. They associate thus in great *troupes*, with a recognised head or leader. He is generally a male, but a strong-minded female has been known to come to the front and assume the command. Sometimes it will happen that one of the troupe becomes separated from the rest. He loses his way, or is perhaps wounded, and ultimately recovers. But he has forfeited his citizenship; he has lost his rights, and becomes a mere tenant on sufferance. The herd will permit him to browse near them, but the intimacy must not go further. The pariah then becomes desperate. He wanders about and attacks everything. He cannot join his own kin, and so he marauds recklessly. In this way he becomes more accustomed to meet men, and revenges upon them the wrongs which have been so cruelly visited upon him. It is said that he gets such an abhorrence for his own tribe, that he will not even make common cause with another Rogue, which is perhaps fortunate for the native population. There is another explanation of the Rogue elephant, which is founded on these individuals being almost always males. It is said that they are either widowers or bachelors—supernumeraries who are left unprovided for, or have lost their former partners; and naturalists have remarked a similar habit of ostracism exercised by other animals who habitually live in groups against special individuals—as in the case of the buffaloes of South America; or, according to Livingstone, the hippopotami in Africa.

One of the chief uses to which the Romans put elephants was to terrify uncivilised European tribes. Thus Polyænus states that an elephant was introduced into this country by Cæsar in B.C. 54, to the no small terror of our ancestors, though the earliest reliable account we have of an elephant in England is to be found in Baker's "Chronicle." One of the Kings of France presented one of enormous size to Henry III., in the year 1238.

With the introduction of gunpowder, elephants went out of fashion for war purposes. Instead of terrifying the troops, the troops terrified them, and a few squibs would put a whole herd to flight. Still, in their native country, they remained a source of fear to the natives. We read in "Gulliver's Travels," that in the island of Lilliput the inhabitants regarded "the man-monster" as a kind of plague: his approach caused a famine in the land. Hay is no doubt cheaper in India than in London, still as elephants generally range in herds, and as the average consumption of each animal is 150 lbs. weight of grass and vegetables a day, we can fancy what expensive visitors they are. Louis XIV. had a tame one at Versailles, and its daily bill of fare has been recorded. The items read rather curiously. Four pounds of bread, twelve pints of wine, two buckets of porridge, taken with an extra supply of four or five loaves of bread, and two buckets of boiled rice: that was its regulation board; but the liberality of strangers increased the amount of its daily food, and its consumption of penny buns was all that could be desired by the neighbouring pastrycook.

The memory and the intelligence of elephants have

always been insisted upon. One reads the same stories in all treatises. Every one has heard of the practical joke of the Delhi tailor, and who had the worst of that joke. The poor elephant, lumbering—we may be sure—in an ungainly way down the town, looked in at the window where the tailor and his associates were at work. Perhaps to a tailor, armed with his needle, the trunk of an elephant was too tempting a sight. This one, at all events, could not resist the temptation, and drove the needle into it. The elephant lumbered away discomfited, and passed on down the street till it came to a pond of dirty water; there it took in a supply of mud, and, returning to the party of tailors, spurted it, with its trunk, all over them and their work. Perhaps a better story is of that same animal at Versailles whose *menu* we have already given. Here an artist was the offender. The artist wanted to use the animal as a model, and was particularly anxious to get it in the attitude of holding its trunk raised up in the air and with its mouth open. So he supplied a little boy with a basket of fruit, cakes, and vegetables, and gave him directions to pretend to throw the fruit, so that the animal might constantly lift its trunk and open its mouth to receive it. The plan might have succeeded but for the high moral character of the elephant, who was so annoyed at the fraud thus practised on him, that he filled his trunk with water and prepared to discharge it. The story is told as an illustration of the justice of this elephant; for instead of sousing the little boy, who evidently was only doing what he was bid, he showered all the water down on the artist, drenching the man and utterly ruining his sketches. Probably this Versailles elephant had developed a sense of humour, as well as a passion for buns, in captivity. But water is not the only thing he ejects from that trunk. His skin is peculiar in its formation. There are, in fact, two skins, as with man himself; but then there is this difference. Our outer skin, the *epidermis*, sticks close to the under, while with the elephant it is fastened on in flakes or scales. The result is that the outer skin gets dry and irritable. When he is in this state his trunk is a great comfort to him. He waters the great tract of dry hide, very much the way they water the asphalte streets in Paris; or sometimes he covers himself with dust, which keeps off the gnats and other small insects. There is something very like irony in the notion of a gnat stinging an elephant, but the elephant finds it a serious matter. His tender skin presents him with many sore points.

It is a pity when knowledge spoils a good story, but in truth there is probably no such thing as a white elephant. Some of these animals are at times spotted over with yellowish tints, inclining to pink, and amongst the Asiatics these spots are admired. We know how the tendency of an Oriental language is to exaggerate, and thus the light-coloured and spotted elephants may have been called white. Horace, indeed, alludes to them in one of the Epodes—

"Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora,"

and there is a record that in the year 1633 a white elephant was exhibited in Holland; but notwithstanding these instances, we may treat the white elephant as a fable, or at least as a *lusus*.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

A POSTHUMOUS POEM OF ALFRED CROWQUILL.

OLD Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all *to-day* to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made naught but *to-day*,
With its joys, its successes and sorrow,
Then to keep on good terms with the world
He promised he'd make a *to-morrow*.

The idle rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

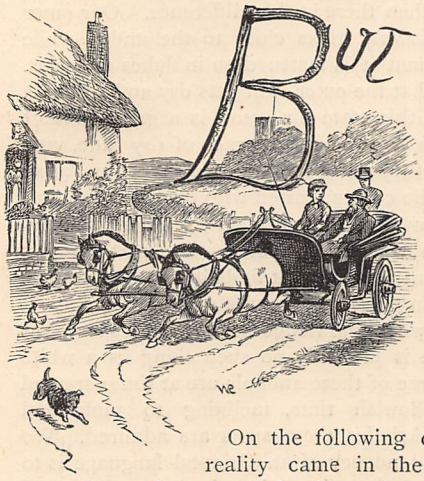
They never conceived that the rogue
Had promised to-morrow in fun,
So quietly went to decay
Leaving all to-day's work to be done.

At last they woke up but to find
To-morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do with.

They prayed to old Time to return,
'Twas merely the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.



BUT THAT our experiences of that day had been shared, and that people do not generally have visions in company, Tiny and I might have imagined that we had dreamed them.

On the following day, however, reality came in the shape of a sharp-featured young lady from the Manor. She was Miss Beaufort's Parisian lady's-maid, and had come to take Tiny's measures, and in a supernaturally short time my pretty playmate was transformed from the little village girl into a bright and airy creature, who looked as though she had just stepped out of a fairy-tale. I wish I could transfer her to paper, as she appeared when her quaint costume was completed. Not being conversant, however, with the mysterious terms in which women's dress is described, all I can venture to say is that it suited her admirably, that she looked in it as fresh as a rose-bud, and as mischievous as a kitten.

What, from my point of view, seems more to the purpose is that she went to the Manor House, and several days passed before I either saw her or heard of her.

I felt unaccountably depressed, as those days passed slowly by me. Miss Beaufort's promises had not much weight with me, and the peep the late vision of her had permitted of the other world so far away, with which our day after day of monotonous toil seemed to have little in common, made me feel more strongly than ever the vanity of the wild dreams I cherished of raising myself, by my own talents, to some higher level.

The very best of my pictures and sketches—the same that had often inspired me with pride—now, seen through the eyes of Miss Beaufort, and Miss Beaufort's drawing-master, looked poor and common-place. I was surprised to remember my former blind admiration; I was tempted two or three times, in dread of coming scorn, to consign them all to the flames, and, that being done, to deny my dreams and relegate myself to obscurity, or, perhaps, accept the blue and silver, through which I might gain glimpses at least of a world to which I could never belong.

Doubtless (though then I should not have so explained the circumstance) my bright little companion's prolonged absence was the primary cause of my depression.

But the famine came to an end at last.

It was a Saturday, I remember. The boys had all gone. They had tried, but in vain, to persuade me to join them in foot-ball that afternoon. I was languid; I wanted to dream and rest. So while Mr. Josephs and our small servant bustled about inside, I sat down in the porch with a book. The book—yes, I can see it. The words are, at this very moment, running their wild music through my brain; I smart, as I smarted then; I feel stung with a sense of life's inequalities, and the impotence of good. I may say, however, that now I am not quite so sure as then of my premises; I am much more ignorant in my own estimation, much readier certainly to wait for some great revealing.

It was the "Revolt of Islam." I had read the first and second cantos. I put the book down, that I might think. There were before me, in a vision confused but glowing, the woman, beautiful as morning, the frail boat, the gorgeous spirit-temple, and the two fair children, wandering about in a solitude peopled with their grand thoughts; and the effect of my pondering was to make the world and daily life seem prosaic beyond compare, to make me long, with youth's unreason, for the unusual lot.

Sighing I looked up into the cloud-flecked sky. I fancied myself one of those floating, aërial forms. I was displeased, or persuaded myself that I was displeased, with the heavy garment of flesh that bound me to the earth.

Such my mood, when all at once a voice close to my ear brought down my eyes from the sky, and my thoughts from the cloudland.

"Archie!"

I turned round in some annoyance.

"Why do you creep in so quietly, Tiny? you know I hate to be watched."

She answered demurely, "We are educating our eyes at the Manor House. It is part of my duty to be constantly on the look-out for the beautiful. We wish, you see, to get beyond realism. Now your face in repose——"

"I think," I interrupted, "that it's about time you gave up talking nonsense, Tiny."

"Tiny," she said "left Mrs. Carter's a few days ago, to go nowhere—if there is such a place. This young person—that's what the Paris lady's-maid calls me—is called Clementine. She is either French or Spanish; she escaped from a convent, and the cruelties she suffered there had an unfortunate effect upon her memory. It is supposed, however, that she was shipwrecked a few years ago, and saved from—what's the expression? Oh, yes! I have it—saved from the jaws of death—think of it, Archie!"—here she opened her eyes and mouth—"saved from the jaws of death by the *superhuman* courage and audacity of a very small boy. Details not known."

"Is it possible," I asked, "for you to talk sense?"

It will be observed that I was in no mood for jesting.

"Sense," she said, turning up her tiny nose, "is stupid, dry, and disagreeable."

"Fit for me then."

She looked at me, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of her eye.

"You like sense, really and truly, dear? Come then, I will indulge you. The most lovely lady in the world——"

"That's Miss Beaufort."

"Hush! don't interrupt. The most lovely lady in the world has taken an interest in you. She says——"

"Well! what in the world are you stopping for?"

"Because—yes—I am right. It *is* the pony-carriage. They said they would soon be here."

"They?"

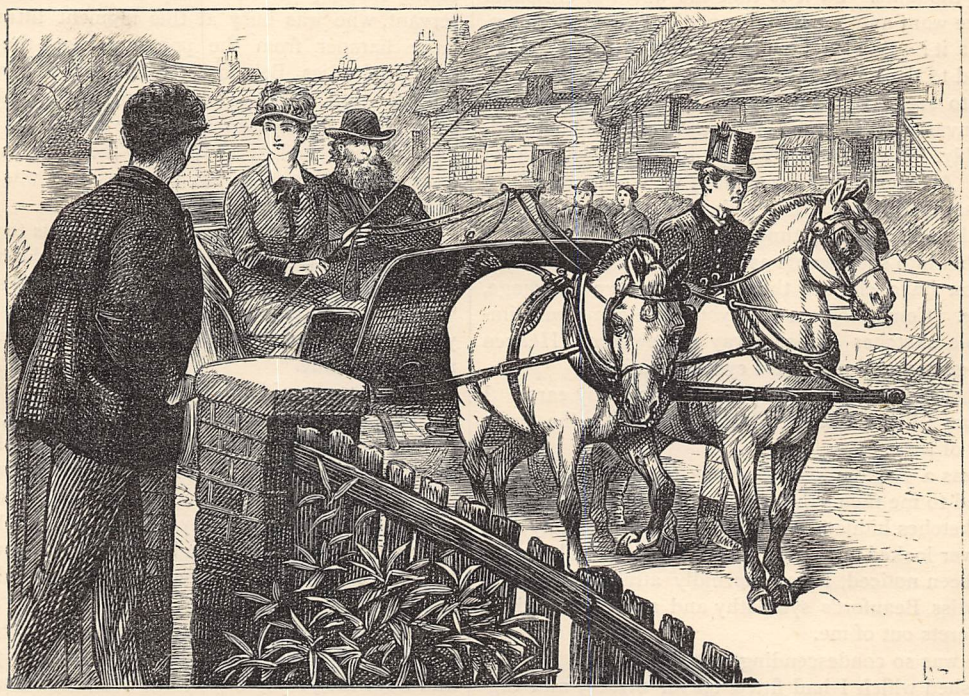
"Miss Beaufort, of course, you silly boy! and Miss Beaufort's drawing-master."

Yes—it was too true. A pair of ponies were dashing along the village street; behind them was the young lady of the Manor herself, but not at all as I had been picturing her during the past week. Of fluttering ribbons, or golden hair streaming, there was now no appearance.

She looked quite grave and business-like, as stately, moreover, as a young queen only just entering upon her new dominion; her dress was sober-coloured and tight-fitting, it might have suited a Minerva; her hair was gathered up in a close coil round her head; by her side was an elderly man, with floating hair and beard, and a face that, to my young imagination, looked terribly cynical.

Bare-headed, I ran to the gate. She smiled at me in the most gracious manner, then drew up her ponies, and, when I had helped her to alight, said a few words to Tiny, who at once took her place.

Before I could recover from my bewilderment, the carriage was rolling away, Tiny guiding the ponies as if she had been to the manner born, while I stood at the gate of our garden, the hand of the most lovely lady in the world resting on my arm.



"BARE-HEADED, I RAN TO THE GATE."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

"COME," she said, "and sit down. I want to have a talk with you. No, not in-doors, please. I see you have a seat under the apple-tree. I do so love white-blossoming trees. They are like a glimpse of true eternal youth. There must be some place where youth is eternal."

Speaking she had seated herself. Dumb and awkward, longing for Tiny, not knowing what in the world I ought to say, I stood by her side.

She looked up at me. "No," she said, shaking her head decidedly, "that will not do. Comfort, you must know, Archie, is earth's first law. I *like* to look at people while I am speaking to them, and I *dislike* straining my neck. Are you afraid of the grass?"

I *was* actually afraid, but it was not of the grass; indeed it would be no easy task to define the fear of those moments, though one of its elements I distinctly

remember; I felt as if the real were slipping away from me, to leave only dream-mistiness behind.

Change of posture helped me to recover my normal mood; I am fain to confess, however, that calmness passed presently into enthusiasm, for Miss Beaufort went on talking, and I discovered, with a thrill of heart, that many of the ideas of this loveliest and most experienced lady were my very own.

This is how she spoke to me about art.

"I hope you are not too much of a realist. Of course I know we must all begin by being copyists; but we must not stop there. The true artist is he who has the spiritual vision, and who can reproduce his happy thoughts. So it is that the world is enriched. Oh! we want another Renaissance. This modern art, what is it? Bah! a pic-nic—a cow—a potato even, painted to the life, makes the success of the season; I want to see a new artist arise, one who will put on his canvas what is grand and unutterable—unnatural, probably, from the world's point of view; but what of that? Art should have a point of view of its own."

I answered humbly, but with modest assurance, "I have thought so many times, only I could not put my thoughts into such words as yours."

"You have clothed them in your own language, Archie. Come, confess that you have some wild impossible sketches hidden away somewhere. Heaven never gave you those poet's eyes for nothing."

"Poet's eyes!" how the phrase rang in my ears! I felt dizzy; I was like one intoxicated with the sweet fumes of wine.

It was a singular circumstance too—at least, so it seemed to me then—that she had hit upon a fact. I had sketches hidden away, which no eyes but my own had ever looked upon; for in those days, as will already have been noticed, I was morbidly afraid of ridicule. But Miss Beaufort's sympathy and appreciation drew my secrets out of me.

She was so condescending as to follow me into the little shed which I had fitted up for myself, and dignified by the name of studio; there, kneeling on one knee before her, and watching her face jealously to detect the faintest sign of incipient mockery, I opened out and explained my treasures.

And I may say in passing that some explanation was necessary. I believe there was imagination in those sketches. I believe that in more than one of them there was a glimmering of truth; but I know that it would have taken long gazing, and an intimate acquaintance with the mind of the artist, and his mood at the time of production, to discover the truth they contained. The uninitiated would probably have called them confused daubs. But I took care that Miss Beaufort should be the initiated, and, sensitive as I was, her way of looking at my sketches, and still more her rapidity in grasping my ideas, satisfied me, and if before I had been intoxicated, I was now bewitched.

The pleasant moments could not last for ever. Even as I was displaying my last and most extraordinary sketch—I had chosen to call it "The Underworld," though any other name would have suited it as well—there came the sound of wheels, and I hid the sketches hastily away. Only my more commonplace drawings would I consent to display to the severe-looking elderly man whom Tiny had whirled away, and who I learned, with considerable confusion, was an artist of world-wide fame.

When we returned into the open air they were already in the garden, and Mr. Josephs, having awoke from his afternoon nap, was going forward to meet them. The old man looked considerably bewildered at the influx of visitors; he had not yet seen Tiny in her muslin and lace, and fluttering ribbons; and the stately-looking gentleman by her side—the liveried servant, who was busy at this moment lifting out a large hamper from the pony-carriage—the ringing sound of Miss Beaufort's voice, for she was running forward to introduce herself to him, altogether so confused Mr. Josephs that he shook his head to and fro, and looked as pitifully helpless as he had done on the day when his new assistant was brought to him.

Tiny saw his distress, and motioning us to sit down in the arbour, she took her old friend by the hand.

"I told you I was a fairy godmother," she said, "and I have brought you some people who wish to be your friends. Come and talk to them, and I will make tea inside."

"Tea, my dear?" he murmured.

"Oh! leave it to me," she answered gaily, drawing him forward, and then in her quaint way she introduced him as the kindest and best schoolmaster in the world, whom she knew her lady would love; and Miss Beaufort put her tiny gloved hand in his hard, withered palm, and talked to him so courteously that his confusion and bewilderment seemed to melt away.

He became so perfectly at his ease, indeed, as to make me fear that he would forget himself presently and treat the young lady of the Manor House like his little friend Tiny. Once, at least, he touched her on the shoulder to call her attention to some object in the landscape, and I heard him distinctly—with what horror may be imagined—address her as "my dear."

She did not seem to mind, however, and I turned my attention from her to her visitor, the great artist, who, it struck me at once, was somewhat dictatorial, even unpleasant in his manner. Bitters, following immediately on a honeyed draught, have a singularly grating effect when the palate is not yet satiated with sweets, and had he been anything but an artist, I should certainly have resented such a form of address as this:—

"If you can put your eyes and ears in your pockets for a few moments, boy, do so for goodness' sake!"

I had been looking at Miss Beaufort, and listening for the sound of her voice, consequently I blushed and tried to look proud, which made him grin in a manner that I drew a minor satisfaction from immediately characterising—mentally, of course—as diabolical.

Next he took out a pair of spectacles, wiped them

carefully and adjusted them ; this was done apparently with the express purpose of looking me over from head to foot.

I did not like it. I felt as one may imagine a beetle or a flower to feel, when it is coldly and quietly dissected, classed, labelled, for the benefit of science.

This is how my distinguishing characteristics were dotted off. The words, it should be understood, were mumbled, inarticulately as my mentor probably thought ; but I happened to be gifted with keen hearing :—

"Hem ! ha ! There was a dissatisfaction in these meaningless expletives which troubled me. "Extreme youth"—I had fancied that I looked twenty-one at least—"vanity, good head and eyes, weak mouth, undecided chin, self-sufficiency pretty strongly marked." Here I presumed to turn my head impatiently. "A little more this way," he said, with the utmost courteousness. "There, I think I have it now. Thank you, Cecilia"—he was addressing Miss Beaufort, and there was actually imperiousness in his tones—"your attention for a moment, please."

She made a mock courtesy : "Monsieur, je suis à vos ordres."

"Yes, yes, yes," he said testily ; "for goodness sake do not begin at that detestable jargon. I shall take you for that dreadful creature, a Parisian lady of fashion."

"And——?"

He half smiled. "Better not ask for a conclusion. But——"

"Yes, but—— Your thoughts do not flow with their usual rapidity to-day, caro."

He looked at her in a singular way, and then—"You wish me to take up this boy?"

"If you think he may be a credit to you."

"Never mind that. If I take him up, will you leave him to me entirely?"

"Mr. Clinton !"

"I think I speak plainly. Will you leave his education to me?"

"I never thought of interfering with it."

"Pardon me for disagreeing with you on that point. Come, you know what I mean. I neither want to produce an eccentric nor a devotee, labelled at least with my name. If"—his voice deepened, he looked majestic, like a priest in a hoary temple—"if I may be instrumental in developing talent, or in guiding the first wandering steps of genius into the path leading to that highest truth in art which all of us are seeking, I shall count myself happy and fortunate : my work will be its own reward. With tricks, with eccentricity for the sake of eccentricity, with anything that, overstepping the modesty of art, seeks to lead it out beyond its proper sphere, I can have nothing to do."

My cheek burned as the old man spoke ; how sorry I was that any eye had beheld those wild sketches of mine ! how I longed to commit them to the flames ! But Miss Beaufort only shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"As severe as usual on my little notions!" she observed. "Well, have your own way ; but really this is fatiguing, and there is my little Clementine coming, I am sure, to tell us tea is ready.—Mr. Josephs, give me your arm."

She tripped on with our old friend. The great artist, looking after her, shook his head sadly.

"Lighter than air, more volatile than water," he muttered ; "what will the end of it be?"

Then, as if only suddenly aware of my presence—

"Ah ! you are there, my new pupil," he said ; "let us see what you have done."

Trembling, I led the way to my studio, and displayed my little scraps. How insignificant they looked now to myself ! Landscapes, figures, attempts at groups, even historical compositions, for, as I have said, I was ambitious. Some he threw aside at once, others he examined more attentively ; but he made very few remarks. Indeed, but for the fact that he desired me to pay him a visit on the following morning, I should have imagined that he did not think it worth his while to take any trouble about me.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

THE hour appointed for my first lesson was singular ; but it suited me well. I was to be at the Manor House at six o'clock in the morning ; at five, therefore, I lifted noiselessly the latch of our cottage-door and let myself out, into what one of our modern poets has called "a living glory-bath." There for a few moments I paused. How still, how wondrous, how passing sweet it all was ! I can see it now, shadowy darkness still brooding over the valley's depths, the hills wearing their crown of rosy light ; I can see the stream, a smoky mist, coloured amber by the rising sun hovering over it ; I can see the diamond-drift of dew on the grass ; I can feel that strange exuberance in the air, I draw in draughts of fresh life, I am the centre of the universe. I hold it, I contain it, nothing is impossible to me.

I have described one strange morning, when I awoke to the casting behind me of a life cribbed and coffined, and entry into another life where my faculties might have fuller play. This morning, in its way, was as wonderful. For I was entering upon a new life, a life above a life.

The other and better half of the artist's dual existence, that which (his own in a superlative degree) makes of him a man apart, with organs and functions of which the world knows nothing, was beginning for me, and, unconscious still of what all this might mean, I rejoiced, with a rejoicing full of hope.

Is it possible for me, looking back, to succeed in living through it again, not as what has passed, but as what is ? It may be, but no—the self of to-day is too strong for the self of yesterday, and the weaker is overpowered, it can never live again, an actual, existent self. But this I can do. Using my special art, I can look, as in a picture, on that boy of long ago ; not myself, rather a being who lived in an age gone by, when the world was young, and hope free to range abroad, conquering all hearts with her sweetness.

Here he is then, running, not walking, his hair

thrown back, colour in his cheek, a brilliant light of enthusiasm in his eyes. He has left the valley embowered in its own woods; far away behind him sounds the tinkling babble of the stream; he is on the wide moor, looking out with a sense of freedom, in which rapture almost borders upon pain, into the infinite distance of the clear May morning.

And next the edge of the moor is reached, and he clambers from clump to clump of red loam on to jutting-out stepping-stones of rock that yield scanty enough foothold, till at last he reaches a grassy path, midway between the cliff's summit and base. It is the directest route to Manor House. And here he sets forward running again, for he is anxious; he would, if it were possible, annihilate distance.

The entrance to the Manor House grounds lies beyond the bold headland yonder, always a prominent object in the landscape, and that now, catching on its rugged front the early sunlight, till the pale mist-wreaths that hang about it shine like gilded snow, has a peculiarly striking effect.

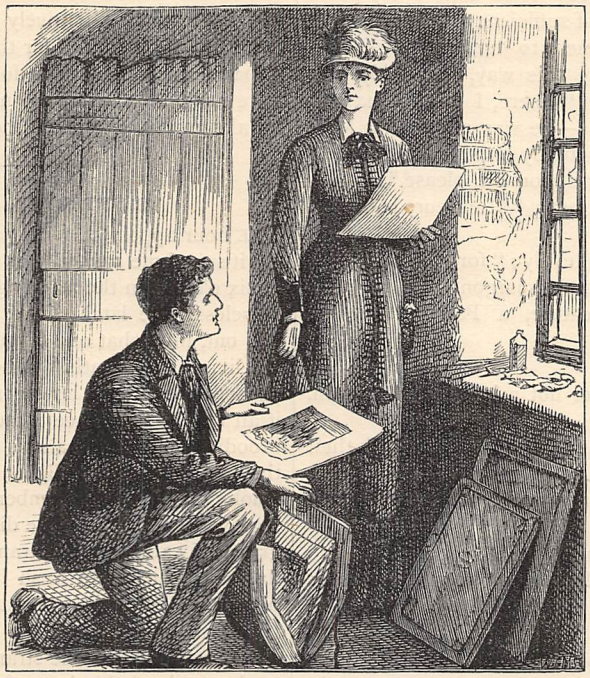
What a strange scene! Might not those deep hollows between the mists—those wild, gaping mouths in ceaseless course of transformation—be entrances to the haunts of elves or earth-dwarfs? So thinks this boy as he hastens on.

But the headland is reached, and left behind. He is in a more cultivated region. Ivy clothes the rugged rock; clematis and early roses make, here and there, a curtain of beauty over some cleft or hollow; tiny-leaved ferns of a vivid green peep out from crevices; on slopes overhead, the fir and the pine and the mountain-ash are growing. There are seats in many an angle.

All this is familiar to the boy, and he does not stop to look round him; he hastens to the gate before him, flanked with ancient stone eagles, swings it open, runs at a rapid pace along the avenue, looks down on a white house, that lies sleeping in the hollow, then turns off from the carriage-road, to a narrow side-path, for he knows all the ins and outs of this place. The path leads through a small fir-wood.

How fragrant is the air here! How solemn are the shadowy heights and depths! A sense of awe oppresses him, and he slackens his pace; but the wood opens, and beyond it are the sunlight and the air and the teeming life of the young morning.

The boy is near his destination. Close to the wood is a little dark stream, crossed by a bridge; beyond it, a slight elevation, commanding the sea and cliffs. At the top of the hill had once been a broken-down summer-house. Miss Beaufort had replaced it by a small building, which, with its pillars and porticoes in front, looked like a Greek temple. To this spot Mr. Clinton had directed the boy who aspired to be his pupil, since for the present it was his studio. On its threshold he stands, as full of awe as a worshipper of old, waiting for initiation into the awe-inspiring mysteries.



"KNEELING ON ONE KNEE BEFORE HER, I OPENED OUT AND EXPLAINED MY TREASURES" (*p.* 610).

So much for my picture. I have it here in another form under my hand—the hill, the temple, the expectant boy, and in the background the morning landscape vapour-veiled. Whenever I am tempted to take a low view of my art, or give in, from any ignoble motive, to popular prejudice, I look at that picture, and some of my old enthusiasm revisits me.

But to return. I was only just in time. Scarcely two minutes had I stood breathless under the portico before I discovered Mr. Clinton, climbing the hill from the opposite direction.

I was a little afraid of him, and stood back under the shadow, until by inspection of his face I might find out his mood. The inspection had a reassuring effect; Mr. Clinton looked as genial as the morning, and I advanced boldly to meet him.

"Ah!" he called out, "so you are there, my new pupil. Taking the old bull by the horns, eh? But come in, come in; let us always be thankful to heaven for women's tendency to turn night into day. It gives us the morning at least to ourselves. And if chattering annoys us during the day-time, it is gall and wormwood when we want to enjoy such a scene as that."

"But might not they enjoy it too?" I suggested modestly.

He turned round upon me sharply. "Don't you believe it."

"Believe what, sir?"

"The stuff that's talked now-a-days about elevating womankind. Drag them up to our level! Bah! Cram a pin's head. I'm sick of it all."

As he spoke he had unlocked the door of his studio, and preceded me within. I stood speechless. To be

inside the work-room of a great artist was such an event as I had dreamed, but scarcely expected to experience, so soon at least.

"Draw up the blind," he said, "and then you may look about you, quietly, for this is my time for work." I obeyed at once. For his second recommendation there was little need. Had I been desired to speak, I think I should have been unable to find words. I was in a world of wonders; I was drinking in new inspirations.

At first I could not fix my attention on anything in particular. Glowing Egyptian skies; pale columns, with flowers of wondrous colour growing at their base, and over them a deep azure, against which stately cypress-trees stood out dark as night; cities, and palaces; cool English landscapes, and lovely homesteads, such as I saw every day: these made a kind of medley in my brain. But I fought against this discursiveness. I had a feeling that my time was short, that I was here, not to amuse myself, but to learn something of the great mystery of art.

I set myself patiently to study one picture. It was a castle on a hill; underneath flowed a broad river, down whose stream a barge with orange sail was slowly moving. A man sat at the helm; his face was tired and weather-worn; he was looking up at the castle, which was seen standing out boldly from a thunder-cloud. The whole was steeped in the crimson light of evening.

How long I stood gazing at this picture I did not know. But I was in no dream or brown study. All my faculties were engaged in the effort to find out what caused these wonderful effects of light and colour, and how they might be reproduced. I was so completely absorbed that a touch on my arm and a voice in my ear made me start violently.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mr. Clinton said.

I turned round; if I am to judge from what I felt, I think my face must have been glowing.

"Sir," I said, "I understand now."

"What! the ins and outs of the painter's art?"

"No; but what you meant yesterday."

"When?"

I answered reverently, "It is in nature the true ideal is to be found."

Up to this moment there had been a spice of mockery in his manner. Dropping it entirely, he held out his hand to me.

"If you have learned that lesson, you have made large progress already. But cling to it; never let it go. By losing sight of this, art slips into artificiality. When it reaches that, let it put its paint on women's worn-out faces, and apply its pencil to their eyebrows; it is not worthy of the canvas, that may be made to live and breathe, a joy to coming ages. I have said enough. Sit down now, and let me see you use your pencil."

But, to the outside world, there can be little interest in any minute account of this my first lesson. Of course the early steps were tedious; I had much to unlearn; still my early efforts had not been wholly without fruit, as Mr. Clinton condescended presently to remark. An hour wore away. An artist of Mr. Clinton's standing, I presumed, never thought of anything beyond his paint-brushes and his conceptions. I was prosaic enough to be desperately hungry, though far too much of a boy to confess to any such childish weakness.

I cast several speculative glances outside, however, in the rather vague hope of some unexpected succour, and at each moment the craving became more intolerable. I was on the very point of risking Mr. Clinton's good opinion for ever, by mentioning the fact, when I saw a well-known figure tripping up the hill.

"Why," I cried out, "if that is not Tiny——" and there stopped short in confusion. Would not this stern woman-hater deny her entrance into his retreat?

No such thing. Mr. Clinton threw down his palette, got up, and went to the window.

"The good child is bringing us breakfast," he said, "and I want it.—Come in, Miss Clementine. You look as fresh as the morning. Let me relieve you of your basket. Make yourself useful, my new pupil—a chair for the lady, and a truce to work. But let us see what she has brought for us."

And while, rosy and smiling, Tiny came in, and exchanged morning greetings with me, and in all the audacity of inexperience criticised my work, the great man surprised me by peering into the basket, with the eager curiosity of a child, and making remarks which proved that he appreciated the good things of this world and the dainties it contained.

We spread our cloth outside, under a chestnut-tree whose buds had lately parted to let the five-fingered leaves, which had been pointing skywards, droop over their stems. We were very happy; Tiny presided, and showed, in the usual way, her talent for making every one comfortable. My master stretched himself out on a tiger-skin which we had spread for him, and talked—not of art or literature, or subjects of a sublime and elevated description. No; his conversation was about breakfasts, which, if one were to believe everything he said, he had taken in circumstances more varied and extraordinary, and composed of ingredients more singular, than often fell to the lot of a single man.

Tiny was delighted with his anecdotes; indeed, I think her sparkling eyes quickened his inventive powers, for he passed on from adventure to adventure, all with this thread of breakfast to link them together, in a way that became at last a little bewildering.

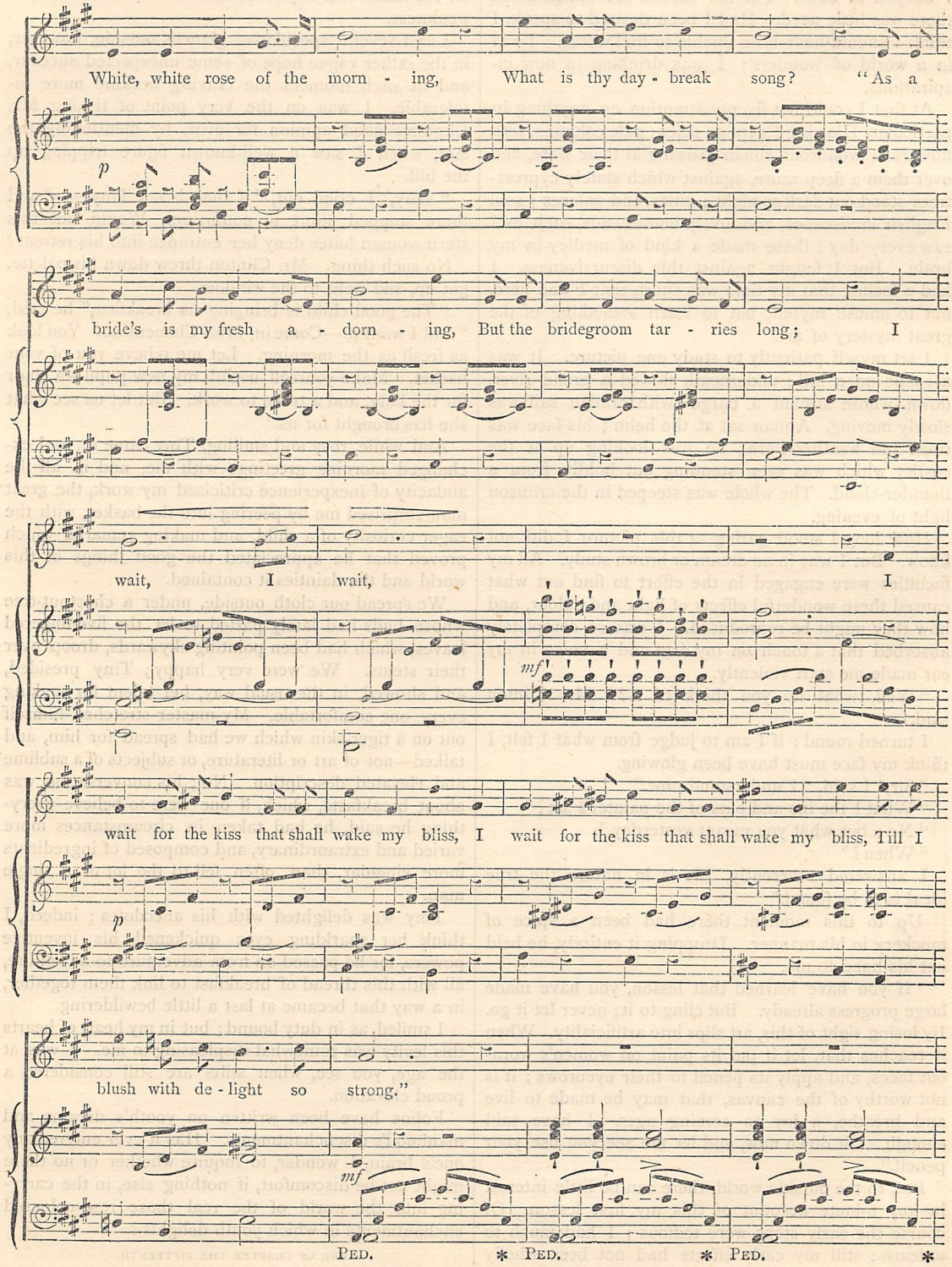
I smiled, as in duty bound; but in my heart of hearts this levity was somewhat displeasing to me. I was at the age, you see, when stilts are still considered a proud elevation.

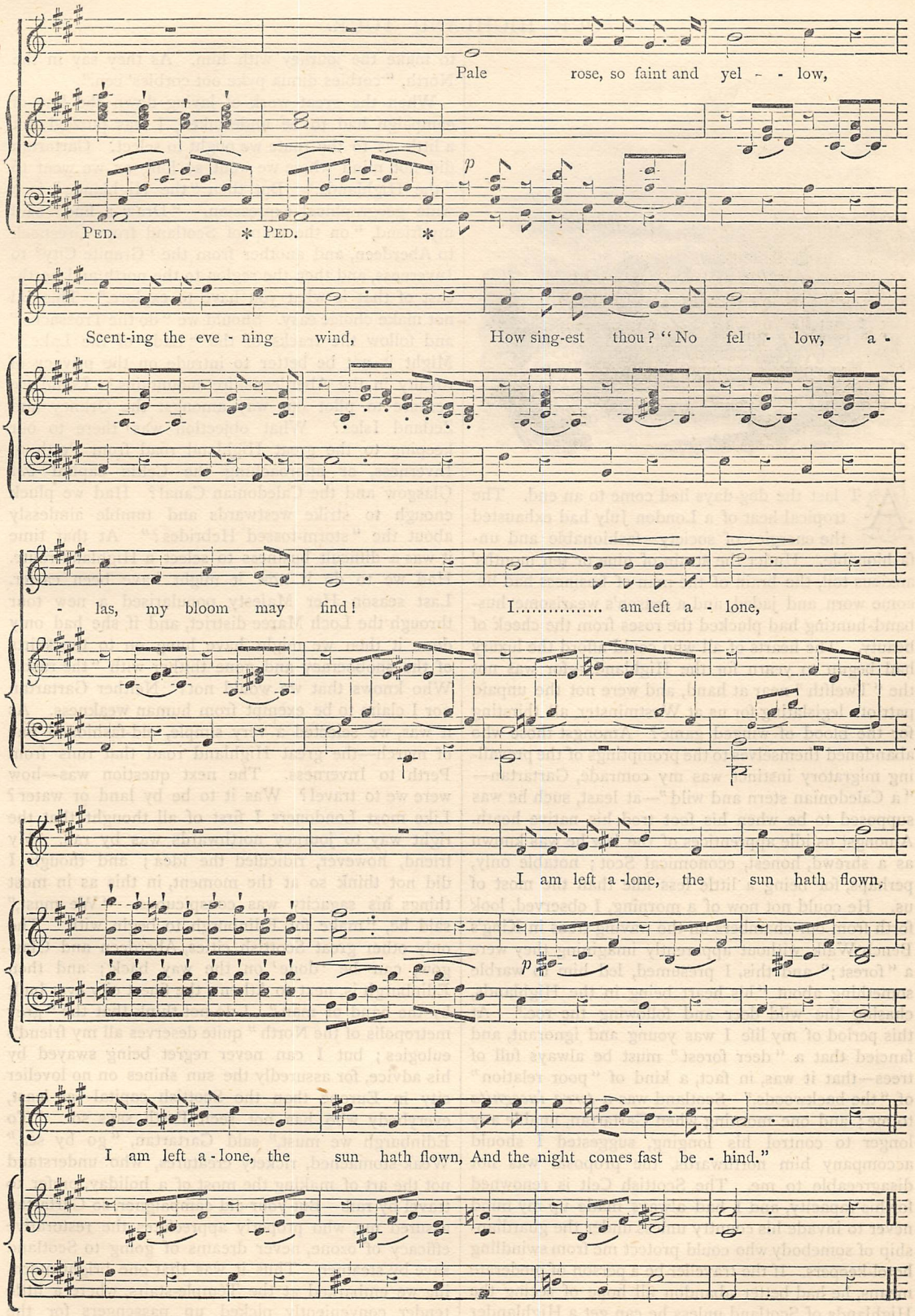
Folios have been written on youth's dreams and manhood's disenchantments. Has it ever entered any one's brain, I wonder, to inquire whether or no there might not be discomfort, if nothing else, in the carrying into the world of the real those rose-coloured enchantments in which youth delights?

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

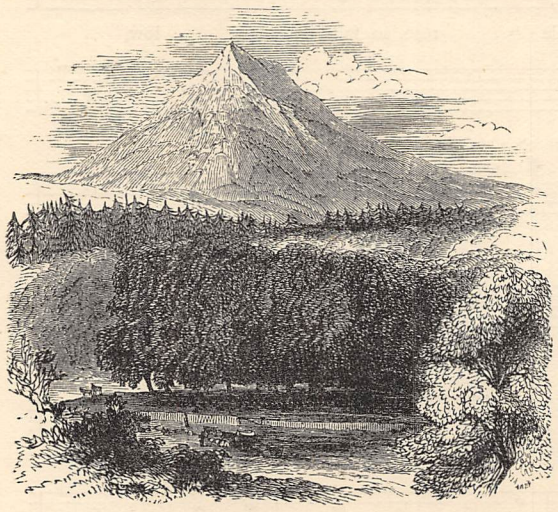
Two White Roses.

Words by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. *Music by* EDWIN M. LOTT.




Pale rose, so faint and yel - - low,
PED. * PED. *
Scent-ing the eve - ning wind, How sing-est thou? "No fel - low, a -
- las, my bloom may find! I..... am left a - lone,
I am left a-lone, the sun hath flown,
I am left a-lone, the sun hath flown, And the night comes fast be - hind."

OUR HIGHLAND TOUR.

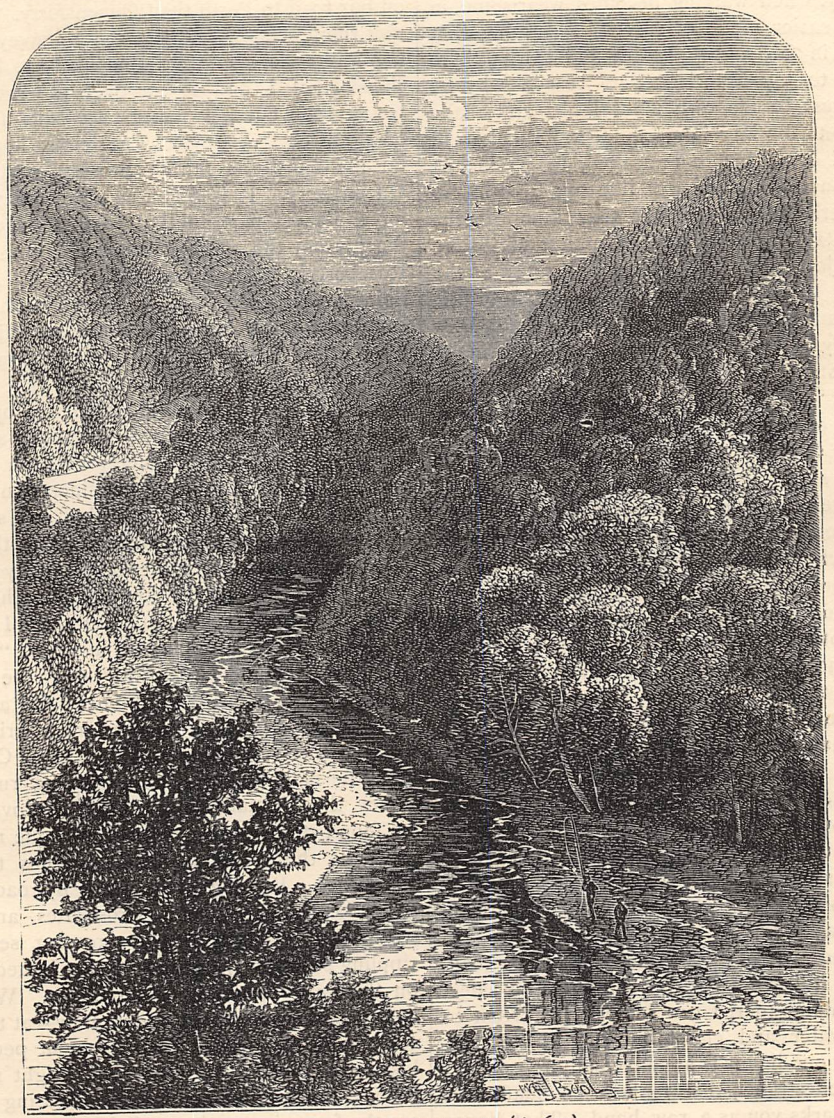


AT last the dog-days had come to an end. The tropical heat of a London July had exhausted the energies of society—fashionable and unfashionable. Under the strain of nine or ten months' anxious toil, the brain of the man of business had become worn and jaded, and a season's wearisome husband-hunting had plucked the roses from the cheek of beauty. The hearts of all who could afford the luxury had begun to yearn for the Highlands—for was not the "Twelfth" near at hand, and were not the unpaid patriots legislating for us at Westminster all thirsting for the blood of winged game? Amongst those who abandoned themselves to the promptings of the prevailing migratory instinct was my comrade, Gartartan—"a Caledonian stern and wild"—at least, such he was supposed to be when his foot trod his native heath. Amongst us idle apprentices of the law he was known as a shrewd, honest, economical Scot; notable only, perhaps, for being a little less idle than the most of us. He could not now of a morning, I observed, look forth from our chambers on the waving trees in King's Bench Walk, without apparently imagining they were a "forest;" and this, I presumed, led him to warble something about "his heart being in the Highlands, chasing the wild deer and following the roe." At this period of my life I was young and ignorant, and fancied that a "deer forest" must be always full of trees—that it was, in fact, a kind of "poor relation" of "the backwoods." Scotland was a *terra incognita* to me; and one morning when Gartartan, unable any longer to control his longing, suggested I should accompany him northwards, the proposal was not disagreeable to me. The Scottish Celt is renowned for his rapacity, and I had always made up my mind never to invade his country unless under the guardianship of somebody who could protect me from swindling hotel-keepers. If the traveller be a person of moderate means, he had better abandon all hope of seeing the Highlands of Scotland unless he can get a Highlander to make the journey with him. As they say in the North, "corbies dinna pyke oot corbies' een."

When the great work of laying down the line of campaign had to be undertaken, I was puzzled not a little as to the route we ought to select. Gartartan did not mind where we went so long as we went to "the Highlands." But then "the Highlands" is a wide geographical expression. "Draw a line," said my friend, "on the map of Scotland from Greenock to Aberdeen, and another from the 'Granite City' to Inverness, and then the region to the north and north-east of that is what you have to explore." This did not make choice easy. Should we "do the Trossachs," and follow the tracks of the "Lady of the Lake?" Might it not be better to intrude on the privacy of royalty in the Aberdeenshire mountains? Could we venture to pilot our way amongst the Orkney and Zetland Isles? What objection was there to our keeping to the great Highland road from Perth to Inverness, or approaching the Celtic capital *viâ* Glasgow and the Caledonian Canal? Had we pluck enough to strike westwards and tumble aimlessly about the "storm-tossed Hebrides?" At that time it was a difficult business to select a Highland route. Had we to do it now it might have been easier. Last season Her Majesty popularised a new tour through the Loch Maree district, and if she had only done it then we might have hung on to the skirts of the snobocracy and gone thither with "the rush." Who knows that we would not? Neither Gartartan nor I claim to be exempt from human weakness. As it was, we selected a very simple, old-fashioned line of march—the great Highland road that runs from Perth to Inverness. The next question was—how were we to travel? Was it to be by land or water? Like most Londoners I first of all thought that the right way to journey northwards was by rail. My friend, however, ridiculed the idea; and though I did not think so at the moment, in this as in most things his sagacity was conspicuous. "We must," said he, "make for Edinburgh to begin with. The only other great Scottish cities, Aberdeen and Glasgow, can be 'done' on the way back; and then Edinburgh is, next to Athens, the finest city ever built by the hand of man." I do not think that the "grey metropolis of the North" quite deserves all my friend's eulogies; but I can never regret being swayed by his advice, for assuredly the sun shines on no lovelier city in Europe than the Scottish capital—at least, everybody who has not seen Pesth says so. "To Edinburgh we must," said Gartartan, "go by sea." Weak-stomached, rickety creatures, who understand not the art of making the most of a holiday, prefer to travel by rail. But your old campaigner, so Gartartan assured me, who properly appreciates the restorative efficacy of ozone, never dreams of going to Scotland save by steamer. Thus it was that one bright morning we embarked at the Temple-stairs, where a little tender conveniently picked up passengers for the

Scottish steamboat lying at St. Katherine's Wharf. We had scarcely gained the open sea when we found a new life coursing through our veins. The company was mainly one of holiday-makers, and it was merry enough. The fare was plentiful and of good quality, and our whetted appetites did ample justice to it. and I had rather not reproduce it. The first sniff of its odoriferous quay determines the tourist's next move—which is to make for the nearest vehicle that appears likely to take him somewhere else, and to drive there as fast as possible.

Edinburgh, although a mountainous city, is not



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE (*p.* 619).

It would take me too long to describe the varied delights of this short passage ; but it may be enough to say that never, except when time is an object, will I travel to Scotland in any other way. In due course we landed at Leith. My imagination was not equal to the effort of seeing in it that resemblance to the picturesque Flemish seaports which my friend declared anybody with half an eye for architectural beauty could detect.

Leith gave me my earliest impression of Scotland, exactly the Highlands ; so I need not dilate upon our stay there. Towards the end of it, and after a great deal of disputation, I agreed to what I believed to be a monstrous suggestion on the part of Gartartan—namely, that we should proceed northwards on foot. Neither of us, he argued, was fat, and both were young and strong. We had plenty of time on our hands. Why, then, should we let ourselves be shot like a thunderbolt through romantic scenery that can only be properly enjoyed by

the leisurely wayfarer? The truth is that some of the choicest beauty-spots in Scotland lie off the track of railways, and are hard of access even to one journeying on horseback. Then the keen, invigorating air of the north renders the toil of the pedestrian far less fatiguing than most people imagine; and as the country is thoroughly intersected by railways, there is no difficulty, when walking becomes wearisome, in taking to an easier mode of travel. Assuming that the tourist is in fairly good health and spirits, there is, according to my experience, no reason why he should not trust to his own stout limbs and make his pilgrimage to the Highlands on foot. But he will do well, as I have before remarked, to go in the company of an old campaigner like my friend; for to the inexperienced a walking tour amongst the Scottish mountains may be made a matter of torture rather than enjoyment. Gartartan laid it down as the first rule that baggage should be cut down to the "irreducible minimum." What we could not conveniently carry, we found we could, without much trouble, send on in advance by rail to the town we selected as the "objective" point of our journey. My friend insisted on saying that a good pedestrian could travel all over Scotland with no more luggage than this: a tweed suit, a good waterproof coat, a pair of leggings, a towel, a couple of woollen shirts, three or four pairs of woollen socks—this being the only article of apparel which it is pardonable to carry in quantity—a stout walking umbrella, a pair of slippers, a map, a compass, a pocket spirit-flask, a big tin box of wax-matches, a bottle of tincture of arnica, a note or sketch book, and a good field-glass. Possibly I might have found my tour a painful and laborious business, had I not been under shrewd guidance. In no other way could I have avoided those little mistakes that make walking tours miserable. Gartartan, in the matter of food, had catholic tastes. His rule, which I had to follow, was to take "whatever was going," but to restrict himself to two good "square meals" a day—breakfast and supper. Hunger on the march can be appeased by a biscuit, or a bit of oatmeal bannock, and a "waucht" of milk, which one can generally purchase at a wayside hamlet on the road. In fact, milk or milk-and-water is the best and safest drink the Highland tourist can indulge in. Next to it sherry-and-water and claret-and-water have their partisans. But one liquor is so universally reprobated by knowing pedestrians, that to be seen quaffing it on the tramp marks you as a raw hand. That liquor is whisky. On the march, to drink whisky in nine cases out of ten simply entails a humiliating breakdown. No man who is bent on pleasure should walk beyond his natural strength; and, unless he wants to over-exert himself, he has no need of stimulants whatever. City men usually dread a walking tour because they get foot-sore. The best way to remedy this, we found, was to apply tincture of arnica to our feet at nights, and put on clean socks each morning. It is not difficult to make one's socks last well if just before going to bed the pair that has gone through the day's work be but rinsed and wrung out of cold water, and hung up to dry during the night.

One other bit of advice I thoroughly approve of. Gartartan said we must begin gently with easy stages, so as to let the body harden and set under the gradually increasing strain of exercise. Hence the first day we set out we determined to go no further on our road to Perth than Queensferry. I cannot say that the first stages of the route conveyed any cheering impressions of what was likely to be before me. Possibly, if I had to go over the ground again, I would seek out a steamer that sails from the port of Leith at strange and capricious hours, and runs up the Forth as far as Stirling, and go by it to Queensferry. It is a flat, straight, uninteresting road for the most part, so that when towards the end of the journey the waving woods of Dalmeny and Lord Roseberry's park are reached one feels one's spirits rising; and then, finally, when South Queensferry comes in sight, nestling by the sparkling waters of the Frith of Forth, one is apt to exaggerate the beauty of the peaceful lowland landscape that unfolds itself to the view. When we crossed to the opposite shore, we found we could either put up at a comfortable hostelry in North Queensferry or push on to Inverkeithing; but after some consideration we decided we had done enough for that day, and so we stopped where we were, and "loafed" about the sea-shore. Next day, however, in the bright early morning, we made a start for Inverkeithing, from which we made a *détour* so as to reach Dunfermline. I was anxious to see the old historic town in which "the king sat drinking the blude-red wine," when he sent for Sir Patrick Spars and ordered him to sail "away, away to Norroway," and bring home his royal bride. The old palace—where, by the way, the ill-fated Charles I. first saw the light—is now a crumbling ruin; but the abbey, though maimed by some "improving" Vandal, we found still showing signs of antique magnificence, as befits the sepulchre that enshrines the bones of the prince. Bearing eastwards a by-road enabled us to strike the highway at Crossgates, and from this we walked straight ahead, crossing several bright rippling streams by the way, till we halted at Kinross, on the lovely shores of Loch Leven. We spent one day—and we might have spent many—at this Arcadian spot. The peerless silver-grey trout peculiar to the lake, and notable for their rich, bright red, luscious flesh, afforded us some sport. Boating and fishing are the favourite pastimes of the place; and, amongst other things, we rowed to one of the islets in the loch, where "naked stand the melancholy walls" of the crumbling keep which three centuries ago was Mary Stuart's dungeon. Next day's march opened up to us the valley of Glenfarg, embosomed in the wooded heights of the Ochils; and after a pleasant walk through many smiling wayside hamlets, we crossed the Bridge of Earn—scaled the Hill of Moncreiffe, from whose broad shoulder we had unrolled before our eyes a grand panorama. There was the rich Carse of Gowrie—"the glory of Scotland," far-famed in song and story. The slanting sunbeams

struck the gleaming waters of the Tay. Those grey spires and towers and those rich emerald meadows tell where the fair city of Perth stands; and then, away to the north, the straining eye gets a glimpse of the mist-veiled screen of the Grampians.

We determined not to "loiter," so I have no very clear impressions of Perth beyond this—that it seemed a quiet, prosaic county-town, blessed with comfortable but by no means inexpensive hotels. Next day we again made the march a short one, and in a leisurely way strolled on to Dunkeld—a picturesque old cathedral town, girdled by waving woods. We had even time to get a peep at the "Rumbling Bridge," of which the Dunkeldians are inordinately proud. It spans a rocky chasm through which the brawling Braan pours a foaming torrent. Gartartan now alleged that we ought to "buckle to" our work in more serious fashion. We ought by this time to be sufficiently hardened to undertake a big tramp of twenty-one miles and "a bittock." For my part I did not mind the miles so much as the "bittock" in these northern wilds. We made an early start, however, and soon broke into one of the weirdest and most desolate mountain-roads in Scotland—a road every foot of which, almost, was historic ground—haunted by melancholy memories of Viscount Dundee and the partisans of the House of Stuart, and their last desperate struggle for power. We determined to reach Blair Athole by bed-time at least, and so we followed the Tay for a few miles, resting for a little at Moulieam Inn; passed "the Tummel and banks of the Garry," and the dark gorge of Killiecrankie; crossed the Bridge of Tilt; and toiled on doggedly till we reached the old village and inn of Blair. We made sad havoc amongst the ham and eggs that night, and caught ourselves dozing afterwards in the most vacuous manner possible. The next day was Sunday, and although we "gaed to the kirk," we were but "half-day hearers"—in fact, we "loafed" and rested as much as possible. We went early to bed, and were called early next morning, when we started for a still longer tramp of three-and-twenty miles to Dalwhinnie. Wild, stern, and terribly desolate was the Alpine tract through which we plodded, till our road wound through the savage pass of Drumwuchter, and took us over the boundary of Inverness-shire. Seldom have I ever seen a happier or more sudden contrast than the change from this fierce mountain wilderness to the pretty, peaceful, wooded grove in which Dalwhinnie lies embowered. Here we found out from two young gentlemen, medical students from the Edinburgh University engaged on a botanical tour, with whom we had "forgathered" on the road, that a cross-road—or rather the remains of an old military road—branched off westwards, and struck the Caledonian Canal at Fort Augustus. They meant to follow it up, but not being so experienced a mountaineer, I resolutely held out against joining their party, and at last even Gartartan admitted that it was not altogether a safe thing to get lost in Corryaraick, or go tumbling about its misty precipices. What became of our friends I know not, for they parted company with us here, leaving us to go on to Kingussie—a long tramp taking us over the Truim and the foaming Spey.

There is little to detain the tourist at Kingussie, so next morning we again took the road. One of the first things that struck us was Belleville, interesting to me as the place where the translator of Ossian dwelt in feudal retirement, and after we lost sight of it we pushed on through a curious combination of natural and artificial scenery, past the waving birch-woods of Kinrara, the gloomy pine-forest of Rothiemurcus, and over and along the majestic curves of the ever-present Spey. Airemore Inn, an hostelrie at which even Shenstone would have loved to take his ease, we found a welcome haven of rest from the blinding rain that fell on us as we reached our weary journey's end. Contrary to expectation, we found there was a good deal to be done at Airemore. For one thing, it is wise to rest a day here before attempting the next long march to Inverness, and if the tourist object to "waste" a day in rest, he can, by the expenditure of a half-sovereign, and by liberal promises of "drams," get a pony and a guide to take him up the Cairngorm mountains, from whence, by the way, he can get to Deeside and finally to Aberdeen. Having rested thoroughly for a day, we started for Inverness. Birch-plumed Craigellachie, the rocky war-tryst or rendezvous of the Clan Grant, we saw from the wood soon after we left the inn. When we crossed the Dulnain, we found the sombre pass of Slochmuicht partially repaid exploration. The gloomy country of the Macintoshes, pine-fringed Loch May, bleak Strathnairn, all had a depressing effect on us, so that when I reached Inverness—"dead-beat," I think—I vowed I would never tramp in the Highlands again. Gartartan cheerily remarked we need walk no more now, except to take short strolls through and round about Inverness—a romantic town begirt with environs teeming with sylvan beauty, rich with storied memories of Duncan, Macbeth, Cromwell, and Prince Charlie—a town that seems to belong not to earth but to fairyland, lying as it does, nestling in a vale of dreamy grandeur. From Inverness our route was clear and easy. Our marching days were over. We spent a few days in the town, collected our baggage, and took a passage on one of the steamers that ply through the Caledonian Canal to the West Highlands and Glasgow.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the keen sense of enjoyment with which this homeward-bound journey filled us. To have no exertion to make, or nothing to do but lie on deck basking in the sunshine, as the boat wafts you through shining stretches of mountain-girdled lakes and "fiords," is possibly the most blissful mode of enjoying life I know of. Time would fail me to tell of the wonders of Loch Ness, and the purple hills of dark ragged woods, where, as Burns says, "the foaming Foyers pours his mossy floods" into a chasm of stupendous grandeur; of birch-clad Loch Oich, with the ruined stronghold of Glengarry keeping watch and ward over a depopulated domain; of Loch Eil, the home of the Camerons, with the sublime Alpine scenery of Ben Nevis, a rocky mountain

wilderness, lifeless and desolate as the grave; of Loch Linnhe, with the savage crags of Appin and the blue hills of Morven for its background; of the sacred island of Lismore, long the seat of the Bishops of Argyle; of wooded Loch Eitive, and the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, where once the Scone Coronation Stone, now in Westminster Abbey, was kept; of the noble sweep of Oban Bay, with the ivy-clad keep of Dunolly, the lonely stronghold of the old Lords of Lom, guarding its bluff northern cliffs. Merely to catalogue the names of these places is to suggest a moving panorama of enchanting beauty. Nor is the rest of the journey less interesting or picturesque. Our steamer leaving Oban has had to wind its way through a rugged archipelago, ere it glided into the Crinan Canal, which cuts the peninsula of Cantyre; down the sparkling waters of Loch Fyne, which the phosphorescent herring-shoals at night turn into molten silver; past the sombre peaks of Arran; through the wooded strait called the Kyles of Bute to Rothesay Bay, from whence looking over the glassy waters on the further shore, a mountain barrier, pierced by great fiords or sea-lochs, is seen rearing itself in stately grandeur. The route is one that haunts the memory with visions of beauty that only fade with life itself. But for us the vision, at the time at least, vanished like a day-dream. A few hours steaming brought us to Glasgow—to the busy, pushing, work-a-day world of reality and fact—to scenes and sounds before which the romance of a Highland tour melted away like a cloud, into whose fleecy heart the Sun-god has shot one of his gleaming arrows. We bade good-bye to Dreamland, saying, "We *have* been there, and would go again." So, we venture to predict, will everybody say who this year follows our northward track.

CORRESPONDING WITH GOVERNMENT.

BY A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

"GOVERNMENT" is something very impersonal, as all of us know; some of us, perhaps—inventors, more notably—think they know it to their cost. But few, however, are aware of the machinery by which the thread of continuity is maintained unbroken between "Government" and those who correspond with it by letter.

Of course, it is well understood that if the Vicar of Wakefield thinks proper to address the Prime Minister upon the claims of John the Ploughman to money due in in respect of his great-grandfather killed on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, the letter is sent on to the Admiralty; if the reverend gentleman feels that John's mother stands in need of out-door relief, instead of the "house," to whomsoever he may address himself, his letter will find its way to the Local Government Board. So far, then, from a general point of view, once a letter to "Government" is in the post-box it is sure to go right—with more or less delay.

But take the case of the man who, having over and over again vainly urged the Government any time during the last twenty years to construct torpedoes, declares that it is his very idea which the country is gladly adopting now. How is all the applicant's correspondence on the subject brought together and thus shown as a whole, no matter over how long a period it has extended?

To illustrate the plan actually followed it will be convenient to take some one particular large Department of Government—for every Department at present secures the same end by a different system. We will take the War Office, for that is certainly a large Department, and probably on that account well administered as regards correspondence with the outside public.

It is Monday morning, and what with some foreign mails (all the heavier from the disturbed condition of the States in the Malay Peninsula, or the disembarkation of the Native Indian troops at Cyprus) some 3,000 letters have come in. At nine o'clock arrives at the War Office to meet them a staid, experienced, old-fashioned Government clerk. He may notice that the mail is unusually heavy to-day, but he is not to be flustered and hurried. His functions are very humble, he knows, but if his duties are not performed carefully delay and difficulties follow. First of all, protecting his hands by some leather finger-stalls, he proceeds to open the envelope and look at—rather than read—each of these 3,000 letters. More tents wanted at the Cape—and straight this goes into a tray labelled "Mr. Jones;" proposals for purchase of War Department land—"Jones" again; the Colonial Office thinks a battery of artillery necessary at Graham's Town—still "Jones's" tray; wrong rate of forage allowance issued to Colonel Busby—"Brown's" tray; anonymous letter, accusing a contractor of bribing officials—"Robinson's" tray. And so it goes on all through the 3,000 letters; each finds its way into one of these three trays, which from time to time are carried off to the desks of the three gentlemen named.

Now Brown, Jones, and Robinson are first-rate men, capable of seeing everything from a broad point of view, as well as maintaining the details of a complicated system. Each of these men really reads—more or less attentively—every one of the letters thus coming before him, and marks them with a number, according to the subject. The tents for the Cape may be 57-Cape; the purchase of land, 10.190; the artillery question, 20 *a*; the wrong forage allowance, 83—3; the bribery by the contractor, 0072; and so on. These letters are distributed from time to time,

as they are thus marked, to the twenty or thirty clerks who sit under Jones, Brown, and Robinson. These are men charged with inferior, and comparatively mechanical, duties, and do not rank with the general establishment of officials. Each of them keeps a dozen or so of books in which to enregister letters; and perhaps many of these books contain fifty sections, differently numbered, for fifty different subjects, all more or less cognate.

Let us follow up the letter of the gentleman who thinks the country indebted to him for its torpedoes. It has already been marked by Jones—say 99-Stores—in pencil in one corner, and is now with the clerk who keeps the book containing this number. He enters the letter as of such a date, coming from such a person, and notes briefly the exact general object of the writer. He puts the letter inside a sheet of foolscap and labels it 99-Stores-1079, for already 1078 letters have been previously registered—not by any means all referring to torpedoes, but all more or less of the same sort; and he endorses it to the Director of Artillery. All papers of this "number" go to that officer in the first instance; if the letter should specially have gone to the Engineer Department, or elsewhere out of its usual course, the superior clerk, Jones, would have so pencilled it accordingly. The clerk then runs back over this particular section of his book in search of "former papers" on the subject—"f.p." is the slang in Government offices. He finds that our torpedo friend wrote last in 1872, and that his letter was then registered 99-Stores-767; against 767 is marked 673-571-509-490-387, from which it is clear that all these papers are on the same subject. But on referring to the entry 387 is marked, "See also 1/4004/10, 0084-Torpedoes-312, 39894 all."

The sheet of foolscap covering our friend's letter is therefore marked with orders to the press-keepers to annex all these former papers, and a note is made against the registry of the present letter referring back to 387. The press-keepers are lads at a guinea a week or so, but very apt and very methodical. Thousands, literally, of sliding trays or drawers exist in the War Office, in which are kept these "former papers;"—into which, in other words, all letters find their way when done with for the time being. Every seven years or so those that seem no longer wanted go to similar drawers in the cellars of the office; a few years more, and, if still not wanted, they are "bundled up" and stowed anywhere about the cellar passages (there is an acre or so of cellars at the War Office); and by-and-by, to make room for more recent papers, they are carted off to the Record Office in Chancery Lane. And thence, now and again, old and apparently unimportant papers are destroyed by experienced officials, and sent to be pulped for paper. Through every stage, be it remembered, the exact whereabouts of every single paper is noted.

30/14/101 is wanted, about the cost of forage at Gloucester, and the press-keeper does not find it in the 30/14 tray; the registry clerk looks to his book, and finds it is annexed to Colonel Pipeclay's application for increased forage at Bristol. However, on searching for the colonel's letter, it turns out it has not yet been put away; what then is to be done to get the papers at the back of it? The registry clerk gives the date of registry of the colonel's letter, and off we go to the "General Transit Room." Every paper moving from one branch to another has to pass through this room for notation of its present whereabouts. Colonel Pipeclay's letter went to the Accountant-General on the 9th; a boy goes to that officer's room, where a "transit-book" is kept for his branch; and of the twenty or thirty rooms under him, this book enables him to say which room has it—to whom he has marked it.

Well, meanwhile, our torpedo friend's letter has travelled, with all its former papers, all over the office—from the Director of Artillery—who has perhaps written to the Admiralty about it—up to the Secretary of State. A decision has been come to that he has not the ghost of a claim to the invention, and that a civil letter should be sent saying so; probably the Secretary of State adds, "And let me see the proposed draft."

But in our office rambles we have met with another letter from our typical Vicar of Wakefield, who thinks that if the actual advantages of a soldier's life could be expressed in figures and shown within the four corners of one sheet of paper, recruiting would not flag; and, perhaps, he winds up by saying that the position of men in the Reserve Forces is so little understood, that he is pestered with inquiries that he is unable to answer. Suppose we see what is being done with the vicar's letter.

The head of the room directs the vicar's letter to be registered under the recruiting number. Say that is 27: then we have 27-1st Foot, 100th Foot, Artillery, &c., and 27-General. He also directs that it shall be registered in a nominal index, as coming from the Reverend Mr. So-and-so, and in a "place" index, as coming from Wakefield. This done, he next directs that the paragraph about the position of the Reserve men should be copied on to a second sheet; and then, say the Reserve Force business number is 101, the extract is registered to 101-General. The head clerk takes care not only that the Chaplain-General and the Inspector-General of Reserve Forces shall see what is said, and that the Accountant-General shall see the suggestion made for a statistical return, but he secures that the letter in its entirety shall come under the eye of the Secretary of State or of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary; whilst, by cross references on each of the separate papers, he secures that there shall be no want of harmony in the action taken. More than this: the registry clerk looks back to his personal index, and finds that the reverend gentleman some years ago intervened on behalf of a lunatic soldier, and he attaches this paper to the present letter for what it is worth—it may show the weight that should attach to any suggestion of the writer's; he looks under the different "General numbers," and finds that two or three other people have made similar suggestions, or finds that such a statis-

tical return was some time ago actually presented to Parliament, and he attaches these papers ; he looks under Wakefield, and finds suggestions on the subject from authorities there, and attaches them. Thus the officials concerned in each one of the vicar's suggestions have presented to them, it is to be assumed, every scrap of information, or a reference to it, which the Department has on the particular point. The system does not, however, end there. Every room—and there are many under one head of a Department—has a noting book of precedents. The Inspector-General of Reserve Forces can consequently say that a placard showing the position of a Reserve man was printed last year—why, then, did not the Pension Officer at Wakefield have it posted about the town, &c. &c. ?

It is evident that a great deal depends upon Brown, Jones, and Robinson, the heads of the enregistering rooms, invariably selecting the same number for the same subject. This selection is seldom simple. Parliament must be asked to vote a Supplementary Estimate, to cover the cost of extra supplies of food for men and horses consequent upon the present outbreak at the Cape. An inexperienced man might hesitate whether to register this paper under one of the numerous Cape numbers, under a "provisions" or "forage" number, under some general Colonial number, &c. ; the experienced clerk at once puts it under the ordinary number used for points in connection with Parliamentary Estimates, because here and nowhere else would he think of looking for it in time to come.

No system can be much, if any, better. Every system must have its disadvantages. One of the greatest is the possibility of delay in obtaining the papers required to be attached ; they may be twenty years old, lying at the Record Office, or they may be of yesterday, even now being acted upon. As a rule, however, ninety-nine out of one hundred letters are before those persons who have to deal with them on the day of receipt. Anything exceptionally pressing is, of course, exceptionally treated. The system is one which is designed to be independent of the individuality of the official. Sir Garnet Wolseley and Bishop Claughton are here to-day ; but they, and Jones, and Brown, and the Hon. Fitz-Buggins, and all the other registry clerks may leave to-morrow, and their successors will have every opportunity of getting at all that has gone before them.

No systematic machinery, however, exists for securing harmony of action between one Government Department and another. For instance : suppose you call at the War Office and the swing-door jams and injures your right hand, and you walk on to the Admiralty, where the swing-door jams and injures equally your left hand, and you apply to each Department separately for compensation ; neither would know of the demand you had made upon the other, and you might get nothing in respect of one hand and £100 compensation in respect of the other. But this much is clear, that write again whenever you would, and on almost any subject, the jammed hand correspondence turns up !

THE MORTGAGE-MONEY.

"AM sorry you should think me hard, James, but you are unreasonable. It is now two years since I gave you notice that I must call in the money, and you know you have only paid me half a year's interest since."

The speaker, George Brymer, was a pleasant cheery looking man of about forty-two years of age, with curly hair and a short crisp beard. He was seated at a table covered with papers, in a little three-cornered office, scarcely large enough to hold more than two or three persons besides himself and his table. Here he announced himself to the public as land-agent, auctioneer, and valuer, transacted all the business of a lawyer that could be done by one not actually a member of the profession, and generally undertook every kind of agency required by the mixed population of the little village or town of Alverstoke.

The man whom he addressed appeared to be about thirty years old, and his short, rather thick-set figure was dressed with something of the knowing smartness of a well-to-do young farmer. His hair and complexion were light, and he had altogether in his rather handsome face an air of feebleness and vacillation. His features just now were overshadowed by the anxiety that had brought him to Mr. Brymer's office. He was well known as James Harte, of Beechleigh.

In explanation of Mr. Brymer's words, it must be stated that some five years previously he had advanced to Harte the sum of £250, secured with interest by a mortgage on Harte's farm and lands. It was about a demand for the immediate repayment of this loan that Harte had come to Brymer's office this morning. He was seated in front of the table, looking very despondent, as he replied to Brymer's address—

"Well, anyway, you can't get blood out of a stone."

"That's true," said Brymer, "but you *can* get money out of a good security."

Harte's face darkened. "Do you really mean to sell me up then, a man that you call your friend?"

"My dear fellow," said Brymer, "you are talking neither reason nor justice. You know that when I lent you the money I was at some trouble to get it together in order to oblige you; and you promised that it should be paid in two years. Until now I have never bothered you for it; but *now* I really must have it, to make up the purchase-money for Flemmings."

"Ah!" said Harte, "I heard you were in for that. And so, I suppose, I am to be sacrificed in order that you may get this place a bargain."

"I need not answer that," said Brymer. "Business is business. If I could lay my hands on any other money, so as to give you a little more time, I would gladly spare you this annoyance for old acquaintance sake; but I think you ought not to expect me absolutely to forego my plans and interests for your convenience. Besides, I can't help believing that, whatever time you have, there will be just as much difficulty at the end of it as there is now."

After a short silence—during which James Harte stared moodily at his boots as he flicked them with his riding-whip—Brymer continued—

"Why in the world can't you get some of your friends to advance you the money, and take off the mortgage? I will make it as easy as I can. I don't want to put you to inconvenience. But there really must be no mistake about it. One way or another I am bound to have the money this day two months."

Harte rose to go, saying, "Well, if you must, you must, I suppose; but I didn't think you would have screwed me up so confoundedly sharp at the last. It's very hard upon a fellow."

Brymer was really distressed as he shook hands with Harte, and said, "Depend upon it I am sparing you and will spare you all I can; but if a man wants money, where is he to go except to those who owe it to him? You must manage it. Good-bye."

George Brymer had risen, by dint of shrewdness, industry, and integrity, from the position of copying-clerk in the office of Messrs. Heydorn, the solicitors of D——, to his present independence. By great frugality he had gradually accumulated a few hundred pounds, investing them here and there on good and available security—such, for instance, as the mortgage upon James Harte's farm of Beechleigh. A very tempting opportunity was now offered him to buy the small estate known as Flemmings, at a considerable advantage. He had often looked upon it with longing eyes, but hitherto it had not been within his reach. The present occasion, however, promised him the realisation of all that for many years he had been labouring for. He desired to give to his wife and his two sons a place as well as a name, in the neighbourhood where he had striven and prospered. It was but a modest ambition after all; but it is something to say in its favour, that, in his long struggle to realise it, he had never done anything, the thought of which could mar the enjoyment of his success. All the people of Alverstoke wished well to Brymer. He had never been sharp or grasping, or unwilling to oblige; and his good fortune, such as it was, was regarded with pleasure and sympathy. It is possible that there might not have been the same cordial feeling for him if his success had been more considerable; but on that we need not speculate. The fact which we would notice is, that no one had a word of disapproval to utter, when his intention to purchase Flemmings was made public.

Beechleigh Farm, the home of James Harte, had been left by their father, Daniel Harte, to James and his elder brother John. James was just of age when his father died, and the two brothers did not have any great success with their farming speculations. In fact Beechleigh required considerable management and economy to make it at all remunerative, and neither of the brothers was a good illustration of these virtues. About three years after the death of old Daniel, John had been induced, by an offer from a school-fellow who had emigrated, to throw up his interest in the property, in order to go and take charge of a large sheep-farm in Australia. For this purpose it had been necessary to raise some £200 to equip him for the voyage. With this responsibility James had been glad to saddle the estate, so as to make it entirely his own. On his brother's leaving he had married a young girl from D——, without money, and with very little of the training suited for a farmer's wife. One little girl had been born to them, whom Mrs. Harte made an excuse for neglecting many of her other domestic duties; so the household, small as it was, was comfortless and slatternly. Personally James Harte was much liked in the village, as a good-tempered, free-handed young fellow; but the old people shook their heads at his marriage and his farming, and said that it "wanted Dannel to keep that farm together. The young uns ud soon split it apart."

Beechleigh was about a mile and a half from Alverstoke. After the interview that has been recorded, it was noticed that James Harte seemed to spend much more of his time on the road between the two places than he did at his farm. He had become sour and irritable also, and altogether he was changing for the worse, not only in temper but in appearance. When he was in Alverstoke he was constantly seen in the dirty den, called a shop, of a little tradesman known as Eli Wire—a disreputable creature, but supposed to be possessed of untold wealth. Certainly there was nothing either in his appearance, his habits, or his surroundings to justify this supposition. His wizened figure was always enveloped in a long rusty-black frock like a cassock. He had a hungry-looking eye, a thoroughly typical nose, and his face was finished off downwards with an unclean, grizzly beard, covered with the spoils of the snuff with which he freely indulged his nose.

What James Harte could find to interest him in the nasal talk of this unattractive being was a mystery to everybody. The chemist's shop indeed was a place of frequent general resort, as he was believed to have great skill in the preparation of all remedies for household sicknesses and disasters. Nay, much to the anger and disgust of Dr. Poyntz, the regular prac-

titioner, Wire had been known to prescribe and supply what had proved a cure in some more serious cases. Those that entered the shop, however, when Harte was there, never heard anything that passed between the two. They said that he was generally seated on

"HE TRIED HARD TO REMEMBER" (*p.* 625).

the counter, flicking his boots with his whip, while the old man was busy with his pestle and mortar.

Time was passing on, and Harte was known to have made unsuccessful applications in various quarters for the loan of the sum he required. One evening Mr. Brymer had walked over to Beechleigh, with the purpose of saying a kindly word to him, that might encourage him to throw a little more energy into his efforts. Harte received him with boisterous expressions of his gladness to see him, called his wife down immediately, and insisted on having spirits and water, and pipes, introduced. By taste and habit a very temperate man, Brymer partook of these very sparingly; but he could not help noticing with regret that Harte drank very freely, and that Mrs. Harte took more than could be desirable for so young a woman. On the subject of the mortgage, Harte persistently evaded any conversation, and appeared nervously anxious to prevent Mrs. Harte from giving any opportunity for it by leaving the room. When at length Brymer plainly asked him whether he had any prospect of being ready to meet the payment by the time appointed, he answered hastily, "Oh! that will be all right, never fear," and pointedly changed the subject. Brymer left early, perplexed at his manner,

and deeply pained at the signs of coming degradation in a young fellow that might have done so well. It need hardly be said that he had little faith in Harte's assurances; and he contemplated with great sadness and pity the necessity under which he was placed, of being the means of bringing ruin upon the little household.

One day Brymer received a short note, telling him, as much to his surprise as pleasure, that Mr. Harte would call upon him the following morning to settle the matter of the mortgage. He had been altogether unprepared for this, but he was unaffectedly glad to be spared the necessity of any hostile action against his old acquaintance.

The next morning accordingly Harte appeared at the office, accompanied by a friend, a man well known in the village as a commercial traveller, occasionally stopping there for a day or two. After the ordinary greetings Harte said—

"So here I am, you see, after all; and I am ready to pay off the mortgage. I took the liberty of bringing Mr. Paynter as a witness of the payment."

"Well," said Brymer good-humouredly, "we need not have troubled Mr. Paynter. I suppose it could have been done without a witness; but still there is nothing like being particular."

Harte's manner was excited, as if by something more than the elation of being able to make the payment.

"What do you make the amount?" said he, taking out his pocket-book.

"Altogether, with the interest, two hundred and seventy-four pounds and a few shillings," said Brymer; "but we'll make it even money and say two hundred and seventy."

"Thank you," said Harte. "I thought it would be about that;" and from his pocket-book he took a bundle of notes, which he smoothed out upon the table. "There," he said, "are one hundred, three fifties, and one twenty," and he handed them over to Brymer.

"Well," said Brymer, laughing as he looked at them, "I must say, you've got about as dirty and discreditable a lot of notes as ever I saw. Where in the world did you pick them up?"

"Oh! if you don't like them, you know," said Harte, with a quick flush, "give me them back again. I wish I could only get a few more like them."

The notes were certainly exceedingly worn and thin, as well as brown with age; and they had to be handled with great care lest they should come in pieces.

Brymer signed the release, and the receipt for the money, which was attested by the signature of Paynter as a witness of the payment, and then he handed over the cancelled mortgage-deed.

"I'll just take down the number of the notes," said he, as he rapidly copied them into his pocket-book.

"There's nothing like being particular," said Harte, with a short laugh. "Look here, Brymer," he added in a hurried and eager manner, "I'm just going to drive into D——; can I be of any service by paying that money into the bank for you?"

"Thank you, no," said Brymer, somewhat surprised, to say the truth, at the offer. "I'll tell you what though," after a moment's pause he went on, "if you would not mind leaving a note for me at Heydorn's I should be obliged."

"All right," said Harte, trying to look indifferent, and the note was written and handed to him; and as he left the office, Brymer locked the notes into his tin cash-box. He had written to Heydorn's to appoint the next day for the completion of the purchase of Flemmings, and the payment of the deposit of the purchase-money. He was greatly pleased with the morning's work, and thought much better and more kindly than he had done lately of James Harte.

"Yet the poor wretch had been drinking already this morning," he thought to himself; "I wonder where he got that money! I shouldn't fancy he could have had it from Wire. However, it is no business of mine, so long as I've got it. Thank Heaven for it!" And he set himself to his work again.

When, after the day's labours were over, he shut up his little office and passed into the adjoining house where he lived, he carried his cash-box with him as usual, but was even more careful than usual to take it up with him into his room when he went to bed. During the evening he sat with his wife, laying out his simple plans, and rejoicing with her in the prospect of the hard-earned reward of his labours.

The next morning he came down, cash-box in hand, and already equipped for his ride into D——. While he was breakfasting, his little pet Jemmy, a rosy lad of about nine years old, began to amuse himself with shaking up the contents of the box and making them rattle.

"Be quiet, Jemmy," said he. "Let that alone."

"How much money have you got in it, father?" said Jemmy.

"There's more than seven hundred and sixty pounds there," said Brymer, with conscious importance, as he watched the awe-struck look of the child at hearing of such untold wealth.

When breakfast was over he took down his satchel to consign to it his precious charge, and found the contents of the cash-box considerably tossed about by Jemmy's manipulations. He proceeded, however, to gather up the notes and the gold from among the memorandum-books and papers that it contained.

"Four hundred, four hundred and twenty, four hundred and thirty, four hundred and eighty; why, where are the rest? *These* are not Harte's notes. I certainly put them in." He called to his wife to sit down quietly and count over all the money she could find in the cash-box. But she could only make it, as he had, four hundred and eighty pounds in notes, and about eleven pounds ten in gold and silver.

"What a mess you keep in this box, George!" she said, upsetting into the fire-place a considerable quantity of dust, paper-fibres, and rubbish, such as generally are found in receptacles of the kind.

Brymer was lost in thought. He tried hard to remember having done anything else with the money, but in vain. He hurried into the office without a word more to his wife, and searched every likely and unlikely drawer and corner for the missing notes. but

entirely without success. He felt bewildered and excessively uncomfortable. "He certainly did not take them away again," said he to himself. But he determined to go and ask him, and locking the door of his office, he started off at a rapid walk to Beechleigh. Harte was standing outside his door, with his pipe in his mouth, and volubly expressed his surprise at seeing him.

"Harte," said Brymer shortly, "what did you do with that money you paid me yesterday?"

"Do with it?" said Harte, forcing a laugh; "why, I *paid it* to you, to be sure!"

"Ay, but afterwards?" said Brymer.

"Why? Do you think I took it back again?" said Harte, scowling at Brymer.

"Upon my life, I don't know," said Brymer; "only I have not got it."

"I don't know anything about that," said Harte. "That's your look-out. You had it from me, and I have the receipt, you know."

"Yes, yes," said Brymer, looking him full in the face; "you took care of that, and before a witness too." So saying he turned away without another word. He did not know what to make of it. He felt sure something was wrong, but he could fix upon nothing. He did not at all like Harte's manner. He had a notion that he had been prepared for the communication. And yet how could the money have been juggled away? He had locked it into the cash-box himself, and it had never left his sight all day.

He sat down and thought. One thing he must do, in case—he didn't like to finish the thought. Fortunately he had taken the numbers of the notes, and he hurried down to the principal shops in the village and gave notice to stop them. Then ordering a horse to be saddled, he rode rapidly off in the direction of D——.

Having giving the necessary notice at the banker's, he went on to Heydorn, the lawyer, who was surprised to see him so early, but more especially to see him so haggard and distressed. Asking for a private interview, he told him all the circumstances known to the reader. The lawyer could make nothing of them. Brymer himself could see no reasonable ground for suspecting any one. In fact he would have been more than half afraid that he himself might in some moment of abstraction have hidden away the notes, only that it was so altogether improbable. Mr. Heydorn told him plainly that he thought this must have been the case, and that he would find them by-and-by. However he, too, took the numbers of the notes, and promised to keep his eyes open, and, should anything occur, to communicate with him directly. The lawyer wished him to complete the purchase notwithstanding the deficiency, good-naturedly offering to become security for the balance of the deposit-money; but this he gratefully declined, thanking him for his confidence in him, and returned home to make the best of it.

Several months passed away, and no new event connected with what we have recorded had transpired, when Brymer was one morning surprised by the arrival of a messenger from D——, requesting his immediate attendance at the bank. He did not need much preparation to obey the summons. He was at once shown into the back room and greeted by the manager.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Brymer, but will you oblige me with the numbers of the notes you lost several months back?"

Brymer took out his pocket-book, and read out the list of the numbers. The manager looked at a paper.

"One of them is a fifty-pound note, No. $24\frac{101}{307}$, is it not?"

"Yes," said Brymer, his heart beating with expectation.

"This note," said the manager, "was paid into our hands this morning," and he placed before Brymer a Bank of England note.

With all his eagerness, Brymer could not but observe that the note before him was comparatively clean, and crisp, and altogether unlike the shabby notes that he remembered so well.

"Who paid it in?" said he.

"Well," said the manager, "I need not make any secret of it; it was brought to us this morning, with some other money, by John Brunt, and he is now waiting in the bank parlour by my request. I'll ring for him to come."

"John Brunt?" said Brymer; "we can't suspect him!"

"Certainly not," said the manager; "but, you see, we had to act simply on the facts, and so were bound to stop this note."

John Brunt had been well known all round the neighbourhood for more than five-and-twenty years, as a large cheese-dealer, buying up pretty nearly all the cheeses made on the surrounding farms. His name, both for capital and integrity, was as thoroughly trusted as that of Sedley's Bank itself. As he entered the room he greeted Brymer with a frank and jolly laugh, and said—

"So, Mr. Brymer, it seems I've been robbing you of a fifty-pound note, eh?"

"No! no!" said the manager, "not that either; but will you mind telling us, if you can, where you got that note?"

"I have been trying to remember," said Brunt; "and although I can't be quite sure, I believe I had it from Sanders's Bank in Exeter, but I suppose I can easily find out."

"But," said Brymer, gazing at the note in perplexity, "I am very certain that this was *not* one of the notes that were paid to me."

"You said that it was," said the manager; "that was one of the numbers you gave me."

"Yes," said Brymer, looking at his book, "that was one of the numbers, but this is not one of the notes, I can swear. This is tolerably clean, while all those were noticeably worn and filthy. Why, this is about twice as thick as any of those"—rubbing it, as he spoke, between his fingers.

"Then what about the number?" said the manager.

"I don't know," said Brymer. "I don't believe I could have made a mistake in copying them, although

I certainly had to look twice at some of them to see what the numbers were. At any rate, I can't pretend that this note was among them."

"You must have made a mistake then, Mr. Bryant," said the manager with some asperity. "Still, if you maintain your numbers are right, I dare say Mr. Brunt will leave this note with us for two or three days, and in the meanwhile get any information he can about it."

To this Brunt readily agreed; and as the three parted, the manager said to Brymer as he bade him good morning, "A pretty mare's-nest you have found for us."

Brymer was altogether too much vexed and puzzled to reply to this taunt. He did not for one moment believe that he had really copied the figures wrong; and yet he was quite certain that the note shown to him that morning was not one of those that had been paid to him by Harte. *Had those notes been counterfeit?* The thought flashed upon him for the first time. But this would leave the difficulty unsolved; what had become of them, bad or good? It was altogether bewildering.

In the course of a week he received a note from Sedley's, informing him that the Exeter Bank had paid the fifty-pound note in question with others about six weeks previously to John Brunt; having themselves received it *new* from the Bank of England a short time before. This made it certain that, before that issue, any other note in circulation for fifty pounds bearing that number must have been paid into the Bank of England. Brymer was thus satisfied—at least, of one thing: he had *not* mislaid the notes as he had once thought possible; because since they had been paid to him, one of them had been paid into the Bank of England. Therefore they must have been stolen from him.

And yet this was very little comfort. For even if he could believe that Harte had stolen them, which he could not bring himself to do, how in the world could it have been done? And how was it possible to bring the fact home to him? or even to make the suspicion of it look reasonable? He would not bother himself any more about it.

One morning a large posting-bill was brought to his office, announcing the unreserved sale of the farm, land, and stock of Beechleigh, the owner being about to quit the country. He was considerably surprised at this; not so much, however, at the result of Harte's careless management, as at the observation that the sale, instead of being put into *his* hands, as he might have expected, had been entrusted to an auctioneer at D——. He thought it did not look very well, taking everything into account; but he was sorry for Harte after all, and determined to have nothing to say in the matter.

It was not many days later that the little society of Alverstoke had further food for surprise. It was discovered one morning that Eli Wire had disappeared, leaving the key of his house under the door, and considerable arrears of rent unpaid. Inside the house and shop was found scarcely anything but empty bottles and dirt, of which latter article there was great abundance. A young shopman at the grocer's declared that, as he was returning at about nine o'clock the previous evening from the neighbourhood of Beechleigh, he had passed two men on the road in loud altercation. He had plainly recognised the voice of Wire, and he believed, but he could not be quite sure, that the other voice was Mr. Harte's, which seemed to be threatening Wire, calling him thief, swindler, and forger. He thought he heard blows given, but, not liking to interfere, he had hurried home.

It was understood that Mr. and Mrs. Harte and the child were to leave Alverstoke two days before the sale, and to embark from Liverpool for Australia about ten days later. The night before they were to leave, Brymer was reading the newspaper in his little parlour, when he heard a ring at his office bell, and answered it himself. To his surprise, but not much to his gratification, he recognised Harte, who asked if he might have a few words with him.

Brymer admitted him into the office, saying, "I scarcely expected to see you again, Harte, before you left."

"No," said Harte nervously, "I suppose not, but I did not like to go away from England for good without asking you to shake hands with me."

Brymer hesitated. At length he said, "If you, James Harte, can look me in the face, and take my hand, there it is for you."

"Wait a moment," said Harte, very pale, and not responding to the proffer; "I have a few words to say to you first, please. You know why I am going away, I suppose?"

"No," said Brymer, "I know nothing about it. I have made a point of listening to none of the stories I have heard."

"Well," said the other, "John—you remember my brother John—has written to me, telling me that he has been very successful out there; has made money and has bought a large sheep-farm, and wants me to sell the place here and go out to him as a partner. And he has sent me five hundred pounds for the expense of the voyage."

"And you are going. I think you are doing a very wise thing. I am afraid, you know, you would never do any good here; I wish you success with all my heart."

"You are a good fellow, Brymer," said Harte with emotion. "Thank you!" He got up, moved about restlessly and nervously, took his pocket-book out of his pocket, sat down again, and went on in a low voice: "I am afraid, Brymer, you think very badly of me; and I am sure I deserve it."

By this time Brymer was as nervous as his companion, and altogether unable to guess what was coming.

Harte continued, "You remember you gave me a receipt for two hundred and seventy pounds?—You never had a penny of it."

"What in the world do you mean?" said Brymer. "Did you not give me the notes yourself?"

"I suppose," said Harte, sinking his voice to a whisper, "there is nobody who can hear us?"

"No," said Brymer, looking to both the doors.

"*They were forged notes!*"

"Ah!" said Brymer, after a pause, and drawing a long breath, "I suspected as much. But then——"

"I know what you are going to ask," said Harte—"What became of them? I'll tell you. That Eli Wire set me on! I went to him, believing, like a fool, that he had got plenty of money, and I wanted to borrow two hundred and fifty pounds of him. He laughed in my face, and told me he had not got two hundred and fifty pence. But still he talked as if he could help me, and at length suggested the payment by *flash-notes*. Of course I treated this with contempt, because they would be sure to be detected at once, and then I should be a criminal, as well as a bankrupt. But the old fiend quietly went on. He said he could get some notes prepared in such a way as to defy any easy or ordinary means of detection, and, moreover, he could so treat them with some chemical agent, that in less than twenty-four hours they should crumble into dust, and leave no trace by which they could be recognised as bank-notes at all."

There was a dead silence.

"Ah!" at length said Brymer. "I see it all!" But, my good fellow, how could you lend yourself to such a villainy, so to wrong a man that had confided in you?"

Harte trembled like a leaf, and big tears rolled down his cheeks. "It was that devil tempted me," said he, "and it seemed to show me the only way out of an awful fix. But I had no sooner given the notes to you than I would have cut off my hand to get them back. And I swear that if you had trusted me when I wanted to take them into the bank, I should have taken the responsibility of destroying them myself."

He was still fidgeting with his pocket-book, while Brymer recalled the circumstances, remembering how little Jem had shaken up the cash-box, and how his wife had noticed the quantity of dust and paper fibres that was in it when she emptied it into the fire.

"And now," said Harte, "I have come to confess all this, and to ask you to forgive me before I go, and to spare my name as much as you can when I am gone. There is the money, with interest for the last few months!" and he laid notes on the table to that amount. "I could not bear to carry with me the thought of having defrauded the man who had been my friend and trusted me." And here he utterly broke down.

"Harte," said Brymer, "I confess I wanted this money very badly, but I can honestly say that I am almost as glad that you have put yourself right in this matter as that I have got the money."

"God bless you!" said Harte, and they parted.

Little more need be said. Flemmings was purchased. Brymer continued to prosper, and it was not many years before he was able to retire altogether from business, and to purchase a still larger estate. One of the first things that Harte was induced to do on getting to Australia was to take the temperance pledge; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he has become a wealthy man. He corresponds regularly with Brymer, and many a valuable remembrance is sent from the Australian sheep-farm to the English home. No other allusion is ever made either by Brymer or by Harte to the strange history of "The Mortgage-Money."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CYPRUS.

FULL as the world and modern life are of new discoveries, new combinations, and new schemes, some point of paramount interest crops up from time to time, attracting all eyes, centralising all thoughts, offering a basis for novel operations, an outlet for idle capital, and a field for enterprise which promises to yield the rich harvests usually brought forth by virgin soils. One of these points of light is the annexation of the Island of Cyprus, which in the early days of July took all by surprise except the sagacious few who were in the secret, and within a fortnight figured continually in the daily papers, not only in its political, strategical, and military aspects, but in the every-day ones intimated by the announcements that a line of steamers would run immediately from London, that a great banker had opened a branch house in Cyprus; by the advertisement of a wine merchant anxious to supply the settlers therein with fermented liquors, and the scheme of some enterprising agriculturists for obtaining funds and coadjutors for the purchase of lands and the commencement of farming operations.

With regard to the profit likely to accrue from our occupation of this island in the Syrian Sea, opinions differ, as they do on most other subjects. One poli-

tician considers that we have merely bought from Turkey the obligation of defending her Asiatic possessions, in consideration of our feeding the Cypriotes; another reminds us that though we have advanced our military outpost in the Mediterranean 750 miles farther, we have added to our difficulties by the increased distance from England, while detractors cry out that Rhodes would have served our purpose far better, and cost us far less coin.

Shrewd John Bull, however, with his excellent common sense, and a keen eye on his money-bags, perceives at a glance, like Alexander the Great, that he has laid his strong right hand on the key of Egypt, and of other lands as well.

The naval mind is already exercised on the respective merits and demerits of Ayas Bay, Tripoli, Seleucia, Sidon, Beyrout, and Scanderoon, as Asian harbours for a British fleet, and railway engineers descant on the advantages of these various localities as probable or possible termini for that line through the Euphrates valley, or that other through the desert of Palmyra, which may bring the heart of our Indian Empire within less than a week's journey of our new depôt in the Levant before many years have sped.

One of the most feasible ideas that have yet been mooted, appears to be that of clearing out and improving the old port of Famagousta, on the east of Cyprus, the fortifications of which still stand as intact and impregnable as when originally raised by the Lusignans. Nearly opposite to it, a few miles further south on the Syrian shore, is the ancient crusaders' post of Tripoli, which, though very suitable for the terminus of a railway running through to the head of the Persian Gulf, is not everything that can be desired as a harbour. Still it is possible that, when its other advantages are duly weighed, British pluck, perseverance, and skill, backed up by British gold, may surmount the difficulties, and remove many of the obstacles that beset it.

Famagousta itself, the "devoted city," as it has been called, was built by the Christians 800 years ago from the ruins of the ancient city of Salamis, only a few miles away. Its massive walls are between sixteen and seventeen feet thick, and an inspection of them convinces the beholder that they were perfectly impregnable. Only by means of treason from within, or utter starvation, was it possible for besiegers to enter, or force the inhabitants to capitulate. On the land side they enclose an area of more than two Italian miles, skirted by a ditch hewn out of the solid rock, and flanked by numerous towers. From the autumn of 1570 till the beginning of August in the following year, did Mustapha Pacha, the Turkish commander who descended on Cyprus in the days of the Doge Luigi Moncenigo, invest the city, assault it with his batteries, shatter it with his mines, and surprise it by his sallies. It was not till all the provisions and ammunition were consumed that Bragadino, the commander, was induced to surrender; and it was in the great square of the place he had so heroically defended that, after untold indignities, he was barbarously flayed alive. Just outside the harbour bar the faithless Mustapha caused to be sunk the vessels containing Venetian families to whom he had previously given permission to depart.

Most pathetic are the ruins of the 300 churches, with unobliterated frescoes here and there upon their walls; and very touching are the relics of luxurious homes to which the hand of Time has been far more merciful than that of man. On the bastions facing the sea and the plain of Salamis may still be seen the old bronze Venetian guns, spiked and useless as they have been for the last 300 years; and side by side with them are half a dozen rusty iron pieces of Turkish make, in pretty much the same condition. There is a small fort looking seaward, in which the Turkish governor and a company of artillery lived till within the last few weeks; and attached to this building is a large round tower associated by tradition with Othello, the Moor of Venice, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Cyprus from 1506 to 1508. As this worthy was four times married, and did not live too exemplary a life, the bard of Avon had ample foundation on which to build his tragic tale. The fortress of Famagousta, under the Turks, contained some of the worst criminals of the empire, if the depth of their guilt could be calculated by the length of their sentences. This measurement, however, would hardly hold good even in Western Europe, and the poor souls condemned to be incarcerated for life, or for periods of fifteen, twenty, or five-and-twenty years, and heavily manacled, are perhaps not sinners above all their compatriots.

The greater part of the ruins of Salamis are covered by about ten feet of sand, drifted from the sea-shore. A considerable portion fell into the sea from the effects of an earthquake in the reign of Constantine Chlorus, but the harbour and nearly 700 feet of the wall may be easily traced—that is, if the explorer does not mind walking through a thick growth of weeds and thistles, infested by asps and snakes.

Nikosia, or Lefkosia, is the actual capital of Cyprus, and stands on an elevation in a rich champaign country, in its very centre. The scenery around it is lovely, there is plenty of water, and the salubrity of the air has always made it a favourite abode of the natives. Much care was taken by the Venetians in the construction of its fortresses; but even after reducing the size of the city in order that it might be more easily defended, it required a much larger garrison than could be maintained. The Turkish troops in 1570 besieged and took Nikosia, and then massacred its inhabitants before attacking Famagousta. The present population is about 16,000. The whilome church of St. Sophia is now converted into a mosque, and the ancient monuments of the Lusignan dynasty have been terribly mutilated and defaced. The streets are narrow and dirty, as is usual in the East, but there are a spacious bazaar, a khan for the accommodation of travellers, and also some Greek convents and churches. On the portal of the governor's palace the Venetian lion carved in stone may still be seen, but it is almost the only vestige of departed glory.

Larnaca is one of the principal sea-port towns, and

has for many years been in regular communication with the outer world, by means of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, which touch there once in fifteen days. It is a most unpromising-looking place as viewed from the anchorage in the open bay, a mile or more away from the shore. At that distance no sign of life can be discerned, nor any trace of vegetation, except a few melancholy palm-trees drooping their long leaves over the desolate sand-hills. It is built on and near the ruins of the Phœnician Citium, and, like the other towns of Cyprus, divided into two districts—the Marina, near the sea, which is the residence of the foreign consuls and the commercial centre of the whole island, and Larnaca proper, about three-quarters of a mile inland, which becomes depopulated every year in proportion as the new buildings on the beach increase and prosper. The houses are low and unpretentious, but there is a tolerable amount of room in them, and they are not wholly devoid of comfort. Hotels are conspicuous by their absence; furniture is scarcely to be bought for love or money, unless some resident is departing and disposing of his household gods, and visitors have no resource but to accept the proffered hospitality of those who have in their time faced the difficulties of the situation, and been entertained as strangers before them.

Locomotion is principally accomplished by means of donkeys and mules, and there is a village called Athieno, whose inhabitants are mostly muleteers by occupation, and an excellent set of people. They are the owners of tolerable saddle-mules, trained to go at an easy amble, which does not fatigue the rider, while the animal gets over more ground at this pace than at a trot. Their usual trip is from Nikosia to Larnaca, conveying passengers and goods from one town to the other, Athieno being midway between the two; but as they are well acquainted with all the roads and by-paths of the island, they may be hired to go to any part of it.

There is a khan at Larnaca known as the resting-place of the muleteers, and the usual mode of procedure is for the traveller to go there, select a mule to his liking, and bargain with its owner for a lump sum for the entire trip, or at the rate of so much *per diem*. The former method is cheap, but the latter preferable, for should the mule prove unsatisfactory, the rider is at liberty to change it on the road if he meets with a better one. If you wish to start, say at six A.M., it is wise to fix four o'clock with your muleteer, as the Cypriote is a notoriously unpunctual personage, and has a great dislike to being hurried. A native saddle, called *stratouri*, is placed on the animal's back, across which are hung, in such a fashion as not to incommode the traveller, a couple of canvas bags, which accommodate his private kit and the first day's provisions; and on the saddle itself are piled some coloured rugs or blankets, which serve as seat by day and bed by night. The muleteer himself, who also acts as guide, mounts a small strong donkey, caparisoned in the same manner, and carries all the extra baggage, provender for both beasts, his own food, and sundry parcels entrusted to his care for delivery on the road, into the bargain. All being ready, the traveller is helped up to his perch on the top of the rugs, and has two rusty stirrups attached to the ends of a rope handed to him, into which he thrusts his feet, and then sits on the rope in order to maintain his equilibrium. Nothing now remains to be done but to hoist a cotton umbrella and depart. When halting-time arrives, shelter and a little sour milk may easily be obtained at the door of a village hut, and the guide will probably assert the principles of fraternity and equality by seating himself on the other side, eating from the same dish and drinking from the same jug as his master.

There is a fine breed of donkeys peculiar to Cyprus, almost as high as horses, very intelligent, with large eyes, sleek, glossy coats, and capable of the same speed as a good mule; in fact, they are stronger, and better able to endure fatigue than the latter steeds, though they may not appear so at first sight.

Cyprus is well watered everywhere, except just along the northern coast; but though the streams are numerous, there are only two or three rivers of any consequence. The Pedaios, or Pedios, which enters the sea between Salamis and Famagousta, is the most important. It receives tributaries from the mountains both in the north and south, and pursues an eastward course through Nikosia and the fertile plain of Maesoria. It is on record that in 1330, being swollen with heavy rains, the city was inundated by it, and the plain for many weeks presented the appearance of a lake. The river Clarius, near Soli, and the Bocarus at Paphos, are now dry most of the year, and the Tetius is only a winter torrent. The Lapethus and Lycus run all the year, and are of considerable width and volume.

The mountain ranges extend all along the north of Cyprus and also in the south-west; from the summit of Mount Olympus a view of the whole island can be obtained; and next in height is Mount Adelphi, or Maschera. There is somewhere among these peaks an extinct volcano, from which a terrible and destructive eruption issued in the time of Titus, but no one seems to know exactly which it is.

The chief natural sources of wealth in ancient times were the copper mines, which yielded a larger supply of ore, and of finer quality, than any others then known. The island was originally covered with wood, principally cypresses and pines, which were largely cut down for smelting purposes, and afterwards for ship-building. Cedar-trees have also been abundant, and are said at one time to have surpassed in size and grandeur even those in the forests of Lebanon. Oak-trees, olives, carobs, myrtles, and arbutus flourish along the river-banks; the useful *Ferula Græca*, from which the Cypriote peasant forms his household furniture, abounds; and oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and a delicious kind of nectarine, remarkable both for the scent of its blossom and the flavour of its fruit, are largely cultivated. The soil is a very garden of Eden for fertility, and capable of producing vast quantities of grain, cotton, hemp, flax, tobacco, opium, and madder. Terra d'umbra is abundant in some districts, and the salt lakes and works if properly

managed would produce a large revenue. There are abundant facilities for the cultivation of the vine, and the soil and temperature are not unfavourable to the sugar-cane, which was tried by the Venetians in the days of their supremacy. Cyprus may not be a country to which it is desirable to expatriate the British agricultural labourer. In the first place, he could not bear the climate, which, though cold in winter, is intensely hot during the long summer; and, in the second place, he would not take sufficient care of himself to prove useful. Because beef and beer go hand in hand with work in England, he expects them to do the same in other countries; and when he falls sick from the consequences of unsuitable diet, excess in drinking, or careless exposure to the sun, he abuses the horrid climate, and petitions to be sent back whence he came. But if the thousands of acres of waste, because uninhabited, land in Cyprus can be brought into cultivation on enlightened principles, and with the use of modern implements, by capitalists who understand their business, the easy-going, simple, and frugal Levantines may be helped to help themselves, and do profitable work for their employers. Dairy farmers will find rich pastures for their lowing herds, sheep thrive and flourish on the thymy turf, and honey gathered from the aromatic blossoms of that sunny clime equals, if it does not excel, the contents of the far-famed jars from Mount Hymettus. Mulberry-trees also abound, and the silk produced by the worms which feed on them is of the very finest quality. In early spring the corn comes up as if by magic, intermingled with the loveliest flowers, lilies border the streams, and the meadows are spangled with pink and white anemones, dark blue irises, scarlet poppies, the gold-eyed marguerites, wild thyme, and mignonette. Unhappily this vernal glory quickly fades; the summer comes suddenly, and with such burning heat that tender and fragile plants only survive a few weeks after the last spring rains.

The Cypriotes, like other Greeks, are a handsome race, especially the women, their regular and dignified features, tall and stately forms, bearing witness to the admixture of Venetian blood in their veins. They are adepts in the use of henna, fond of displaying their charms, have a weakness for ornaments, and wear a picturesque costume which unites the glowing colours of the gorgeous East to the elegance of classic folds and draperies. They have their little superstitions, and girls are in the habit of visiting a mysterious monolith near the village of Santa Napa, for the purpose of breaking their trinkets at its foot, either when first married or when betrayed by faithless swains. Old women resort to the same stone, and there light tapers, with a vague idea of being cured of their bodily ailments. Is it to a long-forgotten shrine of Venus that they come? or to the traditional relics of some Grecian saint?

For at least nine months in the year the natives live almost entirely out of doors among the trees, the branches of which serve as larder, pantry, wardrobe, and store-room, and are hung with every variety of clothes, weapons, and domestic utensils. There is a settlement of lepers not far from Nikosia, numbering about 200; they have no houses, and live in empty tombs, or sheds raised by themselves. The Turkish Government has been supposed to allow them a loaf a day each, but if it had not been for the charity of the Archbishop of Cyprus they would have perished from starvation long ago. At every fair or festival in the island, an encampment of these wretched outcasts may be seen near the roadside, where they entreat alms from all passers. This terrible malady seems to be confined to the lowest class, and appears to become more general in seasons of drought, when food is less plentiful than usual. The average age of the sufferers is from forty to sixty, though young people are sometimes attacked. From the moment when the first symptom is discovered, the leper loses friends and home, all intercourse with him ceases, he is driven forth hopeless and desolate, with a blanket and some food, to find his way to the place allotted for him, and counted thenceforth as one dead. Let us hope that under British rule his fate will be less stern, and his sufferings ameliorated.

Cyprus is sometimes devastated by a plague of locusts, and is infested by tarantulæ and venomous spiders, as well as asps and snakes of various kinds. So numerous and destructive were the asps in the extreme south, that the *Caloyers* of the convent of Acrotiri raised and trained a peculiar breed of cats imported from Constantinople for the purpose of killing them. Twice a day a tinkling bell was rung, and at this sound the creatures returned to be fed, and then went forth again to hunt their prey. Some of their descendants are still to be found wild in the neighbourhood; and the memory of Puss survives in the name of Cape Gatte, or Delle Gatte, as the ancient promontory of Curias is now called.

Of the antiquities of this island, which has known so many masters—the birthplace of Venus, the residence of Solon, the sarcophagus of the old Hellenic worship, and the cynosure of kings—we have hardly spoken, yet they are numerous and rich as those of Nineveh and Troy. Cities, tombs, temples, and treasures have been excavated, inscriptions deciphered, and gems collected. The pottery is extremely ornate and elegant, the jewellery massive, and the coins valuable and well preserved. Many of the statues are perfect—some grotesque as any figures of fiends and goblins to be found in mediæval gargoyles; and some noble, beautiful, and dignified as we may imagine the works of Phidias and his compeers to have been. Looking at them we can figure to ourselves the beings among whom burning Sappho moved and sung; and gazing round us at the sunny skies, the towering mountains and fertile plains of the island, blessed by Heaven with the triple gifts of corn and wine and oil, we picture what it may become now the iron hand of the oppressor is lifted, and the flag of "Merrie England" floats upon the balmy breeze.

Eliza Clarke.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

SEPTEMBER, of all the months of the year, is the one which seems specially devoted to the country and holiday-making; so I shall begin by telling you about hats for travelling and country wear. The latest novelty of all is the jockey shape, a counterpart of the actual cap a jockey wears, the same flap over the face, the same number of divisions meeting beneath a button in the centre; but I have not seen parti-coloured caps. For travelling they are made either of black silk or tweed, or of the same material as the costume, and for more dressy occasions of black velvet with an ostrich plume encircling them informally, and to a pretty woman they are exceedingly becoming.

Round soft hats, closely allied to caps, find great favour now. I have just seen two specially designed for lawn tennis; one was of black velvet, with a large soft crown, and not unlike a Highlander's bonnet, an eagle's feather thrust through the front. This was intended to be worn with a white serge costume, made with a yoke and full-banded bodice, a Laveuse tunic falling over kiltings. These plain white serge and flannel suits, with no trimming whatever, bid fair to be among the most fashionable dresses for country parties, and very sensible ones too if any games are to be played, in which case rich silks and long-trained muslins are quite out of place. The other hat was a mere capote of navy blue cotton; it was worn with a navy blue cotton costume made as a full bodice, and tunic of the blue, with red buttons, red cuffs, red pipings, and a small red collar. The tunic opened up the front and had revers a quarter of a yard from the edge, headed by long loop bows of dark blue and red ribbon; the opening in the tunic disclosed kiltings, alternately red and blue, and blue parasols lined with red completed a very stylish costume. The bodice was made full, and the deep red band was fastened with an old diamond shoe-buckle.

It would be far more difficult to tell you what is not the fashion in hats just now than what is. Every shape that is picturesque appears to be adopted. For country wear there is a useful shape which droops over the face and stands up rather high at the back; this is more becoming if lined with turkey red, grénat, or deep pink, as these colours throw a becoming shade on the face. Hats are not difficult to line. Cut a strip on the cross the width of the brim, turn down the rough edges, and tack it just inside the wire, getting rid of the superfluous fulness at the other edge by small plaits at regular intervals, all going one way. Outside the hat, the most ordinary trimming is a strip of white or stone gauze, wound about the crown and secured on the left side by a bunch of flowers. Felt hats are fashionable for country wear, walking and riding, with round and square crowns, but always with narrow brims. Dressy straw hats have fine-pointed crowns, *à la* Tyrolese, are turned up at the front and side, are bordered with beads, are worn on the forehead and off it, the brims broad and pretty generally with a full binding, feathers and flowers being rarely blended, but with feathers pompons of silk are applied to match any predominating colour in the dress.

Short skirts are to be general for travelling and country wear, so that petticoats will not show much; but very pretty coloured ones are sold nevertheless. Some of these are merely navy blue linen with a broad hem, some turkey red linen, but the more common petticoats are a light woollen material in stripes of white and a colour, or of golden brown shades. To set well they should be 2½ yards wide, and short enough to clear the top of the boot; 1 yard 6 inches at the back, 3 inches less in front, is a good medium length. There should be a back width quite straight, a front width with 5 inches sloped off the top on either side, and two gores on each side—viz., four in all—12 inches wide at the bottom, 7 at the top. Any under-petticoat may be made with these measurements; but so much depends on the hang of these skirts that I am tempted to give more details. The band should be six inches deep to fit the hips, and have running-strings at the top, starting 8 inches from the centre of the back. The skirt should be put into this band plain in front, to the middle of the first gore, and then the rest divided pretty equally; 12 inches below the waist there should be a runner across the back breadth and the one gore on either side, and 10 inches below that another extending only across the back breadth. No one looks really well dressed unless both their petticoats and dress-skirts hang well. With trained skirts the secret is to let the front and side breadths be short, the train starting from the back gore, and the strings which keep it in its place must on no account be so tied as to show from the outside where they are placed.

After the London season is over many households begin to be busy with preparations for weddings, and bridesmaids' dresses are matters of importance, so I will describe the latest fashions under this head.

The chief object seems to be to select as picturesque a costume as possible. Veils are coming in again, but as an accompaniment to caps, and these are of every description, from the ordinary mob-cap of muslin tulle or gauze, to the Oriental types made of red silk and trimmed with gold. There is little simplicity in the present dresses worn by bridesmaids; white silk and expensive gauze are mostly worn, and when white muslin is adopted it is over silk and with silk bodices.

Natural flowers fastened to the bodice of the dress and in the hat or cap are very general. White barège is

TRAVELLING COSTUME.

very elegant for bridesmaids' costumes; these I have seen made with yokes, full bodices, puffs at the shoulders and elbows; the front of the skirt draped over kilt-plaitings so that the tunic formed folds, the back being laid on as a train in graceful puffs, caught here and there with bows of cerise lined with maize or with narrow satin reversible ribbon—red and green; white is most worn and then blue. And the choice lies between caps and hats; bonnets are never seen. The hats are Beefeaters or Rubens, in either satin or straw.

At the present moment expenses seem to press heavily on most people, and how to make money go as far as it will is a question of moment to many. Economy in dress is carried out by buying good things, having only what is absolutely required, and by paying as little for making as possible. Experience teaches that the people who look best are those who bestow personal attention on their own dress, and as nowadays it is hardly possible to get any dress well made and trimmed under four or five pounds, which often is as much as the material costs, I would point out that three or four of these pounds might be saved if women, whose time is of little value to them, would only have thoroughly good dressmaking lessons and profit by them. Very many have already done so. In Paris such lessons are being continually given, and certainly in London plenty of good teaching is to be had. Home dressmaking, if badly or indifferently carried out, is of no use at all; but the art is not so very difficult but that a little ordinary care and assiduity will master it, and when this is done £20 a year is easily saved.

To help the would-be economical I would offer some hints. Black shoes, especially the patent leather ones, after the order of gentlemen's pumps, can be worn with any dress, although it is more fashionable to have them of a piece of the dress; this means 10s. 6d. outlay at least; but with neatness and care you may cover an old satin pair so that they cannot be detected. Cut the pattern in paper and allow ample turnings. Begin at the toe, and stitch the covering on the inside so close to the sole that, when you turn it over, none of the old covering is visible; the toe being well stitched, turn the covering on to the shoe, turn in the rough edges and pin it round the sole, sewing it very neatly;

SEASIDE DRESS.

bind the top and put a bow, made an exact copy of the last you bought, and your home-covered shoe will defy detection.

Flannel petticoats look best embroidered round the edge. A halfpenny makes a good scallop: lay it on the flannel, and pencil round, then button-hole either with silk or linen thread, and add a sprig in satin stitch in each scallop if you are not content with the plain button-hole.

Muslin and lisse frillings are much worn in lieu of collars and cuffs; but they are an endless expense; replace them with lace, old lace if you have it, plait it in double box-plaits and have two rows; it is soft and becoming. When soiled, wash it yourself in a soap lather, not rubbing, but dabbing it; pass it through thin arrowroot or sugar and water, and pull it into shape and dry with your fingers. Your old lace will thus last for years. The double ruff, fashionable in Henri II.'s time, is now much worn; this is made by running the two edges together and then triple box-plaiting it, laying a broad band of muslin beneath, almost as wide as the lace, to keep it in place. Millinery is quite ladies' work; caps, fichus, and bonnets ought not to be difficult to achieve for delicate fingers. Crewel embroidery still continues in fashion in England, and holland, serge, and Bolton sheeting costumes, embroidered either on the material itself or on bands, are most popular with young ladies. For about £1 and some industry a dress worth £3 may be produced. I will proceed to describe two.

Over a kilt-plaited petticoat of blue satin, a polonaise of brown holland, opening in front with revers, bordered all round with a band of forget-me-nots and leaves piped with blue. A white serge with stitchings, some six rows on the skirt; a tunic and banded bodice, with red roses, cornflowers, and leaves worked round them and piped with green; a round cape of the same.

I give two illustrations, viz., a model for a seaside dress, and one for a travelling costume. The former is made with the fashionable Laveuse, or Washerwoman, or Fishwife tunic; for this style of overskirt, turned up in front, is known by all these names, although the first is the most familiar. The bodice is a blouse with a deep square collar, that has the appearance of a yoke, but this may be omitted if desired. Both the front and back are plaited from the shoulder-seams, and confined round the waist with a belt and buckle. The skirt is cut so as to escape the ground, and is trimmed with kilt-plaited flounces. The Laveuse tunic is turned up on the outside below a deep plait, and the back is formed of two long straight breadths, the front corners being caught back to the centre with a bow. The turned-up band gives the Washerwoman or Laveuse effect to the tunic; it may be of the same material simply turned upwards, but is more frequently cut off and sewn on, or else a different material is faced upon it. The seam at the lower edge (joining the tunic and facing) is concealed, while the upper edge is trimmed either with an upright plaiting, lace, or embroidery. Our model is made of biscuit-coloured cambric, piped with red cambric; the lace is Russian, and red is introduced into it; the bows are of reversible ribbon—biscuit-colour on one side and red on the other. Blue linen with écru lace, Bolton sheeting with crewel embroidery, striped linen, and Madras gingham, indeed any material which is not heavy and thick, looks well in this style of costume. Pale nut-brown, and mastic, or putty-coloured foulard, trimmed lavishly with Italian Valenciennes lace, would also be in good taste.

Pink cambric with brilliant red ribbons is a combination to be seen at French watering-places, but it is a contrast for which the exact shade of both colours must be selected with care, otherwise the result is a distress instead of a pleasure to the eye. The embroidery on French seaside dresses has much that is eccentric this season; what is termed "Russian work" has superseded crewels, for the reason perhaps that it is easier to produce, but indeed crewel-work has never been affected by Frenchwomen. A material called "torchon," in reality the homely glass-cloth, but of fine texture, is selected for the dress; and quaint designs of miniature dogs, cocks and hens, birds, thistles, flowers, &c., form the pattern. And these are reproduced by firmly tacking a strip of fine canvas over the torchon on the parts of the dress that are to be embellished, and then copying the flowers, birds, &c., with red ingrain cotton, or red crewels. When the work is finished the threads of the canvas are drawn away and the design remains on the material. A pair of tweezers are, by-the-way, the best medium for drawing out the threads.

The yoke, the turned-up or *retroussé* band of the tunic, the cuffs, collar, and pocket are the several pieces to be ornamented with embroidery. A natural or artificial flower, as the case may be, is often added to the cluster of falling loops now doing duty as a bow at the top of the bodice, a similar addition being made to the bows on the sleeves at the bend of the arm; for, paradoxical as it may read, long sleeves are worn very short, and long mittens, with serpent bracelets encircling the arms spirally an indefinite number of times, are the rage. The quaintness of seaside ornaments was never more remarkable; a miniature bunch of keys in nickel silver now forms a brooch and earrings; eccentricity can scarcely be carried further.

The mania for wearing everything to match is prominent even in seaside costumes. The suit of dittoes that men affected in days gone by was never carried out so thoroughly as is observable in ladies' summer fashions of 1878. The bonnet or hat is made of the same material as the dress, so are the boots and shoes when possible. Sometimes the parasol is covered with it. Even the fan is selected to match, so are the gloves, so are the stockings, and if the costume be embroidered, and a hand-bag is required, it also is decorated to match.

Costly as the *en suite* style is, the result is undoubtedly infinitely better than an indiscriminate selection; a toilette which has the bonnet out of keeping with the dress, a mantle unsuitable to both, thick boots peeping out from beneath skirts of aërial fabrics, presents incongruities that bring to mind a room furnished from various sale-rooms—here a table pur-

"CROWN WITH GLORY THE SEPTEMBER DAY."

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN (*p.* 635).

chased because it was knocked down at next to nothing; there a chair, a wonderful bargain too, but in a totally different style from the table; the carpet wholly at variance with the covers; the room, like the dress, lacks charm, because harmony in details is absent.

Now let us turn to the engraving of a travelling dress, which will be found specially useful, because at this season of the year every one is on the wing. There is no doubt about the merits of serge as a material for useful costumes where wear-and-tear are contemplated; but for the present serge is giving place to a fine make of vicuna cloth, which is soft and light, and capable of being draped in most manageable fashion. It has been introduced in quiet browns and stones, and in the deep claret shade that is to be worn next winter. There are many forms of travelling dresses, but those in the best taste are short, and made up in a quiet unpretentious style, in which the conspicuous has been studiously avoided and the appropriate as carefully studied. Wearing out old clothes and the "anything will do" style is never more out of place than when travelling. If mountaineering or long walking excursions are meditated, a vast amount of comfort and even of health depends on the clothes worn. Combination under-garments are advisable for a tour, for cumbersomeness should be avoided. The short costume with jacket should be of either serge, bège, or ladies' cloth; flounces are in the way when climbing; and kilt-plaiting comes to grief too often on level ground to be adopted on the mountains, besides adding more weight than is necessary to carry. The best dresses are those made of the lightest and firmest materials, with the smallest number of pieces. Fringe and trimming generally should be avoided, with the exception of simple binding and stitching on the material itself. There should be no bows to drop off, no looping to give way; substantial buttons firmly sewn on; easy, well-fitting boots, with broad heels; new stockings, so that there be no unexpected fractures; undressed kid gloves; and a dark hat, guileless of feathers or any trimming that would spoil under an unexpected shower of rain, are one and all to be recommended. The illustration we offer is not a tourist's costume, but rather one for travelling by rail, or boat, or coach. It is made of wood-coloured vicuna, and is trimmed with silk of a darker shade. The hat matches it in colour, and has a thick gauze veil entwined round the crown.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN

A SONNET.

FLASHES of gold that fleck the sober grey;
Dark ruddy tints that crimson in the light;
Soft streaks of silver glimmering pearly white,
Amid the russet browns half hid away;
Pure green of spring that lingers while it may;
Patches of ivy-foliage dark as night;
Rich purple shades that peep out from the height:
Such crown with glory the September day.
Oh, autumn woods! I lie beside the stream
That winds you round about so lovingly,
And rapt in sense of wondrous beauty, see
How vain must be ambition's lofty dream
To rival tints like yours, or dare to trace
Your perfect harmony, your perfect grace.

G. WEATHERLY.

HOW TO EAT TO LIVE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE man who attempts to preach against any one of the many vices or errors of the age has, I fear, a very thankless task to perform. I am fully aware that my present paper will be read by many. I am fully aware that many will read it, and having read it, dismiss it from their thoughts for ever. Believing this, I should have but little heart to write, did I not remember that there are always in the world an intelligent minority, who have the good sense to accept and profit by good advice when offered to them.

Now there are two things that have long been patent to me; the first is that the larger proportion of human beings, young and old, rich and poor, eat most unreasonably, and that their doing so tends to shorten their lives, and to keep them in a state of anything but health and happiness while they do live. The second thing is, that the change from an ill-regulated to a well-regulated diet often enables a person, whose previous existence seemed one long toil, to feel strong and light-hearted, and to thoroughly enjoy life as life ought to be enjoyed. Before, then, giving any hints how best to eat to live, let me in a few plain words answer the query—Why do we eat at all? I read in some paper, a few days ago, that a certain wiseacre of a Yankee has been making experiments on himself, to prove that eating is only a habit. He has been able so far to dispense with food, that a week's starvation seems rather to agree with him than otherwise. Well, and there

was once a silly old Scotchman who tried experiments of a kindred nature—nay, not on himself, he was far too "canny" for that—on his "auld gray mare." There is little doubt, too, but that they would ultimately have been crowned with success *had she lived*, for he had taught her to subsist upon three straws a day.

The constant changes going on in our systems, and the constant waste of substance from thought and action, imperatively demand the injestion of sufficient food to repair the tissues and keep up the animal heat. But not only must the food taken be sufficient in quantity for our wants, but it must contain the four constituents of healthy aliment; these are the aqueous, the saccharine, the albuminous, and the oleaginous. Milk is a good sample of a perfect life-sustaining food, being composed of water, sugar, albumen, and oil. Now it must be evident to every one that as a large portion of our bodies (four-fifths) is composed of water, which is constantly passing off in the form of vapour, our food must contain a due proportion of the aqueous element. The albuminous portions of our food are economised for the purpose of building up certain tissues, such as the nervous and the muscular. The oleaginous are indispensable as heat-givers, and also to help to nourish the tissues, and keep up animal force and motion. The sugars and starches, on the other hand, are wholly heat-givers. In addition to these, various salts are found in the blood, which must be supplied from the food partaken of, and the supply must be constant, owing to the fact that the body is continually parting with them, and because they enter into the formation of bone, muscle, and nerve. The salts I refer to are the chloride of sodium, or common salt, and various phosphates which fortunately are plentifully found in the bread we eat, and in vegetables, hence the value of the latter. I ought also to mention what are known to physiologists as the *complemental foods*, such as coffee, cocoa, tea, &c. Taken in small quantities, these are said to hinder the destructive assimilation of tissues, and their use—not abuse—not only comforts and calms the mind, but also renders all kind of labour less fatiguing than it would otherwise be.

In our choice of food, the appetite or taste may usually be followed as a pretty safe guide. "Nothing," says Montaigne, "hurts me that I eat with appetite and delight." There are, however, one or two exceptions to this rule, for the very articles which we are most fond of, sometimes tend to produce disease. Obesity, for instance, is now-a-days looked upon as a disease. Admitting that a certain amount of fat may be taken as a sign of good health, nothing in my opinion could be conceived as more burdensome to the bearer, or more unsightly in the eyes of other people, than a body over-laden with adipose tissue. A corpulent man or woman is seldom active either in body or mind, and obesity certainly does not conduce to longevity. I will not go so far as Lord Chesterfield, however, and say that fat and stupidity are inseparable companions, for the simple reason that I know many very clever people who are quite obese. Rather let me give my fat friends a hint or two, what to avoid eating if they wish to reduce their "huge hills of flesh." Here, then, is Banting in a walnut-shell: partake of just as little fluid of any kind as you can with comfort, avoid sugar or molasses, fat meat or butter, pastry or potatoes, bread, or milk, or beer. What, then, are you to eat? you ask. Let your breakfast consist principally of animal food, cold meat or lean chop, kidneys or broiled fish, with just one small biscuit or slice of toast, or a crust of brown bread, and tea minus milk or sugar. Let your dinner also be of meat or fish; I care not which you choose if you avoid pork, salmon, mackerel, herrings, or eels; you may partake of any vegetable except potatoes, and any kind of poultry or game, and as at breakfast, a morsel of toast. A glass of sherry, or Marsala or Madeira, or two or even three glasses of *good* claret are allowable, so too is a little tart fruit, but neither raisins, nuts, nor almonds. A small biscuit may be taken with your tea (again minus milk and sugar), and a little fruit if you care for it. Let your supper also be principally flesh, and drink a few glasses of claret. Watch your health and weigh yourself occasionally, and take as medicine once a day, on an empty stomach, and in a glass of water, a tea-spoonful and a half of sal volatile and fifteen or twenty grains of carbonate of magnesia. The reduction in weight should not exceed a pound a week.

I have already stated that most of us eat most unreasonably. The greatest fault is in the quantity of food we partake of. Every one despises and looks down upon the drunkard and the sot, and very naturally too, but what shall we say of the glutton? Gluttony, indeed, is such an ugly word that I hardly like to use it, and shall substitute the term inordinate eating. Inordinate eating, then, is a vice that rides rampant in our midst. It is a vice that annually carries off its tens of thousands of victims. It is a vice that, in conjunction with intemperance in drinking, bad air and impure water, tends to degenerate the age in which we live. It not only shortens our lives by producing, ultimately, dyspepsia, that forerunner to many scores of painful and deadly ailments, but it affects deleteriously the existence of our offspring, for the progeny of the glutton can only be puny, feeble in mind and inactive in body. The wise man, then, will ever eat and drink in moderation, nor suffer the gratification of his appetite to become the means of damaging his health, and I might add intellect, for the intellect of your inordinate eater is always gross.

The food we eat ought to be as fresh and pure as possible, else it cannot but be detrimental to the system. Fish, in particular, cannot be cooked too soon; and even vegetables, I always think, are more sweet and wholesome if cooked almost as soon as culled.

There are some peculiarities of taste or constitution which I need but mention, in which certain articles of diet, however wholesome they may be, not only disagree, but seem to act as veritable poisons. Well, this but warns us to study which of the different kinds of food we consume agree with us, and which irritate the stomach. We soon get old enough to learn what kind of aliment is best fitted for our constitutions. I think I may wisely close this short paper with a few remarks

on our modern meals. The first is called breakfast, and should be partaken of about eight or nine o'clock. If we have been temperate the evening before, this meal, which *ought* to be a hearty one, will indeed be *break*-fast; if not, it will merely be a sham, sat down to for fashion-sake. If you have been out of bed and in your bath by seven or half-past, if you have not slept in a stuffy room, and if you have had a turn round the garden and a glass of pure spring or filtered water, you will be able to do justice to your breakfast. Coffee I think is better than tea, and good cocoa more nutritious than either. Eat whatever you have a mind to, at this meal—that is, if you are in good health; but (and I speak from experience) there is no better breakfast dish than good oatmeal-porridge, with new milk, for giving stamina to brain and muscle. You may, if you feel inclined, partake of a relish after it, a kidney nicely done, a little ham or a fried egg, with a cup of tea and a slice of toast, but woe is me for the man who needs to shiver over his tea *before* he can pass on to something solid!

From eight o'clock till two is quite a long enough interval between breakfast and dinner—no, I will not call it luncheon; and you may call me old-fashioned if you like. Now to dine well and comfortably one needs first and foremost to have a good appetite. This I will presume you have obtained without the pernicious aid of sherry and bitters, or brandy and Curaçao. One needs, too, to sit down to this most important meal with as quiet and calm a mind as possible, and to have a period of fully half an hour's rest beforehand, for heat, hurry, and fatigue will spoil the best dinner in the world, and spoil the *diner* too. Shall we take soup? In my opinion it is, especially in summer, quite unnecessary. I am well satisfied, however, that a plurality of dishes is hurtful. Change your dishes every day and you do a good thing, but abjure a variety of viands at a single meal—that is, if you care to live long and *comfortably*. There is economy also in what I advise, for the poorest man can thus afford to have one favourite dish daily. I do not think, however, that two kinds of vegetables hurt, viz., potatoes always, and something green and seasonable to go along with them. Never hurry at your meals, for if you eat slowly you will stand less chance of eating too much. This chance of over-eating is also greatly favoured by having a variety of dishes and different flavours to tempt the palate. A nice, clean, well-laid table-cloth, with sparkling glass, a cool room, and a pleasant companion, are, methinks, essentially accessory to dining well. When I advise you to dine off one joint, I by no means forbid the use of light puddings, or tarts, nor of salad in summer time, or a few walnuts and raisins to wind up with in winter. What I do wish the reader to remember most particularly is that over-eating is most injurious, and that too many dishes do not agree with each other, and consequently produce languor, listlessness, and dyspepsia. The habit of taking brandy soon after dinner is also hurtful. I assure you that if the stomach needs any fillip of this kind, it is because far too much has been put into it.

An interval of rest, say half an hour, should be taken after dinner, before resuming work, whether mental or bodily—but do not sleep. If your dinner makes you sleepy there is some error somewhere, and you cannot be in perfect health.

I approve of tea or coffee partaken of three or four hours after dinner, but taken as a refreshment, not by any means as a meal. I do not think I ever *sat down* to an afternoon tea in my life, and I shall alter very much if ever I do.

Now as to the last meal of the day, namely, supper; you must, I think, study your own peculiar constitution with regard to it. It should not be partaken of too late, neither should it be a heavy meal, for if you lie down to rest with the stomach filled with undigested food, it cannot do you good, and your sleep will not be refreshing. On the other hand, no one, and more especially the nervous, should go to bed fasting, for nothing more effectually banishes sleep than hunger.

In conclusion I may add, that I know well enough that my proposal to change the national dinner-hour from seven to two, and to limit the number of dishes to a single joint, will be far from palatable to many; but I presume I am addressing not those who live to eat, but those *who eat to live.*

THE GATHERER.

A Gun-Cotton Rocket.

Fog-signalling has within recent years occupied a good deal of attention, and among other methods the firing of a gun—a 5½ inch howitzer charged with 3 lbs. of powder—has met with some approval, though it has been shown that 1½ lbs. of gun-cotton discharged in the open is decidedly more effective. It is, however, obvious that there are some situations, such as rock-lighthouses and lightships, where it is not possible to use either means, and it has been proposed to employ gun-cotton rockets for signalling from such places. A charge of gun-cotton is enclosed in the head of a rocket which is projected to a height of, say, 1,000 feet, when the cotton is exploded, and the sound dispersed on all sides over land and sea. Rockets containing 12 oz., 8 oz., and even 4 oz. of gun-cotton have proved their superiority over the howitzer, and it is noteworthy that large charges have not so great advantage over small ones as might have been expected. Some of the rockets in an experiment were audible at a distance of five-and-twenty miles. The gun-cotton rocket having originated with Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, Deputy Master of the Trinity House, Professor Tyndall proposes to call it, appropriately, the "Collinson Rocket."

Epidemic Diseases.

Considering that one-fourth of the annual death-rate of this country is due to zymotic diseases—diseases, namely, which are *endemic* (that is, which have reference to the nature of a locality), *epidemic* (that is, which attack people without regard to locality), and *contagious*—too much importance cannot be attached to any proposal for counteracting, remedying, or limiting their terrible ravages. It is stated that the spread of scarlet fever and small-pox may be prevented by the use of the peroxide of hydrogen, as it contains a large amount of oxygen, one-half of which is loosely combined and in a highly active condition, ready to combine with any organic matter with which it may be brought into contact. Therefore it would appear to be well adapted for destroying the poison-germs of these and other epidemic and contagious diseases. It is also recommended as a disinfectant, and may be sprinkled over clothing, letters and papers, and mixed with perfume—such as eau-de-Cologne or toilet vinegar—in the proportion of about a drachm to the ounce. If further experience should show that the peroxide has all the virtue which is now claimed for it, it will be a valuable adjunct to the art of healing.

Flooding the Sahara.

Explorers and missionaries contend that there is a brilliant future in store for Africa, when the continent shall have been opened up to commerce and civilisation. In many important particulars, they tell us, the country will compare with any the most favoured quarter of the globe; but that part of Africa known as the Sahara or Great Desert does not, one would imagine, enter into their calculations. That vast region, inhospitable to man and beast, has chiefly been regarded as utterly barren and irreclaimable. Opinions, however, seem to differ even on such a point as this, for a project has actually been started for ascertaining the practicability of admitting the waters of the Atlantic into the dry and thirsty land. It is stated that in the Sahara there is a remarkable depression, covering an area of some 60,000 miles, which was called Eljuf and was said to extend from within twelve miles of the sea-shore to the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. The Eljuf, according to both ancient and modern geographers, was originally filled with water in communication with the ocean, but a bar having gradually formed at the entrance, the inward flow was stopped and the heat of a vertical sun caused the interior water to evaporate. What the gentleman who in all seriousness has taken up the proposal suggests should in the first instance be done, is the establishment of a missionary and commercial station at Cape Suby, on the seaward side of Eljuf, and the raising of a fund of £2,000 for exploration purposes and for testing the practicability of re-opening the old channel. In support of this project, it is claimed that climate, soil, and sanitary conditions would be improved by the admission of the ocean, that the sterile sand might grow the tamarisk, palm, sugar-cane and the like, that civilisation would be served, and that ships might go from Southampton to Timbuctoo without breaking bulk. But to our thinking the plan seems visionary, and we fear that many generations must elapse ere jolly tars will be seen camel-riding on the plains of Timbuctoo, while their ship is safely moored at the quay.

Sitting for your Portrait.

How comes it that a photograph, which ought to present the sitter in a thoroughly easy and natural *pose*, often exhibits him in a constrained and awkward attitude? This is generally the fault of the photographer, who, with very vague notions of effect and art, usually places his subject, doubtless with the best intentions, in a most uncomfortable position. The head is fixed against an iron stand, the hands disposed in any but an ordinary way; the body is, so to speak, distorted, the eyes are directed in a stolid gaze, and then elaborate instructions are issued—all ending in the discomfiture of the sitter, who is nevertheless requested to "look pleasant." Dr. Thomas Buzzard suggests a remedy by which the painfully strained appearance that frequently follows from the photographer's instructions to look at a certain spot might be got rid of. His method is to take a piece of paper and to draw upon it a circle of, say, four inches diameter, on which he places at the usual intervals the Roman figures of a clock-dial. The paper is to be nailed to a post, and when the sitting begins the eyes are fixed upon the figure XII., then upon I., II., III., and so on, the gaze moving leisurely from one figure to another. In this way great relief is obtained, and a subject can sit for a considerable time without any sense of fatigue. For children, a disc with a single aperture towards its edge may be made to revolve in the direction of the hands of a clock in front of another disc prepared with pictures, one picture being displayed at a time, and each in turn. This hint will no doubt be found useful, though it is only fair to state that the high-class excellence of several photographers' work shows that they, at any rate, have nothing to learn in taking a portrait.

Key to Mesostich on p. 574.

OPHELIA.

L O t
Pa P er
At H os (A mountain in Macedonia, out of which Dinocrates offered to cut a statue of Alexander.)
Tel E sto (One of the Oceanides.)
Cal L ias (An Athenian appointed by his countrymen to make peace between them and Artaxerxes.)
I x I on
Asc A lon (Anciently famed for onions.)

A Substitute for Corks.

We are all well aware of the annoyance caused by a bad cork, and we have to thank an eminent chemist of New York for inventing an excellent substitute. He has, we hear, discovered a method of preparing wood, so as to render it so soft and elastic as to be available for all the uses to which the bark of *Quercus suber* is now applied. We are not told of the exact process which the wood undergoes, but it is believed

that the glutinous matter or sap is extracted, and that it is subjected to pressure. The principal advantage which this prepared wood has over the ordinary cork is that it is more durable, being proof against the corrosive influence of ammonia and other chemicals. A large manufactory has been already erected, we understand, so that doubtless before long this latest product of American ingenuity will become well known. We are not told, however, if the majority of woods can be effectually treated in this way, and whether in truth it is a new discovery, as for years past it has been a well-known fact that the woods of various foreign trees possess the cellular sponginess, lightness, and elasticity of cork. If, however, this manufacture of wooden corks be only the carrying into effect of a discovery already known, it will be most useful as increasing the supply of an article so valuable in many ways on account of its buoyancy.

Heating a Town by Steam.

A most interesting experiment was last winter brought to a successful issue in the town of Lockport, N.Y., when 200 houses were heated from a central supply, through three miles of pipes radiating from a boiler-house containing two boilers 16 feet by 5, and one boiler 8 feet by 8. The pressure is 35 lbs. in winter and 25 lbs. in summer, and is maintained throughout the entire system of pipes to the points of consumption, where there is a cut-off under the control of consumers. Besides this cut-off tap, there is a pressure-valve regulated to a 5 lbs. pressure under the control of the company, and a metre which shows the total consumption in cubic feet of steam, and also the quantity of steam used in each apartment. The pipes are laid down like gas-mains, and are covered first with a thin layer of asbestos paper next the iron, then with a wrapping of Russian felt, and finally with Manila paper—the whole being inserted in timber bored three-fourths of an inch larger than the clothed pipes. The steam has been used within half a mile of the boilers for motive-power, and has also been utilised for cooking, boiling, and baking. The working expenses consist of little more than the price of coal, and the wages of a couple of firemen, but the first cost of course includes the central plant, the system of pipes, and the labour involved in laying them down. Could not this method be applied to the heating of some of our own cities and towns next winter?

New Guinea Plantations.

Such friendly spies as Mr. and Mrs. Brassey and the Rev. S. Macfarlane have recently brought back a good report from the far-distant South-Sea Islands. We dare say there are a few misguided people who still think that every dark-skinned man is a savage, and every chief a cannibal king, but these are old-fashioned notions, as most folk know. The truth is that the pictures of the manners and customs of the natives are so pleasant and hopeful, as to lead one to wish that Mr. Mackenzie Wallace would take up his residence among them for a number of years, and then come home and give us Europeans the benefit, *more suo*, of his experiences. New Guinea is tolerably new ground yet. The island itself in point of size ranks next to Australia, and over so wide an area there is abundant scope for explorers, observers, and missionaries. Information about this region reaches us periodically, and for such piece-meal knowledge we must, in default of a more regular supply, be thankful. Some districts of New Guinea are more favoured than others. The people of Kerepunu and Hula are considered by Mr. Macfarlane to be the finest-looking natives of the island, and the most industrious of the whole South Seas. Their villages are neat and clean, their houses and canoes well built, and their plantations like the cultivated gardens of England. In preparing the land for produce, the men stand in rows and turn over the soil with pointed sticks, which are plunged into the ground simultaneously and used as levers. It is then broken and levelled by women, and afterwards planted, in lines straight as an arrow, with bananas, yams, sugar-canes, &c. Square miles of these gardens may be seen, all neatly fenced in and carefully weeded. The people are very methodical in their system of labour, working for two days and resting on the third. They devote themselves to agriculture, using the word in its widest sense, and to fishing. History records some bitter memories in connection with the South Seas, but the tidings that every new-comer brings from these Isles of the Pacific make amends for the misdeeds of the past and are full of promise for the future.

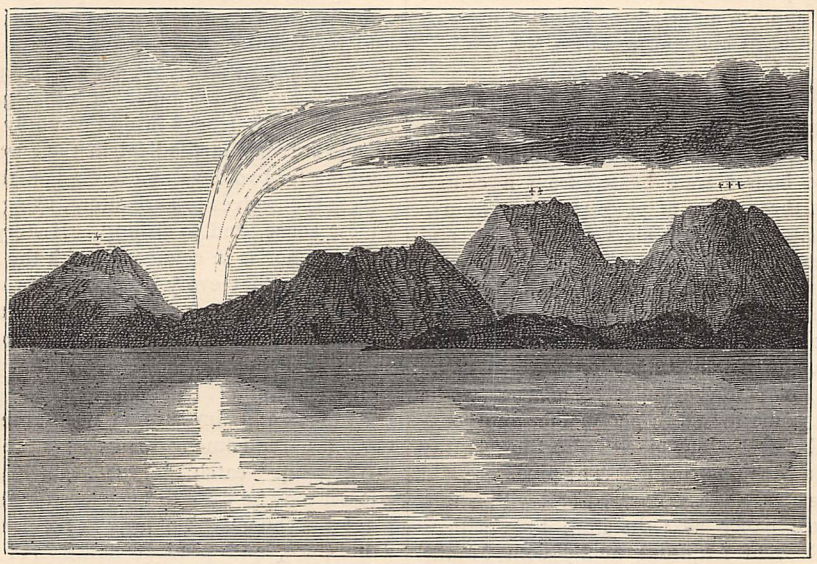
Old Paint.

At those odd times when the house is undergoing renovation, and among other things the warning words "Wet paint" catch the eye—usually a moment too late—it may be open to question whether there is no place like home. A painter in the domicile is always a nuisance, and prudent housewives doubtless call him in only in dire necessity. Many a little piece of painting can be managed without his assistance. The materials are to be had at any oil-shop, and the mode of applying them needs no explanation. Perhaps the only knotty point, apart from the wood to be operated on, is the getting rid of the dirty paint. This may, of course, be painted over, but it is said that the old coats will come clean off by using a solution of vinegar and washing soda in water. The proportions of the mixture will depend upon the amount of paint to be removed, but as a gallon will not cost two shillings, it is so cheap that a little excess won't much matter.

Coal in China.

A few years ago the Coal Question was a very prominent topic of discussion, with reference specially to the probable exhaustion of the British coal-fields. Whether that period will ever be reached, and whether, when reached, we shall make national shipwreck, we cannot pretend to say; but putting aside all such melancholy vaticinations, it is very evident that in some other countries a prophet who turned his attention to the failure of their coals would have no honour. In China, for example, Cassandra's occupation would be gone. It appears that that land of marvel and of

mystery is immensely rich in coal. All the provinces contain coal, and though the extent of the fields and the age and quality of coal vary, the Celestial Empire must be considered as one of the first coal countries of the world. Indeed, with the bed of the province of Shansi no other region could compare in the combination of fortunate conditions as regards position, quality, and quantity, while brown iron ore is also found in abundance. It is calculated that, with a yearly output of 300,000,000 tons, this enormous field of anthracite would alone cover the present demand of the whole world for 2,400 years. But the working of the fields is still in its infancy, so much so that the present output is only about one-fifteenth that of Germany or the United States. Chinese labour is, however, cheap, intelligent, effective, and practically inexhaustible, and with improved methods of mining and accessible centres of industry, the coal supplies of China must in a few years be vastly developed.



The Latest Eruption of Hecla.

In the spring months of the present year, while a Danish mail steamer was coasting along from Reykjavik, *en route* for the Faroë Islands, the passengers were fortunate enough to witness a great volcanic eruption. It appeared to originate in a valley about five miles from Hecla, at a point 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, or 3,500 below the summit of Hecla. The flames ascended to an enormous distance, apparently about twice the height of the mountain itself. A fresh wind blew from the north, driving the ashes and flames in a southern direction. Our illustration represents the singular appearance which this, the most recent Icelandic eruption, presented from the sea.

Hallucination.

Some very interesting observations have recently been made by Dr. H. Maudsley upon the rather mysterious subject of hallucination. This distressing disease, it has now been shown, arises either from an idea on which the mind has long and exclusively dwelt, appearing as something exterior, or from an excited condition of the nervous system. It is almost impossible, in some instances wholly so, to convince patients that the objects they see, or sounds they hear, or smells they perceive, have no real existence, and are only creatures of their imagination. It often happens that persons suffering in respect of one sense have their other senses quite free from baneful influence, and are in all other matters perfectly clear-headed. Hearing is most frequently affected, and sight next. Hallucination is thus evidently a species of insanity.

Oatmeal.

It is more than piper's news to say that oatmeal-porridge is a highly-esteemed dish in the "land o' cakes," and a long summer's day might be spent by a brawny Scot in singing its praises. But passing from considerations of a sentimental nature, English readers will be glad to hear the testimony of a witness at once so unprejudiced and so eminent as Liebig, who has demonstrated chemically that oatmeal is nearly as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that in tone and muscle forming qualitities it is richer than wheaten bread. Some twenty years ago a professor at one of the Scottish universities measured the breadth and height, and tested the strength of the arms and legs, of his students, a numerous class of all nationalities, who were attracted to the seat of learning by the fame of the professor. He found that in height, in breadth of chest and shoulders, and in strength of arms and legs, Belgians stood lowest; a little above them came French; very much higher English; but Scottish and Scottish-Irish from Ulster were highest of all. These last students were fed, in their early years, with at least one meal a day of good oatmeal-porridge.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

"The heart may break, yet brokenly live on."

IT was a sad time, full of conjecture, pain, wonderment, and fear. Cordelia seemed to bear it best; instead of being beaten down she was the bravest of all. When the first shock was over, she comforted both father and mother. They were deceived as they saw her courage; they thought her heart was not broken, her love not so rooted, but that she could now fling it from her and live her life without it.

She never betrayed, by a word or tear before them, the anguish and struggle of her soul. In that hour's solitude out beneath the pines, within the sounding of the sea, she had resolved on the course she would pursue. In her own mind she condemned herself as the cause of this trouble in her home; it was she who had brought temptation on the pure upright lines of her father's life: if for a fleeting time his mental vision was dazzled by the deceitful gleam of coming riches, the fault was hers. It was she who had listened to a stranger's voice, and been beguiled into a secret love, a secret compact, by which she bound herself to await that stranger's time before consulting her father, or confessing an affection which should have been honest and open and candid if it wished to be crowned with happiness. On her, then, it was just the chief suffering should fall, and she would try to bear it bravely. It was chiefly of her father she thought; her watchful eyes saw in him the agony of a brave and upright man who had fallen in his own estimation, and was seeking painfully to find his way back to the old pleasant paths, whereon he had walked in peace through the fragrant and fruitful years of a good life.

Should she not help him in this search with heart and hand, cheering voice, and sacrifice of self? Yea, verily; and all other things seemed to her as nothing compared with this one desire.

He had lost his kingdom; he stood before his people discrowned; the sceptre by which he ruled them had dropped from his hand—for, conscious himself of the cloud that had obscured his sight of heaven, he felt that all others must see it—and authority was gone from his voice; the divinity of his presence was marred.

It was a terrible trial for a man of his proud rectitude to feel this, and to say shrinkingly to his own heart that he ought to stand bare-headed before his people in all humility and confess he had been overtaken by a fault. His was not the pride of the priest, who, whether he be evil or whether he be good, still believes he holds the keys of heaven; his was the broken pride of the upright man who, when he deemed he stood, found he had fallen. Cordelia divined his thoughts, and hour by hour, as she saw the troubled shadows come and go upon his rugged face, she felt deep within her own pierced heart that nothing but the most utter and entire renunciation of that shadowy false prosperity which had tempted his soul would content him, or lead him back on the road towards his lost kingdom.

Edward Haslam's very name had become to him now as the "accursed thing," the Babylonish garment, which should be utterly destroyed without the camp—the spiritual camp, wherein stood the holy tabernacle: the soul, the abode of grace and light.

Thus to him severance from Edward Haslam meant the deliverance from temptation, the parting with a hated sin; while to his daughter it was the renunciation of love, the farewell to hope and life.

Still she did not hesitate: the evil she had brought upon those honoured grey hairs should pass away and rest solely upon her own head.

She laid before her father, very calmly and quietly, as seemed natural to her now even in this short time, the choice which Mr. Bruntwell had left with her. She knew his decision before he spoke it.

"My dear, I think another woman might perhaps accept the doubtful position offered of being Edward Haslam's wife; but not you—not the daughter of a clergyman, who all her life has been used to quiet ways, peace, and unworldly honour. Think what a shame we have felt it, that your banns have been forbidden; then reflect what it would be to have your marriage called in question, with the additional slur on it that it was risked for greed: that you and I cared so little for honour and rectitude that we risked both for the sake of money."

Cordelia looked up quickly to speak, then checked herself. How could she say the money had never touched her heart when she knew it had tempted his?

Again that shadow of pain flitted over the rector's lined face; he half guessed his daughter's thought; his voice faltered.

"I know, my dear, you loved the man, but honest men would not allow love as an excuse for a dis-

honest marriage. A pure woman must feel herself a wife without demur and without dispute in the face of the whole world, or there is no true marriage between her and the man for whom she has rashly risked her name."

Cordelia's head drooped; she felt the truth of these words, she had no argument to bring against them. Even if left to her own free choice, and her father were not a grieved and broken man for whose sake she must renounce love, she would not take Edward Haslam until this assumed marriage with Letitia Martock was pronounced null and invalid.

"You and I are ignorant of the law, father," she said; "but Mr. Bruntwell confessed frankly that Edward was legally a free man."

A blush touched her delicate face and flitted away, leaving it paler than before.

"That may or may not be his true opinion: another lawyer might speak very differently; the disputes over Scotch marriages are endless. This is the reason why no marriage can be possible to Haslam till his position is fixed—at least, no marriage with a lady, a woman of honour and rectitude and pure mind. The anxiety, the shame, the suffering lasting through years of litigation, would be horrible."

He rose and began to pace the room; disgust and anger against Edward Haslam were stifling him. His silence respecting Lady Martock looked now like deceit, his conduct seemed full of double-dealing and treachery; the rector began to loathe all thought of him. And glancing at Cordelia's sweet face, pale and careworn, not lovely now or freshly young, an ugly suspicion touched his mind that his love was not so great for her as he had said, and that Lord Martock's legacy had made him seek her for a wife.

Cordelia sat still, her cheek resting on her hand, her large eyes fixed wistfully without on the grey November sea, on which the cloud-shadows lay like phantom shapes beckoning her into the land of dreams.

Her father came and pressed his hand upon her shoulder. She started at his touch, then took his hand and laid her cheek upon it, and he felt the fall of a single tear, and the quiver of her lips that strove to speak, yet remained silent.

"My dear child, I fear this sad necessity will grieve you, but remember it is for honour's sake, or rather for righteousness' sake. 'Taste not, touch not, handle not.' We cannot draw near this money without sin. Let us leave this man and this woman alone; self-interest attracts them to each other. Parted, he wrongs her; together, justice can be done to both."

"Yes," said Cordelia softly. "And he must have loved her very much." Her eyes had grown fixed again; she let go her father's hand gently; he laid it on her head, and in his heart prayed for God's blessing on her.

"Doubtless it was a romantic passion, a great love that lingers long in a man's memory, and may not yet be dead. Let us hope, my dear, these two will yet be happy. And you and I have each other. You will be the comfort and stay of my old age. Every hour, as the shadows deepen and I go down into the vale, I shall thank God that you and your mother are left to me. Once your lover's shadow stood between us, and I felt myself forsaken; but there is nothing now, my darling, to keep you from standing by the old man to the last—the father who, after all, has loved you best and longest."

His voice had broken; he pressed her head upon his breast; she cast her arms about him, and said sobbingly—

"There is nothing now, father, nothing evermore but death to part us."

He knew then that she had given up her lover for ever; without many words, without seemingly any great or terrible struggle, she had bowed to the necessity of the sad time, and let love go, leaving her the cold years of a grey and disappointed life.

The rector felt the bitterness of this, but he felt it as the aged do, with chilled veins which have forgotten the warmth of spring.

"Shall I write to Mr. Bruntwell, my dear, or will you?" he asked quietly.

Cordelia's emotion too was stilled: she was tranquil as a pale flower; the tears upon her eyelids seemed like rain upon a lily.

"You had better write to him, father; I have to write to Edward. Tell him I have chosen my part: my engagement is at an end, and Edward Haslam and I will meet no more."

She held out both her hands to her father; he clasped them and drew her towards him, and kissed her on the brow. Then with a flitting smile, wintry as a sun-streak on snow, she kissed him back and left him.

In her own room she fell upon her knees and wept a little; yet she did not regret her words. She had read intense relief on her father's face, and knew there would be no joy for her in clinging to her love if it brought grief to him. She had done well to renounce it for his sake. Better die herself than bring upon his old age the cruel slur of greed, the cruel slanders of a vindictive woman, and the public vituperation of lawyers in a law-court.

But she was resolved Lady Martock should give a written pledge to keep her share of the compact; therefore she drew paper towards her, and penned a few lines, in which she demanded this as an earnest of good faith. The words stung her eyes as she wrote. It was like some horrible dream to feel that she was purchasing peace from this woman at such a price. She was giving her back her first love—the love that in truth was all dearly her own if she would keep it; and yet she was saying coldly—"Win it back to yourself from me, if you can, in the next two years. I reckon it mine no more."

All the chill greyness of the years to come seemed to settle down on Cordelia's face as she finished this letter and sealed it.

She still had to write to her lover; and this was the painfullest task, because she could not harden herself in this into coldness. Love ran through heart and veins, love crimsoned her cheek and wetted it with tears, love trembled on her lips and shook her quiver-

ing pen. Yet she held it silent; no passionate word leapt into being beneath her hand, no cry of despair was wrung from her sorrow, no forlorn tears fell upon the paper that might bear record to her lover of her pain.

Very tranquilly, as one telling a story that did not touch their own lives, she related her meeting with Lady Martock and her reading that visible impediment which stood between them. Then she told of the occurrence in church, and spoke shortly and simply of the sorrow and shame it brought upon them all. In their own land they were made a nine days' wonder, a sight for gazers, a theme for tongues. She left it to him to feel their pain; she did not show it to him in words. Lastly, she told him they were parted for ever. She thought the money justly Lady Martock's, and even if he were free—as perhaps he was legally—she would not marry him to take it from her. This was her father's view also, and he upheld her in her decision. So she begged him to say farewell kindly, and to let her memory pass out of his life. She added a hope that he would bear this bravely, as he would see it was a stern necessity, and she never could be his wife to risk dishonour in the name.

There was no passion in her letter, and no reproach, but an unspoken tenderness ran through it as shade runs through the sea, giving it the sad tone and the drooping life of intensest love when hope is fled.

The November day had come to a close when Cordelia went softly to her father's study to lay her letters on the table—as was the rule in the rectory—that the servant might know where to find them when the old pensioner-postman called. But at the door she paused sorrowfully. Her father lay back in his arm-chair sleeping; the muscles of his face had fallen strangely, the lines and shadows deepened: he looked very old.

The window was slightly open, and a few withered leaves, blown in by the wind, lay strewn about his books and papers. They were so light and dead that a breath or a step stirred them. On the hearth the fire had died down into a little handful of grey ashes.

All made such a picture of old age and weariness and decay, that Cordelia felt a sudden shadow on her soul, and stepped forward sorrowfully and silently as one walking upon graves. Her footfall was soft as though she trod on snow, and she held in her very breath; not a yellow leaf stirred as she passed.

A letter to Edward Haslam, in her father's hand, lay on the table, with one to Mr. Bruntwell, and another to his own solicitor; she put hers beside them, and was stealing away when a murmured word or two from the rector's lips made her stand still, with face changing from a flush of pain to swift whiteness.

"'And covetousness, which is idolatry,'" murmured the rector. "Yes—yes—'Lest I who preach to others should be myself a castaway.' 'And for those who have known the grace of God, if they fall away, there is no hope——"

His rugged features worked in painful sleep, his lip fell.

Cordelia wrung her hands together and fled, lest waking he should see her, and know she had been a listener to the cry of a wounded and tender conscience.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

"A few years older,
How much colder
Do we behold her
Who caused our pain!"

MR. GWYNNE'S letter to Edward Haslam was one passionate protest—one strong utterance of indignation. All the stifled feelings of disgust and anger which he had held silent before Cordelia burst forth here in words of fire. Judging his daughter's lover, as was perhaps natural he should, he condemned him as a man full of duplicity and treachery; not knowing the circumstances under which the assumed marriage had taken place, he believed in it, and could therefore find no excuse for his intended son-in-law's conduct. To his mind it bore the stamp of heartless selfishness, falsehood, and utter disregard of consequences.

A most cruel insult had been offered to himself and his daughter, and yet, hard as the blow was to bear, he could only feel thankful for it, since through it Lady Martock had saved them from a worse misery.

All this and more he said to Edward Haslam, reminding him also that from the first his engagement to Cordelia had borne a character of double-dealing and concealment, since he took advantage of hospitality and friendship to win her affections in secret. His motive for this was too evident now. He had never proved himself an open and honourable lover: something had ever held him back—that something being the consciousness that he was not free to marry. Hence he had only given half-confidences, and made them the victims of a pretended frankness.

With a very unwilling pen, Mr. Gwynne touched lightly on the Martock legacy. He would hope, he said, that this had not been the secret motive for his cruelly selfish addresses to his daughter, but setting that surmise aside, it was right he should be made aware that his own mind had changed on the matter. Since being informed of old Lord Martock's reason for his will, he was of opinion that the money was justly his granddaughter's; and had he known earlier the cause of the bequest he would never have given his consent to Cordelia's engagement. His daughter should never despoil another woman. This alone made sufficient reason for breaking off the marriage, even if no other impediment existed.

In conclusion, he desired Mr. Haslam not to come to Boscombe or trouble them again with his presence, either to excuse himself or to offer useless explanations. The least he owed them now was every help in his power to forgetfulness and peace; to come to Boscombe would be to raise slander and cause poignant distress. Cordelia would not see him, but to know him so near would be a grief to her. He (the rector) deemed he had a right to demand some forbearance on his part, considering the suffering he had brought on them. He had drawn the world on them, and made them a spectacle for idle gazers, a theme for evil tongues. Perhaps, being himself a worldly man, he could not judge how terrible this was to a country clergyman, and a family whose home hitherto had been happy and tranquil—a home upon which a

full light might have blazed without showing aught but simplicity, kindliness, and love.

This was no boast, it was the truth; and Edward Haslam knew it.

The letter ended with a blurred word or two of forgiveness—a word the rector had striven to write, but the memory of his child's pale face made him draw his pen through it.

On the day when these letters reached Edward Haslam he was still totally unconscious of the impending blow. He read Cordelia's letter first, and, as his mind slowly grasped its meaning, his heart stood still; all his being within him seemed changed; light slipped away into darkness, life fell into death.

Let no one strive to depict despair; it is a state that goes beyond the strength of human words to portray; it borders on the unknown and the eternal, and can never exist in the human mind, except in those supreme and dreadful moments when speech is locked up in horror. Despair dies, or sinks dumb into the floods; in a living man it can find no place for long: it must leave him or destroy him.

For the space of a short and terrible time despair laid hold of Edward Haslam's heart and brain, and he sat benumbed, like a man paralysed. From this state he started up into restless action. He would spare Lady Martock no longer; he would take steps at once to free himself from the pain and shame of having such a wife thrust on him.

Hot with this resolve, he read Mr. Gwynne's letter with a lesser agony than he had perused Cordelia's, though his words were sharp and hers were tender. He wrote to each a few lines, passionately entreating to be heard in self-defence; this being done, he started by the fast train for Scotland.

He went to the lonely pass among the hills, in search of the inn and village where he and Letitia had taken refuge, and found them gone—razed to the ground—and sheep grazing in their stead. Still, with the restless excitement of a despairing energy fevering his veins, he rode hither and thither in search of the vanished virago and her meek husband. Cottages were few and far between; whole families had emigrated, flying before the sheep; no one among the new men, mostly shepherds, even remembered the inn, much less its landlady.

Lord Martock—not the old lord, but the young one—had had it pulled down years and years ago, not long after he came into the Scotch property which his grandfather had bought. Hearing this, it struck Edward Haslam at once that this might be Letitia's doing; she was, perhaps, afraid of her husband hearing of her visit to the inn, and learning she had there declared herself a wife. She would care too little for the misery inflicted on five or six poor families, to let considerations for them stop her if she wished to get rid of these inconvenient witnesses.

The question was, had they emigrated or only removed to some other district? He thought he might ascertain this from a gillie whom he remembered as living at a cottage some two miles distant from the Martock hunting-lodge.

The days were short; a long ride lay before him ere he could reach the little town where he was staying; yet his impatience was too great to wait for the morrow. He started for the cottage and found it; but on the threshold of the door, as he rode up to it, he saw Lady Martock!

As their eyes met it would have been hard to say whose face grew the paler, his or hers. He was riding on when Cordelia's name, spoken by Lady Martock's lips, stayed him.

"Miss Gwynne," she said, "has written to me. You are welcome to read her letter. My reply to it must depend upon you."

He took Cordelia's letter from her hand silently and read it through. In every line he saw her anxiety to purchase peace at the sacrifice, he thought, of himself. Her own and her father's tranquillity were more to her than his love. A sort of bitterness took possession of him; every hope through life had failed him, and this last, the dearest of all, was slipping away from his soul.

"May I ask what answer you purpose making to this?" he said in his coldest voice.

"As I have already remarked, that depends on you."

"How on me, Lady Martock?"

She looked up at him with unflinching eyes, bright and glittering, and her lips essayed a smile, which his grave aspect checked.

"We must make a compact together. If you will promise not to marry for the nefarious purpose of robbing me, I will promise, on my part, not to take further steps for two years to claim my property in right of the declaration of marriage you and I signed up in those hills yonder in our romantic days."

He heard her with rising wrath; her coolness, her beauty, her selfish greed all angered him. Was his life always to be withered by the breath of this woman's passions? First her love had blighted him, and now her covetousness was to strike him down and trample on his last hope.

"You ask too much," he said in a hard voice. "If you make any claim to the Martock legacy, I shall withstand you. That worthless document which you hold gives you no right to the money, any more than it gave you a right to use it in the cruel way you did in Boscombe Church."

She smiled now; she could not keep from her lips the smile of malignant pleasure she felt at seeing his bitterness.

"Our opinions differ," she answered. "That 'worthless document,' as you designate it, was the cause of my grandfather's legacy, and when you seek to rob me of it I shall always stop you through that paper, as I have done now."

"I congratulate you on having done your worst," he returned; "but I think you will find that you have made that paper available for the last time. A decree in the Scottish courts will prove to you how very valueless it is."

Lady Martock had grown paler; her smile vanished; her voice took a sharper tone.

"I have never called myself Haslam," she said, and

her lips curled, "or claimed to be your wife, except in declaring, as I still do, that by that term and name I am designated in my grandfather's will. Hence I told Miss Gwynne I should claim my legacy as your 'wife.' But the true question between us is one of justice, not of marriage. I will never submit to be robbed; and if you have recourse to the law, I warn you it will be war to the knife between us. A woman like me does not give up a quarter of a million of money—Martock money—to a milk-faced girl without a battle."

"I am quite ready for battle," he answered; "and I have no doubt as to the result. No judge will be found willing to hand over to Lady Martock money bequeathed to Mrs. Haslam. I intend my wife to have this legacy, and I intend Miss Gwynne to be that wife."

This was a declaration of war indeed: he was very white when he finished speaking.

"Miss Gwynne will not marry you," retorted Lady Martock. "She has too much regard for her own character and for that of her father. You must seek a wife among the lowest ranks, where doubtless you will find a woman willing to risk her name for money's sake. But the motive for such a marriage would be so palpable that to claim the Martock legacy under such circumstances would be a dishonour and a defeat."

"I shall suffer neither dishonour nor defeat; and I shall marry Miss Gwynne," he repeated. "Your cruel machinations shall not part us. You have revenged yourself on me through her, and you have but hardened my determination; I will never yield this money to you now. You have sought to deprive me of what I

"A MURMURED WORD OR TWO MADE HER STAND STILL" (*p.* 643).

love; I repay you by seeking to gain what you love—wealth. I shall claim the Martock legacy for my wife, and she will receive it."

"Never!" said Lady Martock fiercely. "And you mistake Miss Gwynne if you believe she will lend herself to such a scheme. Her father has written to my solicitor to say his daughter renounces you and will never see you again. The Gwynnes help you to rob me! Why, the Gwynnes are quite on my side."

She smiled, and looked into his face with eyes full of the glitter of a cruel joy. His heart shrank at her words: the letters now lying against his breast attested their truth. But this did but embitter and harden him. If she had indeed quenched his last hope, and so closed Cordelia's heart against him that she would not listen or believe or forgive, then what would there be left to him but vengeance? At this moment there entered into his soul a fierce desire for the Martock wealth, because the loss of it would be the revenge she would feel the most.

"If you have deceived my friends, Lady Martock, I shall soon undeceive them. This war of words between us is very useless. I wish you good-bye."

"Stay!" she cried, breaking into passion with a sudden force that made her voice ring out into the road.

"Why should I stay?" he asked. "What more have you to say?"

"This: that I once loved you, and through that love I have been wronged. You cannot deny it. All this loss and pain have been inflicted on me through you."

"I do deny it. The loss came through your own act, not through word or deed of mine."

"No; it came through people dead and gone, so near to me that I cannot speak of them now. But there is reparation in my power and in yours."

For the first time her lips quivered; she came a step nearer to him, but stopped at the little gate of the small garden which stood between him and herself, a slight colour rising in the clear ivory of her face.

"The time is past for reparation or for peace," he said coldly. "There can only be war now between you and me."

Her colour rose again, then went suddenly away, leaving her very pale.

"Are you in earnest? Do you reject even a truce?"

"There is no truce possible," he answered.

"I proposed to Miss Gwynne a truce of two years, on condition you would promise me not to marry."

"I can make you no such promise. It would be tantamount to an acknowledgment that you had a right to forbid my banns—a thing I utterly deny."

"I had the right," she persisted—"the sorrowful right of a woman seeking to defend herself from robbery. All things have conspired against me. I stand in the world alone, despoiled of home and wealth, bereaved of my child, and forsaken, even my very name and position doubtful. And you tell me I had no right to defend myself, and you have no reparation to give."

She opened the gate and came towards him, and laid her white hand upon his horse's flank. Her eyes were full of a shining, supplicating light; her face was exceedingly beautiful in its new softness.

To say that her former lover was unmoved would not be true, and yet he was not moved as she hoped and expected him to be. His eyes shrank from this near contact with her beauty; he was repelled by it, remembering its old power with contempt, even while he pitied her.

"Is it your fault or mine?" he asked with bitterness, "that all these things have come upon you, and that no reparation is in the power of either of us?"

"What if I love you still?" she said suddenly. The light in her eyes, the colour flashing into her cheeks, the smile, half tender, parting her lips, all being added to her words, brought a momentary bound of the heart to Edward Haslam. For a single instant his thoughts strayed away into the past, her voice sounded to him like the mournful echo of his dead love; but a passion that had perished in such cruel pain could not revive; he could only wonder he had ever loved so much.

She seemed unable to bear his momentary astonished silence. She patted the horse again and looked down with a little laugh, her drooping lids shadowed her paling cheeks.

"Do you suppose I have never wished that fate had not parted us?"

Somehow her words stung him. She had left him lightly in the old days, and now she had parted him from Cordelia.

"You may have had such a wish," he said, and unconsciously his voice took a hard, cynical tone; "but it came after your discovery that fickleness had proved itself a most expensive pleasure. For the rest I am sorry for you, Lady Martock. I have really always been sorry."

The blood rushed into her face. Now, for the first time, she realised completely the pitiable fact that she was a Vashti discrowned, and would never reign again over the heart she had betrayed. So the hope of love was gone; there remained only the hope of riches and the longing to conquer this man through pain and grief, since he could not be won through her wealth or her beauty. A flash of something like hatred gleamed in her eyes. She broke into sarcasm hurriedly.

"A sorrow that takes the shape of robbery is not so gracious a thing that one need be thankful for it. Keep your pity for yourself, Mr. Haslam. I perceive I committed a folly indeed when I regretted an affection given to a man beneath me. I know now"—and she gave him one contemptuous glance—"it was the Martock money you sought in the old days; but you shall not gain it, either through a wife or without one."

"We shall see," he answered, "when our fight comes. A week ago, Lady Martock, I should have told you I cared nothing for this money. I would have yielded it to you had I had the power. It is you who have changed my feelings. I will not submit to the loss of all things. You have struck a blow at my happiness, and you will find now that I can strike also with as firm a hand as your own. But mine is an open war. I am not speaking false words of peace, such as those you sent to me; I am uttering rude truths, which, perhaps, you seldom hear."

"Our politeness is mutual," she returned, laughing lightly. "But I deny the message of peace."

"You cannot have forgotten it, Lady Martock. You sent me word by your niece—a lady who owes me something, if she knew the truth—that you never meant to use the foolish paper we had signed, and after my marriage you trusted affairs could be compromised. I was mad enough to believe you. I thought, perhaps, the grief you had suffered had changed and softened your heart. I forgot that the root and branch, fruit and blossom of the Martock tree is avarice."

She heard him to the end; then her lips parted in that wondrous sweet smile of hers, which, like a flash of sunshine on a lake, hid so much coldness and depth and cruelty.

"My niece is a rare hand to carry a message. She used her own words, not mine. She was amused at your love for the parson's daughter, and, I presume, wishing to see that idyl carried to a happy conclusion, she laid a trap for you, into which you fell."

The cruel lie cost her no more than the smile with which she hid it.

The colour came slightly into Edward Haslam's face. He felt it somewhat hard that the girl whose life he had saved should deem it an amusement to play with his happiness.

"Thanks for your explanation," he said gravely. "I know now what I owe your niece, although she does not know what she owes me. Have we anything more to say to each other, Lady Martock? It is scarcely seemly—enemies as we are—that you and I should have speech together at all."

"And quarrel," returned the lady, with her sweet smile on her face again. "Really, it is quite like man and wife, is it not?"

He lifted his hat without reply; he was willing to give her a woman's privilege—the last word; but it was not her last. The secret jealousy which she had controlled so long burst forth as she saw him gather up his bridle to depart.

"I had curiosity enough to waylay your *inamorata*. I wanted to see her. She is quite plain. I gave you credit once for good taste. Years, I suppose, have blinded you."

"No, they have opened my eyes to true beauty. A fair face is sometimes only a mask, which time tries and tears away. Good-bye, Lady Martock."

He was gone on his road, the victor, and she gazed after him with the sneer on her beautiful face stiffening into a look of pain and passion, in which the past and present mingled in bitter contrast.

All hope of winning back her old lover had vanished at sight of his hardness; henceforth she was alone. The wife and the mother were quenched in her narrow heart, and she had just seen the last dream and illusion of her life changed to the drear realities of hatred and contempt; there remained only one thing to live for—money. All other affections, all other hopes, being cast down, avarice alone ruled her soul, and having no longer other passions to cope with it reigned supreme.

The last state of this woman was worse than the first. She shed no tear as she turned away on her walk homewards; but all the muscles of her face hardened into grim resolve.

"War to the knife! Well, so let it be," she murmured to herself. "I am ready and ripe for a deadly battle. The last cord that held me back snapped when my child found that cold death. I will solace myself with wealth. Money is the greatest power in the world, and I will hold it."

Edward Haslam rode on in painful thought; he was vexed that he had held any conversation with Lady Martock; he felt it was a weakness, a snare into which he had fallen foolishly.

But what man, having once loved a woman, can ever treat her exactly as he would treat a woman to whom he had been indifferent? Either some old lingering tenderness will peep out, or bitterness and hatred will find a way into their converse, as they had done now.

Yet he had been less rude, less hard, than he felt it in his heart to be; for, remembering how Lady Martock had insulted Cordelia, and with scarce a shadow of right had prevented his marriage, he wondered he had not made his words strong as a scorching fire.

He returned to the cottage the next day, but it was shut up and tenantless.

Baffled and angry, he went on to Edinburgh, and placed his cause in the hands of a keen and competent man.

Lady Martock travelled to London and saw Mr. Bruntwell, and told him all hope of a compromise was at an end. He must take at once the necessary proceedings to have the true meaning of the will declared.

So the battle began. In the English Court, Lady Martock sought to prove that by "Edward Haslam's wife" she was the person designated, as her grandfather had erroneously believed her to be married, and had only abstained from naming her in his testament from a wish to avoid family annoyance and scandal, as her supposed marriage was a secret one. She therefore claimed that the sum, now in the hands of trustees, should be paid over to her as her just right, although she had married Lord Martock.

In the Scottish Court, Edward Haslam prayed to be set free from the assumption of a marriage that had never taken place, in order that he might, without confusion, or fear, or uncertainty, contract a marriage when or with whomsoever he pleased.

When it was known what a great sum of money was depending on the issue of this trial, it is not surprising that the Scottish Court looked jealously at the evidence. To declare Edward Haslam a free man would be to give him liberty to endow any lady he chose with the vast fortune which perhaps ought justly to be Letitia Martock's.

So the case dragged along a slow and tedious course, full of law's delays, and quibbles, and vexation. Meanwhile, a forlorn and patient figure sat by the wintry sea at Boscombe, and heard rumours and suffered slights, and believed herself forgotten by the lover whose heart was now set on gold.

And she had made her sacrifice in vain, for Lady Martock was false to her promise, and her poor name and her father's were rung out to a scoffing world as people who had sought to enrich themselves covertly and had failed.

Passionately indignant, Mr. Gwynne returned all Edward Haslam's letters to him unopened; and he, fearing to vex him more, dared not come to Bos-

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

"Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows."

* * * * *

"Sweet is the hour that brings us home."

MR. MUSGRAVE put down his English newspaper with a flush of anger creeping over his honest face.

"I never liked that man Haslam," he said; "and

"AS HE RODE UP HE SAW LADY MARTOCK" (*p.* 644).

combe. He had beaten against Cordelia's filial love in vain; to her he seemed cruel, inasmuch that he had not spared her father or her, but had refused the two years' truce with Lady Martock and given their names to the four winds. How could she believe that any other motive but greed swayed him to do this?

And he, being angry and heart-sick, became more and more absorbed in his battle, till his mind, set on fire by the heat of it and by all these adverse things, grew welded to the struggle, and month by month the money gained a hold upon him, and his soul hardened in the dazzle and glitter of this weariful gold.

now I see I was justified in my suspicion of him. He has acted most dishonourably towards the Gwynnes. How dared he expose them to such an insult!"

Rachel gazed at her father in wonder; but Dora, who had been reading a long letter from Mrs. Gwynne, understood his words.

"Is it in the paper?" she said. "Oh, I am so sorry! I fear this will grieve Cordelia terribly. Her mother says all her fear is for her father, all her desire is to shield him from unjust surmises; in comparison, she seems to care little for this strange occurrence, this cruel parting from her lover."

"She has far too much sense to grieve for such a man," observed Mr. Musgrave. "It was a most unjustifiable act on his part to propose marriage to her, knowing his own uncertain position. No one will blame Gwynne or Cordelia; all the fault rests with Haslam."

Rachel had taken up the paper and read the paragraph, which gave an account of the occurrence in Boscombe Church; but she had also seen in another column a neat little history, penned by Mr. Bruntwell, which professed itself to be an authentic relation of the facts connected with the case. This ascribed the most mercenary motives to Mr. Gwynne, and made his daughter's intended marriage appear in the light of a conspiracy between all the parties to lay their hands on the Martock legacy. Mr. Haslam's conduct also, in the early days of his love for Letitia Martock, was represented as being worldly in the extreme; and the paper she had rashly signed was spoken of as a trap laid for her by a mercenary lover, in the hope of gaining a share of her grandfather's wealth. She was further congratulated on having escaped the snare set for her, and a very disinterested hope was expressed that she would at last inherit the legacy left her so long ago, and that the cause about to be tried would award her her just rights.

Rachel looked up from her reading with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.

"This is shameful!" she cried. "Father, I think we ought to go home. Mr. Gwynne will want all his friends."

It was the very thought in Mr. Musgrave's own mind. Somehow, Rachel of late had learned to read him even better than Dora.

"My dear girls, if you do not mind your pleasant winter being curtailed, it is just what I should like to do. Cordelia, poor girl, will need the comfort of old friends like yourselves."

"Then we will go," said Dora. "On my part it is a duty. Harry's people are my people; any slur on them touches me."

So it was quickly settled they were to return to dear old Warewood, and packing began at once and in earnest. Meanwhile, as the girls busied themselves, Mr. Musgrave read Mr. Bruntwell's clever sentences, and, not knowing they were his, he believed every insinuation made against Edward Haslam, while he utterly scouted the base hints conveyed against Cordelia and her father.

Thus often will a tinge of jealousy colour an honest mind, and the vaguest evidence will be considered proofs when it speaks against a person little known and less liked. Mrs. Gwynne's letter to Dora he also read, and mused long over it, perchance re-weaving in his own mind a broken dream.

Two days after this they were all on their road to England.

At a quaint little town, where they stayed one afternoon and night to rest, Rachel being very tired, an adventure befell Dora, over which she pondered much.

It was a Friday evening; she passed a small chapel, and, pausing to listen, heard the sound of the English tongue. She entered, and saw Eugene Maberly in the reading-desk! For a moment Dora quivered from head to foot and thought of turning back; then she felt that in a sacred place unforgiveness was a double sin, and taking the seat offered her, she bent with the others and joined in the prayers.

It was not until Eugene mounted the pulpit that he saw her; then, by the sudden flush upon his face, by the trembling of his hand as he spread his book before him, it was easy to perceive he was deeply moved. But he conquered his agitation, and his voice had no quiver in it, as clear and musical its tones went forth above Dora's wondering ears.

He preached well, with an eloquence and tenderness rarely heard, an earnestness which bespoke sincerity, a pleading which told of fervent faith.

As Dora listened, the thought that had struck her mind once before again came upon it, like light in a dark place. Could this man, whose voice sounded so true and earnest, be a treacherous lover, a false friend, a cruel husband? If so, then deceit could wear truth's colours, and face and voice were but a cheat. Human nature bore many disguises, but none so bad as this, where evil put on good, and a serpent lurked in the heart of a flower.

Soon, still as one in a dream, she found herself in the crowd as it streamed out through the narrow doorway into the ill-lighted street. Here she paused a moment to consider her way, and in that moment Eugene passed her hurriedly, but the light of the street-lamp shining on her face, he recognised her, and came as hurriedly back and held out his hand.

"Will you not speak to me, Miss Musgrave?" he said.

Dora was abashed and taken by surprise; yet she gave him her hand, and found breath, after a moment's pause, to answer him.

"I am glad to see you so well, Mr. Maberly," she said. "I presume you are English chaplain here."

"No," he answered; "I am doing duty for a friend for a month or two, that is all. Are—are all your people well?"

"Quite well, thank you. We are on our way to England."

"And your sister—may I ask it?—is she married?"

Dora flushed a little. "Rachel is not married," she said coldly.

"But I suppose she soon will be?"

Dora grew colder still. "I would rather not speak of Rachel to you, Mr. Maberly. No doubt she will marry one day."

He started at her tone; his own voice changed, his face hardened a little.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Musgrave. I forgot that your sister and I could never be friends. I was most unfortunate—the circumstances that parted us——" He stopped, as if confused or overcome by his own thoughts; then added, in a tone of passionate grief, "But she was in the right. I deserved her anger. I have never sought to take my own part. We will not speak of it further, Miss Musgrave; the past can

never be undone. So your uncle is Lord Martock now?"

This remark struck Dora as a little strange; it seemed so wide of the mark, and to have so little to do with their thoughts.

"We never call him uncle," she answered, "or hear of him, or know anything of his movements. Of course, he became Lord Martock when his little nephew was drowned."

"Yes—yes; so you never hear of him, and yet——" His thoughts seemed lost again, and he stopped abruptly.

"I hope Milicent is well," said Dora, standing a little apart from him, as if eager to go.

"She is quite well, thank you. She has a pretty house in this town now. I hope she will be happy in it."

He raised his hat with a quick, nervous hand, and was gone.

He had made no offer to escort her home; he had stood always at a little distance even while speaking; and over all his aspect there rested a painful embarrassment, as of one who felt himself unwelcome, and was conscious of a barrier which precluded kindliness and friendship.

Dora reached her hotel a little flushed, a little breathless, and eager also to tell her news; but when she entered the room in which her father and Rachel sat, and her quick glance fell on her sister's calm face, so beautiful in its tranquillity, her feelings changed, and she kept silent till she found herself alone with Mr. Musgrave. Then she told him, and spoke also of the impression made on her own mind by Eugene's words and manners.

"I am sure he is a good man," she said resolutely.

"I hope your belief is a true one, Dora," returned Mr. Musgrave; "but I hope it for Milly's sake. The man is gone out of our lives for ever; it is better never to let his name pass our lips. We will not disturb Rachel's mind with this little history."

Thus admonished, Dora said nothing to her sister of her strange, short interview with Eugene.

Mr. Musgrave pondered over it, and in the morning, before his daughters were up, he stole out early, half hoping he might by chance see his niece, and hear from her own lips that her married life was happy. In his peregrinations he passed a pretty house with a court-yard in front, round which was a verandah bright with flowers. It struck him with a home feeling, and he paused to look at it, and asked a bystander to whom it belonged.

"An English lady lives there," was the answer.

"And what is her name?"

"Madame Maberlie; but the English call her Miladi."

All desire to see Milly was gone the instant Mr. Musgrave knew himself so near her. He felt now how painful it would be to seek an interview, and how agitating it would be to them all; so, with one quick nervous glance at all the windows, he hurried away, not feeling himself happy till he was safe in his room again.

"It would have been very awkward for me to see Milly," he said to himself, in justification of his own flight, "feeling as I do still about Maberly. In eloping with her from my house he behaved like a scoundrel, setting aside the fact that he was then engaged to Rachel—a cruel engagement on his part. And I have not forgiven him. No! and I cannot forgive him; so I will leave him and Milly alone."

Firm in this resolve, he kept silent over his little adventure; but Dora saw that all this day through their journey he had watchful eyes for Rachel, and his face wore an anxious shadow if she did but look pale or tired. There was a secret chain of sympathy between father and daughter; both understood each other the better for the cloud that had fallen on their lives. Dora, in her bright happiness, was dearly loved; but it was to Rachel Mr. Musgrave turned now if some word was spoken, some book was read, that touched the chord of sorrow which vibrated in the heart of each.

A few more days of travel and they saw Warewood again, and every familiar tree was like a friend; the very hedges wore a look of welcome, the meadows seemed to smile, and every face that greeted them brightened into joy.

"Well, Trewin, and how is the rector?" asked Mr. Musgrave, in the hall, as that privileged domestic stood beaming on them, with a broad smile expanding his ruddy countenance.

"Thank you, sir," said Trewin, in his happiest patronising manner, "the rector is pretty strong again."

Trewin had been sole master so many months at Warewood, that he could scarcely help playing the host in a grand way to its owner and the young ladies, all of whom he patronised with condescending devotion.

"That is good news," returned Mr. Musgrave. "I hope Mr. Gwynne is looking himself again, Trewin."

"And how is Miss Gwynne?" said Rachel. "We are all anxious to hear she is well and happy."

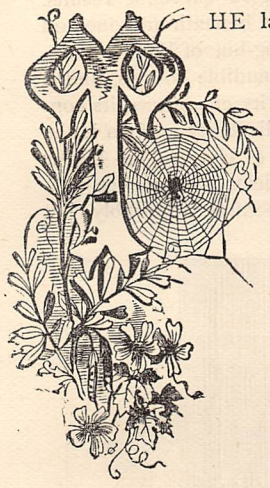
She had asked the question her father wished to utter, and yet could not; some strange fear kept Cordelia's name from his lips.

"I am afraid, sir, you'll find Miss Gwynne very changed," Trewin said, answering his master's eyes, not Rachel's voice. "Poor young lady, this have been a terrible trial for her! And a great talk too, sir, it have made, sure enough."

This was not the sort of answer Rachel had hoped for. She called Trewin away on some question of luggage, and saw her father go alone into the library, and shut the door upon his own thoughts.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE MICROPHONE.



THE last three years will be distinguished in the history of invention for a triad of great inventions. We have already seen* how the telephone and phonograph have originated; and to these two marvellous contrivances we have now to add a third, the microphone, which is even more marvellous, because, although in form it is the simplest of them all, in its action it is still a mystery. The telephone enables us to speak to distances far beyond the reach of eye or ear, "to waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole;" the phonograph enables us to seal the living speech on brazen tablets, and store it up for any length of time; while it is the peculiar function of the microphone to permit us to hear those minute sounds which are below the range of our ordinary powers of hearing. By these three instruments we have thus received a remarkable extension of the powers of the human ear, and an accession of dominion over the sounds of nature. We have now as great a command over sound as we have over light. For the telephone is for the ear what the telescope is for the eye, the phonograph is for sound what the photograph is for light, and the microphone finds its analogue in the microscope. As the microscope discloses to our wondering sight the rich meshes of creation, so the microphone reveals to our ears the jarring of molecular vibrations for ever going on around us, the clash of atoms as they shape themselves into crystals, the murmurous ripple of the sap in trees which Humboldt fancied to make a continuous music in the ears of the tiniest insects, the fall of pollen-dust on flowers and grasses, the stealthy footfalls of a spider upon his silken web, and even the piping of a pair of love-sick butterflies, or the trumpeting of a bellicose gnat, like the "horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

Professor D. E. Hughes, the discoverer and inventor of the microphone, was born in London in 1831. His parents were both Welsh, and emigrated to America while he was still a child. They settled in Kentucky, and there young Hughes received his education. His natural liking and capacity for physical and mathematical studies soon marked out for him his future sphere of labour, and in 1850 at the age of nineteen he was appointed Professor of Physics in the College of Kentucky at Louisville, the capital of that State. In this position he turned his attention to electricity, and five years later, in 1855, he produced his world-famous type-printing telegraph instrument, which is the parent of all subsequent telegraph instruments which print off the message in Roman characters as it is received. It was speedily adopted by the American telegraph companies, and more slowly by foreign companies. Now it is in use, under various modifications, in almost all European and in several other countries. Having first become known to fame in America, Professor Hughes is usually claimed by the Americans as a countryman, and through some error the very date and place of his birth there are often given in American publications; but we have the very best authority for the accuracy of the above facts, namely, that of the inventor himself. The success of the Hughes type-printer covered its author with titles and scientific honours, and placed him above the necessity of regular employment. He left America, and travelled from place to place. For many years past, however, he has resided privately in London, the place of his birth, an eminent example of that modesty and simplicity which is generally said to accompany true genius.

Mechanical invention is influenced to a very high degree by external circumstances. It may sound sensational, but it is nevertheless true, that we owe the microphone to an attack of bronchitis. During the thick foggy weather of last November, Professor Hughes was confined to his home by a severe cold, and in order to divert his thoughts he began to amuse himself with a speaking telephone. Then it occurred to him that there might be some means found of making the wire of the telephone circuit speak of itself without the need of telephones at all, or at least without the need of one telephone, namely, that used in transmitting the sounds. The distinguished scientist, Sir William Thomson, has of late discovered the peculiar fact that when a current of electricity is passed through a wire, the current increases when the wire is stretched or strained, and diminishes when the wire is compressed, because in the former case the resistance of the material of the wire to the passage of the current is lessened, and in the latter case it becomes greater.

Now it occurred to Professor Hughes that, if this be so, it might be possible to cause the air-vibrations of sound to so act upon a wire conveying a current as to stretch and compress it in sympathy with themselves, so that the sound-waves would create corresponding electric waves in the current, and these electric waves, passed through a telephone connected to the wire, would cause the telephone to give forth the original sounds. He first set about trying the effect of vibrating wire in which a current flowed, to see if the stretching and compressing thereby produced would affect the current so as to cause sounds in a telephone connected up in circuit with the wire—but without effect. He could hear no sound whatever in the telephone. Then he stretched the wire till it broke altogether, and as the wire began to rupture he heard

* CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, for February and June, 1878.

a distinct grating in the telephone, followed by a sharp "click," when the wire broke asunder, which indicated a "rush" of electricity through the telephone. This pointed out to him that the wire might be sensitive to sound when in a state of rupture. Acting on the hint, he placed the two broken ends of the wire together again, and kept them so by the application of a definite pressure. To his joy he found that he had discovered what he had been in search of. The imperfect contact between the broken ends of the wire proved itself to be a means of transmitting sounds, and in addition it was found to possess a faculty which he had not filled with lead-shot or black oxide of iron, or "white bronze" powder under pressure; a metal watch-chain piled in a heap. Surfaces of platinum, gold, or even iron, pressed lightly together give excellent results. Three French nails, two parallel beneath and one laid across them, or better still a log-hut of French nails, make a perfect transmitter of audible sounds, and a good microphone. Because of its cheapness, its conducting power, and its non-oxidisability, carbon is the most select material. A piece of charcoal no bigger than a pin's-head is quite sufficient to produce articulate speech. Gas-carbon operates admirably, but

THE PENCIL MICROPHONE.

anticipated—it proved to be sensitive to very minute sounds, and was in fact a rude microphone. Continuing his researches, he soon found that he had discovered a principle of wide application, and that it was not necessary to confine his experiments to wires, since any substance which conducted an electric current would answer the purpose. All that was necessary was that the materials employed should be in contact with each other under a slight but definite pressure, and, for the continuance of the effects, that the materials should not oxidise in air so as to foul the contact. For different materials a different degree of pressure gives the best results, and for different sounds to be transmitted a different degree of pressure is required. Any loose, crazy, unstable structure, of conducting bodies, inserted in a telephone circuit, will act as a microphone. Such, for example, as a glass tube the best carbon is that known as willow-charcoal, used by artists in sketching, and when this is impregnated with minute globules of mercury by heating it white-hot and quenching it in liquid mercury, it is in a highly sensitive microphonic condition. The same kind of charcoal permeated by platinum, tin, zinc, or other unoxidisable metal is also very suitable; and it is a significant fact that the most resonant woods, such as pine, poplar, and willow, yield the charcoals best adapted for the microphone. Professor Hughes' experimental apparatus is of an amusingly simple description. He has no laboratory at home, and all his experiments were made in the drawing-room. His microphones are formed of bits of carbon and scraps of metal, mounted on slips of match-boxes by means of sealing-wax; and the resonance pipes on which they were placed to reinforce the effect of minute

sounds, were nothing more than children's toy money boxes, price one halfpenny, having one of the ends knocked out. With such childish and worthless materials he has conquered Nature in her strongholds, and shown how great discoveries can be made. The microphone is a striking illustration of the truth that in science any phenomenon whatever may be rendered useful. The trouble of one generation of scientists may be turned to the honour and service of the next. Electricians have long had sore reasons for regarding a "bad contact" as an unmitigated nuisance, the instrument of the evil one, with no conceivable good in it, and no conceivable purpose except to annoy and tempt them into wickedness and an expression of hearty but ignominious emotion. Professor Hughes, however, has with a wizard's power transformed this electrician's bane into a professional glory and a public boon. Verily there is a soul of virtue in things evil.

The commonest and at the same time one of the most sensitive forms of the microphone is that represented in the figure; it is called the "pencil microphone" from the pencil or crayon of carbon, C, which forms the principal part of it. This pencil may be of mercurialised charcoal, but the ordinary gas-carbon, which incrusts the interior of the retorts in gas-works, is usually employed. The crayon is supported in an upright position by two little brackets of carbon, A and B, hollowed out so as to receive the pointed ends in shallow cups. The weight of the crayon suffices to give the required pressure on the contacts, both upper and lower, for the upper end of the pencil should lean against the inner wall of the cup in the upper bracket. The brackets are fixed to an upright board of light, dry, resonant pine-wood, attached to a base-board of pine as shown. The base-board is with advantage borne by four rounded india-rubber feet, which insulate it from the table on which it may be placed. To connect the microphone up for use, a small voltaic battery, say three cells (though a single cell will give surprising results), and a Bell speaking telephone are necessary. A wire is led from one of the carbon brackets, say B, to one pole of the battery, and another wire is led from the bracket A, to one terminal screw of the telephone, and the circuit is completed by a wire from the other terminal of the telephone to the other pole of the battery. If now the slightest mechanical jar be given to the wooden frame of the microphone, to the table, or even to the walls of the room in which the experiment takes place, a corresponding noise will be heard in the microphone. By this sensitive arrangement we can play the eaves-dropper on those hidden vibrations of matter for ever trembling around us. If a feather or a camel-hair pencil be stroked along the base-board, we hear a harsh grating sound; if a pin be laid upon it, we hear a blow like a blacksmith's hammer; and, more astonishing than all, if a fly walk across it we hear its tramping like a charger, and even its peculiar trumpeting, which has been likened, with some allowance for imagination, to the snorting of an elephant. And it should not be forgotten that the wires connecting up the telephone may be lengthened to any desired extent, so that, in the words of Professor Hughes, "the beating of a pulse, the tick of a watch, the tramp of a fly can then be heard at least a hundred miles from the source of sound." If we whisper or speak distinctly in a monotone to the pencil, our words will be heard in the telephone; but with this defect, that the *timbre* or quality is, in the present state of the instrument, lost, so that it is impossible to recognise the speaker's voice. But although a single pencil microphone will under favourable circumstances transmit these varied sounds, the best effect for each kind of sound is obtained by one specially adjusted. There is one pressure best adapted for minute sounds, another for speech, and a third for louder sounds. A simple spring arrangement for adjusting the pressure of the contacts is therefore an advantage, and it can easily be applied to a microphone formed of a small rod of carbon pivoted at its middle, with one end resting on a block or anvil of carbon underneath. The contact between the rod and the block in this "hammer-and-anvil" form is, of course, the portion which is sensitive to sound.

The microphone is a discovery as well as an invention, and the true explanation of its action is as yet merely an hypothesis. It is supposed that the sonorous vibrations have the power to cause an expansion and contraction of the microphonic substances, which, at the point of contact between them, has the effect of increasing or diminishing the conducting avenue by which the current passes.

The applications of the microphone are already of some importance. Dr. B. W. Richardson is engaged in fitting it for auscultation of the heart and lungs; while Sir Henry Thompson has successfully used it in those surgical operations, such as probing wounds for bullets or fragments of bone, in which the surgeon has hitherto relied entirely on his delicacy of touch for detecting the jar of the probe on the foreign body. There can be no doubt that in telegraphy, in the science of physiology, and in the art of surgery, the microphone will prove a valuable aid.

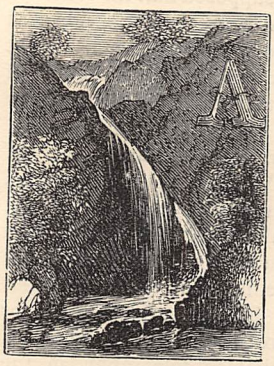
Science seems to show that every physical process is reciprocal, and may be reversed. With this principle in our minds, we need not be surprised that the microphone should not only act as a *transmitter* of sounds, but that it should act as a *receiver* also. Mr. James Blyth, of Edinburgh, recently announced that he had heard sounds and even speech given out by a microphone itself when substituted for the telephone. His transmitting microphone and his receiving one were simply jelly-cans filled with cinders from the grate. It then transpired that Professor Hughes had previously obtained the same remarkable effects from his ordinary "pencil" microphones. The sounds were extremely feeble, however, but the transmitting microphones proved the best articulating ones. Professor Hughes has now constructed an adjustable hammer-and-anvil microphone of gas-carbon, fixed to the top of a resonating drum, which articulates fairly well, although not so perfectly as a Bell telephone. No doubt, a means of improving both the volume and dis-

tinctness of the articulation will soon be forthcoming, and then we shall be able to hold telephonic communication solely by means of microphones. The marvellous fact that a little piece of charcoal can, as it were, both listen and speak, that a person may talk to it so that his friend can hear him at a similar piece a hundred miles away, is a miracle of nineteenth-century science which far transcends the oracles of antiquity.

The articulating telephone was the forerunner of the phonograph and microphone, and led to their discovery. They in turn will doubtless lead to other new inventions, which it is now impossible to foresee. We ask in vain for an answer to the question which is upon the lips of every one—What next? The microphone is likely to be very useful in strengthening the sounds given out by the telephone, and it is probable that we shall soon see the three inventions working unitedly, for the microphone may make the telephone sounds so powerful as to enable them to be printed by phonograph as they are received, and thus a durable record of telephonic messages would be obtained. Reports also reach us from the other side of the Atlantic of a "megaphone" or ear-trumpet, which is for the ear what the opera-glass is for the eye, and of a "microtasimeter," based on the microphone principle, for measuring minute pressures, and extremely low temperatures, such as one-millionth of a degree Fahrenheit. An "antiphone," or contrivance for screening off sound and producing silence, even as light may be excluded to produce darkness, is a desideratum which may very soon be realised. We can now transmit sound by wire, but it will yet be possible to transmit light, and see by telegraph. We are apparently on the eve of other wonderful inventions, and there are symptoms that before many years a great fundamental discovery will be made, which will elucidate the connection of all the physical forces, and will illumine the very framework of nature.

J. MUNRO, C.E.

TRY BARMOUTH.



AS I was casting about for a sea-side resort that would be likely to meet my ideal and the requirements of my family doctor, I accidentally heard of "Aber Mawddach," or Barmouth. When my doctor had advised me for my health's sake to try a change of air and scene, and "get to the sea-side," my head had become dizzy with thoughts of stuffy boarding-houses and ill-cooked meals, noisy bands and ill-tuned barrel-organs, melting heat and fine dresses. I was told, however, that a sojourn at this obscure Welsh town would expose me to none of these discomforts, but that it would so benefit me as that I should return completely restored. Who could resist so fascinating a picture? I could not, and I therefore determined to go.

Living in a town in the centre of England, the choice of a route was attended with some little difficulty; but I at length came to the conclusion that my tastes as well as my pocket would be best suited by the Great Western Railway. I therefore proceeded to the Midland Metropolis, and started thence from Snow Hill station, having booked through to Barmouth. Travelling *viâ* Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury we enter the Principality at the north-east, the first station of importance at which we stop being Ruabon—a quaint old town that affords in its surroundings some indication of the nature of the splendid Mid-Wales district through which we shall shortly pass. Ruabon is an important junction on the Great Western Railway, and as we take our seats in the train at the siding we pass by groups of "trippers," whose constant use of the second person singular, as we used to say at school, indicates their Lancashire origin, and whose well-filled provision baskets are a no uncertain guide to the capacity of their digestive organs. In other parts of the station there are tourists from Chester, Liverpool, and towns north; Shrewsbury, Wellington, and other towns south; also from the Midlands and places more remote, all seeking pleasure or health. While we wait there is a band of music outside the station, escorting a string of important-looking personages to one of those feasts in which friendly societies of most orders delight; while in our carriage a class of Sunday scholars take their seats, bent on a three days' excursion, under the guidance of their teacher, who seems to know every inch of the neighbourhood.

At length the well-known signals are given, the "staff" is handed to the guard—for the line between here and our destination is a single one—and we make a start. Plunging at once into the valley of the Ceirog, we pass Plasmadoc, the residence of the super-Protestant member for Peterborough, through Acrefair, Chwarele, and Trevor, to Llangollen (oh! the Welsh pronunciation, "Langothlen"), with its celebrated Maid, its ever-lovely vale, and its neighbourhood so rich in beauties and in memorable associations of Owain Glyndwr. Shortly after leaving Llangollen we reach a station whose name-board bears the following amazing announcement—"Glyndyvrdwy." The tickets being examined here, I once inquired the name of the place. "Glyn—" (something), muttered the official. "What is it?" I repeated. "Glyndoo—" was all I could catch this time. "What did you say?" I again asked. "Glyndoodysir," he angrily replied all in a breath, banging the door to violently—as I

thought, greatly disgusted at my pertinacity and ignorance, while the other occupants of the carriage appeared to be very much amused at my eager thirst after knowledge (!), for they laughed heartily.

Skirting the river Dee we shortly arrive at Corwen, a small town on the eastern extremity of Merionethshire, and having a junction line with towns on the north coast; then passing a pretty waterfall we follow the vale of Edeirnion, and running through several unimportant places reach Bala, with its renowned lake and fine new College for Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. This lake, which is situated in an amphitheatre of hills, is the source of the river Dee, whose course along the picturesque valley we have been so steadily tracing—whose waters afford capital sport to the devoted followers of old Izaak Walton, and give life and health to thousands of our countrymen, and whose estuary is the delight of those who are privileged to look across its broad bosom. Proceeding, we run for five miles on the edge of the lake, and, passing through several places of less interest, enter a district of wild moorland, which as we pass on becomes enclosed by high and rugged hills, until we approach Dolgelly. A good story has been told in a popular periodical, which is worth recording as we near Drws-y-nant station. In the old coaching days, a tourist of an inquiring turn of mind joined the coach at Drws-y-nant on its way to Bala. Inside he found a stout gentleman enjoying a nap. When he woke the tourist asked whose was the farm they were passing? "Mine," was the reply, and the gentleman again slept. Another wakeful moment came, and another question: "To whom may that mountain belong?" "To me," was the answer, followed by another doze. Again came a wakeful moment, and the question, "Do you know who is the owner of that valley?" with the answer, "I am not sure, but I think most of it's mine." No more questions were asked, but when the coach reached Bala the tourist bolted into the hotel, saying, "I have been riding with either a prince or ——!" "You are right," replied a native, "you have been riding with the 'Prince *in* Wales,' and a real good landlord!"

Passing a pretty church and several notable places, we reach Dolgelly, where the Great Western merges into the Cambrian system, but it possesses running powers to Barmouth, of which we shall shortly avail ourselves. But for a brief stay Dolgelly will be found deeply interesting, and it possesses several novelties to sight-seers. There is scarcely a thoroughfare that can properly be called a street, and the general characteristics of the place are described by old Thomas Fuller in his "Worthies" (1662) in the following remarkable manner:—"I know not whether it be worth the relating what is known for a truth of a market-town called Dolgelthy, in this shire, that: 1. The walls thereof are three miles high—the mountains which surround it; 2. Men come into it over the water—on a fair bridge—but: 3. Go out of it under the water—falling from a rock and conveyed in a wooden trough (under which travellers must make shift to pass) to drive an over-shot mill; 4. The steeple thereof doth grow therein—the bells (if plural) hang on a yough tree."

Concerning this curious old town of Dolgelly, which formed the subject of a eulogy by "Christopher North" (Professor Wilson), a rather rich tale is told. It should be stated that, instead of streets, the town comprises a series of little squares intersected by narrow lanes, and that the houses are wholly built of large, heavy, grey stones, with material in them sufficient to supply mansions for a town twice the size. The inhabitants are a bit proud of their one or two public buildings, of which the county gaol is mentioned as a good sample. "Beautifully situated in one of the most charming spots in the neighbourhood, it is unquestionably the ugliest building in Merionethshire," says an authority; and one day a joking visitor said to a townsman, "You Dolgelly folks can *worship* your gaol if you like, for you will not break the commandment." "How so?" asked the native. "Because," replied the wag, "it is not in the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

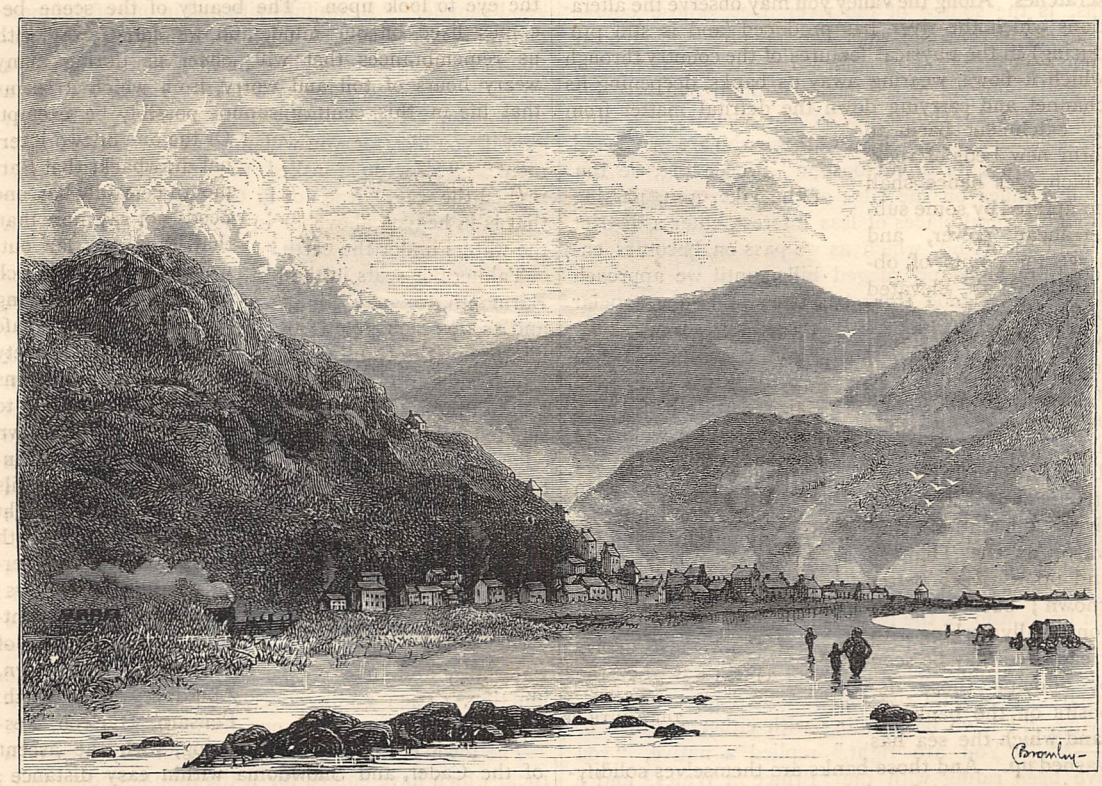
Taking our seats in the train again, and heading for Barmouth, we get a glimpse of Cader Idris (2,929 feet), and as we reach Penmaenpool station have a delicious glimpse up the Ganllwyd valley, with Moel Cynwch at its entrance, and many snug houses dotting the north bank of the river. Passing the chimney of the ancient reputed gold mines, we travel for seven miles on the edge of the "glorious estuary of the Mawddach"—a term which has become almost a household word in these parts since the late Justice Talfourd thus described the river. The scenery here is so delightful, embracing both mountain and river, that it has been compared to Drachenfels on the Rhine. Travelling on the estuary's banks and at the foot of the verdant hills we soon pass Arthog, with its charming waterfalls, and in a couple of minutes run into the junction. Then gliding over the bridge (to be mentioned hereafter) we reach our destination—Barmouth.

The town rises in irregular tiers on the sides of a rock, which have gained for it the high-sounding title, "The Gibraltar of Wales."

Notwithstanding one or two internal drawbacks, Barmouth is certainly growing in popularity, and it deserves to do so: "it is so unique in itself; so rich in its surroundings." One of its first beauties is the bridge over the Mawddach (pronounced "Mowthak"). It is half a mile in length, and the view to be obtained from it is one that excites the deepest emotions. "There are two books," says Sir Thomas Browne, "from whence I collect my divinity: besides that *written one* of God, another of *His servant*, NATURE—that universal and public manuscript that lies expansed unto the eyes of all." And here we may realise the idea. Looking inland we have Cader Idris to the right, rivalling the glories of Snowdon; Diphwys, another picturesque mountain, to the left; the estuary below, that seems to glide among a chain of hills which melt away in the distance like a fairy scene—in short, Switzerland in miniature. Seaward, one can take in a view that at once explains the odd name of

the town. The river beneath us is the Mawddach; stretching out there at the *mouth* of it is a natural terrace, or *bar* of sand: thus we get *Aber* Mawddach, and *Barmouth*. Beyond it is the glorious bay rising and falling, bespangled with tiny white sails, having the appearance of sea-gulls on the wing. To our right is the "Gibraltar of Wales," and opposite to it are bold headlands, down whose sides we may see the freshets trickling like white lines painted on a huge canvas by some mighty artist. But look at the means by which we obtain these magnificent views! "And who are your great men of the present day?" asked John Bright in one of those eloquent bursts for which his name is famous—"Not your warriors, not your statesmen: they are your *engineers!*" Thanks to the engineering enterprise and skill of the Cambrian Railway Company, we can walk over this noble bridge and have the enjoyment of this splendid scenery for the modest fee of twopence, which you pay to the signal-man who occupies that pretty cottage on the Barmouth end of the structure. The bridge, we are told, is a new wonder of Wales; and so sure were a large class that it never could be made, that an M.P. who was supposed to know something about the locomotion of the county, declared he would eat the engine that first went over it! The view from this bridge is ever charming—in the morning you may watch the dim twilight giving place to the dawn over yonder hills between which the river flows; at mid-day you may be fanned by the deliciously cool breezes from the broad bay, while you watch the light and shade formed by the southern sun, and drink in the varying beauties and rich tints of hill and dale that would form a week's study for any artist; or in the evening, at the close of a toilsome day perhaps, you may watch the lengthening shadows, and with your soul wrapt in the beauty of the scene, half unconsciously repeat the lines of Byron:—

"It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dark, yet clear—



BARMOUTH.

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen.
* * * * *
* * and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more."

Barmouth affords endless opportunities for enjoying diversified scenery, or studying the beauties and wonders of nature in earth, air, or sea. In the rocks and pebbles there is many a thing worth looking at earnestly, and thinking over earnestly; and at Mochras, a mile or two to the north, there are myriads of shells bestrewing a shore whereon the most timid matron may not fear to let her children ramble; while of this you may rest assured, that in climbing the everlasting hills around you everywhere meet with fresh scenes of delight, and inhale pure bracing air—gathering in health and strength at every step and every breath.

From these hills, too, you may trace some of the effects of those natural forces which are continually producing mighty modifications of the earth's crust. The igneous rocks about us give evidence of volcanic action in the early ages of the world. Around the mountain lakes up the Cader yonder, you will find indications of the marvellous changes which were wrought when the glaciers crawled from peak to snow-line in the age of ice, smoothing and rounding the surfaces of those huge boulders, against the grain and across the strata, furrowing them here and there with deep parallel scratches. Along the valley you may observe the alterations which the river has produced (and is still producing) in the physical features of the country through which it flows, wearing away its banks, deepening its channel, and carrying down the detrital matter from its catchment basin to form new beds of rock, which ages hence shall be uplifted by some subterranean power, and serve for points of observation as elevated perhaps as those upon which we are now standing. You may say that it is little the river does in this way; and perhaps the Mawddach does not afford so striking an instance of river denudation and waste as the Thames, and other rivers better known; but that it is continually working with great force may be seen by noticing those deposits on the banks of sand which the sea has washed up. And those banks are themselves solidifying into a mass of rock that will be a "new sandstone" to the geologist of the future.

THE MOUTH OF THE MAWDDACH.

What glorious views we get from these elevations of the Welsh Gibraltar! In one direction there is a panoramic view of the Mawddach. From other points you may see the bold headlands at whose feet, just on the edge of the water, runs the railway to Towyn, Aberdovey, and the "Brighton of Wales;" and from others you may view the grand expanse of waters which lie spread out to the very horizon—Cardigan Bay melting into the azure of St. George's Channel beyond, which is heaving and swelling with the great tidal wave that flows from the broad Atlantic below. Standing 400 feet high almost perpendicularly from the shore, and where the slipping of a stone might send you rolling to the peril of your life, you drink in the grandeur of the scene and feel a sensation of rest and satisfaction never before experienced.

"The murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered pebbles idly chafes,"

can scarcely be heard so high. The only sound is the soft soughing of the summer wind as it sweeps over the face of the cliffs beneath us. The cool air is confined to the hill-tops around; beneath, from within a short distance of the shore, the sea is shrouded in soft summer haze, which seems to have gathered while we ascended. Suddenly, as we stand watching, a breeze from the eastward dives into the bay, and dispelling the mist leaves the sea one vast mirror—miles of flame-colour and purple, and anon of azure, sparkling as with countless jewels that dazzle the eye to look upon. The beauty of the scene becomes fixed on our mind, and we carry away with us remembrances that will cheer us during many weary hours of toil and worry, from which it seems that life in this century cannot possibly be exempt.

Of the one or two internal drawbacks that Barmouth certainly has, one needs not say more than that they are far outweighed by the rich natural scenery, bracing air, fine boating, safe bathing, and the variety of pleasant excursions by which the visitor to this primitive little town may be amused and invigorated. Space fails us to tell all that might be said of Arthog, with its picturesque waterfalls and its Swiss views; of the wonderful torrent-walk near Dolgelly; of excursions to Towyn, Aberdovey and Borth, Pensarn, Harlech, Festiniog, with the ascent of the Cader, and Snowdonia within easy distance; of the glorious salmon-fishing in the neighbourhood, and so much that makes country life in Wales enjoyable; of the wonderful legends that may be told on rainy days; or of the marvellous physical changes in the atmosphere around the hills that you may watch from your window.

Briefly, one can spend a holiday in Barmouth and neighbourhood without ever finding the time hang heavily, and may return, as I did, strengthened in body, invigorated in mind, cheered and comforted in spirit, which in these days is no mean advantage; for with the vast majority, as Kingsley says, "there will be no *mens sana* unless there be a *corpus sanum* for it to inhabit." My advice, then, to the health-seeker, as well as to those contemplating a tour of pleasure, is, "Try Barmouth." And unless the weather should happen to be of that sort which caused a friend of mine to inquire "if it always rained at Barmouth," you will realise more than I have here attempted to describe.

RAGLAN MOORE.

"THROUGH FLOOD—THROUGH FIRE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RACE FOR LIFE."

"I ASSURE you, my dear boy, I am extremely sorry to appear unkind in this matter; but, believe me, I am acting for the best."

"But surely I may see Rosie as usual?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Temple. "It would be very injudicious. You are both too young and too romantic at present. Besides, your means are utterly inadequate to maintain a wife."

"May I not bid Rosie good-bye, then?" I persisted. "*One* more meeting cannot hurt either of us!"

"Rosie is not at home," replied her father gently, almost sympathetically, as he shook me by the hand. "She went to stay with some friends yesterday. Good night; and hope for better days."

"Good night," I replied. "I suppose you don't mean to be unkind, Mr. Temple; but you have made me very miserable."

"My dear young friend," he replied, putting his hand kindly on my shoulder, "were you in a position to maintain a wife, I would sanction your engagement in time; but now such a course, though painful for us all, is the only one Mrs. Temple and I can in justice adopt. We shall be pleased to see you again after our return from the Continent. Good night."

I made no reply—indeed, I could not have spoken just then. My throat was choked with tears, and big drops welled slowly from my eyes as I walked away across the open space facing the house. This was to be the termination of our engagement, then! Rosie Temple and I had flattered ourselves that a series of dances, pic-nics, and charade-parties, with a very good knowledge of lawn-tennis and croquet, constituted housekeeping. We had only £300 a year between us, and dear Rose always spent £40 at least on her dress annually. She had lately been very economical in the matter of gloves, and had made herself a bonnet which was in every sense becoming: still, we were not much nearer to matrimony then; and now——!

So I pursued my way across the common, and I do not mind confessing that I shed tears as I walked in that dark evening beneath the trees and into the gloomy and desolate high road, caring for nothing and for nobody except Rosie, my pretty, *piquante* Rose; wondering whither she had gone—or had she *really* gone. Was it not a pardonable subterfuge on the part of Mr. Temple to induce me to leave the neighbourhood?

At that time I had, unfortunately, no occupation. I had been a clerk in a banking-house, but the "bad times" had necessitated a reduction in the "staff," and I was one of those sent away at a month's notice and a month's salary. True, I had a small income derivable from a legacy, but this was scarcely enough to keep me in bread and cheese and clothing.

It will therefore be seen that Mr. Temple was quite right. Matrimony was a luxury I could not afford. I acknowledged it even then as I went home despondingly.

When I reached my lodgings I found two letters awaiting me. One was from my brother, who was commanding a detachment of his regiment in Ireland, the other was from my late father's solicitor. I opened the "official" note first.

It contained only a few lines, requesting me to call on him in London in a day or two, as perhaps I might be able to do some work for the good-natured lawyer.

The other letter was most cheerful, and bore a warm invitation to share my brother's country quarters for a fortnight, "or longer if I liked," next month.

Before I went to bed I replied to both my kind correspondents, accepting both invitations.

Next day I went up to London, and in the afternoon I called upon the solicitor nervously.

His business was simple. Did I know French? I did. Was I acquainted with book-keeping? I was.

"Well, then," said he, "will you go to Geneva, and transact this business, particulars of which I will give you to-morrow? You shall be paid as my clerk, and have your expenses and something besides."

"Agreed," I said gladly; "I will go. When am I to set out?"

"As soon as you can get ready. If you do this well I think I can help you to something better."

I wrung his hand and left him, took the first train home, packed up, and next morning at eleven o'clock was at the office in London again. I wrote to my brother telling him the facts, mastered my instructions, and next morning I was in Paris.

I found the business at Geneva much more complicated than I expected. It was a liquidation case. Day after day passed; the days ran into weeks; and at last, after six weeks' hard work and a run to Chamouni, I was on my way home again.

"Well done!" was the verdict passed upon my efforts, and was very welcome, accompanied as it was with a cheque for fifty guineas.

"Call on me when I return to town," said my friend, "in about five weeks' time, and I will tell you something I think you will be glad to hear."

My thoughts immediately flew to Rosie. Not that I had by any means forgotten her; but now I was idle again I felt even more dejected than ever. Liquidation cases are not romantic!

I was now at liberty to join my brother. I tele-

graphed at once, and at eleven o'clock that evening I was knocked up to take in the reply.

It was short and to the point. It ran thus—"*Come along, old fellow; stay as long as you like.*"

I went. I lived with the detachment; and what fun we had! Fishing in a fine river close by; cricket; a little shooting, for September was upon us now; rowing up and down the stream; and dining with the hospitable Irish residents, made up the total of our days after parade or inspection.

One guest-night—for we had our little social parties occasionally—we were sitting at the open windows, when the sub. of the party exclaimed—

"What a glare there is yonder! It's a fire, I believe."

"Bedad, your right!" said one of our guests. "It's down by Sir John's; he has a house full. I hope it's not the house itself."

"Shall I turn out the picket?" asked my brother. "Why, look, it's increasing; they may want assistance."

As he spoke the flames mounted up and the lurid smoke rose high into the glare above.

"Sound the fire-call and turn out the pickets, Hamblyn," said my brother. "Take the men down at the double. We'll drive over. Come along. Look sharp!"

I hurried out for a coat to cover my dress-clothes. Of course, being in a hurry, I was delayed. In the dark I groped unsuccessfully, and at length when I crossed from my room I found that the others had driven off in the cars our guests had come over in.

The sentry at the gate civilly "shouldered" his rifle as I passed, and in reply to my question told me that the captain and the whole party had gone, leaving word for me to follow, if I liked.

Yes; but how? "They've taken all the cars, sentry."

"Yes, sir; but there's the gig, sir."

"Whose gig?"

"The boat, sir. You can scull down almost as quick as they'll drive, yer honour."

"Good!" I would pull down. It was not far; the moon was still bright. I knew the river pretty well.

No sooner thought than done. A soldier from the guard-room came across and helped me to launch the gig.

"That's a big fire, sir; they do say it's at the Hall below. Poor creatures! I hope they'll all escape. All right, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative. He let go the painter, and with two vigorous strokes of the light sculls I was in the stream. Fortunately I knew almost every turn and bend of the fine river, or I should have more than once had a very narrow escape, if I had not been quickly upset. It is all very well to row in day-light, but in the gloom, when the banks and the water alongside are equally shrouded, so that where one begins and the other ends is an extremely difficult problem to solve, and snags and submerged shoals are quite invisible, the pulling down a rapid stream alone is no joke. But I did not mind it then. Urged by a reckless daring, I sculled rapidly on alone.

Alone, all but for the company of two good planks. Whence came they, and whither they were bound, I did not think; but I noticed they kept close to me—now swirling away, now in the dim light meeting, then dividing, turning round, separating themselves, and soon enclosing my sculls, so as to impede my way and endanger my safety. They hugged me so closely at last that I lay on my oars, and clutching the intrusive boards pulled them into the boat, where, under the thwarts, they exchanged dripping confidences as to what they would do next. What they did shall be told in due course.

"Such *great* effects from trivial causes spring."

The blazing house was now almost visible. The reflection was caught by the water just beyond me. On I scudded round the bend of the bank, the stream hurrying me down, and now I have opened up the town reach, and the burning and half-demolished building is crackling and roaring half a mile off. The smoke, dotted with a million sparks, flies up to heaven, while screams and cries and the roar of falling timbers ascend with them to the lurid sky. Those tiny jets of water only serve to aggravate the thirst in that fiery throat, and not to quench it; no man can live near such a fire as that; the heat even in my gig was soon felt distinctly, and the two planks beneath my feet winked to each other in the glare, and glistened side by side at the thought of what was coming.

A yell, a roar! Four people had got upon the crumbling parapet, some feet above the stable-roofs, and were crying and shrieking for assistance. Twenty men at once rushed in to offer ropes and help. What could they do? The unhappy inmates, clad in evening-dress, looked weird and unearthly in the fiery glare. One was a lady, three were men. Taking off their coats, they knotted them by the sleeves, and let down the lady to the lower roof in safety. Such a cheer arose for this. Well done, brave men, well done! British chivalry is not yet dead when Englishmen and Irishmen can act like this. I watched and waited; pulling in, the heat was great. I pulled away to the opposite wing, abutting on the river, now almost wholly clad in flame and smoke, but still itself unburning.

What is that? Can it be a man or woman kneeling there, and unobserved amid the shrouding smoke by all the rest, who are gazing at the gallant men around the stables? The soldiers had arrived and were doing good service; but no one else perceived the solitary form wrapped in an Ulster coat, and trembling on the wall above the river.

Not a moment was to be lost. I pulled in hastily.

"Leap," I shouted, "leap!" As I spoke I rose up in the boat. The planks winked once more and rattled. "Jump!" I yelled in my excitement.

One look to heaven—a glance down to the swiftly running river, and the person I addressed leaped feet first. Unthinkingly, I moved suddenly; the light gig rocked. In vain I attempted to recover my balance; the boat tipped over, and I fell headlong into the water, now covered with *débris*.

The two planks started after me together from beneath the thwarts.

I sank; and as I did so I thought of Rosie, and made up my mind to die, if I must, but I struggled manfully for life the while.

* * * * *

When one is unwillingly under water the brain seems to become busier than at all other times. I know not why, but in that half-minute or so that I was underneath I saw many acts of my life. Circumstances looked, from my mental point of view, very different from what they had to my bodily eyes. I had plenty of time to repent of my rashness, to utter a prayer, and to forgive my enemies; and then I struggled, knocked my head, half sank again, put out my right arm and grasped something. It was a plank.

Seeing a body rising up close by, I raised the head. The person I had tried to save was sensible, evidently.

I was delighted to find that he too was floating on a plank, the twin supporter of my arm; and how those good friends tossed about, and drove up against each other in sheer delight, as we all floated away fast downstream together, baffles description.

I impelled my plank towards the other, and, no doubt aided by that wondrous law of attraction and sympathy which exists even in wood, I succeeded in getting close to my companion. Leaning my arms upon the trusty plank, I managed to support the form near me; but all this time we neither of us spoke a word, nor could we discern each other's features. The fast subsiding fire was far behind us now.

"'LEAP,' I SHOUTED, 'LEAP!'" (*p.* 659).

The steady planks kept floating with us towards the bank, but I was not very anxious to go ashore just then, as the river-sides were steep, and certain curling eddies did not look attractive.

The moon had been obscured by heavy clouds; but we could discern the stones which here and there rose up from out the water, from a shoal in mid-stream. We should soon be in safety. The planks apparently thought otherwise. They bobbed about and grew very impatient to reach the shore.

There's distant thunder! A storm is coming up. No, it must be a train passing the bridge above. No; the noise increases! the sound is borne continuously on the wind. The planks got very restless now. The banks even came closer to us, but the stream ran all the faster. The noise was getting louder every minute.

I knew what it was at last. I knew too well. It was the Mill Weir!

If the sluice were open to the huge over-shot wheel our doom was sealed. Nothing much short of a miracle could save us. Striking out for the bank, I called to my companion to do the same, but encumbered with the Ulster coat his progress was not great.

We would find footing on the lasher, probably; the eddy would assist us.

We floated round the turn in the stream. The wheel was revolving. I could plainly hear the splash, splash of its monotonous clank and dash: the water dripped and ran away from the grinding woodwork, and gladly escaped beneath to save being crushed to air on the top of those mighty paddles.

We had two channels to choose from—one over the weir, the other beneath the wheel. The suction to the latter was tremendous. I swam strongly for the former. I reached the slippery piles and caught them. A bright light was burning in a small window in the mill, twenty yards or so away. We were in an eddy for a moment. I called out loudly. A head was put out: I yelled again. The plank whereon I lay slipped from beneath me, rose up again, and carried me headlong down the foaming lasher like an arrow from a bow, while my companion was wrenched away and darted for the wheel. A loud cry escaped me as we parted. All was over now. Death at last. "Oh, Rosie! my darling Rosie; till we meet in heaven—farewell!" I had time to think so much—no more.

* * * * *

"He's all right; don't you lubbers keep around like that; sheer off, can't ye? Let a chap have a mouthful of air! Hurrah, yer sowls! he's breathin'!"

He was. It was I. But how weak, how very ill, mentally and bodily, I felt when first I woke again to life and asked for "Rosie!"

"Shure he's wanderin' in his mind, so he is. Dinny, run up and tell the captain the gintleman's alive. Hurry now!"

I remember nothing more until I found myself in barracks, in my brother's quarters. Then I suppose I fell asleep. But when I again awoke to consciousness, they told me, in muffled tones, that I had only just pulled through brain fever, and had been in bed nearly five weeks.

Five weeks! I was due in London! I told the doctor so, or somebody spoke for me—at least, the voice was not like my own.

"Indeed, then, it's out o' this ye don't stir, me lad, lawyers or no lawyers. Quiet now, or I'll give ye a composer, and send ye to sleep for another month!"

I submitted, and got better. In a fortnight I was down again in the ante-room, where I was welcomed as a "hero of romance." The good-natured quizzing and congratulations on my recovery were incessant. At last, noticing my puzzled look, my brother said—

"Perhaps he hasn't heard the real facts—have you, H——?"

"I have not the very slightest idea what you are all talking about," I replied. "If it's a joke, I don't see it."

"Now look, here she is again! Lucky fellow!"

"Not a day but what she rides over to inquire."

"Her father's here, too."

"Tell them to come in, Hamblyn, and see the preserver of the 'sole daughter of his house and heart.'"

I heard, but scarcely heeded, all this "chaff."

The door opened; a lady in well-fitting habit appeared. Mechanically I rose as she came in. I looked at her for one brief second, the next I had clasped her in my arms.

"Rosie, my darling Rosie, can it be you indeed?"

No doubt about it. She had come to thank me. For what? For saving her life that night when Sir John Carney's house was burnt.

It was Rosie I had rescued, then. No wonder my heart had beat so fast while we floated down the stream.

Rosie was my own at last. She is mine still, thank Heaven!

Very little explanation is necessary. Mrs. Temple and her daughter had been paying a round of visits, and while staying at Sir John Carney's house the fire had broken out. Rosie had been my companion during that twenty minutes in the water. Wrapped up as she was, and silent as we both were, we did not recognise each other in the dark. The miller had stopped the wheel and pulled Rosie out of the eddy just in time.

For a day or two Rosie had been quite unable to give an account of her rescue from the fire; and when her father arrived, in obedience to a telegram, he learnt at the barracks—where he had called with Sir John to thank the commanding officer for his timely assistance—that his daughter's preserver was myself.

The reader will almost guess the sequel. Soon after my return to London I was appointed secretary of a nice little company, with a nice little salary, and work to match, all through the influence of the good solicitor. This employment left me leisure for other work which I was lucky enough to obtain, and my success emboldened me to ask for Rosie once more.

This time I was not refused. We were married the year following; and now, when we wander "over hill, over dale," we often recall how we struggled together for life that memorable night, "through flood—through fire."

HENRY FRITH.

ON THE ART OF GIVING PRESENTS.

EVERYTHING can be done in a right way or in a wrong way. And, perhaps, nothing better displays taste and tact, or the absence of those qualities, than the giving of gifts. A gift may be so bestowed, and of such a nature, as to be a positive insult, and yet of that bitterest kind which cannot be openly resented. Other gifts are like the white elephant which the kings of Siam used to send to those whom they wished to ruin: they impose so many duties, and so many costs, that they do indeed "make a burden of a pleasure."

We may best find out what a gift should be, by asking ourselves what it is intended to represent. A gift is, presumably, an outward and visible expression of love, in some of its diversities of gratitude, goodwill, or sheer kindliness.

Of all gifts, one rule may be laid down: that the more strongly the element of personal individuality is retained, the greater the grace of the giver, and the greater the pleasure of the receiver. The gift should not be what anybody might give to anybody else. The gift which is the product of the giver is the most gracious of all, being, as it were, a part of our friend's very life. But all gifts cannot be wholly this, and yet each should gain some impress from the loving hand which bestows. The card-case, the hand-bag, or the album must have come from "a shop," but a thoughtful special order stamps the monogram, the crest, or the address, by which henceforth they are separated from their tribe, and dedicated to one sole use.

Mere money cost is an element which must be always kept out of sight in the giving of presents. Costly gifts may be given sometimes: it is right they should be, but any gift, be it worth sixpence or a hundred pounds, should have cost something besides money. It should have cost thought, contrivance, search. And here one may give a hint that when a present is a bought one, particular care should be taken that any possible trace of its price be removed. Trade tickets are stuck on in all sorts of places.

Very slight gifts win a wonderful grace when they gratify some wish or fancy, perhaps heedlessly expressed months before, or when they fall in with the requirements of some taste or pursuit, especially if it be one scarcely acknowledged by its owner, or when they show that our friend has thought of us when far away, and surrounded with many excitements and distractions.

The gifts of gratitude should be carefully guarded from any suspicious semblance of payment. Has anybody done us a service? Nothing is more natural than that we should like to offer some recognition of the benefit conferred on us. Thanks are all very well, but the more thankful a man is, the less is his heart satisfied by mere verbal thanksgiving. But he must restrain his ardour: he must not rush, as it were, to pay off his benefactor, as if the weight of his kindness was too burdensome to be borne. He must quietly await some birthday or festival. Even then, he must not attempt to clear his score at once. As gratitude is a debt which can never be paid, it is folly to pain your friend by appearing desperately anxious to discharge it. Let your first gift of gratitude be quite below the value of the favour it recognises. But repeat it again and again. Let it be repeated, if you think fit, twenty years after the event.

If a gift should pass from the poor to the rich, it should never cost money. If it does, it will make the rich friend feel like a robber. He can get all that money gets; give him something that only costs love. Give him your little sketch, your netted purse, your prettily-marked handkerchief. And the gift from the rich friend to the poor friend should not be oppressively golden. The more costly it is, the more strongly must the individuality of love be imprinted on it.

Foremost among the gifts of goodwill stand wedding presents. Now, of course, the suitability of these must greatly depend on the means and rank of the bride and bridegroom. Still a few general rules may save many awkward mistakes and some heartburnings. Wedding gifts should be of a substantial and permanent character. Those from mutual friends may well take the form of household adornments, pictures of all kinds, pretty china, or ornamental plate. The bride's relatives and special friends may indulge in gifts of dainty napery, and clever domestic contrivances: they are thus, as it were, helping her to enrich the home her bridegroom has called her to, and so testifying their appreciation of the match. But the bridegroom's family and connections will do well to avoid this delicate ground. They cannot do better than bestow some personal ornament on the bride. The new home is, so to speak, founded by their son, and it behoves them to give his choice her welcome to it. His eyes are lovingly turned on her: let them decorate her for his gaze, and so incorporate themselves in his spousal love and pride. Never mind whether the gift be a little watch, a lace collar, a silk apron, a pebble brooch, or a diamond necklace, a Mechlin veil, or a golden bracelet. Either will serve well as a token of welcome and sympathy, which shall set a pleasant impress on the young heart when it is peculiarly soft, sensitive, and shrinking.

There are too many people who act on quite another principle. We are not going to say a word against mothers-in-law. They have their trials and their "natural feelings" as well as other people. And just because they have these, they should be wise in time. If they desire their son's comfort, they should not act as if

the young wife needed to be taught both that it ought to be considered and how that should be done. The advice of one who has given her daughter-in-law something which made her lovely in her husband's eyes, and won his praise, is far more likely to be sought than the sour monitions of her who presented a cookery-book or a washing-machine. It is a great pity that those occasions which should be the very "love-feasts" of our existence are so often perverted into opportunities for peevishness or egotism, sometimes to develop into an alienation and a bitterness that no after-tears can quite wash away.

Gifts between friends should be frank and friendly. Sometimes a little mystery enhances the pleasure they give; but sometimes any mystery is very cruel and misleading. Often, affection can offer no more delicate tribute than a recognition of a love greater than its own. Nothing can please the betrothed maiden more than a frame for her lover's portrait, or a photograph of his birth-place; and the happy married couple are delighted with some keepsake from the scene of their courting-days.

Gifts to children should be always of articles which give them something to do. They like these best, and they are real boons also to mothers and nurses. Give the little girl a work-box; perhaps it will carry down your name to her children long after your very grave is forgotten. Give the boy a writing-case, well stocked, and then send him a letter asking him some question! What a lot of pleasure you will have added at the cost of a postage-stamp! God bless the little children! As the singing birds live on what can be scarcely missed, so these little ones gather up their pleasures from events which we wearily call "bores." You will never bore a child by giving it something to do, though you may easily bore it by talking to it, or even by kissing it.

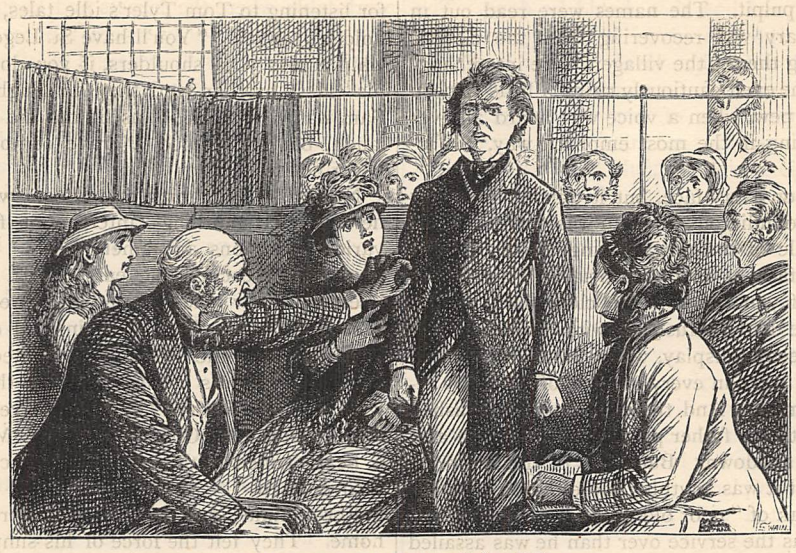
That touch of individuality, which should be so carefully kept in view in all personal gifts, should not be forgotten in testimonials, though there it must have a wider range, and be representative of a locality or a society. A testimonial should always bear some direct relation to the place and the people rendering it. Do not buy a French clock to give your minister or your doctor when he is leaving your village among the wilds, or your smoky manufacturing town. Your city, or at least your county, must have some specialty, whether it be granite or coal-port china, jet or cutlery. A testimonial need not be always a "show" thing. Whatever it be, a pretty and unobtrusive illuminated presentation plate is always enough to bear public witness to it. By giving the particular product or manufacture of your district to him whom you wish to honour, you make the very stones cry out in his praise.

As far as in you lies, avoid conventionality in your gifts. Who has not heard of the young married couple perplexed between five pairs of hand-screens, three biscuit-boxes, and four cruet-stands? Also, in gifts intended for household use, strive to realise the surroundings they will have. Do not compel your friends to put your present out of sight, or else to refurnish a room for its display. Do not give a blue work-table where the carpets and hangings are green, nor a scarlet tea-cosy where the tea-china is pink. Some people's gifts always seem to fall so harmoniously into place. Do you suppose that is through the mysterious "luck" to which less fortunate folk are too apt to attribute the successes of their friends? Rather it is the result of a quick and considerate observation.

In the matter of gifts, that particular shade of affection which is commonly understood by the word "love" is very peculiar. It delights in second-hand articles. It likes books inscribed, not with its own name, but with the name of the beloved. It prefers the purse from which the dear fingers have already worn the gloss. Its choicest treasures are precisely those things which, as advertisements say, are of "no value to anybody but the owner." Who does not know that the sweetest romance of life haunts old envelopes, bits of ribbon, and shabby memorandum-books, such as strange hands would toss over as utterly incomprehensible rubbish?

And now let us fitly close by a word concerning those pathetic things—gifts of remembrance. They should be something easily portable, so that they need never be left behind or become burdensome. And, however small their value, let these be specially permanent in sort. The type of an enduring though vanished love should not easily wear out. If it is likely to do so, then it will be probably not used, but laid aside in lavender. And, indeed, human nature has always a strange shrinking from a too familiar use of its sacred symbols. Most women, when they die in old age, leave their wedding-dresses almost as fresh as on their bridal morning. Their granddaughters get them "made up," and wear them out at school fêtes and kettledrums. So with jewels, so with lace, so with all sorts of graceful personalities; they are generally used up and worn out by those who have no inner eyes for the halo of love about them, no perception of anything but their intrinsic beauty and use. Is it "nonsensical" to spare and save gifts given for our service? When they are gone, shall we not have something else to supply their place? Ah, but "man does not live by bread alone;" and some gifts have a value which no other possessions can have. When the aged widow wraps herself in the soft shawl given her long ago by the husband of her youth, does she feel no warmth but that of its fleeciness? Will the elderly spinster surrender the old prayer-book, left her by her dead lover, for the newest church service, hot-pressed and ivory-bound? Ah! hairs grow grey while hearts keep green, and the eternal youth within us sees and feels its eternal love still bright and warm, where blinder eyes can note but dust and ashes!

Thus we may see that the "giving of gifts" is no light matter. They are threads caught up into our web of life to strengthen or to warp its texture. Let our gifts be like ourselves, and like our ways of life and thought, and then they will be at once worthy of us and of our future, whatever it may be, and dear to those who love us, and who will see in them for ever a type of their friend and of his friendship.



"I FORBID THE BANNS" (*p.* 665).

"WHAT IS TO BECOME OF SAM?"

A SHORT STORY.

IT was generally supposed that Sam was what is called "deficient." As to his own family, they were sure of it: at all events, they treated him as if he were so. Not that they were unkind to him; on the contrary, they were all very fond of "poor old Sam;" but it seemed to be taken for granted that whatever he said was not worth noticing, and that almost everything he did was to be made fun of more or less. He was, in fact, the family butt, though the shafts were, as a rule, so tipped with good-nature as not to hurt his feelings.

Of course, there were some patent reasons for all this. To begin with, there was something manifestly peculiar or backward in his mental development. He never could learn like other boys, and all masters had shaken their heads at him. Then there was a heavy comicality in his face, and an awkwardness in his gait, together with a stunted growth, all of which betokened an abnormal condition of nature, and furnished some excuse to his brothers and sisters for regarding him as an oddity in their midst. At the same time it was yet more excusable in Sam himself, and far more accountable, that, being thus accustomed from his childhood (and he was now about nineteen) to be treated as if he were little better than a fool, he settled down more and more to being one. Hardly ever did he attempt to say or do anything in serious earnest, since almost everything he did or said was treated as a sort of joke.

There was one exception to this. Mothers always know best how to deal with the weak in the flock, and Sam's mother never laughed at him, and never despaired of him. "What *is* to become of Sam?" his father would say; "he'll never earn his own living;" and his mother would quietly answer, "Wait a bit, my dear; there is more in him, perhaps, than we think, but it wants to be drawn out, and I doubt if we are acting wisely in laughing at him as we do." She said "we," good soul, but that was only her discreet way of putting it.

Now Sam had a sister, Mary, of whom he was especially fond. Perhaps it was because she was the sister nearest to him in age, but it was more likely because she placed a little more confidence in him than the others did: it wasn't much, but it was more than he got from any of the rest. He would do anything for Mary, and when a certain Mr. St. Leger in the neighbourhood took a fancy to her, it was amusing to see how Sam resented the engagement. This Mr. St. Leger had lately come into the neighbourhood, no one knew where from; but he had plenty of money and very agreeable manners, and was a general favourite with the Frere family. Sam, however, never liked him from the first, and when at length he became Mary Frere's accepted suitor, Sam's aversion to him became intense. It must be owned that Mr. St. Leger took no pains to win him over to a more friendly state of mind. He had fallen at once into the habit of making light of the poor fellow, which as we have seen was the family custom, and when he saw how Sam shrank from him he had certainly gone out of his way to poke fun at him. It was an amusement, and quite in accordance with the general practice.

The day was fixed for the wedding, and the Sunday had arrived when, in deference to Mary's particular wish, though very much against Mr. St. Leger's inclination, the banns were to be published in church.

The Freres were all in their place, a great square pew in front of the pulpit. The names were read out in due course. Mary was recovering from the electric shock of hearing them; the villagers were interchanging glances, some even cautiously rising a little to peep into the square pew, when a voice was heard all over the church, saying in the most emphatic way, "I forbid the banns."

Surprise was on every face, but it quickly gave way to a sense of the ludicrous as Sam was seen standing up in the middle of the pew, looking the clergyman steadily in the face, as much as to say, "There now; get over that if you can!" The clergyman was so amused that he had to rush on with the service to prevent an unseemly display, while Sam's kindred in the square pew were in every attitude of painfully restrained amusement. And there he stood, unabashed and defiant, until his father plucked him by the arm and made him sit down. But none of them for one moment thought it was anything more than a very unaccountable freak of "poor old Sam's."

No sooner was the service over than he was assailed on all sides for an explanation. Two only were serious about it—his father and Mary. "What is the meaning of this, sir?" said his father sternly; "what could have possessed you to make yourself so ridiculous?"

"He has got a wife already," replied Sam doggedly.

"Who has?" was the general exclamation.

"St. Leger."

"Who told you so?"

"Tom Tyler!" Tom Tyler was the village letter-carrier.

There was a shout of laughter at this piece of information.

"When did Tom Tyler tell you this?"

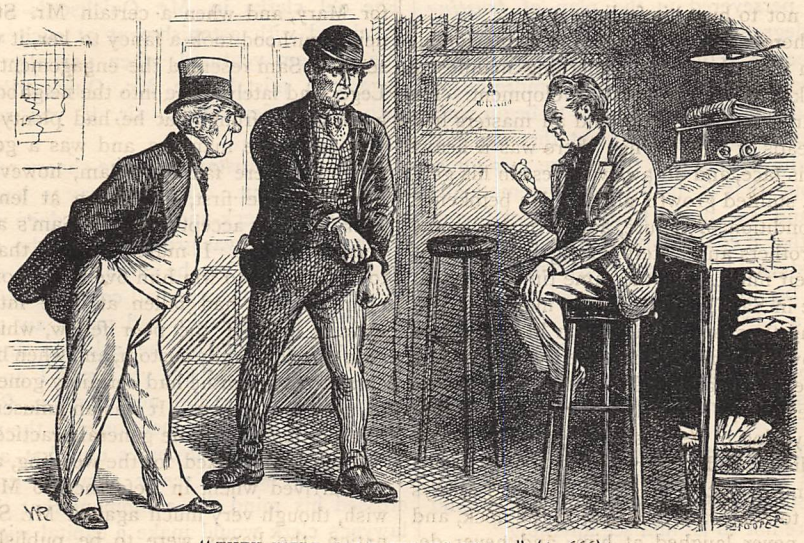
"Yesterday. He brought a letter for *Mrs.* St. Leger."

Another shout of laughter greeted this; but Mary looked very grave, while her father said that, of course, the letter was for St. Leger's mother, of whom he had more than once spoken. So Sam was sharply rebuked for listening to Tom Tyler's idle tales, and ordered to hold his tongue. "You'll have St. Leger try his horsewhip across your shoulders, if you don't mind," cried his eldest brother, and they all laughed again; but Sam was very unlike himself, and did not join in the laugh, but maintained a grave composure they had never noticed in him before.

Nor was it a laughing matter somewhere else. The news of that morning's interruption flew apace, with various additions and amendments. Thus improved upon, they reached the ears of Mr. St. Leger, who lived but a few miles off, and they created a profound sensation, so much so that, instead of spending the afternoon with the Freres, as expected, he took himself off, and was never seen by them again. It was discovered that Tom Tyler's version had been correct after all. Good riddance for Mary Frere; but a heart trifled with and wronged can never quite recover itself.

For a time Sam was almost reverently treated at home. They felt the force of his simple explanation, why he had chosen such a singular way of uttering his suspicions, that it was "because they would only have laughed at him if he had told them," and were a little ashamed of themselves. But the old habit revived after awhile, as old habits, both family and personal, so easily do, and Sam's brains were held as cheap as ever, except by Mary, who was drawn to him more than ever, and by his mother, who never ceased to ponder in her heart, as only mothers do, the meaning of that display of firm intelligence and almost fierce affection.

"I'll tell you what it means," said her brother to Mrs. Frere one day, when she was talking to him about it—he was a lawyer in London, old John Quicksett of Gray's Inn, who could see a thing as shrewdly as most people—"it means this, that Sam has got a heart *and* a head, but his head is more out of the way than usual, and can only be got at through



"THEY WERE ONLY TRYING IT ON" (*p.* 666).

his heart; like an old-fashioned bed-room that can only be reached by going through another. Look here, sister: I like amazingly that story of the banns; it's grand. Not that there was anything clever in what he did, just the reverse, it might have been a most stupid mistake; but this is what takes my fancy so, the firmness of purpose, a far higher quality of mind than mere cleverness, that could make the poor fellow face everything he did for the sake of the sister he loved. There *must* be something in one who could run the gauntlet like that, when his heart was once fairly unlocked; and I think I have the key."

"I always thought so," cried Mrs. Frere, greatly delighted.

"Well, let me try. I'll run away with Sam, and make a lawyer of him. What do you say?"

The grinning was epidemic round the table after it was known that Sam was to be a lawyer. His brothers and sisters could hardly look at him at first without smiling; it did seem so droll, so absurdly contrary to every notion they entertained of him. Had he sat before them in full naval costume as Admiral of the Channel Fleet, it would hardly have struck them as being more unlooked-for and preposterous. Uncle John's presence saved Sam from collective bantering, though the old lawyer was too wise to make any fuss about the matter; but when Sam was alone with his brothers and sisters he had a hard time of it, though all was, as usual, in perfect good humour.

At first Sam had, of course, to go through the usual drudgery of a lawyer's office, in which, if it be possible for any one to shine, he certainly did not. His blunders were awful, and provoked the wrath or ridicule, as the case might be, of his fellow-clerks, who were all well-seasoned and somewhat ancient men. But his uncle never found fault with him. The most he said, when some frantic bungle was brought to his notice, was, "Sam, do this over again; you know you can do it a great deal better than that." And, sure enough, it *was* done better the second time. In short, his uncle began with and, in spite of every discouragement, persevered in the plan of *trusting* him. And by degrees he found that the more he trusted him the better he did, and the more he treated him as if there were something in him the more he got out of him. Had Sam nothing in him to begin with, the plan could not have answered; but this was just what his uncle believed, namely, that there *was* something in him, but that it had been systematically laughed down and sat upon from superficial considerations, and that it could only be brought out by a total change of external influence and treatment. And now his powers began to show themselves and to expand, just as a shrub that has been stunted and blackened from want of room and uncongenial soil begins to throw out vigorous shoots when transplanted to ground that suits it, and where it has space to grow.

"Sam," said Mr. Quicksett one day, "we shall all of us be away the whole afternoon, and must leave you in charge of the office. If that fellow Choker should come, mind, you're not to let him see anything."

As the fates would have it, Choker did come. Perhaps Mr. Quicksett knew he was coming. Possibly Mr. Choker, who was a sharp and not very scrupulous professional opponent of his, had made himself aware of the unprotected state of the office in Gray's Inn; and he brought with him a man that looked every inch a prize-fighter.

"Is Mr. Quicksett in?—No? Well, it's of no consequence. I merely called to see as a matter of form one or two documents in *Smith* v. *Jones*."

"Then I must trouble you to call again when Mr. Quicksett is in."

"Quite right, young man," said Choker approvingly; "that's the right thing to say in ordinary cases; but, you see, this is not an ordinary case. We've got an order of the court to inspect these documents."

"Where is it?" said Sam bluntly.

"You've got it with you, haven't you?" said Choker, carelessly turning to his companion. The young athlete fumbled in his pockets, and declared, with great apparent vexation, that he must have forgotten to bring it.

"I don't believe you've got it to bring," said Sam.

"We'll have no nonsense, sir," cried Choker, in a passion; "at your peril refuse to show us what we want to see," and the two men advanced on Sam in a threatening way. But, little as he was, he never budged an inch. "I tell you what it is," he said, with all the coolness imaginable, "if you two don't leave the office this minute, I'll send for a constable."

There was no need to attempt that difficult operation. They were only trying it on, and with an affectation of injured innocence Mr. Choker and his satellite withdrew.

On another occasion, after Sam had been some months in the office, his uncle came out of his room one day, and bade him go down at once to Judges' Chambers and look after some case that was to come on there. It is a thing that requires you to have your wits about you, to do that, for you come face to face with a shrewd judge, who cannot tolerate a fool. The old clerks in Mr. Quicksett's office appeared paralysed with astonishment at such an order; and one of them ventured, when partially recovered, to suggest a mistake on Mr. Quicksett's part. "It's rather a difficult case, sir, if you remember," he urged.

"All right, Mustay," was the cheery reply; "I know what I am about. The best way to learn to swim is to be pitched neck-and-heels into deep water."

The suspense was great amongst the ancients while Sam was away; but he came back in due time, and reported that the case had come on before the judge, and that his lordship had made an order in their client's favour. "Did he ask you any questions?" inquired Mustay. "Oh, yes! and I answered them," said Sam; but he did not mention, for he did not know it, nor will it be mentioned in the memoir of the learned judge when it comes out, that, accustomed as his lordship was to ready answers, it had actually crossed his mind for a moment that the funny little lawyer's clerk would make a capital witness—he *was*

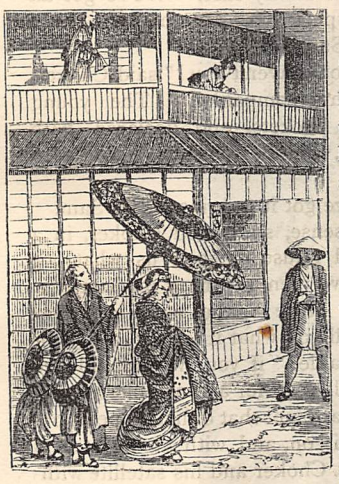
so ready, and said neither more nor less than was wanted.

Whether a good witness would always make a good lawyer, we need not decide; but it is certain that, in course of time, Sam made a very good one indeed. His was one of those not uncommon cases where supposed "deficiency" is superficial only, and where a far more grave deficiency is to be found in those who, by constantly laughing at it, run the risk of making it a real life-long imbecility. Sam's relatives never laughed at him again after the first visit he paid them, though they often laughed *with* him, for his drollery was inexhaustible. He never married; but his sister Mary kept house for him, and was perhaps a great deal happier than she would have been anywhere else.

ARTHUR BROWN, B.A.

HOW THE CHINESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.

BY SIR WALTER MEDHURST, LATE H.B.M.'S CONSUL AT SHANGHAE.



IF the character of a people is to be judged of by the amusements to which it is in the habit of devoting itself, that of the Chinese must be estimated at but a low and childish valuation at the best. Those sports and recreations, which to the European prove so useful in hardening the physical frame and strengthening the moral purpose of the boy and man, are almost, if not entirely, unknown to the Chinese, and as a consequence they lack that muscular development of body with its combination of promptitude of purpose, fixity of will, and general hardness of constitution, which as a rule characterise the European and American. They have their amusements nevertheless, and feeble and puerile although these may be regarded from a European point of view, yet they are worthy of notice as elements which go to form the national character, and as evidences of the prevalence as well as antiquity of some of our own most common pastimes.

Let the reader imagine himself approaching a Chinese village on a summer's evening, when, labour over for the day, man and beast are enjoying their well-earned repose. The scene is rural and peaceful to a degree. Wooded hills and carefully cultivated plains, dotted here and there with quaint yet picturesque buildings, form a charming background to the view; whilst in front a brawling brook tumbles on in its merry but useful course through a high-arched bridge, backed by cottages of all shapes and colours, thrown together in the prettiest confusion imaginable. At doors, outside windows, and on every convenient perch, lounge men, women, and children, some with tobacco-pipe in mouth, others with rice-bowl and chopsticks in hand, preferring the balmy evening air to the close confinement of their small abodes. Cattle, pigs, dogs, and goats lie and wander about, and poultry, and even birds, pick here and there, emboldened to confidence and familiarity by the gentle and kindly treatment which is uniformly their due. The first open space encountered will probably be the threshing-floor, which is common to the entire community, and is the spot where all disputes are canvassed, scandal talked, and gatherings held. Here may be seen different squads of children at their play, whilst their elders are busy chatting, or looking on at the fun. There is a general impression abroad that infanticide is prevalent in China, and children therefore, more especially girls, at a discount in that country. But the foreign traveller has only to remark the crowds of children of both sexes and all ages that swarm at cottage doors, and the affectionate pride with which they are contemplated and shown by their parents and grandparents, to convince himself that infanticide may be the exception, but that it certainly is not the rule in China.

To return to the threshing-floor. Look at that bright-eyed, active little fellow amusing himself with a ball of worsted, twisted so tightly as to be elastic. He does not throw it to another boy for a catch, neither does he take up a bat to hit it with. Catches and bats are things unknown to the tiny Celestial. But he strikes it as it bounds off the floor with the palm of his hand, the trick being to score as many bounds as he can possibly accomplish, without letting the ball drop. If he can manage to turn round sharply on his heel, whilst the ball is on the bound, and catch it again as he faces it, so much the more clever. When he misses the ball, the next boy takes it up, and so on until they all have had a turn. Hard by see another group of boys, one of whom is kicking a round piece of tile, about the size of a crown piece, whilst hopping on one leg. Approach closer, and it will be observed that the floor is chalked or scored out into compartments, which marvellously resemble, if not precisely reproduce, the complex diagrams through which the reader may in his own youth have kicked a tile at "hop-scotch." The rules of the game oddly enough will be found to mimic those of its English representative; and the conjecture will suggest itself, whether, after all, the Chinese is not the original game, and ours only a copy therefrom. Proceed a little farther, and two boys will be seen with a small bit of stick tapered to a point at either end, and a longer stick in the

player's hand. The smaller stick is placed on the edge of a step or bench with one end overhanging, and, the projecting end being struck, up goes the little stick into the air, when it is hit with the longer stick and sent flying. The observer will here, perhaps, rub his eyes, as a dreamy reminiscence comes back to him of a game he used to play at school called "tip-cat," but now to a great extent exploded.

the part of the stronger boys, who, in their anxiety to add to their pecuniary stock, are apt to come the "Heathen Chinee" over their weaker fellows.

Looking on at these several games, observe a couple of children with live cicadas attached to bits of thread, on which the unfortunate creatures are swung about with most ruthless disregard of the torture to which they are being subjected. This atrocious habit of

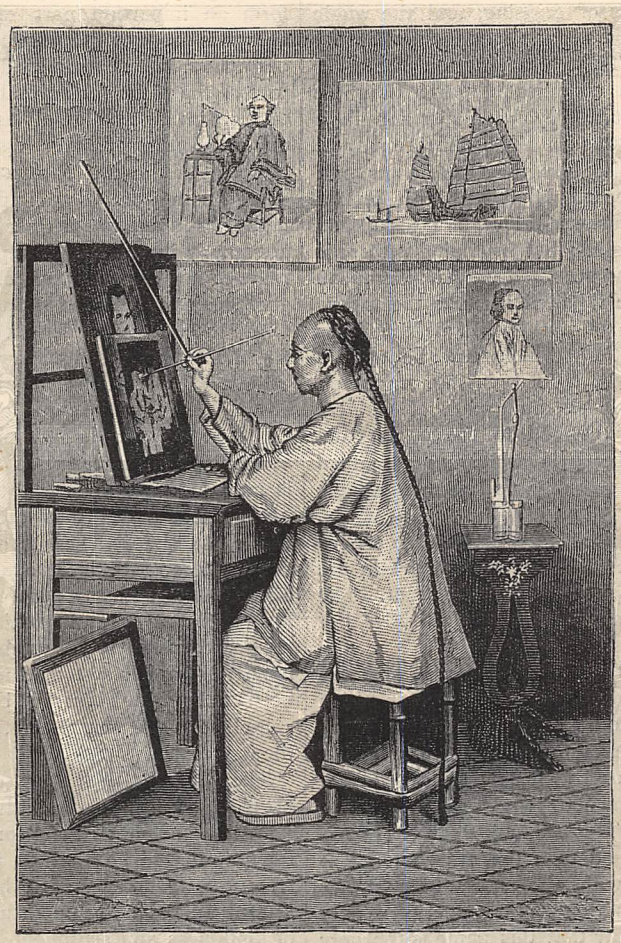
CHINESE THEATRICALS.

There again are some boys busy with copper coins and a house-tile. They slant the tile against a step or stone, and each boy proceeds to strike it with his coin on edge, which makes the coin roll sharply away some ten or twenty feet. When all have so discharged their coins, the game is to pitch one coin from the spot to which it has rolled on to the next nearest coin, and he who is lucky enough to strike his opponent's coin pockets its value. This is a very favourite game with Chinese children, but leads to much cheating on

giving live insects to children to play with, and not unfrequently depriving these of legs or wings in order to prevent their escape, is unfortunately only too common amongst the Chinese, and no doubt tends to lay the foundation for that small value attached to human life, and cruelty of disposition, which are amongst the worst traits of the Chinese character.

The children so seen to be disporting themselves will probably range in age from six to twelve years, and all of them will probably be found to be boys.

Girls do not appear to play at all. One never sees in China the ring of merry rosy girls which so often adorns our English village greens, busy with puss in the corner, kiss in the ring, hunt the slipper, or a hundred other childish pastimes. Probably the seclusion in which the sex is more or less kept, and the custom of bandaging the female feet from infancy, have much to do with this curious result. The girls, nevertheless, do not altogether hide their charms under a bushel, as any one can testify who has passed through a Chinese village, and seen doors crowded with bright-eyed giggling damsels, eager to see the passing stranger, but shy at being themselves observed.



A CHINESE ARTIST.

The brief list of games just described nearly, if not quite, exhausts the category of a Chinese boy's amusements, excepting of course theatricals, kites, shuttlecock, and other recreations, which boys share in with the men, and of which more anon. As will be seen, they all partake of that quiet childish character to which the more manly European youth would scarcely care to confine himself. Any pastime involving active, physical exertion, seems quite foreign to the Chinese boy's idea of fun; of foot-ball, cricket, prisoner's base, and such-like games he never dreamt; and he cannot even run, jump, box, wrestle, swim, climb, throw stones, fish, shoot, ride, or drive, nor would he care to try.

The pastimes of the men are equally limited in variety and puerile in character with those in which the children indulge. Kite-flying is a particularly favourite amusement with grown-up men in all the provinces, and they carry the art to a perfection of detail and finish to which we are entire strangers. There is no shape which the Chinese kite does not take, nor is there any bird, beast, or insect which their eccentric ideas of kite-flying will not induce them to copy for indulgence in this pursuit. The prettiest and most effective kite is that constructed to represent the centipede, and it is marvellous how true to nature the image moves as it floats suspended in mid-air, making a train of forty to fifty feet in length. Hawks, too, are copied with great success, the colour and shape of the bird being faithfully reproduced, and its sharp and swift swoops shown in life-like style. Frequently a number of hawk-kites are flown from the same string, and are made to wheel about round and round one another, precisely as natural hawks may be seen to do on any windy day. The writer once saw a kite made to represent a steamer, the sails set and paddle-wheels revolving in the most clever manner possible. Another favourite amusement of the men is the keeping of birds, which they carry out with them to promenades, tea-gardens, or other places of public resort, simply for the pleasure of hearing the pretty creatures sing one against the other. Thrushes and larks are principally reared for this purpose, and are often valued by their owners at fabulous prices, which they will not always accept when offered. The cages, too, are masterpieces of art, and men may be seen carrying bird and cage costing together from fifty to a hundred dollars, which represents to most Chinamen a considerable sum. Not unfrequently quails are carried about for fighting purposes, but these are carefully concealed in handsomely embroidered satin bags suspended to the girdle, a mode of conveyance which does not appear to affect the bird's life or liveliness in the slightest degree. Crickets are also kept with the same object in many parts, but the pursuit is not considered respectable.

In the south of China, shuttlecock is a very favourite game with the men, but played with the feet, not with the hands. A ring is formed of from four to six players, and the shuttlecock being first thrown up within the circle, it is kept up by striking it with the inner side of the thick felt sole of the shoe, which acts as a most effective bat. A proficient at the game will often turn his back on the descending shuttlecock and strike it with either the outer edge of the sole or the flat sole itself, and it is wonderful how successful they are in keeping up the round without letting the shuttlecock fall.

Chess, draughts, and cards, or rather assimilations to these games, as known to us, are not uncommon in China, the last more especially. In their chess, the pieces possess, as in ours, various values and powers, and there are the same elements of military organisation and antagonism which characterise the game as derived by us from Eastern sources; but the contending parties are curiously enough divided by a blank space or river, which only certain of the pieces have the power of crossing, and the whole game falls far short of ours in the strategy and beauty of its combinations. Their draughts, on the other hand, is a much more complicated game than the European one, and quite beyond illustration in a brief summary such as this is. The Chinese may be said to play at cards, because they have a game in which pieces of pasteboard, impressed with certain devices, and bearing various values, are used, and in which money is hazarded; but beyond this there is no analogy with the art as practised amongst European nations; and it may be doubted whether the tokens themselves are capable of a tithe of the numerous and wonderful adaptations which can be worked out of our pack of cards. Card-playing, moreover, is not universal amongst all the grades of Chinese society, but is chiefly confined to the poorer and labouring classes, and being invariably accompanied by money stakes, it is not regarded as a reputable pastime.

Dominoes are indigenous to China, and are as common in the tea-houses there as they are in the *estaminets* and drinking-shops of the Continent. The game is played, too, on much the same principles, but the dots are carried up to double nines.

It is a curious fact that the Chinese possess the game of "morro" in precisely the same form in which it is played in Italy. No feast is complete without it, and in the south of China they are apt to get very drunk and quarrelsome over it, in consequence of the number of cups of "samshoo" which are obliged to be imbibed as forfeits. The great time for feasting is the new year holiday, and then the otherwise silent streets quite resound with the uproar within the houses caused by the shouting at this game. It is only fair to the Chinese to say that this game is the only opportunity for drinking in which they allow themselves to be betrayed into excess. In the south, an intoxicated man may at times be observed; in the northern provinces, very rarely, and only at the new year festivals. Inebriation, happily, is not a Chinese weakness.

The Chinese are very partial to theatricals, but the stage is a very different institution with them to what it is in Europe. Such a thing as a theatre, that is a permanent building devoted to histrionic displays, is quite unknown in China, the stage being regarded as disreputable in the last degree, and even prohibited by statute. Women are not allowed to act, boys being brought up to personate them, and men professionals are looked upon as so degraded that they are placed without the pale of the law, and rendered incapable of filling office or entering for the literary examinations. The poorest villager would not tolerate the marriage of his daughter to a player. Yet theatricals are a rage, and to satisfy the public appetite, troops of strolling players go about the country performing wherever they are wanted, either in temples or on temporary stages erected for the occasion. Every temple has a stage ready provided in the principal court as a main feature in its architectural construction, and there is seldom a festival held but that theatricals form an important part of the programme. No charge is made to the public for the show, and it goes on without intermission all day and through a greater part of the night for several days together, the spectators coming and going as they list. Sometimes a city magistrate or other high official gives an entertainment of the kind to a party of friends, the feasting going on in front of an improvised stage, whilst the mob pass in and out at their leisure. The pieces acted are mostly historical, the representations being generally of an extravaganza character, embellished by gorgeous costumes, and supported by the most frightful din in the way of music that can be conceived. Military displays and sanguinary battles form a favourite subject of representation, and it is remarkable how successfully these are put on the stage, taking into consideration the limited means and confined space at disposal. The assertion that a permanent theatre is an institution unknown to the Chinese needs to be qualified as regards the ports open to foreign trade. In the settlements at some of these places certain foreigners have availed themselves of their own freedom under treaty from the action of Chinese law, and the known partiality of the natives for theatrical displays, to establish permanent theatres upon the foreign system, and the speculation has not been without its success; but the native authorities complain to the consuls of the demoralising effect of the innovation.

The Chinese, although essentially a gregarious people, fond of gossip, and always on the alert, like the Athenians of old, "to tell or hear some new thing," seem to derive little or no pleasure from social intercourse. Dinner-parties, balls (they don't dance), soirées, and such-like opportunities for the interchange of kindliness and sentiment, which amongst us serve to keep society alive, are practically unknown to them, and "the season" is a term which could not well find an equivalent in their language. This is, no doubt, to be attributed to the seclusion in which their women are kept, it being considered indecorous for a female to show herself prominently outside of her own home.

His Excellency Kuo Sung-t'ao, the Chinese Minister, may well be congratulated upon the bold and decided move which he has lately (19th June, 1878) made towards breaking through this unsociable and for some reasons pernicious custom, by issuing invitations for a soirée to the *élite* of London society, and inducing his lady to take the novel step of receiving as hostess the (to her, no doubt) formidable company.

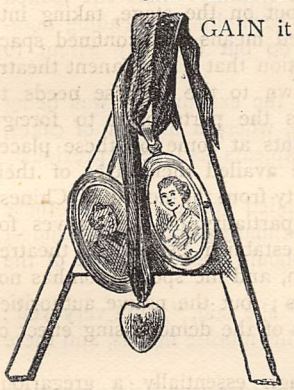
Although society in China can have no existence

owing to the lack of that life and spirit which, in our more favoured countries, are imparted to it by the presence of the female element, yet the men are companionable enough, and are not without resources in the society of their own sex. The members of the official class are not supposed to venture abroad when in office, but they nevertheless meet at each other's residences, and amuse themselves with conversation, reading, composing, chess, draughts, and such-like harmless pursuits. Less responsible persons resort to temples, tea-houses, gardens, and other public places, where they drink tea, gossip, fly kites, exhibit singing birds, and talk over the latest bit of news. A very favourite resource is to go in a party to some grotto, hill-side temple, or other romantic spot, of which there are more or less in every neighbourhood, and there have a little dinner under the trees, after which they compose poetry appropriate to the scene or occasion. The faces of rocks, the walls of temples, the bark of trees, &c., in such places may generally be seen to teem with the scribblings of visitors thus inspired, and to the credit of the writers it may be added that the effusions are as a rule more to the point, in better taste, and more cleverly composed than efforts of a like nature that boast of more civilised authorship in western localities of note.

This last, and perhaps the most intellectual of the means which the Chinese adopt for killing time, must for the present close the list, and it is hoped that the summary thus given may not be without its interest in throwing additional light upon the customs and ideas of a still little understood people.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.



AGAIN it was spring, but a spring of not so transcendent a character as had been that spring, some years before, when the young lady of the Manor brought change into our lives. Indeed I have since heard this year noted as one devoid of spring altogether. It gained this harsh character from the fact that no sooner had the pale young leaves put themselves forth, than there came a nipping wind which scorched them.

Am I drawing on the subjective element which colours all we see, or say we see? It may be so. Let me then delay no longer in saying that a trouble had crept into our lives. The master we both adored had gone away, not to come again, though his great picture was still incomplete.

I shall try and relate how this came about, though I must confess beforehand, I suffer from considerable mental confusion when I revert to this period of my life.

I was twenty now, and under my master's influence I believe I had developed in the right direction. His manners were those of the great world, and I had copied them; moreover I had worked diligently, hoping to distinguish myself, for I had not foregone the idea of making myself known one day to my old friends.

In this spring Miss Beaufort seemed to awake suddenly to the fact of my existence, no longer as the boy she had protected, but as a man full-grown.

The Manor House had all at once emptied. No one had any precise theory on the subject of this change, though certain whispers went abroad. The French maid had told the housekeeper, who had told Mrs. Carter, who had told her daughter, who—&c.

I can't tell you the rights of it, though I disentangled them once. It was a kind of repetition of "The House that Jack Built."

At the head of the ladder, however, stood a fact of moment. The dark lady in yellow satin—she had been laid to rest, as was supposed, by festivities—had suddenly reappeared. The guests had seen her, and being principally men, consequently of a logical turn, they had reasoned that as there is no smoke without fire, and as smoke is unpleasant, and fire dangerous, it would be well for them to go. They went accordingly—the poet, who made night hideous with his ravings; the philosopher, able, our farmers said, to argue the very nose off your face; and the soldier, with his chin in the air, and his general disdain for civil humanity. Tiny said our young lady was tired of them; the villagers maintained their theory; I, seeing that Mr. Clinton remained steadfast, did not trouble myself about the matter.

Yet it was destined to have some influence over me, for either our young lady felt that society would rub down my angles, or else she found the house dull. In any case, I was surprised one day by a visit from her. She was dressed, I remember, in a close-fitting dress of dark green velvet; her fair hair fell in waved rings to her waist; she wore over it such a hat as was then only seen in pictures; it was of dark green felt, large-brimmed, turned up at the side, and crowned with a mass of feathers. The bewitching effect of this hat over her fair face, I cannot possibly describe.

As, shabby and untidy—for I was over my school-work—I jumped from my desk, I felt bewildered. I was accustomed to her appearance, and yet—well! I

must not allow myself to be betrayed into any analytic digression; but this I must say, and it is a simple fact: there are creatures in this world—they are principally women—who can make other creatures—they are principally men—blind, deaf, dumb, anything they please. And, mercy on us! how do they do it? by a change of dress, a smile, one of those subtle indications—there! I am wandering.

We must imagine meanwhile that the fair vision I have striven to indicate stood in the centre of our school-room, and that a number of round eyes and squared mouths were pointed in its direction.

My presence of mind slowly returning, I thundered out to the owners of the eyes and mouths to rise to their feet, and in a subdued tone requested the vision to be seated.

The vision graciously complied, and showed itself then of human mould, by seeking to account for its presence.

"I have heard so much of Mr. Josephs' school," Miss Beaufort said, "that I have at last come to see it for myself."

"Mr. Josephs will be exceedingly sorry to have missed the honour—" I began. She nodded her head. "Never mind the rest. I could not remember it, you know."

Next she looked all round her, with the prettiest air of criticism: "Very nice, I must say. I suppose I ought to examine them, as I am Lady of the Manor."

I answered submissively, "If we had received intimation——"

"There, there!" she interrupted: "two speeches in the space of a minute. I am afraid, do you know, Archie, that you have been learning more than painting."

I wonder if she saw the colour flame into my face, as she called me by my name. It was natural, she knew me by no other, but to me it seemed strange.

And now—it should be understood that my confusion had not blunted my powers of observation—I saw a merry twinkle in our visitor's eyes. She walked over to my desk, and stepped on to the little pedestal behind it.

The boys were so surprised by this movement on her part, that they remained perfectly silent gazing at her.

"Now then," she said, "I want to see if you are sharp. Will you answer my questions?"

There was a rumour of assent.

"All right: then we shall begin at the very beginning. What are you?"

One looked at the other, and they began to titter; this, however, I stopped by a threatening look, and one or two of the boldest having murmured, "We be boys," "Boys" was presently echoed by them all. She nodded her head.

"Right. Now I dare say you think that a very easy question. Answer the next. What is a boy?" Silence followed. "Can none of you tell me?"

"Why," said one of the most forward, "*we* be boys."

"So I see," Miss Beaufort replied, "but what are you?"

"What be I?"—he scratched his head—"I be a boy—a knows a be a boy," he repeated, lapsing into broad Devon in his perplexity.

"A boy is you, and you are a boy; well, *that* doesn't take us very far. Come! has no one a better answer—you—you—do you give it up?"

"Ay! giv un oop," said the last speaker, with a heavy sigh.

"Then I suppose I must tell you. A boy, my dear boys, looked at physiologically, is an animal. He may be regarded, however, from another point of view; philosophers and people of that kind call this point of view psychological. Now, as this is a long word which you may find it difficult to understand, I must try to put it into plain English for you"—to describe the bewilderment in these boys' faces while Miss Beaufort thus spoke would be impossible, but as she went on they came to see that she was joking, and broad smiles, which broadened into laughs, greeted her further words—"a boy looked at psychologically is a creature who likes lessons sometimes, but who likes holidays always, especially on a day when the sky is blue and the sun is shining"—here she looked across at me in the most bewitchingly pleading manner, and what could I do but bow my assent to anything she might wish?

A moment later, and the examination was being carried on in the garden, where a hamper of cakes, apples, and various sweetmeats had been previously deposited.

She herself superintended the division of these spoils, in the meantime intimating to me in the kindest way her request that I should spend the rest of the day at the Manor House.

"My little Clementina," she said, "is not very well; Mr. Clinton is in one of his morose moods, and there is no one else at home."

While, therefore, the hamper was being emptied, I slipped off to my room to dress.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MISS BEAUFORT'S description of the state of affairs at the Manor House was not over-drawn. Tiny was pale and languid—I should say, in passing, that she had been promoted to the post of companion to our young lady—and Mr. Clinton hovered between gloom and a tendency, which I had before noticed in him, to the utterance, with or without provocation, of keenly trenchant remarks.

I was full of spirits. The rapid drive through the keen spring air, Miss Beaufort's pleasant manner, and the novelty of my present position—for I had never before been a guest in the Manor House itself—all combined to animate me: and although, when I arrived, the colour within seemed as dull and leaden as the colour without, towards evening things changed.

It was no peaceful atmosphere, however. Stretching a metaphor, I might compare the spirit that reigned

among us to nature's restlessness when a storm, which has not yet burst, is felt to be on the wing.

We dined in a room which, they told me, was seldom used. It was small, but lofty, and had a vaulted roof exquisitely painted. In the dim light one might have imagined this roof vanished away, and nothing overhead but night's fire-strewed pavement.

Within it had the similitude of a garden; tall lilies showed dimly their golden fire from encircling chalices of purest snow, and filled the air with delicate perfume; for the rest, there was only foliage—leaves dark and shining, leaves trebly pinnate, that shivered as we moved, and the fairy-like fronds of many a rare fern; these, with their shadows, seemed to stand out like cloud-mountains from the walls, and in their midst the lily-crowns shone as stars.

So far, easy enough to describe; but the something added by ourselves to the scene of our little banquet, that sense of mystery and restful awe, in which there was actual physical pleasure, it is not so easy to describe, or indeed to account for. Called forth by the dim beauty around, it had possibly its root in emotions beginning to rise over mental tracts, that sooner or later they were destined to rule.

Thus it was, I think, with two of our little party; for we were young, and did not understand ourselves; thus it was with a third, for he was great, and did understand; but, understanding, had none the less given himself up to the inevitable. With the other—she who had subtly planned this feast of Lucullus—was it so with her? I cannot tell. She was a puzzle to me then; she is a puzzle to me still.

She appeared, however, I remember, to fall readily into the mood of the moment. She was silent and languid, and now and then her beautiful eyes looked moist and shining, as if they moved in an atmosphere of tender sentiment. Tiny and I sat together at the bottom of the little table; Mr. Clinton and Miss Beaufort faced us. She had so arranged her dinner that no coming in or going out of servants was necessary. Everything was at hand, and what waiting was actually required, Tiny performed.

The early part of our dinner passed away in a silence that was scarcely felt to be silence; then he that was our king, the great master and artist, began to speak. How grand he was! Listening to him, I forgot everything else but his voice, and I felt Tiny by my side trembling now and then, as if the excitement were more than she could bear. When he stopped Miss Beaufort put her hand on his arm.

"Caro," she said softly, "I wonder if Merlin was half as wise as you." I happened to glance at Tiny. There was a singular expression, as of indignation or holy wrath, in her eyes, which were fixed upon our master.

He, I think, was scarcely conscious of any presence but one. He took gently the hand that still rested on his shoulder, held it in his, and looked earnestly at the open palm; then, raising his eyes slowly to her face—how lovely it looked at that moment, in its pure spiritual beauty!—"Why Merlin?" he asked.

"THESE TOKENS WERE OUR ONLY LINKS TO THE PAST" (*p.* 674).

"I scarcely know," she answered; "it came into my head."

"You do know," he said, "you beautiful deceiver; but go on—weave your spells; here are these arms—tie them together; here is this soul—kill the love of its first love—scorch what it once thought was its genius; here is this body—lull it into eternal sleep. He is to blame, not you—he gave you the secret."

She answered in a very low voice, but it reached me—

"Has he given up the secret?"

"Answer that question yourself," he said; "and she——"

"I have tried; I can find no answer; I can never be sure about anything."

Laughingly he drained down a glass of sparkling wine and then—"Have you so soon forsaken your vocation? The sure path was never for you, my queen-meteor."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

SHORTLY after these occurrences, Miss Beaufort went to town for a few days; Tiny had asked permission to stay with Mrs. Carter. On Saturday our young lady had started. It was now Sunday evening, and after church I walked back with Tiny to the farm. The old people were keeping their week's holiday in the garden; an impulse—it was mutual—had made us linger in the avenue, where, long ago, we used to eat our dinners together and talk about the future.

I suppose the scene brought back all the old memories, for it was as though we were both seized with a regret, and a desire, and a longing after that old simplicity which the first breath of youth's hot passion tarnishes. I began to tell her that she was changed. At one time a saucy answer would have been ready on her lips, and I think it was this I had expected, perhaps desired; for when I saw that she was turning away her head to hide a blush and a tear, that feeling of regret, which had brought at worst a pleasing melancholy, grew to a real aching.

But she recovered herself in a moment, and, looking round at me, "It is early yet," she said; "shall we go on to the cliffs?"

I answered that there was nothing I should like better. So we started through the fragrant valley, and for some time we walked in silence, for I would not talk of indifferent subjects. I had a feeling that this was no hap-hazard proposal of Tiny's. She had wished for this walk because she had something to say to me.

And I was right. When we were far away from the village, she turned to me. I think it was then I first realised that my pretty playmate was a woman grown; there was such a strange, sad depth of feeling in her face.

"Archie," she said, "do you know that Mr. Clinton has gone?"

I answered, with some irritation, "Of course I know; he told me."

"But did he tell you that he was never coming back—never—never—never?"

I stopped. "Tiny, there is something the matter with you," I cried out.

She tried to smile. "Only that, Archie. I suppose I feel things too much. You see I saw it all from the beginning, how he fought against it, and how she drew him on and on. Oh! she is not a woman; she is not a woman! And now——"

She paused for a moment; she was leaning against the cliff-wall, her eyes fixed on a distant sail; I think she was scarcely aware of my presence. "If it had been any one else," the poor child said in a broken voice, "any one who really loved him. There are people who know how to love, who would give their very selves——"

But here, as though aroused to the fact that she was not alone, she broke off, and her face, even to the roots of her hair, became suffused with crimson.

"What nonsense I have been talking!" she cried out. "Love! Giving up! You and I, Archie, are old enough to know that such things are fables."

But I knew that what she had said was not nonsense, and my heart swelled. A rising up suddenly of tenderness, regret, and the vision of a fair "might have been," which had smiled upon me once or twice before the encroachment on my life of this mad dream, seemed to choke me. When I took Tiny's little hand in mine tears started to my eyes.

"Dear," I said, "I understand; you love him."

What was my surprise when she tore her hand from my grasp and burst into a wild laugh!

"You understand!" she cried. "You! Oh! but this is fine! A boy! a foolish, blind, ungrateful boy! He taught you, he made you what you are; you followed him about like a dog; and this is your return. You come with your boyish face and flattering ways, your art and your poetry—oh! how I hate—how I *hate* poetry!"

"Tiny!"

"No; let me speak, or I shall go mad! I have kept it to myself until—oh, Archie! my heart aches so. I thought the world would be different."

She ended with a sob, and the old fraternal affection, with the consoling and protective instincts inherent in man's nature, were together too much for me. My arm stole round my pretty playmate's waist, and she did not repel me. She sighed like a tired child that has found its home, then began to cry, not with violence, but gently, till, recovering, she lifted up her head and spoke again—many words and strange. I knew that what she said was full of truth, and—well, all the same, I did not believe because I would not. The poison was too sweet.

But I was not angry with Tiny, neither was she with me. Rather, when this first ebullition was over, we wandered, as if by mutual consent, from these disturbing themes, and our talk ran into pleasant reminiscences of the past. These had a softening effect upon us, and presently we renewed vows made long ago, promised that so long as our lives should last we would care one for the other, "as brother and sister," we said, for a feeling more absorbing than this fraternal affection was busy at both our hearts. After that we exchanged, child-like, the tokens of this love.

"We shall want them some day," we said; "and when we want them we shall want one another."

For these tokens—a golden heart, belonging to Tiny, bearing on it initials in blue enamel, which passed into my hands; and the locket, with my father's and mother's likenesses, which passed into hers—were our only links to the past.

We parted then, but between school-hours on the Monday I went to the farm to ask for Tiny. I did not find her as I had expected.

Mrs. Carter was in her kitchen shelling peas, and one of her daughters from London was standing near her.

"I can't make it out," the old woman was saying, as I came up to her door; "you know more of they kind of folk than I do, Betsy; what d'ye think made her come so sudden?"

"I can't tell, mother, I'm sure; often enough they don't know theirselves what they mean to do until it's done. But Mr. Archie's at the door."

As a schoolmaster and an artist, I was treated with some respect by the villagers. To Mrs. Carter, however, I was always the little boy who had miraculously escaped from drowning.

She shook her head, and nodded and smiled roguishly, when she saw me. "Come in, come in," she cried; "no; she's not behind the door, nor yet hidden in the press."

"But where is she, Mrs. Carter?"

The old woman winked at her daughter. Evidently,

my penetration in knowing to whom she alluded was a fresh proof of that bent in my inclination with which the people in the farm had long since credited me.

"Spirited away," she answered.

"And you'll never see her no more, never no more!" said an impish little boy, who at this moment looked in from the garden. He was the son of Betsy Carter's employers, and, consequently, a privileged person at the farm.

"I saw it all," said this terrible child; "her mistress came when you were out, you know, last night, spooning, and my eye! didn't she look savage!"

"Master Henry," said Betsy, "do be quiet."

"Who told you to speak?" the little monster answered. "Look here, Mr. What's-your-name, they've gone to London."

"London!"

"Don't you be put about, my dear," said kind Mrs. Carter; "it's only for a week. The French lady's-maid's turned out deceitful, they say; like enough too! I never knew a foreigner yet—and I've known a good few in my time—but not one of them all that could say the simple truth when they were asked; it's this and that, and beating about the bush——"

"But about Tiny?" I interrupted.

"*Ain't* he far gone?" sang out that odious boy; while Mrs. Carter answered—

"I was just coming to that; our young lady wants some one with her that she can rely upon, she says, in London; and no wonder, for it's a wicked place, my dear, and our Tiny has principles if she's nothing else; though for that matter——"

I was very impatient. It may partly be accounted for by the fact that the small London boy continued to stand at the door, and cast at me hideous and mocking grimaces.

"Then they have gone to London?" I interrupted; "when did they start?"

"By the late train last night," answered the sympathetic Betsy; "and, Mr. Archie, if it's any good to you to know their address — they live near my people."

"Your tongue's too long, Miss Betsy!" cried that provoking little chorus, from the door.

I made a sudden dart after him, and he flew away like the wind, charmed at having provoked me to retaliation.

But I did not follow him far, nor did I return to the farm-house to ask for Miss Beaufort's town address. I strolled back to my studio, and sat down as quietly as I could to paint. Could it be that Miss Beaufort was jealous? This, I must fain confess, far more than any idea about possible discomfort or uneasiness to my little play-fellow, possessed my mind that day. It was so strange, so bewildering a notion. I had time, however, during the following days properly to reprove myself for its vanity; for a week passed, nine days, ten days—Betsy and her little plague departed; and we heard nothing. To me it was like a famine, or breaking off in the middle of a romance, when interest is at its most absorbing stage.

At last—they had been away a fortnight—I saw a face that, during the preceding weeks, had become familiar to me. It was that of my lady's page. He was a beautiful little creature, with a face like a woman's, and soft curling hair, and he smiled when he saw me.

I ran to the gate. He drew a small note from his pocket. Trembling with eagerness, I broke the seal, for it was in our young lady's own hand-writing.

Within were the following words:—

"Come to me, Archie. I am sad and disappointed. I want your advice about one dear to both of us. There is another matter, but that I dare not put on paper."

"Sad and disappointed!" The words staggered me, and for fully a minute I stood silent gazing out before me.

Juan's hand on my arm aroused me. Chattering volubly in some foreign tongue, he was pointing down the road.

I followed his guidance, and in a few moments we came across Miss Beaufort's pony-carriage.

I understood then that it had been sent for me; I jumped in: Juan took the reins and whipped up the ponies. He did not spare them. Had any seen us flying through the night, they might have thought we were bound on an errand of life and death. So, for all I could tell, we were.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

WAS this Miss Beaufort herself, or was I dreaming still? Let me try to recall the scene exactly as it passed before me.

I am in her own exquisite little boudoir, with its soft rose-tints, its art-treasures, its subtle pervading perfumes—not the fresh sweetness of mignonette or violet, but Oriental essences, those perfumes that lull the senses into a delicious rest. It is neither light nor dark; outside, the flower-strewed lawn seems to melt into a shadowy background; far away in the west lingers a faint blush of colour; above, the sky is tender, dim, transparent; a young moon, faintly tinged with crimson, hangs in the skirt of a cloud; here and there a star, like some fire-tipped arrow, trembles into sight; and meanwhile, the sounds of the still evening—the hum of myriad insects, the light wind's rustling, the waves' indistinct murmur, pour in through the open window.

She is half-sitting, half-reclining on a sofa near the window; a loose robe of dead white fastened at the waist with a jewelled belt hangs round her in exquisite folds; diamonds flash from her hair; save for the gold setting of her gems, her yellow hair, and her diamonds' thousand-fold gleaming of divided rays, there is no colour about her: yet all this, strange as it is, strikes me less than her attitude and expression. The attitude is instinct with sorrowful languor; the expression is that seen in pictures of Goethe's "Marguerite," child-like, but sad, with a weary look, as of suffering or of something deeper even than suffering.

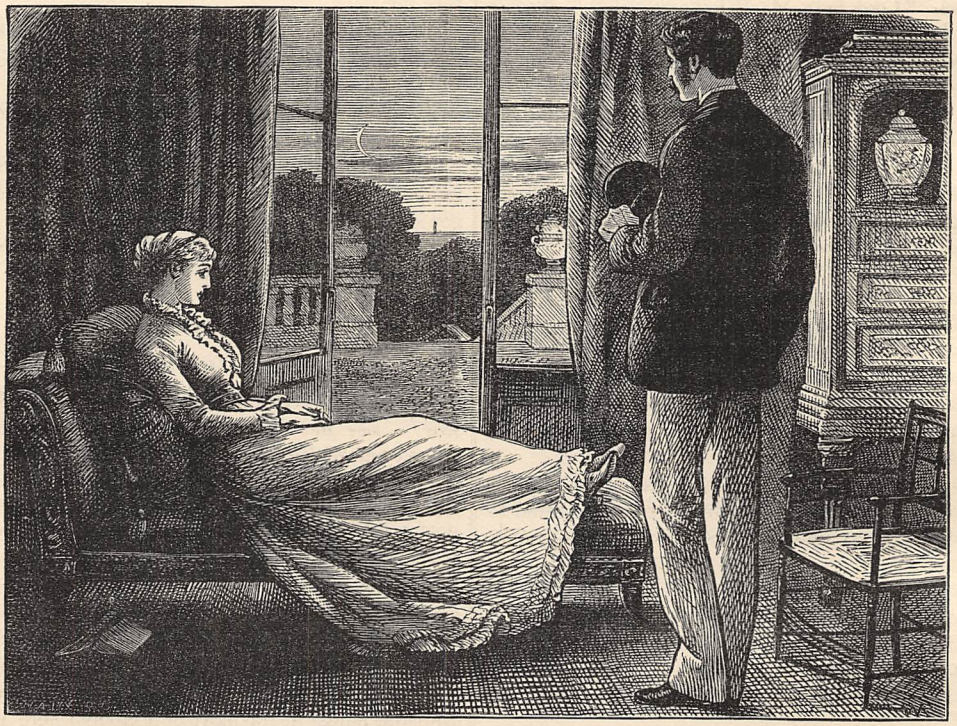
These were the ideas that began to work in my brain, and in that moment's pause—for I dared not speak—there came into my feeling towards her a

new element. I had adored our young lady: as a bright, particular star, moving in a sphere far away from mine, I had regarded her. This sadness and dejection brought her near to me. I dared to pity, and I knew all at once that I loved.

A bewildering moment! If before I had been still, now I was dumb, mute, powerless.

It seemed long—for emotion plays singular tricks with time—actually, I suppose, I had barely stood for two or three seconds within the room, when Miss Beaufort turned round.

"So you are really there, Archie!" she said. "I thought Juan would bring you. Come here and sit down."



"THIS SADNESS AND DEJECTION BROUGHT HER NEAR TO ME."

I obeyed, awkwardly, as I imagine.

To my amazement, she held out both her hands and burst into tears.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she cried out.

"Forgive you, Miss Beaufort!"

"I felt I was wrong at the time," she went on. "I should have left you together. She would have forgotten that mad girlish love which long ago I saw coming on, and, for her sake as well as yours, tried to destroy; she would have returned to the old childish feeling, and you, my poor Archie, would have had your heart's desire. Oh! it was prettier than an idyl, and I spoiled it—I who love you both so much."

Tears rained from her eyes: she might have been a little child conscience-stricken for some trivial fault.

Timidly, but with a deep reverence, I raised her hand and pressed it to my lips. I would tell her that which no words could convey—namely, that I and all I possessed were at her service.

So she understood me, for she smiled through her tears.

"Thank you, Archie," she said softly: "that shows that you are ready to forgive; but wait; my confession is not nearly over."

It was at this point, I think, that my rebellious tongue broke loose. To the fever of my blood all old feelings were as straw. What were confessions to me, even though they had to do with my sister and playmate, when this wild tale of love and passion was waiting for utterance?

And I spoke. The words of that outpouring I will not attempt to transcribe. It was boyish, of course, and exaggerated; full of superlatives and needless repetitions; wanting, beyond a doubt, both in grammar and style. But what of all that, since I made my meaning clear?

My rhapsody must have occupied some little time, for I remember, as a distinct thread in the complex of thought, wonder at my own fluency.

But at last I paused, breathless, exhausted, with my head on my hands, and a sullen feeling at my heart. I was expecting—for, as I told myself, she would certainly consider me beneath her indignation—a ringing laugh of mockery.

No such thing. She put her hand on my shoulder kindly, tenderly even.

"This is very strange," she said. I held my breath

as she went on to tell me how, long ago, when I was only a boy, she had thought of me, cared for me, planned for my future, in what way I might know some day, not yet.

"Tell me," she said, "do you remember my visit to your school?"

I bent my head, for I could not speak.

Laughing with a child's candour, she went on—"It was amusing, was it not, Archie? But I must be serious. That was a serious step—how serious I cannot tell you yet."

It struck me now, that while Miss Beaufort was speaking her eyes were constantly turned towards the French window that opened on to the lawn; moreover, there was a listening look in her face, as if she were expecting something. My nerves being in a state of unwonted excitement, this disturbed me, and when she paused abruptly in the midst of this last sentence I hazarded an inquiry.

"Do you expect any one this evening?" I asked.

"No," she answered; "that is——"

"There is some one outside eaves-dropping!" I cried out, jumping from my seat. "I heard——"

"You heard nothing," she answered; "you are over-excited: we are both over-excited. Sit down again. If you go out you will ruin everything."

"Ruin—everything!"

"There!" she said, smiling, "you see what nonsense you make me talk by startling me in this way. Let us return to my day at your school, Archie; you must know, that visit was the first step in a magnificent career of self-discipline. I had taken a foolish fancy, so had my poor little Clementina. I wished to banish both our fancies."

"So you sent for me?" Little wonder that Tiny and the old days, together with that mysterious rustling outside, were utterly forgotten, for this was her answer:—

"Yes, I sent for you, hoping—but did I really hope? Archie, help me to understand myself."

"I will," I said, "if you will listen to me patiently for one little half-hour."

"Of rhapsodies? No; it was a rash suggestion. Your eyes are more eloquent than your tongue, my poor boy."

"Are they?" I knelt down before her. "Then let them speak to you for ever."

She held back the hair from my forehead and looked at me silently. What eyes she had—gay, sparkling: sad, weary: interested, perplexed: bright with childish frivolity, deep with woman's feeling—never twice the same! Meeting them, I felt as if rest had gone from me for ever. Mr. Clinton's words came back to me: "Queen-meteor!" Audacious that I was to think I might chain the lightning!

As I thus thought, there was a knock at the door of the room.

"Wait here, Archie," she said; "remember, you are not to go outside; you are not to stir."

More mystery; but I was scarcely surprised. I was walking in a world of wonders.

She was away for about five minutes. When she came back there was a new gravity in her face.

"Something has happened," I said.

She answered, "Nothing very new. I am a little disappointed, that is all. Yes—you shall know, but not now, not yet. See, the stars are beginning to shine."

I looked out. There were the shining worlds set in the midst of the black immeasurable.

Miss Beaufort smiled. "Your head is full of pretty fancies, I know," she said. "You must weave them on your way home, for I am wanted now."

"But when shall I see you again?"

"To-morrow, I *hope*, and then we must make an effort to talk sense, if not business."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

IT was a strange fact, and the lover of either sex will probably accuse me of exaggeration, if not worse, but as I walked home that night, though restless and excited, I was not really happy.

Eyes—they were not those wonderful changeful orbs into which but a moment since I had been permitted to gaze—looked with dumb pleading into mine; dissatisfaction with myself, and some hidden consciousness of a wrong committed against the lovely and the helpless, worked, a sullen under-current, beneath what should have been my fever of joy.

I found out what it meant presently, and the discovery increased my gloom.

I had gone to the Manor House that night to find out about the friend and sister to whom I was bound by so many tender ties. And what had I heard of her? Nothing—that is to say, nothing definite. There had been a hint of mystery. Hastily I repassed the late conversation in my mind. Miss Beaufort had alluded to Tiny's love, her foolish love, her mad love. I knew what that was.

She had spoken of something happening, which she would have prevented if she could. And I, at this very point, had been insane enough to break in with those irrepressible words; I had forgotten my poor little Tiny.

My heart swelled as I thought of this. But for the lateness of the hour and the manifest impossibility of taking any decided step until the following day, I should have rushed back to the Manor House at once. As it was, I compelled myself to be patient, and went on slowly. It was a lovely night, as I have said, but the wonder with which I had looked out on it was gone. I could not get up one fine idea about the sea, which was as restless as usual and as moonlit, nor about the stars, which shone out no less brightly than they had done a few minutes since. Self-dissatisfaction had put me out of harmony with nature. Was it not said long ago that "the pure in heart shall see God?" The longer I live the more deeply I feel that an eternal truth underlies those simple words.

I lulled myself to rest by the ordinary excuses. To think of any matter but one during such a crisis as

that through which I had just passed would not have been "in human nature;" moreover, was I not troubling myself in vain? Tiny was in *her* hands. Oh! that delicious lover's emphasis! It almost brought back my self-complacency—almost—not quite. Tiny was my last thought that night, and her sad eyes haunted me in my dreams.

Night is always a melancholy season. When I opened my eyes the next morning on a world made bright by my secret joy, I was ready to laugh at my unwholesome fears, which indeed would soon be dissipated. Miss Beaufort had promised to see me. One word, one direct question, and she would tell me everything I desired to know.

But the day passed away, and not even a message came.

Night had already set in. I was sitting writing when there was a low knocking at our cottage door which made my heart beat. I jumped up, overturning the ink-bottle in my rapidity, went out, and closed the door behind me.

It was as I had thought. Juan was at the gate. He put a letter in my hand, and I was for rushing back to the neighbourhood of our candle, but he put his hand on my sleeve to detain me. Rapidly he struck a match and lit a small carriage-lamp in his hand. By its light I read the following:—

"I could not come to-day as I had intended: strange circumstances have happened, of which I will tell you later, and to-day I cross to Boulogne. Some relatives of mine are staying there. I want you, *without saying a word to any one*, to follow me. Away from England and English friends, we shall be able better to discuss the future. Put yourself at once and without reserve in Juan's hand. He has his instructions from me."

And that was all. I read it through twice. I turned the page, I turned it back again; nothing more. No word about Tiny. Moreover, it was necessary to decide at once upon my proceedings, for Juan showed an amount of fierce impatience that, before this, I could not have credited him with. While I remained undecided he tore himself suddenly from my grasp, and rushed away from me down the street. Naturally I followed him. I could not let everything slip in this way. The boy was like a will-o'-the-wisp; on he went before me with his lantern, increasing his speed always as I increased mine. Two or three times I put out my hand to grasp him, and found that in some mysterious manner he had eluded me. The chase became exciting at last. I forgot everything that lay behind me: Tiny—the school—Mr. Josephs—my old life. Juan, with his lighted lamp, was my happiness; with all the fervour of soul and body I was trying to prevent it from escaping me.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

JUAN'S ruse proved successful. His effort at escape stimulated me into decision, and when, after the violent pursuit, I stopped to recover my breath, I found that we were far on our way to a neighbouring port. He made me understand that we were bound thither. I followed his guidance, and presently new experiences greeted me.

I do not think I was surprised (I believe the sight of a palpable ladder between earth and heaven would have scarcely surprised me that night) when I found myself by Juan's side in a little open boat, which was putting out in the direction of a mysterious-looking winged thing, at a short distance from the shore; nor when I was hauled in by persons who, like Juan, spoke a language incomprehensible to me, was I much astonished. I asked no questions—where would have been the use, seeing they could not answer me?—but trusted to my independent powers of observation. And soon the mystery was solved: I was on board our young lady's yacht. Juan urged me, by gestures, to go down below; but here I resisted. I wanted to be rid of him for a time. He left me, and I remained alone on the polished deck.

I had wished to be alone; but at first I could not think; fancy and thought were beguiled by the newness of my position. With un-English sounds the anchor had been weighed; we had begun to move, then to rush, then to fly through the dark waters; there was nothing to be seen but sea and sky, and the line of shore, that seemed already in its vagueness like another world; nothing to be heard but the sob and gurgle of waves that parted and met beneath us, and the hissing of the wind through our cordage. I held my breath. Was I my very self? But night deepened; I became accustomed to my novel surroundings; they faded from the foreground of thought, and my mind, partially paralysed by the events of these last days, once more took up her task.

I was no boy now; I was a man. I must look forward, reserve my judgments, decide for myself. Should I allow each moment as it came to bring its own decision, I would soon be no man, but a thing, the game of circumstance.

I did what I could. I called up Juan—the poor child was so sound asleep that I had to drag him out of his berth before I could make him hear. I told him that I wanted the yacht stopped; I pointed to the boat; I indicated that it was my wish to be set on shore at once. He sat on the cabin-floor, angelically patient, I must say, and looked up at me with large, dreamy eyes, that were apparently quite unconscious of my meaning. I was obliged, in common humanity, to allow him to sleep again.

And next I went over the little vessel. There was possibly an English sailor on board. It was a fruitless search. The sailors looked surprised at my restlessness. I believe they thought I was frightened—they made gestures of reassurance, and gestures of deprecation, shrugged their shoulders, threw out their hands, jabbered volubly, but made no attempt to let down the boat.

I was presently compelled to give up my efforts in despair; and there followed for me such a day and night as I have never since experienced.

If any one wants to know how self-dissatisfaction can sting, let me recommend a solitary sea-voyage, with, for all the company, some distracting thought of a duty neglected or an unkindness done.

One thing at least was certain: suffering had

stamped my sin of omission on my brain. There was no danger now that, in any fool's Paradise of my own, I would forget what was due from me to my little friend and playmate.

Slowly, meanwhile, the time passed. Early on the second morning after we had started, when sky and sea were still rosy with the sunrise, we floated on high tide into Boulogne harbour, and landed.

I did as I had been told—indeed, there was no alternative; for I, the village-boy, was helpless as a child in this strange place—I followed Juan's guidance.

He was quite at home, and, to judge from his manner, exceedingly proud of his achievement.

He motioned me into a carriage; we were driven rapidly round the basin, and put down before a large hotel facing the sea.

Early as it was, I had been expected. Our young lady was sitting at the window of the room into which I was shown. She rose and held out her hand, smiling.

"Thank you for coming, Archie," she said. "I was watching for the *Firebrand* and saw her lie off last night. I knew they would bring her into the harbour on the early tide, and as I thought my message might have alarmed you ——"

"It is very kind of you," I said in a choked voice, "but I was not alarmed. I would go all over the world after you, only ——"

"Only!"—she smiled sweetly—"where lies the exception, Archie?"

"Miss Beaufort," I cried out suddenly, "where is Tiny?"

She drew herself back: her brow contracted ever so slightly. I am sure my sudden question surprised her.

"Why do you ask me?" she said gravely.

"Forgive me," I answered; "but, oh! I must speak. This thing has been in my heart for these two days. I could not get rid of it. I am to blame, I know," I eagerly explained, for she looked annoyed. "I should have asked you this before."

"Throw your mind back," she said, after a pause of a few moments. "There are two incidents I wish to recall to your memory. Do you remember that during Mr. Clinton's first visit to the Manor House he took your portrait?"

"Yes; I remember it very well."

"It was good; remarkably like you—so far, well. Do you remember, now, a certain week when my house emptied very rapidly?"

Yes, I remembered; but I could not answer, so tumultuous was the crowd of fancies that this memory brought me.

"I see," she said, with a half-smile, half-sigh, "that you have not forgotten; but now I must really beg for an answer, Archie. Was any reason given in the village for this sudden change?"

"A great many guesses were made."

"But the reason, the most popular reason? Come, you need not mind telling me."

"It was so foolish," I answered, forcing myself to laugh; "they said a ghost that used to be seen about the house had appeared again."

"A ghost—ah! so—now, Archie, keep your imagination at work, please. We have picked up two ideas—an idea of a picture, and the idea of a ghost. We have to bring these together and connect them with your appearance this morning."

This was very bewildering, but I said nothing.

She then turned her head away, and in a voice whose quietness seemed to rebuke me, gave the following story:—

"You will remember the day when I first met you. I had returned home, and there the first piece of news I heard was your story. I hastened to see you, and immediately made up my mind that here was my romance ready started—a full-blown fairy tale, the good god-mother only wanted, which, of course, I determined to be. In other words, Archie, I saw there was a secret, and made up my mind to discover it. My first step was to have your likeness painted; Mr. Clinton did this for me; it was exhibited in the Academy of the following year, and I had it watched. It was told me presently that a lady was frequently seen sitting opposite to this portrait, and one day I went myself, hoping to see her. For some time I sat in this particular room watching; presently two ladies attracted my attention. One was delicate-looking and fragile, her eyes were pale blue, her hair was flaxen, and there was a half-querulous, half-frightened expression in her face. The other was perfectly different. She was tall and firmly fashioned, and her voice was deep like a man's. It struck me that the small pale lady was afraid of her companion. She seemed, however, to have a certain plan of her own. I could see her, almost artfully drawing her companion towards the seat where I was. It was full. She looked at it wistfully. A gentleman was with me, and I motioned him to rise. Then I heard her say apologetically to her companion, 'Will you *mind* going round alone? I am so tired; I really cannot stand any longer; you will find me here when you want me, you know.'

"I suspected the lady addressed of thinking a snarl, her face looked so vixenish; she did not speak it, however; probably she had become distinctly aware that I was observing her. She turned away without any remark, and the little fair lady took her seat near me.

Then for the first time she lifted her eyes to the picture which faced us. It was your portrait, Archie. I watched her furtively, and I saw a troubled look in her face, such as one sees in a perplexed child; and afterwards her eyes filled with tears, which rolled slowly down her cheeks. I waited until she was composed again, and then I addressed her.

"'The portrait seems to interest you,' I said.

"She started painfully. I tried to put her at her ease by saying, with a smile—

"'I spoke because I know the original.'

"She wiped away her tears, sighed deeply, and turned to me, with a sad attempt at a smile.

"'His mother must be proud of him,' she said.

"'He has neither mother nor father,' I answered.

"'An orphan! poor boy!' For a few moments she paused, then, looking into my face, 'Oh,' she said,

'will you forgive me for asking you about him? I had a son once. He would have been his age—just.'

"'Ask me as many questions as you like about Archie,' I said. 'He is a great favourite with me.'

"'Archie!' She caught back her breath. 'How strange! my lost darling's name was Archie. And'—she went on hesitatingly, as if longing yet afraid to speak—'this Archie, you say, has no mother?'

"'The strange thing is,' I answered, 'that he never seems to have had any mother.'

"Her blue eyes turned upon me so wildly that I began to fear I had gone too far. Besides our time was short, for at this unfortunate moment her companion was coming back for her.

"She looked terribly frightened; but I just succeeded in making her understand that I would be in the same place on the following day, when I could tell her more.

"You may be sure, Archie, that I was in my place at the time agreed on. The little fair lady came in a few moments later, and I was pleased to see that her companion was changed. She was leaning now on the arm of one who looked like an old family servant. Her eye ran round the room; and even as I approached them it rested on the portrait.

"'Oh, ma'am!' she cried out, 'however could you make any mistake about it? It's Master Archie himself, the blessed lamb! and me to be thinking him drowned!'

"IT WAS A LOVELY NIGHT" (*p.* 677).

"'This is the lady who knows about him, Martha,' the mistress said; 'you ask her—you have a better head than I have. I'm so afraid it's wicked.'

"'Wicked! bless your dear silly heart!—but there,' addressing me, 'it's no wonder. They've that way of mixing up good and bad, a saint out-and-out would be puzzled.'

"Therewith she launched out into a detailed history of a certain little boy, whom she had 'taken from the month,' to quote her own words, and nursed faithfully up to the moment when he had become 'that unmanageable' that it was thought well by the family to send him to school.

"This sending-to-school, according to Martha, had been a very bad move—not so much as regarded the boy, who became really 'more the boy-like' (I quote her again), but as regarded his mother. She was so lonely and 'put about,' that she did a silly thing, which she couldn't undo—she married again. Then came change. Martha was dismissed, and Master Archie was sent to a new school, with the express purpose, Martha declared, of getting rid of him.

"But you are beginning to see what all this means, my poor Archie; be patient a few more moments. I leave Martha's story, the whole of which you will imagine. She herself had, in the meantime, spent her savings in stock for a little shop; and, for the sake of old love, had settled near your mother. Suddenly, while we were talking, Martha and your mother caught sight of a head in the crowd.

"Martha looked stern and belligerent; your poor mother turned pale and trembled. I did not wish to distress her, so I fell off from them, watching pretty closely all the time.

"Another was standing before your portrait, Archie: that he recognised it at once was quite clear. If ever I saw rage and discomfiture on any face, it was on his. But on this occasion I did not see much, for he joined your poor mother, who looked terribly frightened, and after a few more moments they all left the building together.

"I was pretty sure that they would not come again, so this method of finding out more was shut out from me; but, of course, I was not to be baffled. Indeed, both for your sake and for my own, the difficulties stimulated me. But your lips are trembling and your eyes are on fire; you want to know the end.

"Martha was my resource. She went to the house where your mother was living, and heard that she had been taken ill. She and other friends of mine watched. Days, weeks, months passed. I was backwards and forwards between country and town, never ceasing to work for the discovery of my secret.

"At last, one day in the autumn of last year, Martha came to me in great distress. She had seen and spoken to your mother alone: she feared she was quite out of her mind.

"The description of her state might well have made me despair. It did—but only in this sense, that it drove me to employ a desperate expedient, which had occurred to me, but had been rejected, since even the staunch Martha had considered it impracticable.

"You will think the same, perhaps, when I tell you that I had made up my mind to steal your mother

from her own home, without the knowledge of either her husband or his friends, and to keep her in close retirement, until I could try the effect of other influences in restoring her mind.

"It was a daring plan. Yes; when I look back, I am almost surprised at my own audacity.

"I won over Martha. We succeeded in corrupting all the servants in your mother's house.

"One night, when their master was out, we walked in quietly and took possession of your mother.

"That very night we brought her to the Manor House. Why did I not tell you? Well, we were afraid. A shock might have been fatal to our experiment. This you, of course, could not have understood. On all accounts I thought it better to keep her in hiding.

"She was in a dreamy state during the journey. When she opened her eyes on the following day—I put her and Martha in the turret-room, you know, that commands such a magnificent view over the whole country—she did not seem at all bewildered. It was her impression, I presently found out, that she had died, and was beginning a new life in another world. But in the meantime, for I felt the responsibility to be greater than I had any right to undertake, I sent for one of our first physicians. He gave me good hope, and promised to keep my secret. I may tell you, for he is a man of the world, that he would not have been so ready to fall in with my mad schemes, had he not believed with me that deleterious, if not actually poisonous drugs, had been given to your mother, and that all her surroundings at home were such as to have precluded hope of the recovery of her reason.

"But I must tell you my plan. We encouraged the strange notion that had taken possession of your mother. While her body was daily getting stronger, we surrounded her with a dreamy and unreal atmosphere. We dressed her in light colours, and so arranged that she should not go about the house except at night or in the dim morning. This is how the ghost story got about.

"Partly for mischief, partly to puzzle my guests, I had a dress made for her after the fashion of that which my housekeeper tells me our family skeleton wears. In this your mother flitted about like a spirit; and very like a spirit she was in those days, with her gentle grateful ways, and her pathetic mind-wandering.

"That was about the time when I came over to fetch you, Archie. Do you remember what an evening that was? Before dinner, you know, when the sky was full of colour, I took you out upon the lawn. How capricious you thought me for insisting that you should stand on the garden-wall! But, as you did not think it polite to refuse me, you obeyed, and for a few moments you stood there in high relief against the glowing sky. I see you know now why I did this——"

Know! I could have knelt down then and there, and kissed her feet; but I did not, of course. I was as unready as usual. Smiling, she put out her little hand, which I kissed reverently.

"After that," she went on, "your mother saw you frequently. I found out soon that these glimpses of you had a singular effect upon her mind. Every one of them seemed to be, as it were, a fresh link to the past. The incidents of your childhood lived again in her mind; she would wander in the most touching way about your little sayings, your small generosities, and wilfulnesses. Day by day her mind became clearer; and, feeling at last that the critical moment was near, I sent for Martha, who had returned to her business, and paid a visit to London. I see you remember the time. Our great doctor could not come to us: I went to him. I must tell you that with returning consciousness an access of fear had come to your mother. She trembled every time a bell rang, or a door opened; she refused to be left alone for a moment. I saw that, with the resurrection of the past, she began to expect and dread a return to all that was painful in the life from which I had rescued her.

"You will remember now the evening I sent for you."

My face flamed; and, smiling, she tapped me lightly on the cheek.

"It was not my purpose, foolish boy," she said, "to draw upon myself that avalanche of fine speeches with which you favoured me. But, as I have said, I was sad and lonely, and—well, I will confess the truth—your honest devotion did me good. What I had really wished was, in the first place, to let you know that Tiny had deserted me; and, in the second place, to bring you and your mother together. I was disappointed, however, as you will have guessed. I had promised to tell you nothing; she was to come down the turret-stairs, whose door opens on the lawn, and to surprise you by appearing at my sitting-room window. She reached the garden, you heard her footfall outside, but at the last moment her courage failed her. She saw a shadow on the lawn, of some tree or shrub, no doubt, and, making up her mind that Mr. Palmer was near, ran up again to her room. There I found her later, trembling and weeping, but happily still herself.

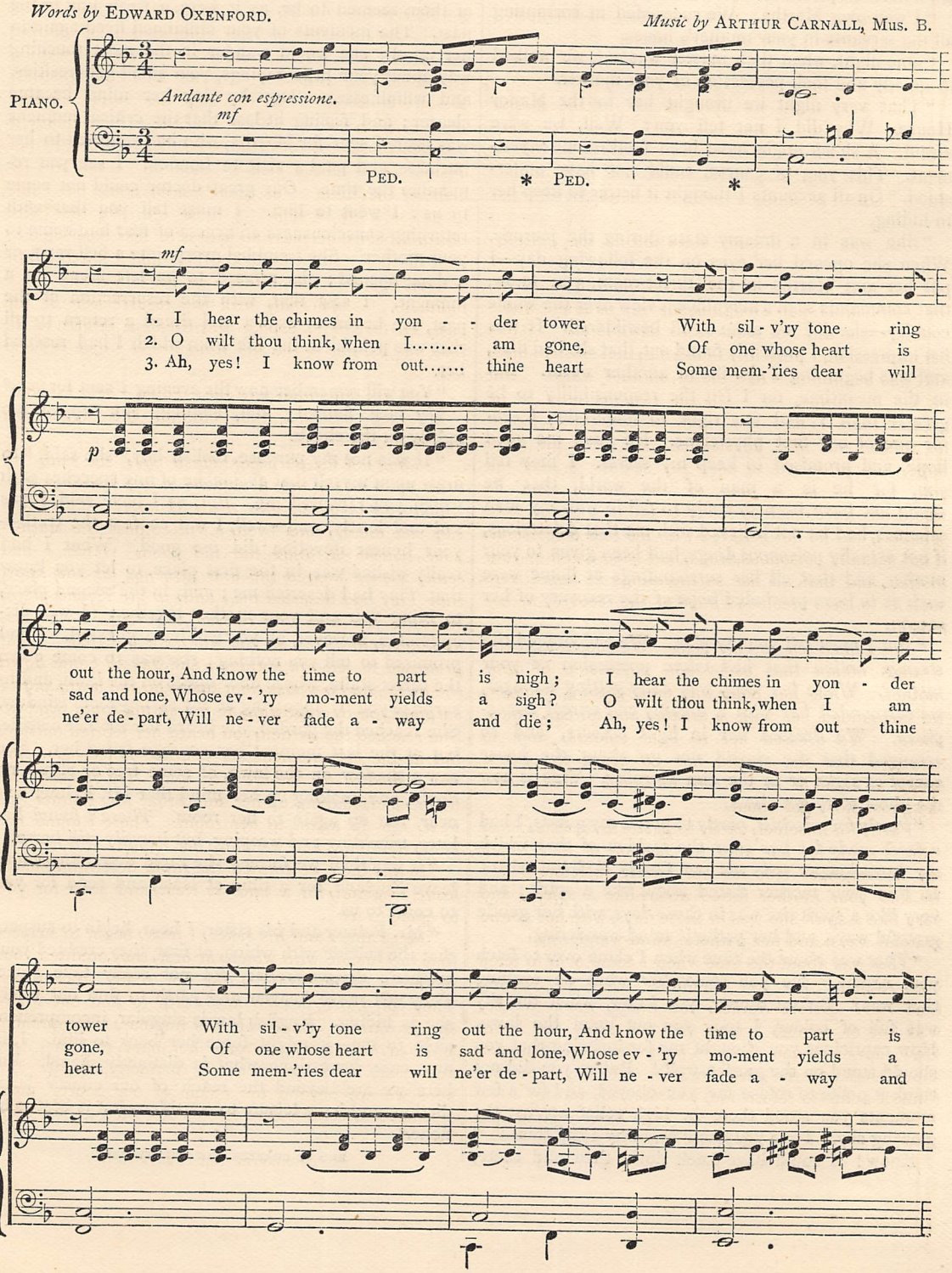
"It was then we formed the rapid determination to leave England, for a time at least, and send for you to come to us.

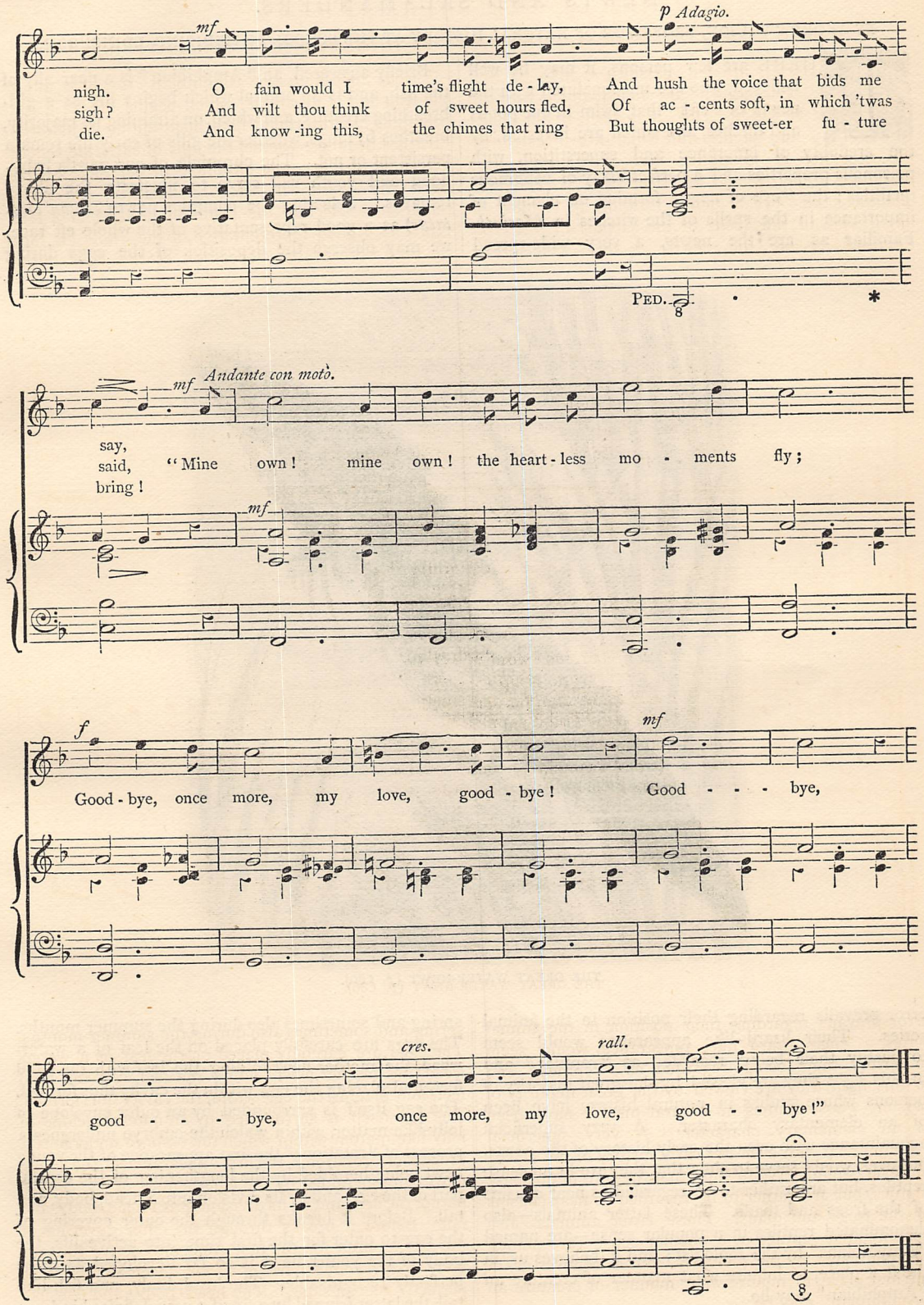
"Mr. Palmer and his sister, I hear, begin to suspect that the suicide with which, at first, they credited your mother's disappearance, did not really take place. They will move heaven and earth to find out where she is hiding. English law is singular, incomprehensible to me—it might force her back to him. I, in any case, have done what is distinctly illegal. But here we are beyond the reach of our courts' jurisdiction, and have leisure to consider what is best to be done."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

"Once More, Good-bye!"

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* ARTHUR CARNALL, Mus. B.



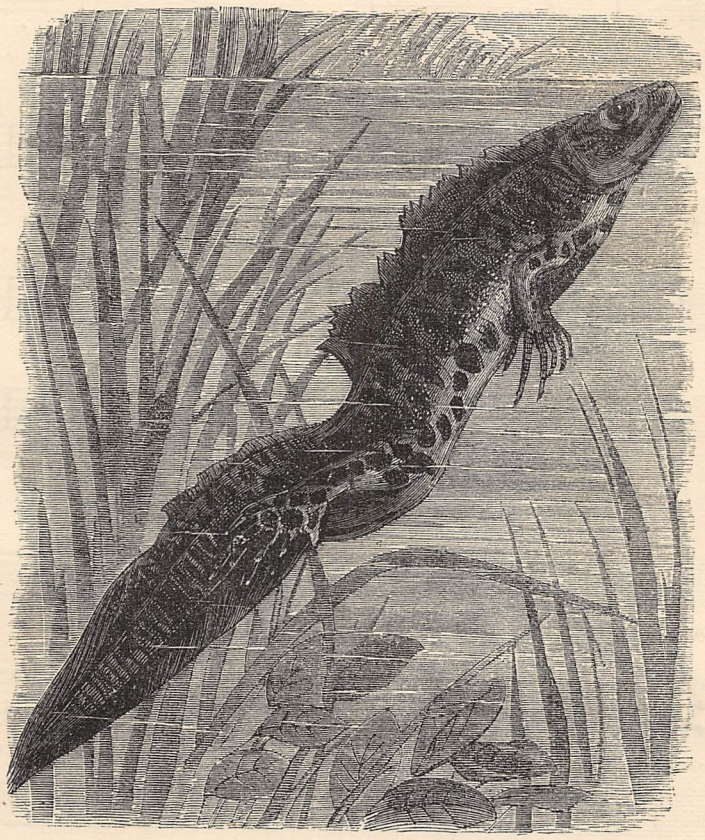

mf
p Adagio.
nigh. O fain would I time's flight de - lay, And hush the voice that bids me
sigh? And wilt thou think of sweet hours fled, Of ac - cents soft, in which 'twas
die. And know - ing this, the chimes that ring But thoughts of sweet-er fu - ture
PED.
mf Andante con motò.
say,
said, "Mine own! mine own! the heart - less mo - ments fly;
bring!
mf
f
mf
Good - bye, once more, my love, good - bye! Good - - - bye,
cres.
rall.
good - - - bye, once more, my love, good - - bye!"

NEWTS AND SALAMANDERS.

BY ANDREW WILSON, PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY AT THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, EDINBURGH.

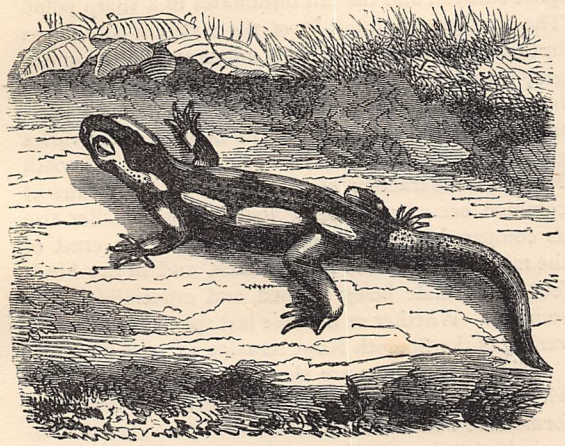
THERE are few persons, it may be well believed, who are unacquainted with the newts or "efts" that swim in our ponds and ditches, and which are invested, by the credulity of ignorance and superstition, with poisonous properties and a perfect array of venomous qualities; the "eye of newt" forming an element of importance in the spells of the witches in *Macbeth*. Familiar as are the newts, a very wide-spread error prevails regarding their position in the animal series. Their lizard-like appearance would seem to justify their being regarded as "reptiles," and in this light they are viewed by the great majority of persons whose studies in natural history have been of an elementary character. A very superficial acquaintance with even the early history of the newts, however, would serve to show that they are in no sense reptiles, but are rather to be regarded as near cousins of the frogs and toads. These latter animals—also denominated reptiles in a popular sense—are named "Amphibians" by the zoologist; and it behoves us, in the first place, to inquire what manner of creature an "Amphibian" may be.

Briefly answered, an "Amphibian" is a near ally of the fish, and is an animal which begins life as a gill-breathing creature, and which, on attaining its majority, breathes by lungs, whether the gills of early life remain persistent or not. The chronicle of our newt's baby-hood and youth will serve to illustrate the above remarks. Selecting the common newt (*Triton cristatus*) as a good representative of the whole eft race, we may observe the deposition of the eggs during spring and sometimes also during the summer months. The eggs are carefully placed on the leaf of a water-weed, the mother-newt folding the leaf with the hind feet, and placing the egg within the cavity thus formed. The egg itself is surrounded by an outer envelope of jelly-like matter, within which the embryo undergoes a process of "rotation;" the first appearance of the young newt being heralded by the lengthening of the central part of the egg, and by its division into a head, body, and tail. Before it breaks through the outer covering of the egg to enter for the first time into active life, the body of the young newt is so far developed as to be perfectly recognisable. The head, body, and fish-like tail, the latter fringed by a fin of a very definite kind, are



THE GREAT WATER-NEWT (*p.* 686).

readily perceived, as also are the outside gills which sprout from each side of the neck. When it leaves the egg we note that it possesses a pair of little organs situated just below the head: these organs being known as "claspers," and being used by the creature to attach itself to water-weeds and other fixed objects. Behind the gills, and on each side of the body, careful observation may detect two little protuberances; these latter being the beginnings of the fore-limbs of the future.



THE SPOTTED SALAMANDER (*p.* 686).

After its escape from "durance vile" in the egg, the baby-newt grows rapidly. In about twelve days after its liberation, it has increased materially in size; the gills have grown, the fore-limbs have become well developed, and three toes have appeared. The young newts, like kittens, are born blind, but the eyes are now apparent; and if we are skilful enough in the way of microscopic manipulation to imprison our newt comfortably in a "live box," and place a portion of its gills under water, we shall be able to see not merely a beautiful and interesting sight, but also gain a practical and clear idea of how the wondrous current of the circulation in the tiny being before us is carried on. The "claspers," being no longer required, disappear; and with its increased growth the young animal becomes bolder in its demeanour, swimming freely by aid of its powerful tail-fin, and darting after the water-fleas and other small fry which are its co-tenants of the water.

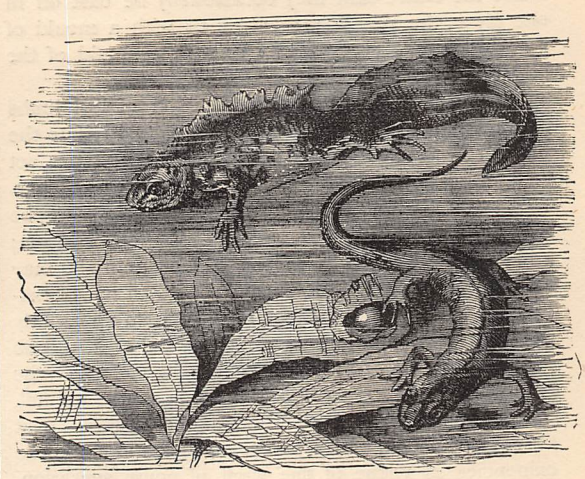
At the close of about the third week of its existence, an acute observer might be able to detect that a new era of an important kind was being inaugurated in the biography of the newt. The animal begins to ascend to the surface of the water, and may be observed to swallow air—a sure indication that new breathing organs in the form of *lungs* are being developed.

At this latter period a fourth toe has appeared on each of the fore-feet—four toes being the total complement of the front limbs. Then, also, the hind-limbs begin to bud out, and by the thirty-sixth day of its life these latter appendages are seen to be well formed, and furnished with four of the five toes with which they are provided. The internal examination of its body would reveal the fact that the lungs have grown large; and when the sixth week of its existence has terminated, the final series of changes in its structure are to be witnessed.

Then the characters and colour of the adult body begin to be assumed. Notably, the gills decrease in size and finally shrivel up and disappear; the openings through which the gills were protruded gradually close; and the tail-fin becomes shorter and of firmer consistence. And thus, with the disappearance of the gills, the perfect development of lungs, and the full development of its internal organs, the newt passes from the stage of adolescence, and emerges into the full vigour of its adult existence.

Thus it appears that the newts, although inhabiting water, require to ascend to the surface for the purpose of obtaining a supply of atmospheric air. They are thus as truly air-breathers as are the frogs and toads, which, by-the-way, begin life in a similar fashion in the guise of "tadpoles," breathe by outside gills, then by internal gills; and finally developing legs and lungs, reject gills and tail, and are practically terrestrial animals throughout their after-lives. The chief differences between a newt and a frog, in fact, consist in the rejection by the latter of the "tail" with which in the days of their youth both are provided, and in the prior development of the fore-legs in the newts; the hind-limbs being first formed in the frogs and toads.

We are now in a position to discover how and why a newt, frog, or toad is not to be called a reptile. No



THE SMOOTH NEWT (*p.* 686).

reptile is provided with gills at any period of its life, but from the first moment of its inhaling air breathes by lungs. This distinction is a paramount one between our efts and the reptilian "lizards," with which they are commonly confused. And it is hardly needful, in the pursuit of a popular study, that we should dip further into the special province of the

zoologist, save to remark that an absence of scales, the possession of a tail-fin, and a general deficiency of teeth, are characters which are to be regarded as the heritage of the newt, and as distinguishing it from its nearest *fac-similes* amongst reptiles.

The study of newts and their habits is not merely an interesting employment for a period of leisure-time, but presents certain features of a rather remarkable kind for observation. One highly notable feature of the efts consists in the marvellous reproduction and renewal of lost parts—a faculty which the newts possess to the envy of their human neighbours, whose powers of supplying bodily wants of this kind are sometimes exceedingly limited, even in the matter of nails and other extraneous structures. It is a small matter for a newt to lose a toe, and a circumstance of little moment if a leg be left behind in some fray or through some untoward accident; whilst a large proportion of the tail may be shorn away in the sure hope of a perfect reproduction of the lost member. The Abbé Spallanzani, a famous naturalist of the last century, experimented upon the Smooth Newt (*Lissotriton punctatus*), with the result of discovering that the legs and tail might be cut off several times in succession and would be invariably reproduced. If we inquire as to the probable explanation of these marvellous powers of reproduction, we may find parallel illustrations in the case of the lobsters and crabs, to which the loss of a claw is a matter of small moment, and which also reproduce lost parts with a facility which is nothing short of wonderful.

It is notable that in both lobsters and newts the skin is cast periodically. In the newts the skin may be moulted in shreds and patches; but in the Smooth Newt the entire skin may occasionally be cast off in one piece, the slough presenting us with a mould of its body as a glove presents us with a mould of the hand.

The explanation of the reproduction of lost limbs and tails, may be said in a sense to relate itself to the power of reproducing the skin-surface—the latter act being a perfectly natural part of the newt's existence. The cold-blooded nature of these animals may be held to predispose towards the deadening of sensation; and "pain," as known to the higher animals, may practically be said to be unrepresented in newt-existence. Were pain and shock after such an apparently serious injury as the removal of the tail or of a limb present in the newt as in higher life, the effects of the injury would be apparent in the death of the animal, or at least in the non-repair of the tissues. But absence of shock, and a power of accommodation to exigencies in virtue of the want of acute sensation, present us with the first conditions for the successful repair of injuries, and lead us to understand how the vitality of the animal, unimpaired by pain, is sufficient to reproduce lost or severed members.

The newts common in Britain are the Great Water-Newt, or Common Warty Newt (*Triton cristatus*), the Smooth Newt (*Lissotriton punctatus*), and the Palmated Smooth Newt (*Lissotriton palmipes*). The first may readily be recognised by the fact that the prominent back-crest of the male—specially developed during the breeding-season—is separated by an interval from the tail-fin. The body is covered with little warty processes, hence the term "Warty Newt," and its colour is a blackish-brown variegated with dark round spots on the upper parts, and orange-yellow below with black spots.

In the Smooth Newt, on the other hand, the skin is quite smooth, and the tail terminates in a sharp point. The back-crest and tail-fin of the male are continuous in this species, the male being coloured of a brownish-grey above, and yellow below; whilst his mate is of a lighter tint, with brown markings, and the under parts unspotted. But the colour of the Smooth Newt varies greatly. The Palmated Newt resembles the Smooth Newt, the characters of this newt—by no means of common occurrence—being found in its smaller size as compared with the Smooth Newt, in the crest of the male being placed further back, and in the hind-feet of the male being webbed, and especially in the summer. Whether or not this last species is merely a variety of the Smooth Newt remains an open question.

Allied to the newts are the famous "Salamanders," whose supposititious powers of resisting fire have formed the wonder of the ignorant in past generations, as indeed they are still remarked at the present day. The salamanders are simply "land-newts," which begin life as water-living and gilled animals, but which also cast off their gills, as do the water-newts, and become wholly terrestrial in habits as adults. The salamanders do not inhabit Britain, and they are, if anything, more lizard-like than our own newts. The land-newts, for instance, have tails of rounded shape, and instead of simply depositing their eggs, as is the case with the common newts, the salamanders retain the eggs within the body until the young are hatched.

The skin of these animals is of a warty and glandular nature. This observation is by no means uninteresting, in view of the probability that the watery fluid discharged from the skin-glands under pain or irritation, may have given rise to the belief that the salamanders could drown out the fiercest fire amidst which they could be placed. A chance observation may thus have given rise to an exaggerated fable of fire-extinguishing powers. The salamanders are common on the Continent. The best-known species is the Spotted Salamander of Southern Europe, the *Salamandra maculosa* of naturalists. A curious species, named the Alpine Salamander (*S. Alpina*), inhabits the higher parts of the Alps, in situations where no water-pools exist. The young of this form, possessing gills, would be naturally regarded as placed in an invidious position, seeing that in the absence of water their breathing powers could not be exercised. But nature has been equal to the task of modifying the life of the animal to its untoward surroundings. The young cast their gills before they are born, and thus appear in the world as lung-possessing and air-breathing forms. The lesson taught us by the case of the Alpine Salamander is clearly that of modification and adaptation to surrounding circumstances. The young were formerly born with gills and lived in water at

first as nature intended. But, as geology teaches, the Alps have been elevated within—geologically speaking—"recent" times, and as the Alpine Salamander was carried upwards and out of reach of water for its young, it must gradually have acquired the peculiar adaptation fitting it for its changed existence. Another proof that the present condition of the Alpine Salamander has been acquired, and not original, is found in the fact that out of some forty or fifty eggs produced, only two young are born; the two developing animals eating the remainder of the eggs as nutriment. Here again we perceive the wondrous adaptation of the animal to its habitat and conditions of life. Formerly the Alpine Salamander produced, as do the other species, numerous young. Now it produces but two; this limitation in the number being the result of the unfavourable circumstances of the surroundings; whilst the store of eggs becomes utilised under the changed conditions to serve as a store of food for the favoured young. We are taught thus that the living part of nature, equally with the inorganic universe around us, is subject to changes and vicissitudes, often of startling character; and we also see in such changes that marvellous power of adaptation to unwonted circumstances which characterises the world of life at large.

HIS STRANGE INFATUATION.

FAR back, in the days when good-natured Queen Anne lolled comfortably upon her throne, and a generation of wits and geniuses strutted about under huge periwigs—adornments mightily out of place with the wisdom they muffled — a certain doctor of antique mould was living in London, and waiting philosophically for the fame and reputation which had looked at him through future's vista fifty years ago. Now, in truth, Doctor Bone, as he was called, was no quack; but his nature refused to conform itself to the dictates of fashion and patronage, and consequently the general public had always regarded him through the wrong end of life's telescope, whereby his person and skill had appeared of indifferent make.

Thus for thirty years or more he had trudged his weary journey, proving himself of infinite value to the needy, and acknowledging uncomplainingly the propriety of his fate, but with a pride that showed his indifference to fashionable approbation. He met disdain with contempt; and, although he was loser thereby, had the conscious self-satisfaction of an independent spirit. Perhaps, morally speaking, he was in the right; but in those days of fawning and flattery, the renown he sought was as unattainable to him as the Lord-Mayorship would have been.

As for his person, he was tall and lank, with a somewhat ponderous Roman nose, lips that fell, by long practice, at the corners, and pent-house brows which thatched his eyes but poorly, for the water would often gleam under them at a tale of pity. Upon his head he wore, within doors, a rusty old skull-cap, from which his natural locks fell downwards in a thin avalanche of silk, and upon his shoulders habitually a cloak, unlike Whittington, turned little to its advantage. His knee-breeches, witless of ornament, bore some resemblance to iron stove-pipes which have known many a downpour of rain; and his heelless shoes, long unenthralled by buckles, but too often succumbed to the pressure of circumstances, and brought portions of his bare feet into contact with their mother earth.

When the world was greener to the poor Bone, he had married a merry-hearted lass from his native village, who for many a year had faithfully and ungrudgingly borne the trials of poverty by his side, and lightened the gloom of his existence with unflagging spirit; but one blank night the flame of her little life shot up brilliantly for a moment and then guttered into darkness, though the poor child was sorely stricken for the tired traveller she was leaving behind. And he, simple practitioner, bowed his fading head to fate, and toiled onwards childless, alone and sorrowful.

But one day, when he had passed his sixtieth year, a patient of his, an old woman, died, and in the bounty of his ancient heart he took a forlorn little grandson of hers to his own home, and swore solemnly to foster this stripling of three years old and bring him up as his own son.

And he kept to his word, and for three more years now had reared the minute adoption with a zeal and tenderness befitting his noble nature. For hours would he sit in his mouldy old study, feigning to be absorbed in some moth-eaten volume, but in reality watching and enjoying the gambols of his little Geoffrey, as he tumbled about the floor with a hundred infantine whims which went direct to the sunny heart of the observer. With his own hands would he direct the baby's meals, and when his old housekeeper, Betsy, had put him to bed he would creep up-stairs for a good-night kiss, or a playful wrestle, in which the little arms always came off victorious. Then would he return to his gloomy den and exercise his wits in the resolving of some intricate problem, which last habit had happily absorbed many an hour of his tedious life.

What a dear gift is the power of deep inward contemplation to a man, the power which enables him—as in the stories told of some ancient Christian martyrs—to wrap his mind in that dense mist of thought

which renders external objects and actions the mere adventitious nonentities of a dream! Many an insipid existence becomes endurable when this power is acquired, for it is not so much due to nature as to solitariness and self-dependency. Thus it often happens, by a generous dispensation of Providence, that those whose days are greatly shadowed attain an eminence of thought, the sweetness and nobility of which is never experienced by the more wanton members of mankind. Thus, also, many of our most brilliant discoveries originate in the breasts of such recluses—who become so in many instances from misfortunes and neglect—being arrived at along a weary perspective of thought, which is generally overlooked by the public as it faces the gigantic conclusion thereof.

The good doctor had, in truth, planned and consummated no glorious additions to science by this habit of his; but he had at least gained greater riches to himself than wealth could bring, which compensated in some degree for the dreary poverty of his younger days. So far he had jogged on with a quiet patience and humour, but when the parentless baby fell to his keeping a new and rich interest was added to his little store of gain, by which he was thrust into an untested groove of calculation.

Yet in the meantime his patients had no cause to complain of his inattention, for he never permitted a hobby to interfere with his professional duties.

"THE ONE ABSORBING INTEREST OF HIS LIFE."

And now arose the main object of his life—namely, to prepare a way to future success for the child of his affections, the little waif he had drawn to shore, so that his own death, which could not be so far distant, as he thought, might not leave this poor one to the tender mercies of a world he had no reason to place much confidence in. Hour after hour of the night saw him still musing by his study-table, no nearer a solution of the difficulty than the previous night had left him, but with a brain bewildered by the propositions which whirled in rapid succession through his aching head.

Then would he rise at length with a sigh, and, trimming his lamp, creep silently to bed, listening ever on his way for the light breathing that came through the door of the room in which his baby lay unconscious.

No tongue could describe the hold these young hands had taken upon his heart. The welfare of their owner had become the one absorbing interest of his life, amounting almost to a morbid anxiety, and an intensity of nervousness resulting from the high-strung sensitiveness of his nature. So far from making his personal ill-luck a matter of comment with the child, he took every opportunity of instilling into its fresh mind sound principles and an appreciation of mankind, which he taught and believed was ever ready to acknowledge and recompense honour and honesty. Fatality was no part of his lesson, but he made vigour and uprightness of character his criterions of success, attributing his own failure to a general perverseness and carelessness of nature.

Now it so happened that, returning one day from visiting a wretched patient in the neighbourhood of Westminster, he was attracted by a crowd near the Whitehall, which surrounded the apparently lifeless body of a young man, who it appeared had been thrown from his horse and injured to such an extent that he lay insensible. A cry went round for a doctor, and averse as he was to attending a creature of quality, as the young fellow seemed to be by his dress, circumstances would admit of little hesitation to a charitable nature in the present instance, which ended finally in his accompanying the sufferer to his home, consisting of bachelor chambers in the Strand.

Sir Henry, a newly-installed country baronet, proved a somewhat fractious patient in the hands of Doctor Bone; but a youthful constitution, not too greatly impaired by drink and gaming, carried him at length safely through his mishap, and left the reputation of his cure to the poor medicus.

Alas! that it had ended there; his final downfall dated from this little triumph.

Allured by the buoyancy of spirit and winning address of Sir Henry, this sad old life ingratiated itself gradually into the companionship of the youngster, and was by him directed—with little intent, I believe—towards the paths of ruin. Poor Bone was dazzled by a thought which flashed like lightning before the vision of his troubled mind—the gaming-table! Why not risk the few savings he had scraped together there? What might follow?—opulence, comfort, and gold—gold—glittering gold for his darling! Sure Fortune had unveiled her beauties for his benefit on a sudden, and he would not be backward, but would

feed readily upon her charms. What of the risk? He had little to lose, and much, very much to gain. He would listen to no voice of conscience or common-sense, but once seized with the plague, its terrible fever glanced from his restless eyes, and bit by bit he became a totally altered man. In fact, Doctor Bone sank into a veritable gambler.

Few of us probably have passed, or will pass, through life without some time or another coming across that most piteous and degrading of sights—an ancient gambler: men who, knowing how little time yet remains to them, play with a delirious and grasping eagerness, which aims at securing by reckless means what they can never enjoy; men who rattle the bones in the dice-box in sad mockery of their own shaking joints, and make no endeavour to conceal their unworthy avarice from the world. Lost to honour, shame, and decency, they are some of the responsible propagators of such theories as atheism, and are callously indifferent to the foul name and example they bequeath to their descendants.

The wretched doctor was undeserving of so hard a sentence as this, for his only object in view was a worthy one; but his misjudged ideas of moral responsibility had concentrated too thickly round one point, and he was to blame for taking so narrow a view of honour.

It is needless to say how his fortunes wavered and fluctuated; how his trembling feet sought night after night the scene of his disgrace and fall from former disinterestedness and simplicity; how his patients knew his kindly voice and touch no longer. Sir Henry himself was almost startled with the fearful eagerness of his pupil, and won his money with a shrug of the shoulders, for this spark had some little warmth left in him.

Poor old Bone! such disgraces were more common then than now, and less noticed. Simplicity and age are small friends to the gambler when balanced against the sharp-headedness and future-guaranteeing impudence of youth.

The doctor coveted, and grew very worn and unrestful, whilst at home boy Geoffrey played and slept on his little innocent life.

Piece by piece old familiar tokens and antique scraps of personal property vanished from their time-worn stations in the house, and were converted into money for those hopeless speculations. At first the old housekeeper no more than wondered at the strange whims and pranks that had overcome "measter;" but as each room waxed more lean and unfurnished a melancholy and wonder fell upon her, which induced her to remonstrate with Bone in a strain only warranted by the unflagging service she had rendered him. He met her remarks with a surliness foreign to his nature, and bade her not interfere in his private matters; but happening one day to enter his study, and finding the old dame lamenting with trickling tears a clock whose venerable voice had recorded each incident in those mouldy chambers, and whose disappearance had left a square dust-surrounded patch upon the mantelshelf, his better nature prevailed, and in broken tones he bitterly bemoaned those self-designed circumstances which had made necessary the departure of this his old friend and contemporary. Yet such are the contradictions of life, that his pocket that night was furnished with the eighth of the worth of an air-pump, which he had disposed of the same evening to an itinerant Philistine.

What a world of phantoms this is! As he passes through the streets of the great metropolis at night, one is inclined to speculate upon the various chances and incidents which are passing within those friendly or traitorous fabrications of brick and mortar. A shadow upon the blind may betoken death or life, dishonour and ruin, or reconciliation and happiness. Ten thousand hearts may be throbbing passionately, despairingly, hopefully beneath the veil which civilisation has wrought before with cynical decency, whilst this crumb of mortality is pacing the streets below, totally unaffected.

One night, to continue the above details, the few wayfarers in a certain by-way off Fleet Street might have observed a shade start into relief against the blind of an upper window of a dwelling, which for the rest was in deep blackness. This apparition seemed to throw its arms above its head, and after wildly clasping the hands, stagger out of sight, leaving the square of light to its former unbroken dimensions.

Ah, doctor! We have recognised you, and will enter.

A square table adorns the centre of that room which owns the lighted casement, and round it are seated some half-dozen card-players, all flushed with wine and in uproarious humour. In striking contrast to these boisterous spirits is the form of poor Bone, bowed down to the earth with shame and misery, with his white hair falling over the lean hands which are strained to his face, as if to shut out—What? With a cry, he suddenly starts to his feet: "Boy," he says hoarsely to the young baronet, who is sitting there and turns to him coolly, "I have lost mine all—no stiver remains to me, and I am in debt to thee. But I have some valuable things at home, the most precious of which shall recompense thee."

"Pooh, pooh, doctor!" answers the young fellow, "I am i' faith no merciless creditor; thou shalt have time to collect thy rents."

"No time," says the other, miserably enough, "can restore me what I have lost; thou art young, boy, but I shall too soon have to account to my Maker for these recent misdoings. Swear to me," he cries suddenly, "swear to me that thou wilt take and preserve in all honour what I shall render to thy keeping; for, God help me! 'tis a dear token, and one I would have well tended."

"Nay," replies the boy hastily, disturbed by so passionate an appeal, and the unconcealed mirth of his companions, and moved maybe by the eager entreaty of the suppliant, "an thou art so determined, doctor, I'll accept thy gift, and, zounds, it shall not be slighted at my hands!"

With this promise, at once both poison and nectar, the old man arose from his knees, upon which he had

latterly thrown himself, and with one piteous, haggard look on the table and its hateful surroundings, rushed wildly from the room.

With the exception of a few loiterers, the streets were deserted as this poor ruin hurried through them with uncertain gait, and his thin locks streaming in the chill breeze. With many halts and diversions from his course, he at length succeeded in reaching his home, and letting himself in with trembling hands, he mounted the stairway, and softly stole into the room in which boy Geoffrey was enjoying the dreamless sleep of childhood.

"I have beggared thee," he said, with a long heart-broken sigh, and the boy woke up suddenly, and wondered at him with round, sleepy eyes.

"Come, my little one," whispered the doctor, "I have a mission for thee; ask no questions, pretty; thine old grandad is sorely troubled." With a great sob, he lifted the astonished but obedient baby from his crib, and waiting no longer than to envelop him in a thick blanket, crept noiselessly down the stairs and out again into the night mist.

The small party in the room off Fleet Street, having broken up, was donning cape and muffler, when a feeble step came climbing the flight towards their room-door. This opened, and Doctor Bone silently entered, with his bundle so adjusted as to conceal the contents. Placing it gently upon the table, and still holding it, he turned to the young baronet and said—

"'Tis the last stake I lost to thee, boy; remember thy words — oh, God pity me! — remember thy words!"

He was gone before they had recovered from their astonishment, when one exclaimed—

"Gadzooks, Harry, 'tis something that moves!"

Sir Henry strode hastily to the table, and with a suspicion of the truth unwound the blanket, and disclosed the soft form and wondering features of a living child.

A moment's silence, followed by a boisterous roar of laughter, attended this discovery, and a torrent of sarcastic congratulations and coarse jests were poured upon the happy recipient of the doctor's last stake. In the midst of it all he turned to them with something like a tear glittering in the corner of his eye.

"Hold thy gabble," he said roughly; "the doctor had more reason than most of us in his play after all. To be sure he saved my life once—though 'twas professionally—and his wish shall be fulfilled."

Seeing him in genuine earnest, they contented themselves with a few sneering utterances, which he paid no heed to, and prepared to go. Sir Henry, taking the child gently in his arms, and stilling its nervous tremors to the best of his ability, was also leaving the room when a cry from one who had gained the house-door arrested his attention. This last had stumbled over what appeared to be the lifeless body of a man, and upon a light being procured the old doctor was discovered, lying as he had fallen, in a confused heap upon the mat.

Yes, hope, and love, and the cruel sentence of poverty could wreak no more changes in those filmy eyes, and as they carried poor Bone to the room above, a hush fell upon the little band which had been unmoved by the earnest entreaties of the living man.

With a gruff kindness the baronet laid little Geoffrey away from the sight in another chamber, and went to give notice to the authorities.

As years passed on the report went that next to his dog, Pluto, Sir Henry loved an orphan child he had adopted; but the care with which the turf was tended above the grave of a certain doctor in an old country graveyard went to prove another tale than this.

B. C.

WEALTH FROM RUBBISH.

OLD BOOTS AND SCRAPS OF LEATHER.

FLINGING old slippers after a newly-wedded couple, whatever its original signification, acquires a new meaning in these days, when nothing is wasted which science and art are capable of utilising. Long ago these well-worn "salutations" may have meant, "Your old friends won't forsake you;" but now the custom may express the more prosaic and utilitarian advice, "Waste nothing; sell it when past use." Everybody has heard some wag saying to a friend with a greasy hat, "It would make good soup;" but it has been reserved for modern chemistry to produce a veritable jelly from an old boot. That feat was accomplished by a gentleman in New York some years ago. It was not quite so white as blanc-mange, nor so sweet; but it is by no means impossible that, within a few years, "boot-jelly" may be as popular a dish at our restaurants as *grenouilles aux truffles* is in France.

Only a few years ago old boots were beneath the notice of the rag-gatherer, but now they are eagerly bought up by the itinerant merchant whose watch-word is "Old clo'," and whose aim in life seems to be to give the least for the refuse he buys. Has the reader ever taken a stroll in that most salubrious of London *quartiers*, Seven Dials? If not, he might do so with advantage. Hundreds of artists—whose basket

of tools consists of a threepenny knife and a few irons, whose stock-in-trade is a piece of heel-ball and a box of gutta-percha glue—make the useless wearable. There they sit, in dark dirty cellars, or even in boxes not bigger than a rabbit-hutch, hammering, pegging, and paring; while in front of their infinitesimal *boutiques* are rows of boots, shoes, and slippers, highly polished, and looking very serviceable. Large boots worn to the uppers are stripped of their soles, the uppers cut down so as to get rid of the bad places, and fitted anew with virgin soles; holes are patched up with gutta-percha; and, after a few touches of heel-ball and a short application of the "iron," they stand forth as marketable commodities, and are eagerly bought by the poor who live in the surrounding courts and alleys. These cobblers are technically called "translators."

But even when the "old boots" are too far gone for these skilled artists, they are never thrown away. Few uppers are so bad but some inch or two may be cut out for a prospective patch; and no sole is so utterly depraved as to be unfit for tearing to pieces, ultimately to assume a new guise, and, like the ugly chrysalis, to be transformed into a thing of beauty. Leather, when reduced to its chemical components, consists of gelatin and tannin, which latter has been incorporated into the original skin in the process of manufacture. Heated in steam at a pressure of two or three atmospheres, leather is dissolved without any chemical change in its original composition. A simpler and equally effective process, however, is to immerse leather clippings in organic acids, such as tartaric, fifteen grammes of which will dissolve two pounds of leather scraps when heated to about 80° Centigrade. When soft it is washed in warm water, by which all the acid is removed, and then the glutinous substance is ready to be operated upon. This process takes no more than three hours, and the simplest appliances are employed.

Formerly shoemakers in a small way, and even large manufacturers, did not know what to do with the scraps of leather pared off soles in fitting them to boots, or leather cuttings wasted in dividing hides. The only use indeed of which they dreamt they were capable, was that the product of the summer operations should help to keep the workmen warm in winter. Hence, what scraps were made were usually burnt in the workroom stove. That was a pure waste of a very useful substance, and modern chemistry led them to utilise it. It is true that leather-ashes were sold to farmers for manure by large manufacturers, but the tannic acid that remained was soon found to be injurious to the crops, and hence that market was speedily closed.

Most people know what printers' rollers are like. These are manufactured from scraps of leather, which are first dissolved and mixed with about four per cent. of glycerine. This compound retains its elastic softness for a considerable time, and when it becomes too uneven in surface to be of further use, may be re-melted and moulded into fresh rollers.

Printing rollers used by calico and cotton printers are made out of the upper leather of old boots. The worn-out material is first of all shred into very small pieces, then boiled in a solution of tartaric acid, and while in the soft state pressed with the pattern from matrix blocks and allowed to harden, which it does in a few days. It presents then a very even surface, and as it is a non-absorbent, is found invaluable in the Lancashire towns.

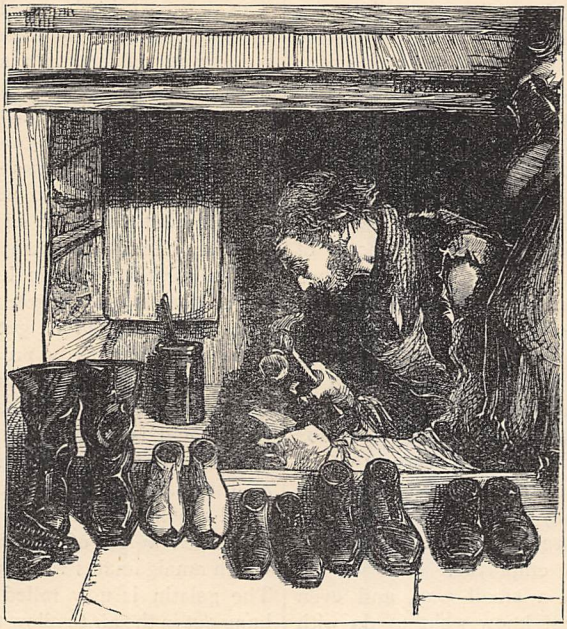
Most people imagine that goloshes are made of caoutchouc, but this is a mistake. There is, in fact, not more than from ten to fifteen per cent. of caoutchouc in the material, which has been immersed for three or four hours in about one-fourth its weight of bisulphate of carbon, when it combines readily with the gelatined scraps of leather, that have previously been dissolved at a low heat with a certain proportion of vinegar, glycerine, rape oil, and a little water. The prepared leather and caoutchouc having been thoroughly mixed, the mass is passed between steam-rollers and reduced to a sheet of the required thickness. This substance is more impenetrable than either leather or caoutchouc, and is used for many other things besides goloshes, waterproof leggings for fishermen and uppers for sea-boots being examples.

Glue-making used to be a very tedious and costly process; but since the decomposition of leather has been simplified—the scraps from the cobbler's stool or the great factories in Leicester and other towns—better glue is quickly got, and at much less expense. The great enemy to be got rid of is the tannic acid. Formerly it had to be precipitated by strong mineral acids and salts, but the action of these was neither certain nor entirely satisfactory. Now, however, the tannic acid is turned into what is known as humic acid by the application of strong alkalies. First of all the leather scraps or parings are dissolved in the usual way by tartaric acid, then boiled in about one-third their weight of a strong solution of common soda, which amalgamates with the objectionable ingredient. The gelatin is now rolled out into very thin sheets, hung out in the air to allow the humic acid to evaporate, re-boiled in soda, rolled out again, and re-dried three or four times till the tannic enemy entirely disappears. Nothing is then left but the pure animal membrane, which is easily convertible into powerful glue. Old boot-soles are equally useful with new leather for glue-making, and most of our worn-out "understandings" are eventually transformed into this article of commerce.

Now-a-days, indeed, nobody can be sure that he really gets a single piece of leather put on his boots when he sends them to be repaired. Where the cuttings or scraps are large enough for the purpose, they are cut by machinery into diamonds, triangles, squares, and other mathematical figures, with bevelled edges. These pieces are then fitted closely together, a strong cement, coloured as nearly as possible of the same tint as the leather, is now poured into the interstices, and the sheet being subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure, the small pieces are made to adhere so closely as to present the appearance of uniformity. Or, to make assurance doubly sure, a very thin veneer

of "split leather" no thicker than brown paper is pasted over the face, and the material goes into the market, and eventually comes into the hands of those who sole and heel one's shoes for half-a-crown, or is used by the dealer in second-hand boots.

No shoemaker now is foolish enough to cut up good leather for "heel-lifts"—as the layers for lifting boot-heels are called. "Lifts" are produced at about three-halfpence or twopence a pound. A Leeds gentleman, who now drives a thriving trade in "lifts," "inner soles," "shanks," and "counters," patented machinery for the purpose, which is capable of producing any amount of these necessary adjuncts to a pair of boots at so cheap a rate as to drive the old-fashioned shoemaking theories out of the trade. The scraps are first torn to shreds or ground to powder. A layer of this stuff is put into a mould, covered with cement, another and another layer of leather and cement is added till the required thickness is attained, pressure being applied as each layer of cement is covered with a sprinkling of leather, and finally the whole is put into the hydraulic press, and afterwards trimmed to the required shape. In America paste is substituted for cement, and one firm in the town of Lynn uses half a dozen barrels of flour a week in making the paste. This substance is technically known as "pancake;" and somebody tells the story that upon one occasion, a shoemaker who kept three or four men constantly at work, was very much annoyed when in Lynn he was unable to find the "pancake-shop," the people that he accosted being under the impression that he was asking for an unknown "pastry-cook."



"ROWS OF BOOTS, SHOES, AND SLIPPERS" (*p.* 691).

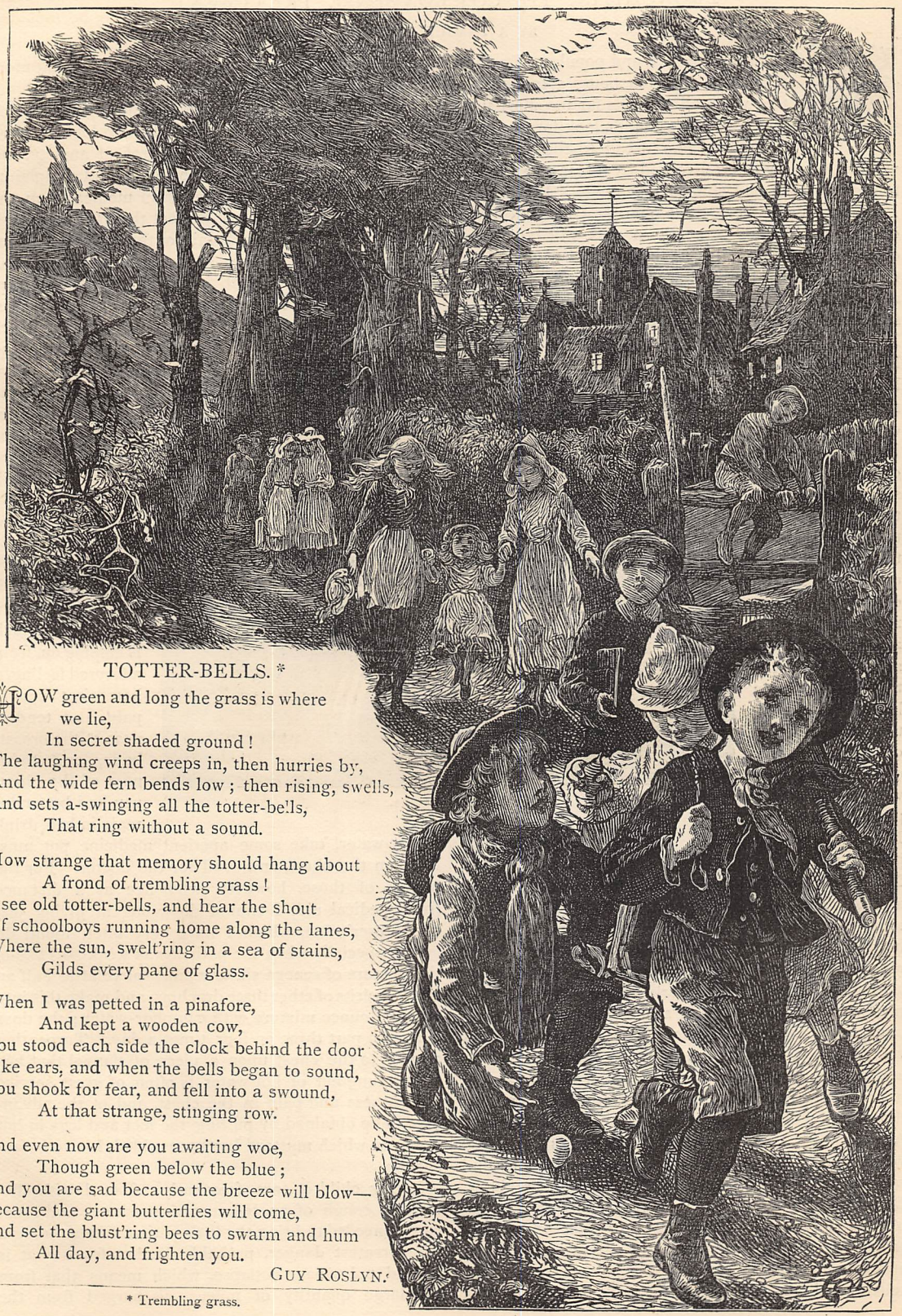
Several firms in England, Germany, and America are, however, employed in making new leather out of old, or scraps of new. The old is quite as good for the purpose as new, after being cleaned. The bits of real leather are simply ground and reduced to a pulp in the ordinary way. This pulp is mixed with india-rubber dissolved in spirits and treated with ammonia, which makes it of a greyish-white colour. The whole is then rolled out into sheets of any length or breadth—it may be narrow enough for belting, or wider than an ordinary cow-hide. It is said that this substance has all the appearance of leather, but that it wears much better, does not yield to hammering, is flexible, and impervious to water. Pump-leather, harness of all kinds, leather-belting without the expense of joining more than once, or the annoyance consequent upon the joints parting, are made from it; and when in the condition of dough it may be moulded into hose, fire-buckets; or, mixed with curriers' shavings, cork, and other substances, rolled out into floor coverings. The cost of this new material is not more than 1¼d. or 1½d. per pound.

Some years ago a factory existed at Romsey for making parchment from the parings of raw hides treated with an alkaline solution, and answering to all the demands made upon it. This artificial production was perfect as regards colour, smoothness of surface, and strength; but it was superseded by the discovery of the conversion of thick unsized paper by sulphuric acid into a vegetable parchment at much less cost.

Perhaps the most ingenious use to which scraps of old leather have been adapted is the following, a process so far perfectly successful:—The old soles of boots are torn up in the usual way, cleaned, and reduced to pulp. This is mixed with equal quantities of old bagging and waste paper and cast in moulds. When dry it is very hard and solid, and is used to fill into the tires of railway or tram wheels. It is said to be a great improvement upon wood, which was formerly used, and is neither so heavy nor so liable to crack by drought, or lose its shape, and endanger the safety of carriages and their living freight.

These are a few of the uses of old boots and scrap-leather; but the manifold industries which have been created are still in their infancy, and there seems to be no limit to the varied uses to which the manufactured products may be applied; but perhaps enough has been said to show what has already been done, to account for the desire of a certain class of itinerants to buy old boots, and to explain the modern phenomenon of a pair of new spring-side boots at the low figure of 2s. 11½d. It was Dr. Andrew Wynter who, some years ago, wrote a charming article on the immoral and deteriorating influence of old boots upon the character of the wearer; but the day is not far distant apparently when the poorest will not be called upon to slouch through the streets slipshod and down-at-heel, for somebody may yet discover the means of moulding boots, as the glass-blower does bottles, and selling these necessary appendages for a fraction of the present cost of a wearable article.

W. GIBSON.



TOTTER-BELLS. *

HOW green and long the grass is where we lie,
In secret shaded ground!
The laughing wind creeps in, then hurries by,
And the wide fern bends low; then rising, swells,
And sets a-swinging all the totter-bells,
That ring without a sound.

How strange that memory should hang about
A frond of trembling grass!
I see old totter-bells, and hear the shout
Of schoolboys running home along the lanes,
Where the sun, swelt'ring in a sea of stains,
Gilds every pane of glass.

When I was petted in a pinafore,
And kept a wooden cow,
You stood each side the clock behind the door
Like ears, and when the bells began to sound,
You shook for fear, and fell into a swound,
At that strange, stinging row.

And even now are you awaiting woe,
Though green below the blue;
And you are sad because the breeze will blow—
Because the giant butterflies will come,
And set the blust'ring bees to swarm and hum
All day, and frighten you.

GUY ROSLYN.

* Trembling grass.

BRONCHITIS: ITS COMMON-SENSE TREATMENT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE climate of rich and populous England is so very far from being a model one, that while all enjoy its far too short summer, tens of thousands look forward with something like dread to the advent of winter; for only a few favoured by fortune can afford to seek for safety by change of climate. By the way, I wonder much if ever that charming idea of winter cruising for invalids in southern seas will be carried out. How many a valuable life it would save! How many a delicate frame it would change to a healthy and robust one! The scheme was this:—A large frigate-built ship of 1,300 tons register was to leave England about the middle of October. It was not to be a hospital-ship by any means, but freighted only with cases likely to be benefited by the cruise, and the absence from our terribly fickle winter climate. It was to be fitted up with every comfort and even luxury—bath-rooms, a library, and musical instruments; its table was to have been well found, the wines well chosen; its officers and crew were to have been picked men of the Royal Naval Reserve; and for safety against pirates, who now-a-days are as unsubstantial as the Man of the Moon, the ship was to have been properly armed. The doctor, too, would no doubt have been a sensible one. Nor were the perils of ocean to have been encountered, for this vessel was to have cruised within the influence of the trade winds, and in the loveliest climate in the world, with a temperature rarely exceeding 75°, in a sea almost waveless, and under a sky that is ever blue. The vessel was to have visited and stayed for some time at every interesting and beautiful place on her route, such as Gibraltar the impregnable, leafy Madeira, wildly romantic Teneriffe, the beautiful islands of Cape de Verde, Bahia, and Rio, Ascension, St. Helena, with its wooded hills and fertile vales, and Cape Town itself, the mountains around which are gorgeously draped in heaths and geraniums. Of course, there were to have been excursions to the interior of every interesting island or place, and no end of fishing, shooting, fern and plant collecting, gipsying, and general jollity. The whole scheme was truly excellent, and it is a pity that for want of a few pounds it should have fallen through, and it will be still more of a pity if it be not yet carried out.

VIEW OF MADEIRA.

Now there are many ailments and dangers which may well make the delicate and invalid look forward to the cold season with some degree of anxiety, but there are few more troublesome and painful complaints than that which has received from medical men the name of BRONCHITIS, from the fact that it is an inflammation, either acute or chronic, of the delicate mucous membrane that lines the *bronchi*, or air-passages of the lungs. It is in fact, in plain language, a very bad cold. There are many forms of bronchitis, ranging in degree from the simple catarrh, which is cured in a few days, to the highly dangerous and frequently fatal acute form of the disease. The latter must be left to the care and judgment of your own medical attendant. No simple treatment will remove it, so I pass it by; merely mentioning that if you have reason to believe an attack is coming on, from a fevered feeling, a harassing cough, pain and tenderness at the breast-bone, and tightness of the chest, you had better remain in bed, drink barley-water, take some aperient medicine, put mustard on the chest, and send for the doctor. For the benefit of those, however, who live at a distance from medical aid, I cannot do wrong in giving just one prescription, which I have very often found do good, especially when the patient was weak:—Take of the tincture of senega six drachms, sal volatile half an ounce, spirits of ether three drachms, and make this into an eight-ounce mixture with camphor-water; the dose is a sixth part three or four times a day. Turpentine applied to the chest upon a piece of flannel that has been wrung out of hot water is often of great service in tightness and pain in the chest, and of the advantage to be obtained by putting the feet and legs in hot water, to which mustard has been added, I have before spoken.

Young children are frequently afflicted with distressing cough of an inflammatory nature, and great care is needed to bring the little patient safely through. The greatest danger, probably, is that from what is termed pulmonary collapse, which means that from the large quantity of mucus discharged from the

lungs, and from weakness and inability to cough it up, some of the pipes become choked. There would, in this case, be little addition to the feverish symptoms, but largely increased difficulty of breathing. This would call for energetic treatment at once, and an emetic should be given, but not one that would depress the vital functions, such as antimony or ipecacuanha. Mustard is always at hand, and if the child can only be got to take a tea-spoonful in a wine-glass of warm water, it acts well, and is safe. It will greatly help the chance of cure if you afterwards place the child in a warm bath, and give some wine, with good nourishing soup, a little at a time, beef-tea, and milk.

Next in the scale of danger must be mentioned a form of bronchitis which is often fatal to those pretty well advanced in years. The symptoms are those of severe cold or catarrh, accompanied with difficulty of breathing and plentiful expectoration of frothy mucus. These cases, from the simple fact that the feverish symptoms are at the outset only slight, are oftentimes neglected, and thus many a fatal termination is arrived at: the patient getting rapidly weaker, the difficulty of breathing amounting to almost suffocation, from the accumulation of phlegm which the sufferer is powerless to expel, in which case death is almost certain to step in and end the scene. Such "bad colds" should be grappled with at the onset. People who are subject to them should keep in the house ipecacuanha emetics, one of which should be taken, and followed by a mixture every four hours, containing carbonate of ammonia, ether, tincture of squills, and paregoric, which any chemist can compound, but let him not be too sparing with the ammonia.

Old people, again, are remarkably subject to a kind of chronic bronchitis, which recurs again and again, often in spite of all treatment, and the symptoms of which are troublesome cough, some degree of shortness of breath, and a very large amount of expectoration—so much, indeed, as to often cause great alarm to the patient and his friends. Some aged people are hardly ever free from this form of bronchitis, but there are times when the cough is much worse than at others. It may last for many years, indeed it is by no means incompatible with long life. A friend of mine, who lives in Ramsgate, a deliciously bracing and health-giving place in summer, but cold and trying during the winter months, has attained the ripe if not patriarchal age of seventy and nine, but yet is wonderfully fresh, hale, and hearty, although he has been plagued with chronic bronchitis for nearly forty years. The usual story, I believe—caught a cold while out in the rain one wintry night; this cold was only really cured when summer weather came, but it returned with the cold season, and so has been going and coming ever since, although now the expectoration is very great indeed. I am mentioning my friend's case, reader, not because it is a remarkable one, but because there are many thousands like it, and I happen to know that one invalid likes to hear tell of the symptoms of another. There is but little pain with my friend's cough, and just a little shortness of breath, but no wasting of flesh, and he eats heartily and sleeps moderately well. Nevertheless, like a great many sufferers from chronic cough, Squire T—— has often frightened himself into a state of nervous fidgets, by the thought that he is far gone in consumption. *The* one mistake, in my opinion, which this gentleman makes in the treatment of himself is this: he keeps his rooms too warm and close; he is perfectly willing to take the fresh air out-of-doors, when the weather permits, but seems to object to it in-doors. And now we leave him, and long may he take his walks abroad; and I proceed to lay before the reader a few hints for the relief and subjection, if not the radical cure, of his chronic cough.

Well, then, if you chanced to visit a consulting-room, the physician would doubtless put a few questions to you. One of the first I should put would be, "How do you clothe?" Remember, hot as this summer has been at times, although the sun still shines warmly in the middle hours of the day, cold winds often blow, and the evenings and mornings are chilly and cold; and if you doffed your flannels at all, I trust you have taken to them again a month ago. If your under-garments, and stockings or socks, be soft, and good, and warm, heavy lumbering external clothing need not be worn. I am sure that many people fall into the grave error of wearing too much clothing, and thus encumbered it cannot be expected they can take sufficient exercise without feeling oppressed and tired. Those woollen-woven waistcoats, by the way, are capital chest-protectors for men who are subject to chronic cough; while the gentler sex, who are similarly afflicted, should never on any account wear tight-fitting stays.

After walking, never stand or sit in a draught; and if the feet are wet, or even moist, change the stockings as soon as you come in-doors. I do not wish you to consider yourself an invalid—the very thought of that is depressing, and depression is just one of the things I want to avoid; but I wish you to use every precaution, notwithstanding. Whatever you do, avoid sleeping in a badly-ventilated room. Remember it is your lungs that are the invalids; do not, therefore, begrudge them a little pure air. If you do, impure blood will be the result, languor and listlessness, and your mucous membrane will become more relaxed than ever.

The ordinary bath I have always upheld, but never said much about the Turkish bath. I consider it invaluable in cases of chronic cough, or in driving away any new accession of cold. But it may be expensive, as well as inconvenient, or even impossible, to find your way, when you want to, to a proper Turkish bathing establishment. It is pleasing, then, to know that you can have a portable Turkish bath in your own room. It is a positive luxury, which having even once enjoyed, few would be without. It is often, in cases of bronchitis and other chest ailments, advisable to have the air of the room moistened with vapour medicated or otherwise. Kettles are also made for that purpose, of which I cannot speak too highly.

Bronchitic patients should live well, and a moderate amount of stimulant may with advantage be taken at meals; but all excess only leads to further relaxation.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

OCTOBER has come round again. Among the ancients this month was sacred to Mars, and supposed to preside over and influence the fashions of the world. However that may be, it is in October —the season of changing foliage, deepening hues, and dropping leaves, brimful of the poetry of nature, beaming with smiles and sonnets—that I must discourse to you of such mundane matters as autumn modes, the new stuffs, the new styles, and the new adaptations. Truth to tell, of actual novelty there is little, but the application is both varied and new.

Watered silks are the chief feature under the head of silks, and there is a decided revival of moirés on the *tapis*. I have seen several dresses at the best houses made of watered silk, trimmed with Indienne — viz., bands of cotton printed in cashmere designs, and outlined by a chain-work of gold thread. This is somewhat costly, but could be worked at home for a small sum. With these I have also seen cashmere dresses having cross-cut bands of moiré. Satin is applied as trimmings on woollen fabrics in a new form. A useful brown cashmere, made with two deep kilted flounces, had a couple of rows of inch-wide satin ribbon, two inches apart, laid on the flounces, the tunic being bordered in the same way with wider ribbon. Two other dresses were made as follows: the first was a tweed—a mixture of brown, black, and sage-green; across the tunic in front were carried a series of satin tabs of the brown shade; the jacket-bodice had a piece of brown satin introduced down the back, and it appeared also on the pockets. The buttons for fastening the bodice were very large oxidised ones. The second was made of woollen brocade, with silk introduced in bright threads here and there. The two sides only differed in that the one was of brighter and more decided tone. It was arranged with a triple tunic, with what would be considered the wrong side out, the right side being turned upwards for the hems, and constituting a trimming. It was applied in the same way on the cuffs and pockets.

The list of woollen stuffs to be worn this autumn is a long one. There are tweed beiges in classic greens, yellows, greys, mulberry, and browns, both plain and check; crêpe cloths in plain tones and in mixtures, a thicker make having dots of silk introduced all over it, of a contrasting hue, such as black on a shot ground of pink and grey, red on a green and yellowish brown. All the crêpe cloths are intended to be made up with plain material, and are substantial, and will stand much wear-and-tear; hitherto the fabric has been mostly made in black, but in colours it is certainly an acquisition. Then there are the gauffre cloths, the pattern suggesting those light delicious besugared cakes, which look so much and are so little, and recall to my mind a certain stall where the dainty is sold, outside Fontainebleau. The raised check of this cloth is outlined with distinctive silk threads, gold on blue, brown on blue, blue on black. Gauffré cloths are not new, but what is new is the combination therein of wool and silk; and now I pass on to two items that are to be specialties in autumn fashions. To begin with plaids: they are to be very generally worn, and for travelling almost exclusively so. They are made short, the skirt two yards and one-eighth only in width; a straight tunic, equally narrow, gathered perpendicularly on either side, and a yoke bodice with belt. The Stuart, and plaids of that character, are most in favour just now, the blue and green mixtures being less startling than the red and black, but there are many varieties. Next to the plaids come corduroy. For years we have associated this material with the nether garments of the English workman; last winter some of the tailors in London brought out ladies' costumes in this same stuff, and since then the manufacturers have given the subject careful attention, the result being that the market is flooded with a great diversity of woollen corduroys, many of which have lines of stripes between the raised stripes.

Quiet tones prevail in all dresses, but mixtures in these corduroys prevail, such as dark green and cardinal blue and brown; and check corduroys are quite new. Some of the prettiest are to be had in blendings of greys and greens, browns and reds, and besides there is the greatest innovation of all, silk corduroy, the stripes of a mossy nature.

Serge is supposed to be on the wane, but for seaside wear few things can take its place; and a new and very light make is the Tyrian serge, which possibly will be too thin for this month, unless it is unusually

warm. We do sometimes have an unexpected and most enjoyable St. Luke's summer in vivid and radiant October, lighting up with a double beauty the golden foliage. The newest serge costumes are made with cotton serge in bright stripes, several colours blended. Beige is to be the favourite autumn tint, as it has been the summer one, and some of our fashionable women are having dresses for present wear made of Corsaire silk in claret, steel, and Carmelite. You can hardly do wrong in ordering a claret-coloured dress—the dark shade, such as in old days used to be called "Moray," and in Paris, "Grénat." Everybody has a black grenadine in wear, and very good useful dresses they are. The newest kind is bourrette grenadine, with thick irregular threads on a fine ground; it is firm and durable, but is so thin it requires to be lined with silk. What a run there has been on this word "bourrette!" And after all it means merely something that is waste stuff—refuse, in fact.

It is expected that an unusually large number of English visitors will flock over to Paris this month, so I will tell you the sort of dress Parisians prepare for wearing in the world's show. It is nearly always woollen; a *grande toilette* is not thought necessary, so the costume is made short for convenience sake; the bodice is either a Norfolk jacket or a habit bodice. The plaid suit I have described would be quite suitable.

There are a few special Parisian novelties. For the sort of toilettes which in England are called five o'clock tea gowns, house jackets have been introduced. The back fits the figure; the front is like a blouse. They are made in thick silk, and embroidered in coloured flowers. Embroidered crépons answer a number of useful purposes, especially for retrimming and furbishing up old dresses. At the Magazins du Louvre they are sold as long scarves, which drape easily and well. Foulard tea gowns, as supplied from Paris, are verily "things of beauty." I have seen one in light blue, the entire front consisting of perpendicular gatherings only an inch apart, this bordered on either side with lace. The back of the bodice is cut in one with the skirt, and the gatherings are carried up the plastron which forms the front. There was a square sailor collar at the back of the neck. Now all the world do not care to have, or cannot afford, so costly a garment for occasional wear; but industrious matrons may, I can assure them, concoct a cheap and effective dress either for breakfast or wearing in the sick-room after the same fashion, and with such inexpensive materials as sateen or satin cloth, and trimmed with the charming-looking yet costless point d'Alençon.

For home dinner wear through the coming dark days, a dark dress may be soon brightened up with a few smart bows. For these I cordially recommend the so-called bouquet-bows which Parisians affect now, made of twelve loops of different coloured inch-wide satin ribbon, each loop one and a half inches deep. They are made up close together, similar to a bouquet of flowers. The last novelty in mittens

are those made of undressed kid, with the initials embroidered on them. They are neither becoming nor in good taste; but with them have also come back to us the velvet mittens worn by our ancestresses a hundred years ago; while some of the people who make dress a study are having silk mittens covered with gold embroidery. Gewgaws seem to suit our modern taste. We bedizen ourselves with beads and gold, and so look like so many actresses in a fairy extravaganza. Not content with this, red bonnets have come in. Red parasols were bad enough; but red bonnets! These are made with brims to shade the face; and the old Directoire shape, which used to conceal the face almost entirely, has come back to us in Leghorn straw lined with silk, and no trimming except a bouquet of flowers.

Well, furthermore, there are hats loaded with grapes and fruits of all kinds, and picturesque hats of all sorts; for in Paris we have not accepted the Beefeater as the one prevailing shape, as you appear to have done, and, if report speaks truly, will do all the winter; but a more unique fashion still prevails with us—viz., the Creole handkerchiefs, Madras and other bright Eastern mixtures, which are wound round the crown of many straw hats, just as you see them about the heads of the half-castes. By-the-by, some of your English beauties with their yachting suits are wearing dark serge hats lined with cardinal, with square broad crowns like the Beefeater, the brim turned up on one side, so that the full red lining shows.

For autumn petticoats there is a large show of winseys of very bright and decided hues, these all intermixed in one skirt, such as yellow, magenta, and blue. They are all striped, and some of these stripes have a rough upstanding surface, technically called moss, very like a coarse kind of bath towelling.

The Catogan net is a new introduction, and a very comfortable one, for those who like easy hair-dressing, and are not much troubled with a superabundance of hair. The net has a lining of hair, and is attached to a fringe in front. It can be put on in a minute, and for travelling especially produces a neat head-dress at once.

Be careful how you select black silks. Pay a fair price, and do not choose the most showy. I have just seen a handful of patterns from which all the dye had been extracted, and with it all those gelatinous substances which combine to produce so much firmness and apparent richness of texture, the result being that in nine cases out of ten a mere flimsy rag of pure silk alone remained. No wonder modern black silks do not wear, and that silk mercers make a fortune; for dye does not cost one-twentieth what silk should, and the more heavily weighted, the cheaper they can be sold. A novelty which will wear is silk cloth serge—viz., silk treated just as wool would be.

There is no doubt but that the new butterfly overskirts are the *avant-coureurs* of paniers, and that the sheath-like, close-fitting, clinging dresses are doomed, and will shortly be things of the past. Fashion is now about to set in a totally different direction, and crinoline—or, let us hope, some better substitute—will reign again. Short skirts are unbecoming—or we fancy they are—unless somewhat puffed and draped; therefore an overskirt with wing-like sides and bouffant back-breadths will be enthroned once more, and the style of the Second Empire will prevail. Fashion, like nature, is never stationary, and it would be impossible to go one step further with clinging drapery and combination garments—they have often been carried to the very verge of indecency; so for the future, instead of contrivances for reducing the figure to a minimum, a large army of dressmakers and lingères will shortly be taxing their wits to invent artificial appendages so as to increase the size of thin—or shall I say slender?—figures. At many of the French sea-side resorts, such as Trouville, Etretat, Deauville, and Dieppe, the Trianon style of costume was patronised, and the curtain overskirt, draped so elaborately as to suggest upholstery (hence the name), was popular enough to suggest an increase of partiality as time wore on. Only recall a picture of Marie Antoinette, and the mode of draping will be realised at once. Some of the best dresses turned out in the Trianon style were of soft foulard, and the attribute may be applied both to quality and colour. Pale pink foulards trimmed with satin and Valenciennes lace, light blue foulard with Mechlin lace, mastic foulard with French lace, were all pretty and stylish costumes at various gay spas when the summer days began to shorten. Then with the *demi-saison* we had long bodices made like jackets, the basque on each hip being slightly puffed, instead of straight and plain, as a cuirass; and here, again, was an indication of a return to the mystery of folds and gathers. The fashions of the *demi-saisons* (spring and autumn) are the seeds which contain the future harvest, although all the seeds sown in Paris do not take root and grow on the other side of the Channel. We are now in the transition season, therefore it is not safe to predict, or even write positively, on any one point of such a fickle subject as fashion; but I believe I am safe in saying that some of the winter dress and mantle trimmings will be gorgeous. I have seen a material likely to be used with plain Indian cashmeres of medium shades. It was a most costly striped silk in two colours; one stripe was watered silk, and the alternating one was satin. Another trimming was a feather fabric, interwoven with small feathers of exotic birds, in brilliant colours, gilded and metallic in effect. It is intended for the waistcoats, plastrons, and cuffs of both velvet and satin dresses. The effect surpasses that of the most beautiful embroidery. Feathers, moreover, are to be very fashionable, for some of the embroidered galons are ornamented with feathers set with their stems uniting in the centre.

Rumour whispers that artistic dressing will continue to be cultivated in England even to a further extent than last winter. English matrons and hostesses will consider the style of their furniture when selecting their reception-toilettes, for Queen Anne furniture and quaint colourings in curtains and hangings are as much a *furore* as last year. Many ladies are now occupied in embroidering artistic dresses—cashmere

(Drawn by A. Hopkins.)

"O THE APPLES ROSY-RED!"

IN THE ORCHARD (p. 699).

for morning, and satin and velvet for evening wear. For the former, the yokes, pockets, waistbands, collars, and cuffs are embroidered with conventional flowers; while for the latter, the plastrons, from throat to toes, and the sleeve-slashes, are worked. I have seen white satin plastrons, and the puffs that peep out from slashed sleeves richly embroidered with gold, prepared for dark velvet dresses, and also plastrons worked in a less ambitious manner with Christmas roses intended for silk dresses. But it is impossible to specify every fashion, for the styles are too numerous. All epochs are laid under contribution, and all eras are seen side by side. The historic costumes of the last four or five kings of France fraternise with the fashions of the First Republic, of the Directoire, of the Consulate, and of the two Empires. The course of history is the course of fashions; but to understand the latter, no attention should be paid to the chronological order of dates.

Among our illustrations will be found a dinner-toilette, a girl's costume, and an out-door dress. The first may be made of brocade and satin, the second of the flannel serge (that has superseded plain serge), combined with silk, and the last with bourrette and silk. In selecting materials and colour, the style of the individual wearer should be studied. It is useless to lay down precise rules on the subject, for one person may wear blues and greens in contrast, make reds and purples near neighbours, and yet produce an *ensemble* that is pleasing and harmonious; while another may keep the unities intact, and at the same time may fail in rendering her dress a success.

IN THE ORCHARD.

A TRIO OF TRIOLETS.

THE apples rosy-red!
O the gnarled trunks grey and brown,
Heavy-branchèd overhead!
O the apples rosy-red!
O the merry laughter sped,
As the fruit is showered down!
O the apples rosy-red!
O the gnarled trunks grey and brown!

O the blushes rosy-red!
O the loving autumn breeze!
O the words so softly said!
O the blushes rosy-red!

While old doubts and fears lie dead,
Buried 'neath the apple-trees!
O the blushes rosy-red!
O the loving autumn breeze!

O the years so swiftly fled!
O twin hearts that beat as one,
With a love time-strengthenèd!
O the years so swiftly fled!
O the apples rosy-red
That still ripen in the sun!
O the years so swiftly fled!
O twin hearts that beat as one!

G. WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER.

Photographs on Silk.

It is stated that a firm of silk manufacturers in Lyons have succeeded in obtaining photographs upon silk. Ever since the discovery of that wonderful art, efforts have many times and oft been made to secure the result that has been at length realised. Under the circumstances, it can scarcely cause surprise that the process has not been divulged, though there is ground to believe that the prints are made with salts of silver. Several pieces of silk have been exhibited with a variety of photographic pictures printed on them, some being large medallions of paintings by the old masters. If the Lyons firm succeed in establishing a new industry, surely no one will grudge them that meed of praise to which indeed, whatever may be the final outcome of their invention, they are already entitled.

Swimming for Girls.

We are glad to learn that a vigorous effort is being made to institute classes for teaching girls to swim. It is possible that proprietors of baths might be willing to give up the use of their establishments for two or three hours a day for this purpose. There is no reason why such a movement should not have been organised long ago. Women and girls are just as likely to be proficient swimmers as men and boys, and quite as capable of enjoying the healthful exercise. The gentler sex, too, are probably placed as often in circumstances of danger as the sterner, without possessing the same means of combating disaster, as the records of river and sea-side accidents bear only too ample and melancholy witness. Mr. John Macgregor ("Rob Roy") has advocated the cause of the girls, and we trust that his appeal may meet with the success it so well deserves. Already, he says, "hundreds of girls in London are learning to swim, but many hundreds more would gladly learn if teachers could be had;" and he instances a class of thirty whose instruction began late last season, of whom twenty-five learned to swim in six lessons, and six won prizes. As illustrative of our remarks, we may mention the case of the ill-fated *Loch Ard*, which, when within one day's sail of its destination (one of the

largest ports of Australia), struck upon a rock and went down with all souls on board, except two—a midshipman and a girl—who were enabled to swim ashore, and thus saved their lives.

Effect of Gas upon Cotton.

An inquiry which ought to be interesting to the merchants of Cottonopolis, London, and elsewhere, has recently been conducted by Dr. W. Wallace, of Glasgow, into the effect of gas upon cotton goods. He finds that in those cases where the gas consumed in warehouses was derived from common coal containing much sulphur, the colour of cotton stuffs has been affected, while the fabric itself, in some instances, has been rendered so tender as to be useless. Sulphuric acid has been found in considerable quantities in goods, after being some time exposed, which were perfectly fresh and free from acid when they first were stocked. The best remedies, according to Dr. Wallace, are the thorough ventilation of warehouses, so that the sulphurous vapours generated by the combustion of the gas may be carried off; and he also suggests the white-washing of the walls with lime, in order that the acid floating in the more or less confined air might combine with it.

Whaling.

According to American authorities, the whaling industry is on the decline. Their take in oil and bone amounted in 1876 to about £550,000, which is the lowest since 1829, and only one-fourth of that for 1854. In 1845, 731 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 233,149 tons were employed in the trade, while in 1876 only 172 ships with a total tonnage of 37,828 tons were so engaged. The main causes assigned for the decline are the opening up of the Pennsylvania coal-oil resources (which have induced the Government to use that material for lighthouses in preference to sperm-oil), the increased difficulty of capture due to the growing shyness of the animals (which renders the length of the voyage out of proportion to the quantity of oil obtained), and the greater cost of fitting out vessels, and the obstacles in the way of procuring efficient crews.

With regard, however, to British whaling, no such dismal news reaches us from Dundee or Peterhead; and it is extremely probable that the huge cetaceans must become much more retiring before our "fishers" will give up the arduous chase. By-the-by, if these leviathans of the deep would only retreat in the direction of the North Pole, might not the great Arctic mystery be solved in the ordinary way of business?

An International Exhibition at Melbourne.

Among our colonies and dependencies now exhibiting at the Paris Exhibition, Australia and New Zealand come well to the fore, and it is with much pleasure we hear that, in opening the Victoria Parliament at Melbourne, the Governor has definitely announced that an International Exhibition will be held there in 1880. An admirable situation, too, has been chosen for it in the Carlton Gardens, and there is every reason to hope that the scheme will be successful. As the colonies have made such a rare show at Paris, there is naturally great anxiety to trade with such important communications, and though Melbourne is a long way off, Australia is a capital market for many kinds of manufacture and produce. Some time ago, at the Philadelphia Exhibition, the Americans were much astounded by the vigour and originality displayed by our colonies and dependencies, and these fresh efforts at Paris will doubtless tell much in the favour of the Melbourne Exhibition.

The Victoria Government, we are told, intend to spare neither trouble nor expense, and we hope they may receive every encouragement and assistance from the old mother country.

A New Use for the Salt River.

Though salt is generally used in small quantities, the use is so constant and general that, as may be well understood, a large quantity is consumed merely for seasoning our food. As it is an article of such importance, we cannot but feel glad to hear of any new efforts being made by which we may obtain a commodity valuable in every way. As is well known, salt is obtained either by mining operations or through a process of evaporation. The water of the ocean contains our most ample store of salt, but not our richest; and another objection to it is, that in this country, the sun not being sufficiently powerful, we are compelled to have recourse to artificial evaporation. We learn with much pleasure that a practicable scheme is now arranged for utilising the salt running to waste in the waters of the Great Salt River, in the Arizona territory. The stream is two or three feet deep and about ten times that width; but for upwards of fifty miles these swiftly-running waters are excessively salt. A proposal has been made to extract the salt by evaporation, and the heat of the summer sun in that part of the continent is such, that every facility is given for carrying the plan into effect without being driven to the expense of artificial evaporation. The water would be carried by channels into large shallow basins, the bottom being very smooth and formed of clay, to allow as large a surface as possible for evaporation. Traces can be seen in the neighbourhood of former works, and it is more than probable that, as the salt is of a high quality, superior to the ordinary rock or bay salt, men of former generations knew of its value. The stream, we may mention, is not salt throughout its entire length, and this points to the fact that probably there are large deposits of the mineral to be found there.

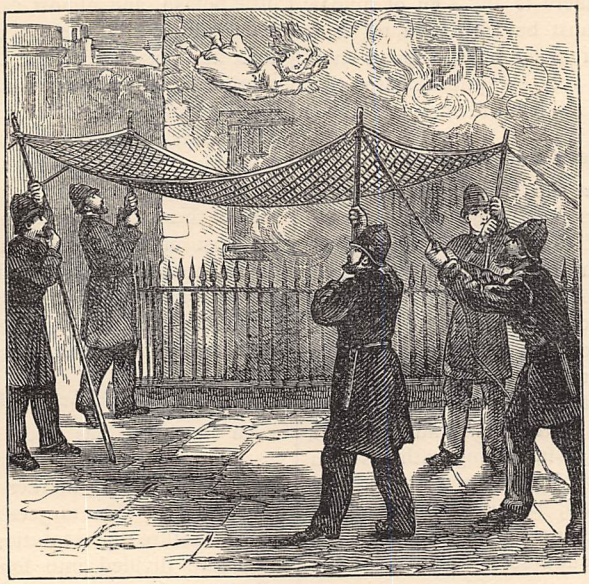
Life-Preservers on Sea and Land.

The deplorable disasters to the *Eurydice*, *Grosser Kurfürst*, and *Princess Alice* have again directed attention to the all-important question of devising some adequate means for saving life at sea and on large navigable rivers. Ships are equipped with small boats and a number of life-buoys; but the former are often too few, and the latter are often not

readily accessible. It happens, too, that a catastrophe may take place with such appalling suddenness that neither boats nor life-belts—even in those cases where they are properly attended to and kept at hand for any emergency—can be made available. What, then, can be done in circumstances where every moment of time is precious to preserve a ship's crew from a

watery grave? The Journal of the admirable National Life-boat Institution proposes to make the sailors' hammocks serviceable for the purpose indicated. Every seaman is provided with one; they are therefore indispensable, and would occupy no extra space for stowage. Their number being so large, there would be one for nearly every person on board. Being kept on the upper deck in the hammock nettings along the gunwales, they would always be in the best position for instantaneous use. There are at least two ways in which the hammocks could be made sufficiently buoyant. In the first place, the mattresses might be filled with cork shavings or granulated cork—as was suggested so far back as 1855; and in the second place, every hammock might be provided with a waterproof sheet, which, by being rolled tightly round the mattress and bedding before the hammock was lashed up, would, for some time after immersion, prevent the water from saturating the mattress and blankets, and thus preserve their buoyancy. We confess that the former mode would appear to have the greater advantage; but that the waterproof sheet must be well adapted for the object in view, the recommendation of the *Life-boat Journal* amply proves. The most effectual mode of using the hammock is to bend it until the two ends are within 18 inches of meeting, and then to securely fasten the clews together. On a catastrophe occurring, each man would take a hammock from the netting where it was stowed, and bending it *backwards*, so as to tighten the lashing, would secure the ends by the clews and lanyards, and jumping overboard with it under his arms, he would be able to swim clear of the ship and to support himself until help arrived. Our engravings represent

the hammocks in action, so to speak: in one case, a sailor uses a single hammock; in the other, by fastening a couple of hammocks together, two seamen are enabled to swim off in company. It must be noted that the hammock life-preservers have been proposed for men-of-war or merchant ships only. In the case of passenger vessels, where the passengers slept in berths, it would be necessary to have in each cabin, or at a special part of the upper deck, a certain number of buoyant hammocks ready prepared for use.



Passing from the consideration of what must be regarded as a very simple and effectual device for saving life at sea, let us briefly describe an equally simple contrivance for saving life from fire.

Many fires take place in houses, which, from a variety of causes—such as age, the inflammable nature of the materials of which they are built, and the like—are often burnt to the ground before any effectual means can be obtained for the rescue of the inmates. In some cases irreparable loss has been done before a fire-escape has had time to arrive on the scene, and occasionally even the fire-escape has not been sufficient to save life. We illustrate an escape, of English invention, whereby persons who are compelled to precipitate themselves from burning houses may be

caught before reaching the ground. It consists of a net sustained on poles, held up by bystanders, which serves the same purpose as the precautionary net which is stretched beneath trapeze performers in circuses. Contrivances of this kind might be kept at police stations for instant use on an alarm of fire, and as they could be carried to the spot with the utmost promptitude, might be the means of saving many lives. Of course it is not for a single moment pretended that they might supersede the ordinary fire-escape, but that they would in certain cases be found most valuable adjuncts to it.

A Remedy for Mildew.

At this season of the year, when our orchards and gardens are so liable to be attacked by mildew, a good remedy for it is well worth knowing. Mildew is commonly supposed to be the result of wet or damp weather, but in reality it is caused by a peculiar kind of fungus, which attacks our vegetable world, generally at the close of summer, when the leaves have in a great measure lost their vitality. The remedy we speak of is a very simple one. Take a few pieces of fresh lime, and having piled them together, slake them steadily. When you have reduced the lime to a powder, put it into a muslin bag and sprinkle it over all the branches and parts of the tree where any sign of mildew is visible. On the next day the lime must be washed off with tepid water, but if there is any sign of mildew remaining, the process must be continued till it is completely gone. This remedy will be found most effectual, and it is only in very exceptional cases that any further appearance of mildew will show itself.

The Great Chinese Encyclopædia.

The Chinese Library at the British Museum has within the last few weeks received a very valuable addition, in the shape of the Great Chinese Encyclopædia. This work, which consists of over 5,000 volumes, contains the whole of the Chinese literature of any importance from the year 1000 B.C. to 1700 A.D. The task of arranging the work was commenced in the reign of the Emperor Kang-he, under his own supervision; but his death taking place before the work had been finished, his nephew and successor undertook the completion of it, writing with his own hand a very able preface. Mr. Mayer, our Secretary of Legation at Pekin, had, we understand, great difficulty in obtaining possession of the volumes, having to keep it a profound secret even from the vendor himself, that the work was being sold to a foreigner. The price of the work complete was £1,500. This at first sight seems a large sum, but when we come to consider that the work consists of over 5,000 volumes, and that great value is attached to them, we cannot call it a dear bargain. A fact which adds still more to the value of the purchase is, that when a hundred copies of the work had been printed, the type was broken up and destroyed; and as we understand that this is probably the only complete copy in existence, we cannot but look upon the work as a very valuable acquisition.

Street Mud.

Belgium, like China, has too many mouths to feed to allow of her neglecting any honest means of turning a penny by husbanding the resources of a small and densely peopled country. M. Petermann, the director of the Government Agricultural School at Gembloux, has been trying, not unsuccessfully, to make the best of what most of us regard as an unmitigated annoyance—the slimy, tenacious mud that besmears the pavement of our crowded thoroughfares. Ten tons of this uninviting product being duly transported to the State model farm, and distributed in fifty heaps on the turf of the biggest meadow, the official's next care was to subtract a pound of mud from each heap, to mix, dry, and sift the samples. Having thus, as it were, shuffled his cards, and insured perfect fairness of treatment for his fifty pounds of representative mud, M. Petermann next took out his blowpipe and cupels, his assay tubes, and case of reagents, and proceeded to subject the raw material to a strict and searching analysis. Street mud, it is evident by the result of M. Petermann's examination, would be worth having on a farm, if only the farmer lived near enough to a great town, or the cost of railway or canal transit were sufficiently low to admit of its being cheaply put upon the land. There was water, but not much—only forty-two parts in the thousand. Lime there was, and a little potash, and almost exactly the same amount of soda, and, oddly enough, as much magnesia as the soda and potash together. Oxide of iron there was, combined with alumina, and there were four acids—the carbonic, the chloric, the sulphuric, and the phosphoric. There were 640 parts of useless, inert, insoluble bulk—mere sand, gravel, flint, and clay. There were 228 parts of organic matter, and for the sake of these fertilising agents it was considered worth the cost of transferring the scrapings of the town pavement to the pasture and arable of the model farm at Gembloux—poor and hungry land, it may be remarked, but which yet repays the care and skill that have been expended on its cultivation.

A Self-Acting Rifle Marker.

An invention has been produced which, if successful upon a thorough trial, will probably render the services of the marker at rifle ranges altogether unnecessary. The targets are electrically connected with miniature representations at the firing-point. The latter are divided into four sections by two lines crossing each other at right angles in the middle of a number of concentric rings. Every ring has a small hole in it, in each of the four sections, and when a bullet strikes the target a number appears in the corresponding disc at the firing-point. In the event of a shot being lodged on the line where two rings on the target are in contiguity, such a shot can be indicated by the display of a number in both rings on the home-dial. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the bullet is in this arrangement its own marker, but whether the ingenious device is likely to be of permanent value has yet to be seen.

Double Acrostic.

An aged poet, whose sweet graceful rhymes
Are known to dwellers in far-distant climes,
Whilst this bright poem adds undying fame
And lustre to the honoured poet's name.

We crossed *this* on a broiling summer day,
Thermometer at ninety in the shade ;
While "Neptune" and his swarthy sailor band
Their games and revels with much vigour played.

A town in the province of Tver,
It is true quite unknown to fame ;
Yet I think I may safely infer,
You will quickly discover its name.

We all know this place ; 'tis the capital town
Of a British possession of great renown.

Life is a tangled skein with many a knot,
Which cut like this one will be soon forgot.

I tried to magnify myself too much,
I failed—but, oh ! that's not the worst ;
Not only did my bubble quickly break,
But I myself, too much inflated, burst.

I once approached the glorious realms of light,
But soon again was plunged to thickest night.

In all that appertains to love,
To country or to Queen,
Old England boasts that *this*, in truth,
Her sons have ever been.

"Arabs" of Italian cities,
Thoughtless scamps are we,
Roving, restless, oft abandoned,
Yet we're gay and free.

Revenge upon his fairy wife he sought,
And by a flower's charm his purpose wrought.

Though weary oft she ever smiles,
Herself forgets, all care beguiles ;
Her face is calm, her eye is bright,
She fills the home with life and light.

French Government Aquariums.

These are five in number, two of which, at Arcachon and at Havre, are aquariums pure and simple, while the others aspire to the dignity of Marine Laboratories, and depend for their existence, wholly or partially, on the bounty of the State. The State gives very little. The station of Roscoff, which, in spite of its Russian-sounding name, is on the coast of Provence, and which is superintended by a professor of the Sorbonne, costs the French Government but £200 a year. This not very munificent gift is somehow made to provide not only the professor's salary, the rent of a house, the wages of a sailor who manages the boats and drag-nets, but also the travelling expenses of the eager pupils who come from all parts of France to take their turn in studying the lesser wonders of the deep. Concarneau, in Brittany, is kept up at a yet cheaper rate ; and the smallest dole goes to Wimereux, near Boulogne.

The aquarium—or, as its hard-working director-in-chief delights to call it, the Maritime Laboratory of Wimereux—is the newest and the poorest, but perhaps the most interesting establishment of its kind. Its headquarters are in what we should style a cottage, and the French a châlet, on the shore of a sandy creek, at the silted-up mouth of a puny rivulet—the Wimereux—where once Napoleon massed his flotilla of flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of England. On one side is a big brackish pool, neither fresh nor salt ; on the other, the sea ; while full in front rise the weed-grown walls of a wave-washed fort—the Tower of Croy—standing on a clump of rocks, and converted twice a day into an islet by the flood-tide. In this very uninviting nook a band of ardent young naturalists, headed by their professor, M. Giard, have chosen to encamp themselves. It needs a real devotion to science to nerve educated men to confront the hardships of a studious life at such a place as Wimereux. Pupils and teacher are quartered, in gipsy fashion, within the narrow limits of a mere bathing-box, the available space of which is necessarily taken up by tanks, tubs, and glass cases full of zoophytes and minor monsters of the sea. The students perform almost the whole of the house-work, personally collect the molluscs and crustacea on which the principal is to lecture, and cheerfully trudge across five hundred yards of wet sand to fetch the daily supply of salt water that must fill the tanks. Their chief hunting-grounds are the rocks at the foot of the old Tour de Croy, where marine animals take refuge in crannies among the stones, while the brackish pool above-mentioned yields a store of creatures only to be found where fresh water, as at Wimereux, mingles with the salt. It was with no small trouble that M. Giard, who is a Lille professor, persuaded the Council-General of the Département du Nord to help in the purchase of a few books and some apparatus such as a lecturer wants, while the dole received from the State is almost ludicrously trifling. All, however, who are interested in the progress of this important department of scientific investigation, will be glad to hear that the institution thrives, is never in want of pupils, many of whom have taken University degrees, and promises to do good work in its own branch of natural history.

A Pillar-Box Indicator.

If the postal letter-boxes were improved when they received their coats of brilliant scarlet, perhaps the following simple appliance which has been devised for them may be considered as a still more useful and practical though less gaudy improvement. The door of the box is made to shut with a spring, and in so closing, a plate is disclosed showing the hour of the last clearance. By this contrivance intending depositors may learn at a glance whether the box has been cleared for any particular delivery. The Post Office have also a check upon their employés, for if a box were left uncleared, as is sometimes the case in outlying districts, the tell-tale indicator would at once declare the neglect. If the mechanism could be made

to discover two plates, the one mentioning the *last*, and the other the *next* clearance, the usefulness of the indicator would be increased. The appliance is said to have been successfully tested in Liverpool.

Ormer Gathering.

The ormer is a succulent shell-fish of the limpet species, which is plentifully found in Guernsey, Sark, and two or three other islands of the Channel group, but scarcely anywhere else in English possessions. It must, therefore, be taken more or less by surprise; and the skill of the gatherers is shown by the dexterity with which they introduce the point of a long knife and turn the fish over before it has time to exhaust the air between itself and the rock, and thus obtain, by the laws of atmospheric pressure, an adhesive power of about 230 pounds. As an article of food, the ormer is generally pronounced to be both wholesome and savoury. Two hundred years ago a gentleman of Sark, in a letter to a London kinsman, described it as

GATHERING ORMERS.

Being a deep-water fish, it can only be gathered or "harvested," as the local phrase is, at the lowest tides of the year. As the waves recede below the usual line, the coast becomes alive with a throng of busy workers of all ages and both sexes—the little towns, like that in Keats's poem, being for the nonce literally "emptied of their folk." The ormer is found fastened to the rocks; and its oval univalve shell, which averages five inches in length, being brown in colour and embedded in sea-weed, easily escapes the observation of unpractised eyes. Nature has given to many living things a marvellous power of self-protection; and the ormer can attach itself to the rock with a firmness that almost defies the gleaner's sickle. "a shell-fish much bigger than an oyster, and infinitely more pleasant to the gusto, so that an epicure would think his palate in Paradise if he might but always gormandise on such delicious ambrosia." A less appreciative partaker of it to-day would probably say that, fried or stewed, it makes an excellent dish, rather resembling a veal cutlet, with perhaps an added suspicion of brine. Before cooking, it requires to be beaten, or it will turn out violently tough; and it is generally served up with bacon. Being a univalve, with one side exposed to the air, the ormer will not keep; otherwise, in these days of oyster famines, it would certainly have formed, all over England, a welcome addition to our supper-tables.

TIME SHALL TRY.

By F. E. M. NOTLEY, Author of "Family Pride," "Olive Varcoe," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

"The hedgerow thorn is out again,
And her cheek is as pale as the bloom."

AS the winter days lengthened into spring—and the tender buds grew green, and primroses starred the hedges—that haunting sorrow which hid in the sermon leaves, and shook in their pastor's kindly voice, began to be no secret to the people. Down at Boscombe, amid the rush of the sea, it was whispered from lip to lip, and at Warewood, in the cry of many a storm—for it was a rough spring—this deeper cry spoke to all their hearts in passionate silent sorrow: Cordelia Gwynne was dying!

Through the hard, drear winter she had been her father's staff and stay. Many a time had he come down the steep street at Boscombe—a bent, changed man—leaning on her tender arm, and his face lighting up in the old way only when she smiled. Wheresoever he went on his parish rounds she was with him. No rough weather deterred her, no expostulation held her back.

The winter passed without a wreck, except this saddest wreck of all—the drifting on to death of a sweet and loving woman. The change in her was so gradual that it was long before a sense of danger came with it, thrilling their hearts with sudden fear.

"It was only a cold," they said first at the rectory. "As the days grow warm Cordelia will be herself again."

But it was a cold that withered the rounded limb and hollowed the fair cheek; and when spring came, with softened breath and perfume of flowers, sorrow settled on their hopes, and every rushing wave and every rustling tree whispered the bitter truth that Cordelia was fading away to the "Land o' the Leal."

Dora was much at the rectory, for she felt herself a daughter now to those who were sorrowing here without hope; and Rachel and Mr. Musgrave were left alone at Warewood. But each day they went to Boscombe for news, and came away carrying heavy hearts. Mr. Musgrave said little, but as they walked by the sounding shore or beneath the shadows of young leaves, Rachel read his face, and knew that his heart was bitter within him.

Meanwhile, Cordelia faded softly, remorseful for her love and her silent grief, chiefly because she knew these were the cause of her departure—these had been the speechless messengers whose wings were bearing her away to the quiet land. Not that she was sorry for herself, but only sorry that she left her father.

"Dora, you must be a daughter to him when I am gone," she said often. "For Harry's sake you must forget your own people, and you must come here, and let this home be your home. Your father will still have a daughter. Rachel will never leave him."

And with tender kisses and soothing words Dora promised, and tried now to forestall her duties, laying the sermon-paper beneath the rector's forgetful hand, or placing new pens in his inkstand, or joining him as he walked lonely beneath the pines.

At such times he looked into her bright face with eyes that scarcely saw her, and putting out a trembling hand, he would pray her to go back to Cordelia and not to mind him. "He was well and strong," he said, "and able to care for himself."

And he said this who was worn and broken, with feeble gait, and hands searching for a rest, and eyes dimly looking upwards for the hope that failed him.

When May came, sprinkling its scented snow upon the thorn, and the laburnum bent beneath its shower of gold, and the lilac was heavy with blossom, and the thrush sang joyously from out his ambush of leaves, Cordelia prayed them to carry her to a room by the garden, whence by a glass door she could sometimes, on her less weariful days, be borne out on a couch into the sunshine. She made them place her beneath a huge lime-tree, whose lemon-scented blossoms, like a citron grove, flung their delicious perfume far out upon the soft breeze. From this spot a full burst of the glorified summer sea struck the gaze, and here Cordelia's eyes rested, and saw the sunshine glimmer and the shadows play on the broad blue Atlantic, whose waves had been her playmates and her friends.

Tears came into her eyes at times, as she looked from the blue expanse of waters to the blue heavens above, and dimly wondered, with that sorrowing fear the dying hide, whether the world to which she was hastening could be as fair as this from which she was torn away.

One day she said sadly to Dora—

"I have been to blame. I have taken things too much to heart. I had enough to live for in my father and mother, and all my duties here, if I could only have thought so. And they were happy duties. I think the people love me a little—I would do better if—I wish that I could live."

Mutely Dora stooped and kissed her, then forcing grief into a smile she said—

"You have done well always. Who has worked as you have for the poor and the sick, and the little children? You have been an angel of comfort to many; take comfort now for yourself."

"Do you praise me?" asked Cordelia—"me, who have been so foolish? I should have known that out in the world a man has a thousand things to live for—I should have guessed that this money would seize upon his mind: he thought of this, I thought only of him. So he filled up my life, while I was but a shadow flitting through his, a moment, then departing. If you see him again, say I forgave him before I died. He did not mean me harm. It is not all his fault that these cruel slanders have come upon us and crushed our lives. If the blow had fallen only on me I should not have grieved, but when I see my father bent and broken——"

She stopped for just an instant—a single trembling of the lip, a glance upward of the large dark eyes—then went on with tenderer, gentler voice—

"Yes, say I forgive him even this. Once I thought he might have listened to my poor request, and waited the two years I prayed him; but the gold fastened on his soul, and Lady Martock is very beautiful. How can I measure the strength of his temptation, and what am I that I should outweigh——"

"Oh, my dear, why will you talk like this?" Dora said, kneeling down and putting loving arms about her. "Are you not worth a thousand such women as Lady Martock? And if her money has outweighed you for a moment in his heart, then he is not worthy even of your forgiveness."

"But if it has, why should I repine?" Cordelia answered, a hectic flush burning on either cheek. "It would be wiser for him to marry her than waste his years in the fever of a law-suit."

Mrs. Gwynne had stolen quietly on their talk, and, standing behind her daughter, she laid her finger on her lip; so Dora kept silent, though her father's prejudice against Edward Haslam was hot within her, making silence a pain.

Later on in that day, when mother and daughter were alone, Mrs. Gwynne bent over her pillow and kissed her.

"Dora does not see the truth," she said, "but I understand it all. One word from you would have brought your lover to your side; but you would not speak it for your father's sake. You saw he could not bear it—you saw he shrank from all mention of Edward Haslam's name, and to spare him you have suffered sorrow that has killed you. Oh, my darling, do yourself justice! Do not think you are forgotten, or that Lady Martock's hard beauty or her wicked money has stolen away a heart all your own. Now tell me—do you wish to see him? Shall I write and say you are ill?"

It was Cordelia's last temptation. A rush of joy and hope ran straight to her heart, and her eyes lit up with gladness, like a flash of sunlight, then all ebbed back into sudden coldness, as the fall of snow on a river.

She took her mother's hand, which was resting on her pillow, and laid her cheek upon it, and closed her eyes that the tears in them might not be seen.

"No, mother, it is better for him and for me that we should not meet again. I am too weak to bear it; and I fear it would distress him to see me like this."

The tears started here in spite of all her effort, and falling quietly touched her mother's hand. Mrs. Gwynne's heart quivered in her breast as she felt those warm drops, but she remained silent, listening and yearning for her child's voice and confidence.

"He might feel it as a reproach if he saw my weakness, and I should be grieved if any cloud fell on him through me. Do not write to him, mother, till I am gone."

"It shall be as you wish, my poor darling. But are you sure—quite sure this is your wish? It is time you should think of yourself, not of others."

"I am thinking of myself, and of him, and you, and my father. I am nearly at the end. I have trodden the path I chose: I must not turn back now. I should lose my hold on the things unseen—I should cry out to God to let me stay in the world. I might even regret—no, no, not regret; I can never do that. But help me to keep firm to the end, mother. Passion and grief and love are dead; to bid them live again now, near as I am to the close of this hard struggle, would be cruel. You see, mother, it is better not! Say you see it, and do not think I am making any sacrifice in refusing."

With a short cry, which she could not hold in, Mrs. Gwynne put her arms about her and held her in sobbing silence to her breast.

After this day she mentioned Edward Haslam's name to her daughter no more.

The weeks went softly on from May into June, and Cordelia lay now past hope, watching from her bed near the window the shadows on the sea, and the sunshine quivering in long stretches on the purpling heath. There was a strange hush upon the house, an expectancy of grief, rather than grief itself, though sometimes tears burst forth when some little village child came with an offering of wild flowers, or some poor woman, whom Cordelia had nursed through sickness, came and waited at the gate to catch the doctor in passing, and hear, if it might be possible, a word of hope.

Such little incidents moved Mr. Gwynne with a vague terror, and shook him with a trembling of the heart. He could not and would not believe the truth; he thrust it from him, and clung to hope with a persistent tenacity, painful and pitiful to see. As Cordelia grew weaker, his dislike for Edward Haslam grew in strength. The man had stolen to his hearth to rob him of his child, and to break her heart with grief, only for money's sake. For this he had brought slander on them, cruelly and selfishly wronged them, and wrecked their peace. This being his fixed belief, think what his feelings were when news reached the rectory that Edward Haslam was at Boscombe!

They kept Edward Haslam's arrival a secret from

her; it was no fitting thing to disturb her peace with such news; and he had only been a day in the village, when Dora came trembling to Mr. Gwynne, where he sat motionless in his study, with blank paper before him, and a pen dry and inkless in his hand, and speaking low and pitifully she said to him—

"Mr. Haslam is here, praying urgently to see you."

For a moment he looked at her as she spoke with a little wildness in his eyes, then he started up and, passing Dora swiftly, strode into the hall.

"Which room?—where?" he asked, and Dora saw his eyes were blazing with wrath.

"In the library," she answered faintly.

He thrust the door open and confronted a pale and haggard man, who came towards him with outstretched hand.

"Oh, Mr. Gwynne, is it true?—is she dying?"

"How dare you come hither and ask me?" demanded the rector, all his weakness vanished, as straightening himself to his full height, he towered over his shrinking visitor in his wrath. "If she be dying, why disturb her last hours with your presence? Go! before I call ——"

"You wrong me! What have I done?" cried the unhappy lover. "Believe me, I would have died for her."

The quiver in his voice, the look upon his face, might have moved any other man but Cordelia's father; but him it only angered, for in his grief there was a kind of jealousy. No man had a right to grieve for his daughter with an anguish coming near the might of his own sorrow.

"Enough, sir!" he cried. "Your errand is useless and cruel. Your assertion that you are free may be true, but you were not free when you first wooed my daughter. You sailed under false colours—you deceived me and her."

"I was always free," exclaimed Edward Haslam despairingly. "Who can deplore all this sorrow and evil as I do? Mr. Gwynne, I entreat you to hear me!"

But the rector, racked and grieved beyond his strength, would not listen to a word more.

"Go, Mr. Haslam," he said. "Go at once. It is not fit you should be in my house. I cannot bear a longer sight of your face."

With this the rector strode away and left his visitor alone; yet, as he went, he looked back half remorsefully, and caught a glimpse of a man bending forward in anguish, hiding a haggard visage in long, pale hands.

Perhaps Edward Haslam waited a few short moments, hoping even in his despair for pity, praying that Mrs. Gwynne or Dora might come to him; but no footfall drew near the library, and rising at last he stole away unseen, carrying with him a burden greater than he could bear.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

IN the evening of this day a note, incoherent, blurred and blotted, came to Dora:—

"Have mercy on me, Miss Gwynne. Tell Cordelia I am here. I entreat her to see me, if only for a moment. Her father and mother are hard to me: will you try to soften their hearts towards me? Oh! help me, I implore you. Do not let my poor darling die, and I never look upon her dear face again. On my knees I entreat you, grant me my prayer! If Harry were only at home, I should have a friend. I appeal to you in his stead. Surely you will not fling aside such a despairing request as mine!"

On reading this, Dora's tears poured down like rain. She knew not what to do; it did not rest with her to refuse or grant such a prayer as this. After a little thought she went to Mrs. Gwynne and put the letter in her hand. She wept also, but calmed herself quickly.

"We have wronged this man," she said. "Angry at the pain he brought upon us, we have fancied he did not love Cordelia, but sought only to enrich himself. And my poor husband, having been dazzled for a little time like myself, has fled from the very thought of him, as one flies from a snare. But it is too late now to right this wrong. All earthly loves have passed away for Cordelia. I dare not disturb her peace. A week ago I asked her if she would see her lover, and she answered no, she was too weak to bear either the suffering or the joy. If he came now, Dora, it would kill her. Write to him kindly and tell him so. And let us keep this letter a secret from Cordelia and from Mr. Gwynne. The time is full of trouble, why add to it?"

Dora at first thought Mrs. Gwynne hard in denying Edward Haslam's prayer, but when she stole into Cordelia's room, and saw her pale, peaceful face, bearing the strange, solemn seal of fast-coming death, she owned the mother was right. To drag the dying back into the whirl and fever of human passion, the agony of an earthly love, would be a cruel deed. Better let her sink down gently into the rest awaiting her.

So Dora wrote back that she was grieved for him, because his love, if he felt it, and his prayer came too late. Cordelia was dying, and they dared not trouble her last hours by his presence. It would hasten the end and be another reproach to him. It was true she had thought herself forgotten in the heat of his warfare for this money, but she sent her forgiveness to him for all wrongs, all mistakes. And he knew she had loved him. So Dora trusted this thought would suffice, and that he would not let it grieve him that no farewell was possible. Cordelia herself had said the time was past for it, her strength too spent.

Night had come when this letter reached Edward Haslam. He crushed it in his hand in a great storm of rage and pain, which seemed to beat down his very manhood in the dust. There were no words in him to express his anguish; even thought took no shape; all was chaos, and darkness, and confusion.

He opened the door and sprang out into the rain. It was a wild night, for the west wind was blowing, bringing huge waves upon the shore, which flung their spray high up over cliff and sward, mingling with the torrents which the great western clouds poured down as the wind drove them inland from the Atlantic.

Heeding neither spray nor rain, Edward Haslam

hurried along the rugged road which led to the rectory, and stood still beneath the pines, and watched the lights gradually drop into darkness from all the windows save one. Then he knew this was Cordelia's room, and he drew near to it, and saw a shadow flit to and fro across the blind, and felt a savage envy of the mother who saw Cordelia's face and heard her voice.

Oh, that his ears might drink in one word from her lips! Oh, that his eyes might look into her eyes once more before they closed for ever! With gaze fixed upon her window, he stood motionless beneath a tree, like a man turned to stone and feeling nothing. Speech and thought were too light and empty to touch the depth of woe within him; they could but skim the surface and pass away. Once or twice his memory went back to the heat and noise of London, and the fierce struggle raging still between him and Lady Martock for this accursed money. But the man who had fought that battle was dead; he remembered him with a wonder that grew to a sort of horror—a horror at his darkness in stumbling and groping among evil things for gold while his love was dying. His only love—his last love—she was walking through the valley of the shadow of death, while he was losing his soul in a mad warfare. And if all the money were his at this moment it would not save her. Why had he fought for it? At this hour it seemed to him more worthless than the earth-worm crawling at his feet, since it could not prolong a dear life for even a single second.

Then his eyes grew fixed on the window again, and his heart leaped up at a murmured sound, at the shadow of a hand just touching the blind and flitting away. And he was out here in darkness, banished from Cordelia's presence—he who, knowing his own love, felt he had the greatest right of any human creature breathing to hold her hand, to kiss her cheek, to catch the last sigh from her lips, the last look from her dear eyes.

All night long the west wind blew in great gusts, rolling the rain-clouds over the land, while, like the thunder of a battery upon the cliff, the sound of the league-long waves rushing on the shore broke upon the ear in one continuous sullen roar.

Through all the din Cordelia slept with a wonderful tranquillity; and, seeing her so quiet and restful, her mother persuaded the others to take their sleep while she sat with her alone.

Thus towards morning, when pale opal lights were breaking in the east, the watcher saw the blind shadowless. Dora's slight form, Mr. Gwynne's rugged figure, had alike vanished, only the steady light remained; and creeping nearer and nearer, Edward Haslam knelt down on the step without the window, and strove to gaze within, with eyes that longed and ached, and had no tears.

Through the edge of the window, which the blind scarcely touched, he saw dimly a white curtain, and Mrs. Gwynne sitting patiently beside it. This was all; but it comforted him, he knew not why, and saved him from some abyss, he knew not what either. And before he rose he kissed the threshold with tears, and thanked God.

Then he stood up and rested beside the window, and waited for light, with a hope in him which he could not define.

The clouds ceased to pour down their floods, the rush of the sea subsided, the song and twitter of birds began, and the clouds grew rosy with the coming day. A wonderful sweetness was in the air, a sense of some beautiful presence on the earth, like the still small voice after the storm.

Cordelia awoke suddenly, and her eyes were clear of all distress, all pain; her face wore a soft flush, which gave it a strange beauty.

"I feel at peace, mother," she said very low. "I have slept well, and dreamed some great love was watching me."

"It was I, my darling. I have not left you."

"And the others are resting? I am glad of that. Do not wake them. Tell them not to grieve for me when I am gone. You must comfort my father, and Dora and Harry will comfort you. We shall meet again, dear mother, in a happier world."

"My dear, dear child, do you feel worse, or weaker?"

"No, better, much better, darling mother. Did my father kiss me in my sleep last night?"

"Yes, my love, and he said, 'God bless you!' as he always does, though you could not hear him."

"My spirit heard him though I slept," she answered, and she smiled and pressed her mother's hand. Her voice was still strangely low. Her gaze wandered round the room, and settled on the window.

"Pull up the blind, mother; it is morning. Let me see the light once more upon the sea."

Mrs. Gwynne went with quiet step to the window, and touched the spring—the blind rose—and she saw the drenched solitary figure standing at a little distance, with haggard face and eyes full of pain.

His lips moved inarticulately.

"For my love's sake forgive me," he seemed to say, and yet she could not hear him.

She turned in fear to look at her daughter. Cordelia's eyes were fixed upon the window, they were full of joy, and all her face shone with a sudden and lovely light. She beckoned with one uplifted hand, but did not speak. Her mother ran towards her with swift step, and bent over her dying face.

"Tell him I am glad he came—tell him I loved him—as I promised—till I died."

The sweet low voice was hushed for ever, the lips that had never spoken aught but loving and gentle words would never speak again.

Mrs. Gwynne neither wept nor cried; the first solemn hush of death has naught to do with human grief. The fiercest anguish in that presence waits awhile before it lifts up its voice to weep.

It was in this moment of sacred stillness that Mrs. Gwynne softly unclosed the window and beckoned to Edward Haslam. He came, trembling greatly.

"You will let me see her?" he breathed out in eager whisper.

The mother's eyes met his; now the truth rushed upon his soul. He stood silent, holding by the window-sill with shaking hand.

"You may go and look upon her," Mrs. Gwynne said. "She saw you, and was glad you came. She felt your presence, and was the more peaceful for it.

When he came to Mrs. Gwynne he was white as the face he had left, but in passing he thanked her in a low voice for her good deed.

"Nevertheless," he said, and his lips quivered, "it would have saved me if I had seen her living. It is I who have killed her."

"'HE WAS WELL AND STRONG,' HE SAID, 'AND ABLE TO CARE FOR HIMSELF'" (*p.* 705).

She loved you till she died: those were her last words."

Then she stepped out upon the dew, and leant her brow upon her hands in prayer, and left him alone with his grief.

He knelt down by the bed-side and took Cordelia's pale hand and kissed it; and his hungry, aching eyes took in the sweet marble-white face—he kissed that too, and rising from his knees passed out again into the light.

In saying this he went onwards, and the mist beneath the pines hid him from her sight.

Stepping within the room again, she saw the pillow wet with tears, and Cordelia's white cheek tear-stained also.

She wiped the mark away, and scarcely could keep the cry of her heart silent, yet held it in, and went to Dora, and found her sleeping.

She let her sleep on, knowing grief would reach her all too soon. Then, still silent, she went to her hus-

band; and he was wakeful, and looked in her face with eyes full of prayer and fear.

"She is worse?" he said.

"No, not worse. It is over! She is well for evermore."

Then she wound her arms about him to still the cry which broke forth from his heart and hers, and all the sleeping household woke to sorrow.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

"And still the echoing sea-cave rings
With one unceasing pitiless strain,
And still the wild wave dashes and sings,
'Never again love! never again!'"

OVER the wild heath and the rugged cliffs, and far out on the summer sea, the music of the hymn had floated, which the bearers and the people sang as they carried Cordelia to her green resting-place by the old storm-beaten church of Boscombe. They laid her in a spot chosen by herself, facing the sea, where the spray fell at wintry times; near the cross standing above the graves of the strangers drowned at the wreck of the *Bosphorus*. All knew why she had chosen this spot. Here the singers stood hushed into silence, and again the voice of hope was raised aloud, saying—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Not the rector's voice, for he was silent, and his bent form seemed like a broken tree ready to fall. Edward Haslam's arm supported him, and as the crowd slowly and solemnly departed, the people whispered together of this, and were glad there was peace and forgiveness between these two.

Peace, and a last clasp of the hand, a last word, as they parted never to meet again.

In the afternoon of this solemn day Rachel and Dora drove slowly through the glades of Warewood; even their presence they had felt to be an intrusion upon the sacredness of grief, so they came quietly away that their father might be free in solitude. Rachel drew rein beneath the pines where the rocky glen turned down to the cave; here, as they talked softly of Cordelia, they saw Mr. Haslam passing down through the dry waste. He turned and raised his hat, showing a white haggard face, a flitting strange smile.

He passed on, and a great rock hid him from their sight. Rachel guessed his visit was to Warewood Cave. There, where he had first touched Cordelia's lips, he would breathe his last farewell to love, and take his last look upon her grave. From the archway by the sea, cliff, heath, and church were spread forth before the eye, with that one spot of earth red among the green, and marked out by the white cross shining over the victims of the storm.

Rachel was sorry they had seen Mr. Haslam; a human presence, she knew, ruffles the wave of grief which would fain break upon the rocks alone and unnoted.

Gathering up the reins she drove on again, yet in a little while turned back to the pines. Their sombre shade, their wailing music, were sweeter to-day than the full green leaf and the golden sunshine and the song of birds.

"He will not come back this way," she said to Dora. "He will descend by the cliff to Boscombe. He returns to-day to London."

Dora shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed all down the stony valley to the cave's entrance. Something flitted between her sight and the rock, then vanished. She turned to Rachel, but her words stayed on her lips, for her sister was death-white and spoke first.

"It was a woman—it was Lady Martock! She came to the village yesterday. She has followed Mr. Haslam. Oh! if he does not hear her, she will take the wrong path!"

"Rachel!" exclaimed Dora.

It was an exclamation of pain, fear, horror indescribable, and no other word broke from her, for Rachel with set white face was driving like the wind down the rocky way, choosing her path deftly among the scattered boulders.

In a short time, though it seemed an hour of pain, the mossy rock which shut in the cave's mouth was reached, and here Rachel drew the pony on his haunches and flung the reins to her fainting sister.

"Stay here," she said, "till I come again."

She sprang from the carriage as she spoke.

Dora caught vainly at her robe with hands beating the air.

"Rachel! Rachel!" she cried, "what are you going to do?"

One wave of her hand was the only answer, and Rachel was gone within the darkness. Then Dora took hope, remembering her sister was good in an emergency. Her own courage rose with the thought; she passed the reins around a pointed rock, and with shrinking heart stepped within the gloom.

"Rachel! Rachel!" she cried, her voice ringing out in the anguish of fear through the darkness.

For a second's space there was dead silence; then the echo brought her cry back to her as from a grave; next came Rachel's voice, clear and calm—

"Dora, can you pass the 'Thread' without fear?"

"Yes, yes, Rachel! Yes!"

"Then come to me. Step carefully!"

Dora came, and as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom she saw her sister at the brink of the abyss, leaning over and holding a crouching figure.

"I am glad you came to me," said Rachel in her strangely calm way. "I cannot lift her alone."

Dora forced herself to be brave; she stooped, shrinking from the chasm, and looked into the white, white face of Lady Martock.

"You have saved her!" Dora cried. "Thank God!"

"I have not saved her. I found her here crouching like this. She must have stopped just in time. Help me to lift her. She cannot move; she is paralysed by fear."

"Let us call to Mr. Haslam. He may not yet have left the cave," said Dora. "He will carry her easily."

"Yes, call him," returned Rachel.

Dora called aloud, then the sisters together; but there was no reply.

"He is gone," they both said.

Lady Martock, with great wild eyes, looked at them, but she neither moved nor spoke. Rachel was still resolute and calm, but Dora trembled: nevertheless, her quivering arms were of some aid, and the sisters bore Lady Martock safely across the narrow "Thread" and along the darkness out into the free light. They looked here to see their poor burden rise and stand upon her feet, and utter some broken word of thanksgiving; but she was still silent, the same look of horror on her face, the same crouching attitude of terror in her limbs.

"What can be the matter, Rachel? Cannot she speak?" asked Dora.

"She has not uttered a cry or a word," Rachel answered. "I fear the shock has been too great for her. She must have medical aid at once. Dora, we must take her home—home to Warewood."

With just a silent pressure of Rachel's hand, Dora aided her to lift Lady Martock into their little carriage. Then they drove up the valley slowly, for they had to give help to the poor burden, whom their arms sustained. Slowly, too, they came through the wood among many shadows, and out into the broad, rosy light of the evening sun.

Soon they drew close to Warewood, and saw their father standing beneath the shade of the beech-trees, looking up the road at the coming carriage. Another breathless minute, and he was listening to their strange recital.

"And Rachel saved her!" said Dora, sobs coming at last brokenly on her words. "She is so brave—our dear Rachel—our good, quiet Rachel!"

"I did but put my arms around her, and hold her up. She had stopped at the edge of the pit. She was just as you see her now."

"And you were right," Dora continued hysterically. "Mr. Haslam never heard her, never saw her——"

"Hush!" Rachel said again, in a whisper. "Do you not see she cannot bear our words? We must not name the cave in her hearing; the horror of it overcomes her."

* * * * * *

The physician who was summoned by telegram to Lady Martock's aid gave an alarming opinion of her state.

"It is not the nervous shock alone that has brought on this attack of paralysis," he said; "she was prepared for the disease; some long fever of excitement has made her constitution ready for this last blow."

His listeners thought of the fret, and greed, and heat of the long battle for wealth, and felt his words were true.

"But she will live?" said Mr. Musgrave.

"Yes—perhaps for years, if such a life can be called living. You had better send at once for her nearest relative. Let it be some one she cares for."

Mr. Musgrave heard, and wondered who lived in the world for whom Lady Martock cared. Rachel told him. She put her hand upon his arm and spoke in her usual quiet way.

"Papa, there is one person for whom Lady Martock has a little love. We must send for her."

"Send for her!" repeated Mr. Musgrave. "Whom do you mean, my dear?"

"I mean Milly. In spite of quarrels, she and her aunt love each other. Send off a telegram at once, papa."

"My dear Rachel"——Mr. Musgrave did not finish, his voice broke down. "And you can bear Milly's presence?" he added doubtfully. He was sorry for the question; it brought a vivid colour to Rachel's cheek, but her voice was unmoved.

"She is Lady Martock's nearest relative, and the only one she cares for. Do not let us delay the telegram any longer, father."

So Milly was sent for that night, and answered that she was coming.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

"Old loves, new loves!
What are they worth?"

AGAIN the sisters sat in the panelled room watching the embers burn low, and listening for the sound of wheels. Again Milly was expected any moment. Dora, happy in her love, and sorrowful only for the sorrow of others, fixed tender eyes on her sister, as fearing to see her sad. But Rachel caught her wistful glance and smiled.

"It will be but a momentary pain, Dora. Hark! I think I hear wheels."

Rachel's voice was very low, but the ring of pain in it could not be hidden. Dora's hand sought her sister's, as though she feared some danger were approaching her.

"Why were you so generous as to send for Milly? Oh, Rachel, take courage!"

"Do you think *he* will come with her?" whispered Rachel. "I fear I could not bear that."

Her face looked very pale in the dim light of dying fire and grey evening sky.

"No, no; he would not think of it. He would feel it impossible," Dora answered.

At this moment, amid the faint rustle of summer wind among the leaves, there came distinctly the whirr of wheels. Dora started up excitedly with flushed face, but Rachel, white as snow, sat still and grew calm and cold as marble.

An instant more and a carriage stopped, there was a little bustle, the sound of voices, then the door was opened and light flashed on them.

"The Countess Martock!" said old Trewin.

The sisters started up in wonder.

"Are you surprised?" cried a sharp silvery voice. "I am surprised too. But I don't pretend to be very sorry. Yes, poor papa is gone—it happened a month ago. Of course, you never hear anything at Warewood."

She looked from one sister's face to the other; there was a strange shrinking pain in her eyes; they filled up with tears.

"Dear old Warewood! I never expected to see it again. I should never, never have found the

courage to come if you had not sent for me. Won't you kiss me? Am I quite hated for my misdemeanour?"

"Hated! No!" said Rachel, and bending forward she touched her cousin's cheek with kindly lips.

Milly seized her hand and held it in a tight grasp; then to hide her tears, which started quickly, she burst into a forced laugh, and from this into the refrain of her old song, just murmured softly beneath her breath—

"'Old loves, new loves!
What are they worth?
Only a song—tra-la-la-la.'

"It comes so naturally to me to sing that when old memories spring up. Old loves are best: I feel that at Warewood. Dora, have you no welcome for me? Why do you stand aloof?"

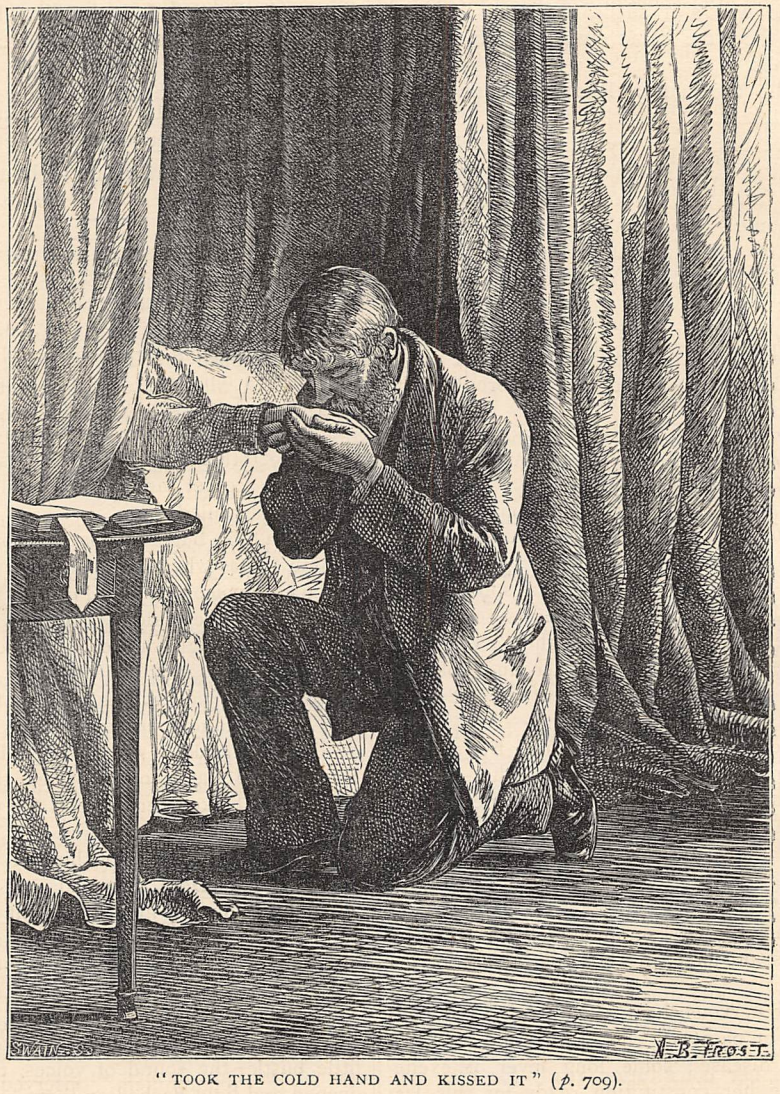
"It is scarcely a time for singing and laughter," returned Dora coldly. "We are all very sad here, Milly. Only a day ago poor Cordelia was buried."

"*What!*" exclaimed Milly in a sharp tone of pain. "No, no, you cannot mean that!"

"It is indeed true," said Rachel.

Milly fell into a chair: her face grew very pale.

"I fear—I think I have helped my aunt in this cruel deed. Poor quiet Cordelia! so it has killed her! We worldlings cannot measure the strength of love and pain in simple hearts. I never thought"—she covered her face with her hands—"no, I never thought I was helping to do such harm as this."



"TOOK THE COLD HAND AND KISSED IT" (*p.* 709).

"When have you ever thought you were doing harm?" burst out Dora indignantly. "And if you have really helped Lady Martock in this wickedness it was shameful, owing your life as you do to Mr. Haslam!"

Milly's hands fell down from her white face; her great dark eyes, dilated with painful wonder, were fixed on Dora wildly.

"My life!—how can I owe my life to Mr. Haslam? You try to frighten me, Dora. I used to think Rachel

hard, but now it is you who are cruel. You think perhaps I have not suffered, but I have terribly."

Dora glanced at Rachel. Her look said plainly, "Always the same story—herself, herself. Has she not made you suffer?"

But Rachel's eyes were full of pity, and in the light of her compassion Dora's indignation died.

"Why do you not tell me," persisted Milly, her voice growing piteous, "what you mean by saying Mr. Haslam saved my life?"

Rachel bent over her and took both her trembling hands in hers. "It was at the wreck of the *Bosphorus*, Milly. Edward Haslam was the man who sprang into the surf and saved you. He would not permit us to tell you this—he knew the Martocks hated him—perhaps he thought you would not like to thank him."

Milly's face fell forward on Rachel's shoulder; great tears came rolling slowly down her cheeks.

"I have made him a poor return indeed—I will try to atone—I will thank him on my knees. My life is very dear to me now. And once it seemed so worthless! But since I have been happy—I hope it is not wicked to say I have been happy since my father died—and I have had it in my power to clear——"

Her broken words were stopped by tears, but in a moment she spoke again.

"By-and-by—I will tell you all my story by-and-by. And I will ask Mr. Haslam to be godfather to my baby-son. Oh, my life is worth millions now I am a mother——"

Rachel's hands relinquished hers; something at her heart made all the room grow dark to her; Dora stepped swiftly forward and took her place. She screened her sister, standing between Milly and her.

"The world has grown a good place to me," continued Milly, smiling through her tears. "Oh, I hope Mr. Haslam will not be hard and unforgiving. When can I see him? Where is he?"

"I cannot tell you," Dora said. "He left Boscombe yesterday somewhat strangely—and—and we have not heard yet where he is gone. Now you must go and see your aunt. And try not to be shocked. She is very, very ill."

"Poor aunt! I am ashamed I have not asked for her yet. But I sent nurse and baby to her at once," said Milly, as if in doing this she had done far better than in going herself.

Dora took her arm and led her from the room, not letting her turn to speak again to Rachel.

And Rachel, left alone, sat down by the dying embers and saw visions rise and vanish, and wondered at her bitterness, and felt tears fall upon her clasped hands, and in pitiful scorn of herself flung them away.

* * * * * *

"So Milly is a countess!" said Mr. Musgrave. "And we never heard of it."

Dora, to whom he was speaking, glanced at the pile of unopened letters and newspapers lying on his desk. He followed her look and sighed.

"Yes, yes, my dear, my own fault doubtless. For the last month, you see, I—I could not read papers. I hope Milly is the happier for her new rank and riches. And has she said anything about her husband?"

"Not yet. There has been no time," said Dora evasively; "and I think she shrinks from naming him."

"Get the explanation over and done with, my dear, as soon as you can. It will be better for us all. To be friends with Milly we must be friends with her husband. They are going to live at Bodrigan; they take Lady Martock there to-morrow. Hers is a living death. She will never be better, the doctor says."

"And is he—is Mr. Maberly coming here to-morrow?" asked Dora breathlessly.

"I am not afraid for Rachel," returned Mr. Musgrave. "And, as I have said, it is better to get this all over in one wrench. I could not let Milly undertake the care of her aunt alone on this journey, neither would I, for Rachel's sake, let her see that her husband's arrival was a matter of any consequence to us. So when she said to me, 'May Mr. Maberly come?' I answered carelessly that he would be welcome."

"I hate him!" said Dora hotly. "I do not know that I can be civil, but I suppose I must try. Still, I know you have done rightly, papa."

"I am glad you think so, my dear," said Mr. Musgrave, speaking in that brisk tone a man takes when assuming cheerfulness.

* * * * * *

There came shambling down the long panelled room a tall, thin man, of irritable aspect, over-dressed, weak—an empty man, not without heart, yet wanting the brains to steady it—a man having selfish passions and much vanity, yet whose greatest warmth was temper, and his greatest joy ease.

By some mistake he had come in unannounced. Milly started up to meet him, and lifted up her lovely face and took a cold kiss gladly.

"Ernest, these are my charming cousins," she said meekly. "You have often heard of them."

"I have had that pleasure," he answered, and all his face smiled in the inane, vain smile of a lady-killer.

Like one in a dream, Rachel, growing very white, heard and looked at him; but Dora came forward and extended her hand, and murmured a few words, she knew not what.

"How surprised you seem!" said Milly, laughing her little, sharp, silvery laugh. "Did you expect to see a prodigy when my husband came? You perceive he is nothing remarkable."

"A wifely compliment," observed Milly's husband, giving Rachel the benefit of his sweet smile. "Matrimony makes people so disagreeably frank, Miss Musgrave, that I advise you to keep to the sweets of courtship as long as you can."

Rachel gazed at him blankly; to such a creature as this she had not a word to say, and her mind was in a whirl of confusion and wonder.

"Nonsense is not understood at Warewood," said Milly, the tiniest tinge of contempt in her tone. "You must endeavour to speak wisely here, Ernest. Oh! here is uncle!—My dear uncle, allow me to introduce you to my husband, Mr. Ernest Maberly.

He will have one good quality in your eyes, I know, for he is first cousin to Eugene, whom you all love so well—and who deserves to be loved," added Milly, her voice growing grave and earnest.

Dora caught Rachel's hand in a long, tender grasp; a cloud seemed lifted from her sight; her cheeks grew rose-red with hope, but her sister's remained white and cold.

The two men were shaking hands, Mr. Musgrave quite warmly, his surprise well hidden—nothing on his face but a genial smile.

"I should have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance long ago," the sisters heard Mr. Maberly saying, "but the fact is we have been living under a cloud, Milly and I, and until her father died, who—who—who was, in truth, the cause of—of the painful circumstances which——"

"You had better leave it all to me to tell," put in Milly, a little sharply. "It is too long a story for you."

"Well, to make it as short as I can," continued Mr. Maberly, "circumstances have obliged us to remain in seclusion till my wife became Countess Martock. Now I hope to have the pleasure of seeing our friends."

It was not ungracefully said, and Dora, looking at the man more earnestly, began to perceive that he might have fascinations for some women. He was decidedly handsome, and had been handsomer; he was evidently somewhat in ill-health now.

Mr. Musgrave carried him off to have some luncheon, and also to hear what Lady Martock's physician had to say.

The three girls were left alone.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Milly anxiously.

Her lip trembled, she looked at the sweet, pure faces gazing into hers with pity, and broke down suddenly. Covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

"Dear old Warewood! So glad to find myself again at Warewood! 'Tis this makes my nerves break down, nothing more."

But she could not play her part well; she caught at Rachel's hand, and leant her forehead on its warm whiteness.

"Oh, Rachel! my dear Rachel! how happy you are in the love of a good man! I cannot tell you what Eugene has been to me, and how often he has saved his cousin from destruction. But for him——"

"Hush! hush!" Dora interposed. "Do not talk of Eugene just yet, Milly."

But Rachel gave her a look which said plainly she could bear it, she was hungering to hear it all.

"I fear there is some coldness between you and Eugene," Milly said. "I trust it is not on my account. I expected to find Rachel married, instead of which, it is you, Dora, who are going to marry."

"Not yet for a year or two," Dora answered.

Rachel listened, wondering at her cousin's history, wondering at her beauty so changed and blighted, wondering most at Eugene's share in this sad mystery.

Milly heard her husband's voice in the hall, and started up uneasily.

"I must go to him," she said. "In the library by the wood fire this evening, in the dusk—I will tell you my story there. I shall be free then."

She flitted away, and the sisters looked in each other's faces in bewilderment.

"What can it all mean, Dora?"

"It means that we have all fallen into a blind mistake, and have been too proud to ask questions."

"Ah, yes, pride is my failing," said Rachel. "Oh, Dora! I was too hasty."

"Long ago I fancied we were wrong," Dora answered, "but I feared to say so. When I saw him, he seemed so much like the good true Eugene we had loved, that my heart felt we were wrong, though my head persisted that we were right."

She strove to speak gaily, but her eyes met Rachel's, and both were full of tears. At dinner Milly appeared in grey satin and black lace, meant for mourning; but though she looked lovely, her cheeks were rouged, and there was a strange tremble in her voice.

In the evening she sang, enchanting her cousins and her uncle; but her husband yawned, and before she had finished, he fell asleep.

"'What is love worth?
Only a song.'"

Milly repeated the words with a laugh, and the accompaniment of summer waves died away softly on the piano beneath her skilful hands. Then she rose and wished her uncle good night.

"You'll take Ernest to the smoking room," she said; "we girls are going to have a talk in the library."

The curtain fell behind them in the arched doorway; Rachel recalled the time when it had seemed to her a pall, falling on her dead happiness, as it shut out Milly's dancing figure and brilliant face, and she shuddered at her cousin's arm now clasping her waist.

They went down the staircase silently. There were no lights in the library, but the curtains were undrawn, and through the Gothic window Rachel saw the moonlight glancing, and the tall beech-trees with their shadows flickering as they had flickered on two figures, on that night long ago.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

"Oh, the ache and weariness!
Oh, the passion and woe!
Oh, the barren dreariness
Of this world's gauds and show!"

MILLY sat nearest the fire, resting her elbows on her knees, her two hot cheeks within her hands, her eyes fixed on the embers.

"I have paid dearly for love," she said. "But I was always wilful, and if I had not had my own way, perhaps I should be unhappier than I am. I should have fancied that my hero was a reality, and I should have pined for him. So on the whole I don't repent marrying for love. It was partly my aunt's fault that I did it. She married for money, and she always struck me as being such an awful example——"

Her hands fell down, her tone of banter ceased, a softer, sadder look settled like a shadow on her brilliant face.

"My dears, you are proud of your father—I am ashamed of mine. In that lies all my story. I am not worth much; but in a home like yours, who can tell?—there, let it pass. Some few years ago in London, at my aunt's, I met a man whom I loved. He was not then what he is now—he was handsomer, braver, and better: all his family had hopes that he would do them honour. My love for him wrecked these hopes and ruined him. My father was in Germany, travelling from spa to spa, gambling at each, and when I joined him my lover followed me. Rachel, it was then I had the misery of seeing my father draw him on step by step into his own path — daily I saw him growing into a gambler, daily I saw my father gaily, recklessly dragging him down to ruin. Heaven help me! Was I to tell him my own father was a villain?—I who wanted him to think well of us! I held my peace. I had not courage to denounce my father, or to part from my lover. You know me: you can guess what I did. I drifted, hating all the time what I was doing. In the autumn of that year, Eugene Maberly joined us, and having seeing eyes, he perceived soon what was going on, and he strove to detach Ernest from me. Naturally, I resisted this. However, when my father, hoping to be rid of Eugene, went on abruptly to Italy, he still kept with us for his cousin's sake. You know they were brought up together, for Eugene having no father and mother had found a home with his aunt. She was in distress for her son, and Eugene appealed to my generosity, imploring me to break with Ernest to save him from destruction. I could not. I thought his prayer selfish and unreasonable. I was madly in love then. How absurd it seems now that I could ever have cared so much——"

Milly broke here into a laugh, which was only on her lips, for her eyes were wet.

"Well, I kept my lover with me, but mine was a fevered joy, a joy with bitterness in the cup, for every day I retained Ernest by my side only helped to ruin him. All this time I never told Eugene that I was your cousin. I feared he was writing to some of you; and I thought that your father, knowing mine so well, would advise him to drag his cousin from us at all risks. I know I was selfish and wicked, and I was bitterly punished. The misery came which I had feared. Ernest was a ruined man, and disgraced, dishonoured, and in debt, he fled from Monaco. Eugene heard it first in some public room, and in the midst of his indignant grief, my father entered swaggering, offensively declaring Ernest was in his debt, and he would post him as a defaulter and a coward. On this Eugene lost his self-control. He seized him—called him gambler, villain, liar—struck him, and flung him across a table, senseless.

"Rachel, you are weeping; but I was glad—yes, glad he had done it. But when his fury was over—you know how hasty and impulsive he is—he was bitter against himself for this violence. The memory of it crushed him—I never saw a man so ashamed, so sorrowful. In speaking of it here to me, when he had discovered my father was your uncle, he positively shrank with terror from the thought of your knowing it. He felt that you, Rachel, would despise and discard him, if it came to your knowledge—you who were so calm, and had such exalted ideas of the sacredness of his office. Don't weep so bitterly, child; you harrow up my heart. I promised him I would not tell you, and I never have till now, when you are parted—yes, I can see you are parted—so it does not matter."

Milly stopped, gazing in wonder at the calm, quiet Rachel, who had broken down into such bitter tears.

"My dear, I will hurry on, for your tears pain me. I am not worth a tear of yours; though in the time to come I hope better things for myself. My baby-son is my rainbow. Well, where was I? Oh, at Monaco. Yes, and after this sad scene of violence, which made a great scandal, Eugene left, promising me he would find Ernest and help him if he could. I must tell you that among the men who dangled after me there was a horrible old creature, very rich, who lost money to my father without a muscle of his mummy countenance moving. Need I say he was the favoured suitor? And my model parent insisted on my encouraging him! I refused. I had a heart in those days. This matter, and Ernest's affair, and my refusal on coming of age to give up my little fortune, made my position untenable with my father. I was fast growing bitter, reckless, and desperate. He was more cruel to me than I can dare tell you. I had heard nothing of Ernest. I could not bear this silence, and I suddenly resolved to come here. And here, to my intense surprise, I met Eugene. In the first shock of astonishment I received him like a stranger, and gave him a sign to do the same. I feared lest you should wonder I had not told you of my travels with your lover. I had been silent, not liking to betray my father; and Eugene, amazed and grieved to discover your uncle in Mr. Martock, had not named me, fearing you should hear of his having struck him down. Well, I was mad, wild to hear what he had to tell me about Ernest, but how could I speak before you all? I dared not tell you anything, for I was ashamed—ashamed of it all—ashamed that my lover was disgraced, and that my father, like a beaten hound, had crouched before an indignant blow. My dears, you may well pity me that I must speak of my father thus. You little know how Eugene pitied me—tenderly, kindly pitied me. Heaven bless him for it! You remember how we talked while you two sang; but think what breaks and pauses and pretence of other themes were mingled with what he had to tell me. These nearly maddened me. I was burning to hear it all. I could think of no means of speaking to him alone. At last, I asked him to meet me in the avenue beneath the beech-trees, after he had bidden uncle good night. At first he shook his head and glanced at Rachel, but I entreated him with imploring eyes, and put my burning hands on his, and whispered that I knew his cousin and I were parted for ever, and he could not

cruelly refuse to take a last message to him. Upon this he yielded, and told me he had had sorrowful letters that very day, and he feared Ernest's widowed mother was dying—dying of a broken heart for her son's ruin.

"I heard this, and uttered no cry. We worldly ones bear our tortures well. I sang and danced away gaily when I bade you good night.

"Eugene had asked me how he should let me know when uncle had left him, and I bade him sing softly on the lawn the chorus of that Venetian ditty he and Ernest had liked so well. So I sat in my room waiting for this signal, and when it came beneath my window I stole down into the garden. Then Eugene begged me to enter and sit in the library for our talk, but he gave way when I persisted in choosing the avenue. Rachel, I did that for your sake! I fancied I had seen a shade of jealousy on your face, and thought if ever you came to hear I had had a secret meeting with your lover, you would guess that had I loved him I should scarcely select a spot so bleak as Warewood Avenue in which to whisper coquetries. Child, you are as pale as death; but I have nearly finished. I will not tire you much longer.

"AN OLD MAN BREAKING STONES BY THE WAYSIDE" (*p.* 719).

"Out there, beneath those trees, I told him I had resolved to quit Warewood in the morning. He had been good to me, and I would not pain him with my presence. He thanked me, and confessed he would be happier here, I being gone, for he dreaded some word from me might betray to Rachel his 'culpable violence'—those were his words—towards my father.

"'I could not expect her to forgive me,' he said, 'because she is so calm herself that she cannot understand my quick, passionate temper. And the office that I hold would make her condemnation stronger.'

"I laughed a little at his fears, and again promised to keep the ugly story a secret. Upon this, he told me that Ernest was going to Australia, a broken, ruined man, and on his knees by his mother's deathbed he had promised he would never again see the gambler's daughter. Then he put Ernest's farewell letter in my hand. I came in slowly, and read my letter by the firelight in this dim room, Eugene standing over yonder by the window. Dora, I shed bitter tears over that letter. When I rose from my knees by this hearth I was shivering with cold, yet burning with fever. There, where the embers now are glowing so brightly, I thrust the loving yet cruel words that told me I was desolate, and saw them burn. I knew if I dared to keep them, to scorch my eyes in secret, I should grow to hate my father fiercely.

"Then came a sudden revulsion of feeling. Why was I to be made my father's victim? Why was I to yield to a sickly woman's prayers? I had a right to Ernest's love. I would not give it up. My self-will grew hot upon me—I called it courage—I resolved to brave them all. I turned to Eugene suddenly, and said, 'I shall leave Warewood now—this night—at once. You must help me! If I stay till tomorrow I cannot help talking of Ernest, and all the story will come out to my cousins—your violence to that wretched father of mine, and all his wickedness. I cannot promise to keep silent; the very calmness beneath this quiet roof only makes me long all the more to put a little fire of misery among them. I feel wicked—dreadful—I had better go!'

"I believe he thought me a little mad; at all events he yielded to my prayer, on my promise that I would send a letter to my uncle explaining my departure. Upon this he went out and fetched a man and fly, and meanwhile I packed hurriedly with fevered hands and careful silence. With equal silence my single trunk was brought down safely, and I was just starting when, to my surprise, Eugene—who had been to his room—came down and said quietly he was going with me to the station. He beckoned to the man, and in a minute or two both came back with his portmanteau.

I wondered at this, but was too sad, too bewildered to care or to ask questions. So I saw him seat himself by the man's side without expressing surprise or demanding what he was going to do. When we reached the station the mail train was nearly due, there was no time now for question or answer, but I remembered afterwards Eugene was strangely sad and

silent when he placed me in a carriage and said farewell. He has never explained to me since why he quitted Warewood in that sudden way, why he went to Shropshire that very night. He was wrong not to drive back and see you all before he left——"

"No, no, not wrong," interposed Rachel. "Go on, Milly, I implore you."

"My dear, let me own all the truth—I confess my wilful wickedness. I hurried up to London in this mad way because I was resolved to make Ernest break his word to his dying mother. I meant to see his face again—meant to work upon his heart, and be his wife. His letter had told me by what ship he sailed next day—for by his mother's command he escaped at once from the fascinations of the gambler's daughter. Well, my dears, the first face he saw on the deck of that ship was mine—and we were both in love—madly in love. What were promises to us when his arms were around me, and my tears were on his cheek?

"We thought only of ourselves: I broke my word to Eugene, and he broke his to his mother. We got married in London by special licence. But I will do Ernest justice, he did not propose this till he found I had no refuge in the world to which to go. I dared not return to Warewood, I could not go to my aunt because of our quarrel, and Ernest told me that to go back to my father's was impossible. No, my dears, I will not tell you why. Enough that he spoke truly. There was no place for me at my father's.

"Two days after our mad marriage came news of Mrs. Maberly's death, which was embittered by her knowledge that she had not saved her son from *me*. Well, then came the first opening of my eyes to the weakness of the nature with which I had to deal. He was not able to bear grief; he rushed to some horrid place, and lost a third of my little fortune that very night. This was the beginning; when we lived abroad the same thing went on. We got distressed and troubled. I had to make friends with my aunt, by playing off on her my knowledge of Mr. Haslam's being alive and well. You two happy girls despise me doubtless, but it was to get Ernest out of prison I did it. Then my father commenced to persecute him: he had signed bills, notes of hand, I know not what in payment of his debts of *honour* to him—what a misnomer is that!—and—yes, I will confess it all, that you may know how good Eugene has been to us—he had in his distress and perplexity signed his cousin's name on one bill of exchange. By law this was forgery, but not really so, for he knew he could trust to Eugene's affection. Well, my father bought this bill of the man who held it, and threatened us with exposure. He never forgave Eugene that blow, and knew that, even to save us, he would not dare swear the signature was his own. We had to hide; we hurried from place to place; I had to sing for bread; and through it all I could have no reliance on my husband. In trouble his love had died, but I stood by him, because it was my father and I who had made him what he was. Again and again Eugene came to our rescue, and always in vain. That time at Nice when I saw you—he came then, and was angry I had not appealed to him instead of singing on the stage. But I had grown ashamed of asking his aid, and I was not unhappy singing. Singers always keep their husbands, you know, so it was nothing strange to me. Perhaps you thought it hard and unkind that I ran away from you all, but I was in such terror at that time of my father and his threats. He had my husband in his power, he could prosecute him on a forged bill—and I knew he was coming to Nice the next day, and might see you and hear where I was. So again I fled. And this was the first time it ever struck me that Eugene and Rachel were parted. I ventured to say a word or two on the subject, but I saw it was painful to him. He only answered, Rachel was not to blame; he was not worthy of a girl like her—pure as snow, and as cold. Once he had thought her a little hard, but now he knew she was right, quite right. She was full of self-control, and he had but little: she had doubtless felt that fire and ice could scarcely mingle.

"Rachel, I am wearying you to death, but I have nearly finished. Eugene took a pretty furnished house for us at Rouen, and so arranged our affairs that we were better off. Why should I conceal it? his purse did it all. But even here Ernest's helpless nature brought trouble again, and I was resolved Eugene should not pay for it. I went to Paris to see my aunt, and again I was wicked enough to buy her favour through being her agent to deceive Mr. Haslam."

Milly covered her eyes with her hand; the sisters saw her tears falling fast.

"I did it to clear Ernest's name. I bought the forged bill of my father—he would do anything for money—I am thankful I never touched his. I did not think I was committing a very great sin. I laughed at it then—the idea of love connected with a man of Mr. Haslam's age made me laugh, and of Cordelia I scarcely thought at all. My son's eyes looking into mine have awoke a conscience in me, and my life is very dear now. Oh! I hope Mr. Haslam will forgive me! I hope he will be my friend. The title, the estates, all are come, and the daughter of the gambler is a countess, not a bad match for the ruined man she took for love. On the whole I am as happy as my father's daughter can hope to be. And I will be good to my poor aunt in her misery—in her living death. Yes, I go to Bodrigan to a new life; and away from temptation, Ernest, I hope——"

The door was opened, a querulous face looked in, a fretful voice cried peevishly—

"What are you doing up so late, Milly?"

"I am coming," Milly answered.

Then with arm on Dora's neck she whispered—

"I have said my last say of bitterness to-night. I mean to redeem the Martock name and cover it with glory now. Kiss Rachel for me. I dare not ask her to raise her face. Ernest would see she has been weeping, and would ask me why."

The door was closed upon the unquiet shadows of husband and wife, and the two sisters were left alone.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

"Thus hath the course of Justice whirled about."

* * * * * *

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!"

"OH, Dora! what can I do?" said Rachel, lifting a tear-stained face from her clasped hands. "Can I call him back? Can I hope he will forgive my hard, blind pride?"

"It was not all pride," said Dora, half smiling, though she clasped her sister with trembling, kindly arms. "I think we must call it jealousy, Rachel; and I think, too, it is a thing a man forgives, because it means love."

"Don't jest, Dora—don't, because I cannot bear it. Do you know it all happened more than a year ago? And he has forgotten me, of course he has forgotten me."

"That does not follow," returned Dora in quite a cheerful voice. "Harry and I quarrelled, and did not meet for six months; and when we met, we kissed and made friends."

Dora's smile was reassuring, and the charming, hopeful, bright way she had cleared a little of the cloud resting on Rachel's face.

"But how can he know? how can I let him know? I can never do it myself, feeling sure, as I do, that I am nothing in his life now—oh! worse than nothing, only a painful recollection."

"Milly will explain it all to him now," said Dora.

"But I fear it will be too late, and he will despise me."

"It shall not be too late!" said Dora. "It has been a strange mistake, all of it—as much a mistake on his part as on yours. He thought, doubtless, you were discarding him for his violence to Uncle Martock. Could your letter bear that meaning, Rachel?"

"Yes, easily to him. I spoke of the honour of the Martock name being dear to us; and I said he ought never to have addressed me, knowing as he did that the events of the autumn separated us. I meant since he loved Milly. Oh, Dora, how blind I was! how cold and proud I was!"

"And how hasty and impetuous he was to take it all for granted without a word of explanation, and start off without even a good-bye! This will be a lesson to him all his life not to act again on impulse."

"Don't blame him, Dora; you forget how hard I was. He thought I was condemning him in my proud way, and he was right not to appeal to my pity. I could not have borne that."

"Then, on the whole, you are pleased he left you to your pride?"

"Yes, I should not have liked him to excuse himself, and ask my forgiveness."

"And why?" asked Dora.

"Because I think if I were a man I should have done the same thing, if in his place."

"So should I. Ernest Maberly is a human wreck."

"True; and I am sorry for Milly."

"I don't know that I am," Dora answered. "She has been wilfully, wickedly selfish; her very shadow brings disquiet. If she had not come to Warewood this trouble would not have fallen on you."

"And if she had not come now I should not have heard the truth. I do not think I should have asked a question to the world's end. Oh, I forgive Milly now, Dora, quite."

"Not being jealous any longer," said Dora, giving her a quick kiss lest her words should vex.

A vivid blush passed over Rachel's paleness; she glanced out upon the moon-lit trees.

"Suppose you had seen Harry out there, having a secret meeting with a beautiful young lady——"

"It is quite impossible for me to suppose anything so absurd," interposed Dora almost angrily.

Then she laughed a little, and the conference ended.

Late as it was for Warewood, a light burnt an hour longer in Milly's room, as she sat writing to Eugene Maberly.

"It was I who took him from Warewood—I must bring him back," she said. "I understand it all at last. Our lovely, cold Rachel has been jealous; and I again am the culprit. Perhaps they thought we ran away together—Eugene and I. But no! that would be too comical. It would be mingling farce with tragedy—the tragedy of my life—marriage."

She sighed, then leant over the cot of her sleeping child, and kissed him with a smile.

* * * * * *

The morning brought strange news. Many letters and telegrams had arrived for Mr. Haslam, proving he had not returned to his chambers in London. Mr. Musgrave was appealed to as a magistrate, but did not feel it as a case calling for inquiry.

"The letters and telegrams must wait till Mr. Haslam sends for them," he said, though secretly he was anxious.

In the afternoon Mr. Bruntwell arrived to see his unhappy client, Lady Martock. He brought the news that Mr. Haslam, by letter and instruction to his solicitor, had given up all claim to the Martock money, on condition that a certain sum was set aside for charitable works in memory of Cordelia Gwynne.

This intelligence increased Mr. Musgrave's secret anxiety. This yielding up of wealth he had fought so hard for seemed on Edward Haslam's part a relinquishment of hope and energy, perhaps of life.

There were papers for Lady Martock to sign. She could faintly move one hand; and her physician declared her intelligence was alive, though walled-up in motionless silence. So Mr. Bruntwell came to her room, and read out Edward Haslam's words, in which he renounced all claim to the Martock legacy, and gave up the law-suit in her favour.

"So your ladyship is one of the richest women in England," said the lawyer.

What a bitter mockery his words were! Even he felt them so, as he looked down upon that wrecked spirit in its prison of flesh.

The paper was placed before her which required her assent to the one condition Edward Haslam had insisted on.

The pen was placed in her hand.

"What has she written?" asked Mr. Bruntwell. "It seems only a few scratches."

The physician, who held the paper, shrugged his shoulders and handed it to him.

"I cannot read it," he said.

"It certainly is not her signature," rejoined the lawyer. "Lady Martock"—he turned to Milly, who with pitying eyes was bending over her aunt's couch—"can your ladyship make anything of this?"

Yes, Milly could read it, and grew very pale.

"'To save me,'" she read out in faint voice.

"That means nothing," said Mr. Bruntwell. "Let us try again."

Another pen was placed in the quivering hand, but the result was the same. Again and again they tried, but those three words alone fell from the trembling fingers—

"To save me."

What was she trying to tell? What horror was it that looked out of her eyes into theirs?

"You had better postpone this business until to-morrow," observed the physician. "Her mind wanders; she is not fit to-day to give her assent to an affair so momentous."

"Wait a moment," said Milly; "let me try."

Her voice trembled, there was a blank, white look of terror upon her face. She bent over Lady Martock and whispered in Italian, very low—

"I fear I understand. Search shall be made. Sign the papers, aunt, for Edward Haslam's sake. It was his last wish.—Give her the pen," said Milly, lifting her white lips from her aunt's cheek.

They gave it, and this time the trembling signatures followed the wavering pen.

"I congratulate you, my lady," said Mr. Bruntwell. "The Martock money, so long withheld, is at last your own."

The legacy still dazzled him, poor man; he went away with his eyes shining, not seeing that hers were fixed in unutterable woe.

* * * * * *

"Will you come with me to Boscombe?" said Milly feverishly to Dora. "I am anxious about Mr. Haslam. I will go and make inquiries myself at his lodgings."

"I will go with you also," said Mr. Musgrave.

There was no news of Edward Haslam at Boscombe.

The three with grave looks strolled on to the sunny beach. The tide was low, flowing inwards smoothly with scarce a ripple.

"Look, Milly," said Rachel, "there is the great rock, lying nearly bare, on which the *Bosphorus* struck. It was just here Mr. Haslam rushed into the surf, and dragged you forth alive, and was struck down himself by the rolling spar."

"I have given him an ill reward," murmured Milly. "My life, then, was worth so little; now it is priceless. What dark thing is that floating by the rock? Look! Just there!—the wave is bringing it nearer now."

Mr. Musgrave and Rachel looked, and both grew pale.

"It is a man!" they said in hushed voices—"it is some one drowned."

Mr. Musgrave raised his hand and shouted to the fishermen close by. They came running fast, and in two minutes had launched a boat.

A short time of dread suspense passed by, and then they brought to land the body of Edward Haslam!

"It is not suicide!" cried Milly in a broken voice, as she heard the murmurs of the men around her. "Do not wrong him so!"

"In descending the cliff from the cave, could he have fallen in the sea?" asked Rachel with white lips.

She told the time at which she saw him, and then the answer came—

"It was low tide."

Before Milly's eyes there swam the wavering words her aunt had written—

"To save me."

She clutched at Rachel's arm and drew her away from the crowd, and gave words to the horror in her mind.

"Could it have happened?" she said in anguish.

"Yes, in seizing Lady Martock at the very edge of the abyss, he might have staggered and fallen. It would have been instant death. But I hope and trust you are wrong, Milly."

Milly was silent, but in a moment she burst into weeping. Rachel went to her father and repeated her words.

"It is but a terrible guess," he answered. "Until Lady Martock speaks, no human being will know the truth."

But Lady Martock never spoke again. If Edward Haslam gave, indeed, his life for hers, she held the horror and the terror of it mutely within her own soul. Her pen never touched again that tragic theme.

A few days after this, Milly and her husband took her to Bodrigan. As the carriage rolled through the silent foldings of the hills, as the huge shadows flitted from peak to peak, her sad eyes followed them with a shrinking look, and grew dark with some dismal fear.

The sign of the "Three Choughs" swung brokenly in the wind; the shattered gate, unhung, lay upon the ground; trailing weeds covered up and poisoned the few shrivelled flowers. An old man, breaking stones by the wayside, looked up at the grand carriage with bleared eyes.

"'Tain't no good to stop there for water. Th' owld 'ooman is dead, and Gwinnie is in the workhouse. The 'Three Choughs' will never see no travellers again."

* * * * * *

Edward Haslam and Cordelia Gwynne lie side by side in the sea-girt churchyard of Boscombe. Not even the hardest heart could deny to these two the right to lie together in death. Their love began in wreck and storm, and ended in a grave.

* * * * * *

Such a long, long summer day! such a feverish day! Will he come at noon, or in the afternoon or evening? Perhaps he will not come, and father and sister are soothing her with false hopes. But in the

dusk, amid the wistful echoes beneath the beech-trees, there breaks in the glad rush of wheels, and Dora, whispering, "He has come!" steals away, and leaves her sister in the long, low room alone.

One moment Rachel kneels by the flickering wood fire, and with clasped hands prays for strength to bear this joy. As she rises there shines upon her sweet face a better calm than the old proud coldness—a calm mingling with blushes and maiden fear.

Her father's hand opens his study door—the low-arched door leading into this dusky room—and he says, half laughing, with a tremble in his tone—

"The new incumbent of Warewood, Rachel."

The new incumbent! A stranger is it? How her heart fell! A stranger? No! Is this a stranger's hand that draws her to his breast? Are these strange arms that hold her as though all his soul met hers in that close embrace?"

"Rachel! my love! my life! Are you truly mine again?"

Her weeping face is on his shoulder, her clinging hands about his neck. She cannot speak. All the words her thoughts had coined before he came die now upon her lips. But there are kisses there; and these he takes, nor seems to want any sweeter speech than these can give. At last she says it—such a tiny whispered sentence—right in his ear, with her warm, sweet breath upon it—

"Do you quite forgive me, Eugene?"

"Hush, dearest! It is I who am the culprit, the blunderer that I am! Why did I meddle with another woman's love, knowing there was a jealous heart in my keeping?"

"Jealous!" said Rachel.

"And the dearer for it," he answered.

And his eyes, shining with love's triumph, looked into hers, and saw tears—happy tears—and bending down, he kissed them softly away.

* * * * * *

"The trustees appointed by Mr. Haslam," wrote Milly, "have, after a consultation with Mr. Gwynne, resolved on applying some of the funds in endowing Warewood Church, and building a new aisle in memory of Cordelia. This soothes and pleases Mr. Gwynne, for he dearly loves his churches, but is too feeble now to do duty at both.

"The new incumbent is to be Eugene Maberly.

"He and Rachel, of course, will live at dear old Warewood with uncle, and Dora and Harry (so he is to be Farmer Harry?) will take up their abode at the rectory. Well, God bless them all! They deserve happiness. Time has tried their love, and made it a sure foundation on which to build—what I shall never have—a peaceful, loving home."

THE END.

DISTRIBUTING THE TYPE.

BY W. SENIOR.

FACT stranger than fiction, is it? I should think so, indeed! You may have heard the expression, written it, and moralised upon it a thousand times in the old country, but to realise its force to the fullest extent you should sojourn in one of the colonies; the younger it is the better. I flattered myself I knew something of the world and its ups and downs, but it was only when I became an inhabitant of Queensland I was made aware that I knew absolutely nothing. Of a truth, travel does open your eyes, and make you very humble, very grateful, and very confident that there is no spot in the world like dear old England, with all its faults.

Let me give an illustration of what I mean in a short narrative, one of many of a kindred nature which might be laid before English readers.

We—a well-known member of the Legislative Assembly and myself—were rocking ourselves in the cosy smoking room of the House, and chatting about the work and ways of our fellow-journalists in the big city we both knew so well on the other side of the globe. Full of yearning remembrances of scenes I had not long left 16,000 miles behind me, I had told him of the lovable coteries in which the modern journalist at home meets with his fellow, of the well-appointed reading and writing rooms at their command.

"I dare say," he observed, "you used to think your life a hard one, and your duties very arduous."

"Not a doubt of it," I answered.

It was upon that hint he spake, bidding me remark the contrast between his picture and mine; and I now tell the story as I received it.

Mr. B——, the son of a missionary whose name should be familiar to every English-speaking Sunday scholar, had been given up by five doctors in succession as an incurable consumptive. Queensland was recommended to him as one of the countries which might offer him a reprieve from the fate to which he seemed doomed. This was many years ago, and the patient now is advancing considerably beyond middle age, a

man enjoying fair health, and a living specimen (amongst others of my acquaintance who landed in Queensland apparently only to die there of swift consumption) of the marvellous effect of a change of climate.

As usual, at first, things did not promise well, save that the sick man regained strength, and began to think of living rather than dying. It was a very happy idea of the great novelist to send the typical man who was always expecting that something would turn up to Australia. The country is the Paradise of such, as Mr. B—— found one fine morning when, in the community in which he was living and waiting, every tongue was busy with a reported "rush." Gold had been discovered on Peak Downs, and fortunes were to be made there without trouble. The miners' "rush" is but too often a mischievous will-o'-the-wisp, leading into perilous quagmires; but a perfect knowledge of this fact never seems to stop a man from leaving quarters that are certain, and hurrying to adventures that are uncertain. Mr. B—— knew the danger quite well, yet went with the rest.

A few fortunes were made at the newly-found gold-fields at this time. It was a far-away place in the interior, but on the spot where, before the outbreak of the rush, not a living soul was to be found, within a few months there were gathered together 3,000 persons—people, you might almost say, of every class, every clime. Life, with all its conditions, was rough-and-ready; hopes were at fever-height. Rude shanties sprang up mushroom-like, and the well-known scenes which ever characterise the opening of a suddenly proclaimed mining field were repeated. Into this community Mr. B—— staked his all, and started a newspaper. For five years and a half he led the life of a slave, struggling on against fearful odds, with the grim consciousness that every year found the tide receding more and more from fortune. He set up his own articles, composing them as he stood at case, and dispensing with the ordinary medium between thought and type. With his own hands he worked the little double-demy Albion press—the thermometer often at 100 degrees. More than once, deserted on publishing days by the office-boy, he would set forth and distribute his journal amongst the miners. On one such occasion, worn out with worry and work, he sat under a leafless gum-tree and cried like a child, deeming that a lower depth of misfortune

AT WORK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS.

could not be reached. Upon that point he was soon rudely enlightened.

Tired, as usual, one night he retired to the box which was called bedroom, brought his kerosene lamp to the side of the stretcher which was called bed, and tried to forget his troubles in one of Carlyle's essays. What between essay and fatigue he soon fell asleep, book in hand. It was then half-past eleven. At a quarter to twelve he shook himself out of his doze. His ears were filled with a strange and terrible noise, that oppressed him with foreboding. A multitude of trampling steeds seemed rushing before a raging hurricane. Otherwise, an ominous silence prevailed in the settlement. He hastily turned up the light, sat up, and listened. An ice-cold wave of air passed through, and he was simultaneously deafened by an indefinable uproar. He jumped to the floor, and found himself knee-deep in water. Then he knew that a flood—one of those Australian floods that sometimes come without warning, roaring and tearing down from the mountains—had brought him, and probably others, wreck and disaster.

In another box that was called bedroom, an overtired compositor was heavily slumbering, and Mr. B——'s first thought was to awake him. It was done with difficulty, but being done, the belated editor returned for his clothes. Clothes and bed had, however, disappeared; the box-bedroom was a bath full of seething, yellow foam.

Outside it was too dark to see exactly what had occurred, but they battled with the flood towards higher ground; here a sleepy German appeared at a shanty door, rubbing his eyes.

"Do you think it will be higher?" he asked indifferently and with a yawn.

"Very likely," answered Mr. B——, still with his compositor making for safety.

"Don't agree with you," retorted the German, again yawning, returning to his room, and calmly shutting the cottage door.

Just then a large kitchen-table floated towards Mr. B—— and his companion, and to it they clung, dragged it up a slope, and stood upon it. The roaring and galloping of the mad waters continued. Crashings and shoutings were heard along the line of the flood. A house (all the houses that were not of canvas were of wood) came floating down bodily, gyrating in the current as if it were a straw or stick. This made the aspect sufficiently serious to justify decisive action; Mr. B—— and his compo. climbed straightway into an iron-bark tree, wondering much afterwards how they surmounted the fourteen feet of straight trunk intervening between the ground and the branches. Chilled to the marrow by the rain, which now fell in torrents, believing that all their worldly goods had been swept away, they still found cause for thankfulness. They had not been five minutes in their too-airy perch before a house, upon whose dim outlines they were gazing, collapsed and altogether disappeared. It was the residence of the sleepy German and his family. It had been struck by drifting *débris*, and in a moment weather-boards, furniture, and family were swirling in dire confusion under the tree in which the editor and compositor were horror-bound spectators. The German's wife, brought to the surface for the last time, looked up and sank again within a yard of the trunk; her husband, stupid to the last, was probably drowned before he clearly comprehended what was happening. A young child was the last survivor of that hapless family. Mr. B——, helpless to save her, watched the little victim, conspicuous in her white night-dress, carried hither and thither, the sport of the resistless waters, saw a pair of small white arms thrown upwards, and heard a tiny cry of agony as a huge piece of timber rolled over all, leaving no trace behind.

In one brief half-hour the flood did its work. The township next morning was desolation. Fifteen lives were known to have been lost; how many more it was impossible to say. It was at the best a come-and-go population, consisting largely of waifs and strays, of whom nothing was known, of whom no record was kept; a half-dozen more or less would not therefore be missed.

Daylight found the editor and printer half-dead with cold and hunger in the tree-top—a couple of sorry crows in a sorry roost. The miseries of that night will never be effaced from their remembrance. Mingled with the roar of the waters, and howling of the wind, were yells, shrieks, and noises that seemed to belong to another world. With the dawn, however, came an assurance at least of personal safety, for the waters were assuaged. On the higher ground there were dwelling-houses still remaining, but where was the devoted printing-office? Its shell was standing, but the flood had attacked it endwise, sweeping clean through the building, and carrying its contents before it.

"Well, Mr. B——," the printer ruefully said to his master as, shivering and miserable, they surveyed the ruin, "I never saw type distributed so quickly in my life before."

And then both the men laughed, slid down to the ground, and waded across to the hotel, thinking themselves—with the fate of the German family fresh in their eyes—highly fortunate that their lives had been spared. The hotel, it need scarcely be explained, was a coarse but strong construction of slabs and rafters; but it boasted a great circular bar, across which plenty of money always passed. A shilling a nobbler for adulterated liquor means large profits and quick returns. The landlord, on this morning after the flood, was in high demand. The bar was full of excited men; landlord and men alike were standing ankle-deep in water, but the liquor had been preserved, and the nobbler business was in full swing. The nobblerising fraternity saw the representative of the local newspaper and his faithful henchman wading towards them, and stood aside to form a channel for them to approach the bar. A "nip" was promptly handed to Mr. B——.

"Give me some water," he, always abhorring spirits, asked.

The landlord was quite equal to the occasion. He simply dipped a mugful out of the muddy water in which he stood. Mr. B—— says he never got so

near the idea of nectar as at that moment. The men around him were, to use his own expression, as jolly as sand-boys. True, they had lost everything; but the monotony of their existence was broken. No doubt they must begin life anew; but for once they could throw the blame of failure from themselves. So they "shouted" (meaning "stood drinks") for each other, laughed, and joked, though at the further end of the apartment, where the conformation of the circular bar created an eddy, men could only be kept from being swept away by holding on with both hands.

Mr. B—— and his comrade were as happy as the rest. They knew the worst, and a softening sense of peace stole into their hearts. During a night of terrors they had been over-strung; now the tension had relaxed into a feeling of relief, and not the least source of such relief was the thought that for once there was no newspaper to be published. A newspaper, even in a miners' camp, resembles time and tide in that it waits for no man. The weary editor and compositor had at last found breathing-time.

The press had become a free press with a vengeance. "Bourgeois," "brevier," and "nonpareil" had been washed out of the cases, and distributed by the damp, indelicate fingers of King Flood. The leading article, newly revised and marked ready for press, never stirred the patriotic breasts of the Peak Downs miners; a "galley-proof" of the first column was found a fortnight after it was pulled, stranded, along with other useless lumber, upon the carcase of a drowned bullock. The list of subscribers to the paper was cast as bread upon the waters, and was discovered, after many days, with half the names and addresses obliterated.

The flood, in short, cleared away a vast number of old scores. There was no gainsaying it. It covered a multitude of sins. Good and bad, reduced to a common level, as does happen sometimes, had to make a fresh start—the twentieth, thirtieth, fortieth, or fiftieth, perhaps—in life. The flood-sponge had left a clean slate.

My good friend the editor, very reasonably you will say, came to the conclusion that he had had enough of it. He sold the goodwill of the business, the copyright, together with whatever salvage might be recovered, to a successor, and went further afield, eighty per cent. poorer than on the day when he started for that wonderful El Dorado of gold. But before the transfer was completed, he tucked up his shirt-sleeves, as did the honest journeyman, and entered into a novel mining speculation of his own. He unearthed the lost type. A few jolly miners entered into the joke of the thing and assisted. They lent their shovels, tin dishes, and wheelbarrows. The vein was struck in a gutter, which widened out into a sort of lagoon, on the site of a store where they used to sell inferior flour at eighteenpence per pound. For three weeks the searchers delved and washed, and nearly a hundredweight of type was recovered. It was inconvenient that the bulk showed a preponderance of capital letters, but even so it was not labour lost. The operation afforded much amusement, and, with dray-rates at famine prices per ton, anything in the shape of printers' gear recovered was gain. Mr. B——'s successor found the old cutting-machine in the head of a she-oak tree, eight miles from the township; and there were drinks all round at the circular bar when it was brought back in triumph. The paper lived again. The press never dies; it survives more virulent foes than Australian flood, or even Australian drought.

After the flood, the community was attacked with fever and ague, and almost as quickly as it had swelled to 3,000 souls it dwindled down to 500; but the printing-press stood its ground; and the circular bar for a long time afterwards showed a deeply stained line several inches from the floor — it was high-water mark.

As for Mr. B——, he will, I have no doubt, reprint this humble re-telling of his story in the flourishing daily newspaper of which he has been for some time the honoured proprietor and editor. CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE I have met as a welcome old friend in bushmen's huts and shepherds' humpies, hundreds of miles from village or town; and I know right well that, in due course, it will find its way into his office, and that the number which contains this contribution will be discussed in the mining township, an incident of whose infant days it faithfully records.

"NOW COMES THE TUG OF WAR" (*p.* 726).

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE SALMON.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.P.S.E., ETC., PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY IN THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, EDINBURGH.

POSSIBLY the salmon is the best-known fish in the world, and despite the opinion of those who declare that the herring is the fish for epicures, the salmon appears likely to remain the "king of the fishes" in an edible sense, and to be the petted member of the fish-class. The importance of the salmon is oftener tacitly admitted than fully realised. Most people know that we make laws to protect his young and himself at various stages of their career; it is a matter of common remark that large sums of money are paid for the privilege of enticing him from his native rivers, and all are agreed that salmon-fisheries form a veritable mine of wealth to certain lucky beings who own or skilfully lease them. With all this information, however, there are comparatively few persons who are correctly informed regarding the habits of the salmon, or even know the difference between a "salmon" and a "grilse," or between a "grilse" and a "smolt." And it may be taken for granted that there are still fewer persons who could give a plain account of the ordinary life-history of a salmon, or render an "unvarnished tale" of the trials and vicissitudes of its by no means uninteresting existence.

There is but little need to describe the salmon itself. The graceful body, with its glistening armour of steel-blue above and silvery white beneath, is a familiar object to every one. We may, therefore, pass to consider the history of the fish itself, and for that purpose we may transport ourselves in imagination to the upper reach of some Scotch river in the autumn or early winter. There and then we shall find that the salmon ascend for the purpose of depositing the eggs from which new generations of fishes will in due time be produced. The mother-fish soon shows her activity by excavating a trench or furrow, in which she deposits her eggs, which are duly fertilised by the "milt" of the male fish, who also covers over the eggs with gravel by the action of his tail and other fins. All authorities agree in crediting the salmon with extreme fertility. One method of estimating the number of eggs produced by a female fish is that of calculating every pound of her weight to represent 900 eggs. But despite this fertility, it cannot be denied that only a small proportion of the ova are developed into salmon. Salmon-eggs are a toothsome luxury to hosts of their finny neighbours. Hardly a fish exists that will not devour the eggs of the salmon. The bull-trout is their enemy; the pike is enamoured of them; many-tongued rumour credits Salmo *pater* himself as inclined when opportunity presents to eat his progeny; and not a few birds are known to slay and spare not in the matter of salmon-eggs. Here tells the full force of the argument in

favour of the artificial hatching of salmon-eggs. One account states that hardly one egg per thousand attains development in the natural state, the rate of one fish out of 3,000 eggs being based on reliable data. From 3,000 eggs the fish-breeder will produce at least 1,000 "smolts," or young fry; and although the chances against even a small proportion of this latter number attaining development are very great, yet the enormous advantages of the artificial over the natural method of hatching can be readily perceived. For once art is superior to nature, in so far as the result of giving us greater numbers of young salmon is concerned.

It need hardly be remarked that the earlier stages in the development of the salmon-egg are marked by an apparent quiet, which to the ordinary observer would seem to be ill-calculated to herald the birth of the young fish. But beneath the apparent quiescence, a wondrous process of building up the frame of the young fish is going on. From the jelly-like substance of the egg, *Madre Natura* is evolving bone and skin, muscle and nerve, and a general organisation which stands high indeed in the scale of being. The shortest period in which salmon-eggs can be hatched after their deposition is about ninety days; but much depends on the temperature and surrounding conditions. The young salmon at length emerges from the egg, as a tiny being, named a *parr*. The mention of this name gives rise to recollections of many an exciting argument and debate, both within and without courts of law, regarding the correct answer to the question, "Are parr the young of salmon?" The question may now be regarded as having been definitely answered in the affirmative, and we may, therefore, inquire in the next place what becomes of the parr. Sooner or later the parr becomes a *smolt*, and with the change of name acquires a change of costume; the smolt developing a bright shining armour of scales, and being thus at once distinguished from the more sombre-dressed parr.

A difficult, and at the same time very curious, question arises at this stage of our inquiries. The period at which the parr becomes the smolt is, or rather was, a point on which very varied opinions were pronounced. The chief point around which this discussion travelled may be summed up in the inquiry whether the parr arrived at the smolt-stage at the end of two years and two months after leaving the egg, or when they were between thirteen and fifteen months old. Competent authorities arrived ultimately at the conclusion with which Sir Roger de Coverley dismissed his difficulties, namely, that "much might be said on both sides." Both views were correct, but each only expressed half the truth. Each brood of salmon appears to divide itself into two bands. One band goes to the sea as smolts at the end of the first year, and the other at the end of the second year, whilst not unfrequently a third party may delay its seaward journey in the character of smolts until the end of the third year. One of the latest opinions on this head may be cited, to the effect that 8 per cent. of the salmon become smolts at the end of the first year, 60 per cent. at the end of the second year, and 32 per cent. at the end of the third year of their life. Another authority maintains that the male parr, especially, are not prepared to pass to the sea until the second or third year of their existence. Be this as it may, the curious fact remains that the young salmon enter upon the days of their youth, so to speak, at different periods of their existence.

As may be gathered from what has already been remarked about the smolts, their destination is the sea. In the guise of a smolt, the young salmon pays its first visit to the ocean, leaving its native river in May or June. The parr not only never seeks the sea, but, as far as we know, will die if placed in salt water. Once in the sea, however, the silvery smolt grows and thrives apace. The change of water serves as a stimulus to its powers of nutrition, and most remarkable are some of the details furnished with regard to the rate of increase exhibited by the little fishes. The smolt attains a length of three or four inches, and in this stage proceeds to the sea. In a very few weeks these little fishes will return to their native rivers as *grilse*, weighing from three to five or even nine pounds, according to the length of their stay in salt water.

The grilse-stage may be regarded as that of the budding manhood of the salmon. As the grilse the fish is capable of producing eggs, and the fishes are supposed to spawn when they return from the sea to their native waters. The grilse in its turn leaves the river in due season and passes to the sea, but returns on its next visit to the river in its full development, and in the guise of the "salmon." Each year, the salmon will migrate from fresh water to the sea, and will be found to increase amazingly after each seaward journey. The well-known experiment of the late Duke of Athole on the latter point may be referred to as illustrative of the rapid growth of the salmon. In 1859, three salmon, respectively weighing 10 lbs., 11½ lbs., and 12½ lbs., were caught as they were swimming to the sea. They were duly marked and set free. After six months' liberty they were again captured in the river, and weighed respectively 17 lbs., 18 lbs., and 19 lbs.

The value of the salmon as a food-fish has, of

necessity, stimulated legislation on the subject. The "Commissioners" of Salmon Fisheries have had many a grievance in the past to contend with, but from the latest evidence it would seem that the future of the salmon is as yet undreamt of. With proper care of the fish itself, by due attention to the salmon rivers, by the removal of barriers to the upward passage of the salmon, and, above all, by the interdicting of the practice of river-poisoning by manufacturing nuisances, we may produce salmon in our markets as cheaply and as plentifully as herrings. Mr. Young, one of the legal guardians of the salmon and its interests, for example, gives us some interesting information respecting the natural and artificial barriers to the ascent of salmon. Many lakes (*e.g.*, Loch Tay, Loch Shiel), which might be stocked with sea-trout and salmon, are tenantless, because the conformation of the river-course prevents the upward passage of these fishes. The erection of "salmon-ladders," by means of which these fishes are enabled to pass even perpendicular rocks of considerable height, has successfully opened up some rivers before inaccessible to the fishes, and has, in the words of the commissioners, "created" a valuable salmon-fishery. A sore point with the salmon-guardians is the presence of mills and manufactories with their innumerable pollutions; and the fact that such sources of impurity are removable without injury to the manufactories, points out a remedy for the evil—for an unnecessary evil it unquestionably is. But legislation and public opinion are together tending in the direction of improvement in this matter, and when the day of the pollution of rivers has passed away, it may be safely said that the salmon-millennium is nigh at hand.

The delights of salmon-fishing, the hooking of the monster, the excited chase, and the capture, after, it may be, many a long mile of "play," are known only to the initiated and the expert. But there are other scenes in the life of the salmon not unmingled with the poetic, and which at present rise to our mental view. The scene is a long stretch of sandy shore on the Frith of Forth: the time is evening, with a setting sun fast disappearing behind a bank of clouds, and throwing a fiery effulgence over land and sea. There, seawards from the very door of the salmon-fisher's hut, runs a long line of nets supported on huge poles, and throwing itself here and there into huge pockets, in which the finny prey is enticed, bewildered, and finally captured. The tide is receding, and the salmon-fishers, in huge jack-boots, wade to the furthest limits of the shore, and then, as they merge into deeper water, push off for the nets in their flat-bottomed "cobble." Soon they reach the first of their great net-pockets; and one unwinds a man-hole in the nets, and enters the pocket, wading about in his great boots, and armed with a net borne on the end of a stout pole. Cautiously he feels his way about, groping with the net around the latticed den, like a hunter seeking some agile quarry. Splash—there goes a tail-fin! The net has touched the fish, and now begins the chase in earnest. Slowly the fisher careers round and round the pocket, until at last he presses his prey into a corner of the huge purse. The contest of man and fish now begins. Sloping his net, the fisher contrives to edge his fish into it, and cautiously shifts fish and net, still under water, nearer and nearer to the man-hole at which the cobble waits. Now comes the tug of war. The net is lifted suddenly; the great fish is in its toils, but it is as much as the man can do to grasp the net itself, and lift it so that his neighbour may seize the great glittering fish, and with a merciful blow on the back of the neck send it painlessly to the shades. A grilse and other salmon follow; and as the last pocket is emptied of its contents the cobble is pretty sorely laden, and has to be fastened far beyond its former anchorage, whilst its owners carry the rich spoil of the sea homewards.

The sun has meanwhile gone down, and the night drawn on apace. The salmon yonder are being packed in boxes, and the rich green fronds of the bracken serve them for shrouds. To-morrow, when you hie homewards to town, the silvery fishes will accompany you. You shall see them laid in state on the fishmonger's cool iced slab; and if perchance you receive an invite to dine with some magnate of the land, you will mayhap feast right royally on the very "king of fishes" you saw captured whilst the sun was setting on the sea-shore, by the ruined castle and the fisher's hut. But whenever a salmon graces the board, I pray you, say grace right thankfully for the rich feast provided for you by the monarch of the sea.

POPULAR PAPERS ON ENGLISH LAW.

BY A SOLICITOR.

THE DEAD PLEDGE.

THE above heading may read somewhat like the title of a romance, but it refers to nothing more romantic than a *mortgage*. The consideration of this legal document may appropriately follow (for the reasons presently to be seen) the simple explanation of a conveyance given under "Signed, Sealed, and Delivered," in the June number of this Magazine. First, let me attempt to show, by an every-day illustration, what a mortgage is, as a legal definition would here be useless.

Returning for a moment to the case supposed in my last paper, let us take the price at which you agreed to buy your house and land at £1,500. You may, perhaps, have this sum ready on deposit at your banker's, and then you have only to hand it over to the vendor, as already assumed, and enter into the enjoyment of your purchase. Supposing, however, that you have only £500 in ready money, and it is of great importance

that you should secure this property, now that it is in the market: your obvious course is to borrow the necessary £1,000 on the security of the house itself, and you do this by creating a mortgage upon it.

The notion of mortgaging and redemption seems to be of Jewish extraction, and from the Jews derived to the Greeks and Romans. But it probably came to us more immediately from the civil law, and to this day we have followed the broad distinctions of that law. Thus, the *pignus*, or pledge, was "when anything was obliged* for money lent, and the possession passed to the creditor;" while the *hypotheca* was "when the thing was obliged for money lent, and the possession remained with the debtor." The first kind, *pignus*, is what we now call *pawning*, a process with which most people are familiar; but as that concerns itself solely with chattels, and its legal incidents altogether differ from those of the mortgage, we may lay it aside now, and give attention only to the *hypotheca*, or mortgage.

According to Littleton, there were about the time of Henry III. two ways of hypothecating lands introduced, which he distinguished by the names of *vadium vivum*, or living pledge, and *vadium mortuum*, or dead pledge. When one man borrowed a sum of money from another, and conveyed lands to the latter to hold till he had paid himself out of the rents and profits, it was called *vadium vivum*, "because neither the money nor the land dieth, for the lands are constantly paying off the money, and the lands are not left as a dead pledge, in case the money be not paid." By this way of pledging, however, the lender received his money by degrees, which was troublesome, and as investors now usually prefer to be repaid in a gross sum, this "living pledge" naturally fell into disuse. It is otherwise with the "dead pledge," which, under somewhat altered conditions, is existing to a very great extent now-a-days. Many people will be surprised to know what is stated on good authority, that two-thirds of the landed property in the country is now in mortgage.

The *mortuum vadium* (from which the Norman-French word *mortgage* seems derived) is so called by Littleton because it is doubtful whether the borrower will pay the money on the day fixed for that purpose or not; "and if he do not pay, then the land, which is but in pledge upon condition for the payment of the money, is taken from him for ever, and so dead to him; and if he do pay it, then the pledge is dead to the tenant of the land"—*i.e.*, the lender. And until quite lately the "Courts of Law" (as distinct from the Court of Chancery, which is a "Court of Equity") adhered, according to their ancient custom, to the strict literal meaning of the term, and held that if the borrower did not pay or tender the money punctually on the day named, he should lose the land for ever.† Since the days of James I., on the other hand, the Court of Chancery (now known as the "Chancery Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice") has always held that after the day fixed for the payment of the money has passed, the mortgagor (or borrower) has still a right to redeem his estate, on payment to the mortgagee (or lender) of all principal money, interest, and costs due upon the mortgage to the time of actual payment. This right is called the mortgagor's *equity of redemption*, and forms the hinge, so to speak, upon which every mortgage deed turns. Your own deed I will now briefly analyse and explain.

The heading begins with "This Indenture made" on such a day, as in the conveyance, and is generally ingrossed in the same way, on one or more "skins" of parchment. The parties consist of yourself, the mortgagor, of the one part, and myself (let us suppose), the mortgagee, of the other part. I lend you the £1,000 which you require to help you pay for your land, and as a security for the repayment of that sum, with interest upon it until repaid, you are going to pledge to me the land by this deed. The first "witnessing part" consists of a covenant by you, "for yourself, your heirs, executors, and administrators," in consideration of £1,000 being now paid by me to you, to repay to me or my executors, administrators, or assigns, the same sum on a certain day, generally six months after the date of the deed, with interest in the meantime at the rate agreed upon. The deed being dated, for instance, on the 1st of August, you undertake to repay the money on the 1st of February next. You have, however, no intention of so repaying it (even if I wished it, which I certainly should not), as is shown by your covenant later on in the deed, to the effect that if the money shall not be paid on the day mentioned, you will thenceforth, until it *is* paid, pay me interest (at the rate which we have agreed upon) half-yearly on so much principal money as shall for the time being be owing to me. All this is what is known as a personal security, supplementary to the actual mortgage, and my remedy under this part of the security would be to sue you or your representatives personally for the money in a court of law. Now we come to the real mortgage—the pledge of the land.

The second witnessing part ("And this Indenture also witnesseth," &c.) is an actual conveyance from you to myself, and my heirs and assigns, of the property which you have just bought, but *subject to redemption* on payment by you to me of the principal money and interest on the 1st of February next—*i.e.*, that day six months. Then follow other clauses intended to protect my money, and make the security stronger.

Foremost is the power of sale, which is inserted in almost every mortgage deed. Under this I have absolute authority, without any further consent from yourself, to sell the mortgaged property; and your concurrence will not be necessary even in the deed of conveyance, should I exercise the power. The "legal estate" being vested in myself, by virtue of your (con-

* Bound, brought under obligation (Latin, *obligatus*).

† Under the recent Judicature Act, however, the so-called "fusion of law and equity" has been attempted, and the "Common Law Divisions" of the High Court of Justice are enabled to base their decisions on equitable principles; it being declared that wherever equity and law conflict, equity shall prevail in all the courts.

ditional) conveyance in the mortgage deed, I am able to convey and deal with the land as if I were absolute owner; but, having sold, I have no further right to the money produced by the sale than I had to the mortgaged premises. I am at liberty to retain, first of all, my principal sum, £1,000, and any interest which may then be due to me; and also all the expenses incurred in making the sale; but when this is done the surplus, if any, must be paid over to you. In your own interests, there will also be probably inserted in the mortgage deed a clause restricting me from exercising the power of sale until I have given you six months' notice of my intention to do so, or until the interest shall have become in arrear for a certain period. Sometimes also, when the property is being occupied by the mortgagor himself (as you may be doing in the present case), there is inserted a power of distress, enabling me to enter and distrain for interest in arrear—just as landlords do for their rent. This is, of course, rendered necessary by the absence of any tenant to whom I could, as a last resource, give notice to pay his rent to me.

The usual remaining clauses chiefly relate to the manner in which the power of sale is to be exercised—protecting *bonâ fide* purchasers against improper or unnecessary sales, or from the necessity of seeing to the application of the purchase-money; providing me with a power of giving receipts; and furnishing directions as to the disposal of the purchase-money, when received, in the method above mentioned. Lastly come the "covenants for title" by yourself, which are like those entered into by the vendor in your own conveyance, except that (instead of limiting your responsibility to the acts of those who have been in possession since the last sale of the estate*) you, as a mortgagor, give "absolute" covenants for title, against the acts of the whole world. The sole reason for this is that those who lend money on mortgage are accustomed to require every possible and unqualified security for its repayment.

When the deed is ingrossed and made ready for signature (which will probably be done in my own office at the same time as the deed of conveyance to yourself is prepared), I am ready to hand you my cheque for the £1,000 which you borrow of me. At this time the conveyance from your vendor and the title-deeds will not be in your possession; in fact, the property is not yours (because till this moment you had not the money to pay for it), and therefore you have no power to mortgage it. Under these circumstances, therefore, the mortgage deed is usually dated the day after the date of the conveyance to the mortgagor; and in our supposed transaction the conveyance will bear date the 31st of July, and the mortgage the 1st of August. Having, then, received the £1,000 loan, you (or I on your behalf) have only to add your own £500, and go and "take up the deeds" from the vendor on paying him his purchase-money of £1,500. Your conveyance and other title-deeds being then in your possession, and the property being your own, I obtain your execution of the mortgage deed (or rather the "engrossment" of it) by "signing, sealing, and delivering," as already explained, and the "legal estate" in the land passes to me; so that I am the owner, subject to your equity of redemption. I take possession of all your deeds—including the conveyance to yourself—and also the mortgage; and henceforth you have to pay me, on every 1st of February and 1st of August, interest on the £1,000 at the rate specified in the deed.

Whenever you desire to pay off the money and have your property again, you will have to give me six calendar months' notice, in writing, of your intention; and at the expiration of that time, if the money is punctually paid to me, you are entitled to a *reconveyance* of the land to yourself, exonerated from the mortgage. This is done by deed (frequently indorsed on, or written on the back of, the indenture of mortgage) executed by myself, and thereupon I deliver up all your deeds again, and the *mortuum vadium* is extinguished.

Mortgages are often *transferred* from one person to another; and a transfer might have taken place in our case. If I had wished to be paid my £1,000, and you were not prepared with it, you would have had to find some other person willing to advance the money on the same security. In that case, the latter would have paid me £1,000, and the mortgage debt and interest would have been assigned to him by me; while I should also have conveyed to him the property which formed the security, subject to the equity of redemption which might be subsisting therein—that is, subject to the right in equity of yourself or your representatives to redeem the property, on payment to the new mortgagee (called the "transferee") of the principal sum secured by the mortgage, with all interest and costs.

The foregoing will, it is hoped, give as simple and clear a notion of the ordinary mortgage as an unprofessional reader can be expected to receive. The legal and equitable incidents of mortgages are very complicated, and no branch of conveyancing gives so much difficulty to lawyers; while a large proportion of the cases which come before the superior courts arise out of mortgages and their "priorities." It may therefore be easily imagined that the present paper is essentially a "popular" one, and while avoiding all side issues and technicalities, may yet help to clear away some of the erroneous ideas of a mortgage (such as its being absolutely irredeemable) which have a popular existence.

* This needs a little further explanation. If the land, for instance, should have been purchased by the vendor's father, and so have descended to the vendor, or have been left to him by his father's will, the covenants for title will extend only to the acts of his father and himself; but if the vendor should himself have purchased the land, he will covenant only as to his own acts. The foregoing applies, of course, merely to covenants entered into upon a *sale*.

THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

THE clouds were copper-dyed all day,
And struggled in each other's way,
Until the darkness drifted down
To the summer-forsaken town.

Said people, passing in the lane,
"It will be snow," or "'Twill be rain;"
And school-bairns, laughing in a row,
Looked through the panes, and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall,
But gath'ring gloom that covered all;
Then came the Wind, and shook his wings,
And curled the dead leaves into rings:

He made the shutters move and crack,
And hurtled round the chimney-stack;
Then he swept on to shake the trees,
Until they moaned like winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,
And all the trees again stood still;
Then, through the dark, the snow came down,
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,
And flecked the boughs with flakes of light;
And moving clouds revealed the moon,
To make on earth a faery noon.

Then Winter went unto his throne,
That with a million diamonds shone;
A crown of stars was on his head,
And round him his rich robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with delight,
To see the fields and hedges white;
And folk said, as they hurried past,
"Good morning—Winter's come at last."

GUY ROSLYN.

ONLY JUST SAVED.

WILLIE STANSFIELD was clerk in a London and Indian bank. He was an orphan, and had but one or two distant relatives. Not very many friends either could he boast of, but two he had, both sincere and one powerful. Mr. Manley, a life-long friend of his father, had procured him his present appointment in the bank, of which he, Mr. Manley, was a director; and Mr. Turner had known him from boyhood, and counselled him on all important matters.

"Willie," said the latter, "what is this whisper which reaches me that something more than kind feeling has risen up between you and Laura Manley?"

A question of this character put to youngsters of three-and-twenty generally disconcerts them a little, but Willie replied pretty readily—

"There may be people in the world so clever that they have penetrated both into Miss Manley's heart and my heart, and there discovered a secret," he answered; "but that one single person ever saw the smallest outward manifestation of affection between us, I most positively deny.

"You will see in a moment, Mr. Turner, how awkwardly I have been placed. I confess it at once, I am strongly attached to Miss Manley, and I do not think I am uncared for by her; but what an outrageous thing for me to entertain the smallest hope of any useful result! Here is Mr. Manley, who was my father's friend and has been mine, no doubt. He is a man of great wealth, and of high position and influence. He has only one child, Laura. How do you think he is likely to view any advances towards her by his humble *protégé*—the clerk in the bank at a hundred and fifty pounds a year? You will yourself say, Mr. Turner——"

"That you had better speak less excitedly, Willie. That vehement temper of yours does not show signs of mending."

"It never will, Mr. Turner," continued the young gentleman, "and, what is more, I do not much care about its mending; I would always rather speak out, and to the mark. Well, you are quite right," he added, in a softened tone; "I have no wish to conceal anything from you; but this feeling between Laura Manley and myself is a thing I do not venture to think of. The moment my thoughts turn that way I wrench them in another direction. Every feeling of duty towards Mr. Manley requires me not to see Laura Manley, not to think of her, not to go where she is, never to let any association recall her; but, oh, Mr. Turner——"

"Well, Willie?"

"I love her with all my heart."

"Rather an unfortunate ending to your long speech, and not suggestive of much hope of your carrying out your good designs. Do you imagine Mr. Manley has any suspicion of this matter?"

"No. He cannot have the slightest."

"I fancy he has."

"What! Mr. Turner, forgive my being so warm-tempered—I will be as calm as possible. If any dastardly creature, if any despicable person, man or woman—but no, no, I am wrong—do tell me, my kind, good friend, why do you surmise——"

"There, pray let it rest. I quite understand. You will not, on any account, seek to deepen the present mischief—for mischief it is, you know, Willie—but will do your utmost to efface it?"

"Mr. Turner, look here, this is the principal reason why I am doing all I can to induce the bank to give me an appointment just vacant in India. My application is to come before the directors to-morrow. Mr. Manley, as you know, has been in the country for months. I have written to him, begging him to support my request; if he does it is sure to be granted, but——"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"Why, though Mr. Manley is my very kind friend, he is such an odd-tempered, impulsive man, that I never can rely upon him in any particular matter. If he should refuse me in this, I shall not hesitate to tell him frankly that it will be a proceeding so inconsiderate, showing such a thorough want of real interest in my welfare—such a complete callousness——"

"Mercy on me, Willie—spare me another outburst! Let us wait events."

These soon revealed themselves. The speakers were in Willie Stansfield's lodgings when the above conversation took place, and Mr. Turner was leaving when the postman brought a letter. Stansfield read it, and then flung it into the corner of the room.

"I thought as much!" he exclaimed in a fury. "Of course he refuses. Read it, Mr. Turner. Just tell me what you think of that? Mr. Manley pretends to be my friend. He once told me that he assured my father, when he was dying, that he would never lose sight of me. And what does he do? He gets me a trumpery berth in a bank, and invites me now and then to his house; but the moment I ask him a real favour, which would cost him nothing, but which would give me something like a chance in life, he turns away. Oh, I hate such hypocrites! I will write and tell him so."

"I wish it had been otherwise," said Mr. Turner, "and I own I do not altogether understand it," he added, as though some special thought perplexed him; "but, Willie, I cannot hear of your writing

Mr. Manley as you propose—it would be both foolish and wrong."

"Maybe, but I shall do it."

"Then you quarrel with me also, Stansfield."

"I shall be very sorry, but my mind is made up."

"So is mine, and if you send this letter you will not see me again for a long time."

And Mr. Turner left. Then the letter was written, and a vastly stupid letter it was, of course. In fact, Willie Stansfield was slightly demented at this time. His love affair, his desire to act honourably to his patron, and even to go abroad as a help to himself to do so; then Mr. Manley throwing him back, as it were, into the meshes from which he desired to escape; and finally, his general discontent at his present life and the prospects of his future, all these things brought about a degree of mental effervescence hardly consistent with perfect sanity. He did not stop at writing the letter to Mr. Manley. He must needs go head over heels into mischief, into almost ruin, it seemed indeed. He saw the secretary of the bank, and spoke in such unmeasured terms, that the secretary plainly told him the board would not improbably think he had better leave the company. That afternoon Stansfield went home in a worse state of mind than ever.

It was two days after this that Mr. Turner, hearing Mr. Manley had come to London, went to see him at his club. They were well known to each other.

"I am glad to see you, Turner," said Mr. Manley, "more especially because you perhaps can throw some light on the movements of that stupid boy Stansfield. Where's he run off to?"

"Run off! Really I don't know. I haven't seen him for a couple of days. In fact, I quarrelled with him over a threat of his writing you, in what I saw would be a most unjustifiable strain, about you not supporting his wish to be sent to India."

"Unjustifiable! The letter came, sure enough, and was simply abominable. One would think I had done him some deadly injury. Now just see how vexing this affair is to me. I confided to you that it had crossed my mind there was some feeling between this lad and my daughter Laura. When Stansfield's letter arrived asking me to support him for the Indian appointment, Laura and I were at breakfast, and after reading it I said, 'Laura, you will be glad to hear young Stansfield is just off to India. He wants to make his fortune in a hurry. It is a good berth he is going to, and the only drawback is that both the previous occupants died of yellow fever, but Willie may be more lucky.' Well, after I had witnessed the effect of my little speech, I had no doubt how matters stood, and I thought, 'Well, I suppose I ought to be very angry. I ought to denounce these two young people, and threaten them with my bitterest anger if they should for an instant think of one another again. But for once in my life I will take time to consider. The world would speak out finely if it knew what is in my mind at this moment. What do I care for the world? But at all events Master Willie must not go to India, and I will write and tell him so. Yet I must be cautious I do not let him see what is in the background, and which may never get to the front. I must simply decline to aid him, and he will well know I have his interest at heart.'

"But now it's all over," exclaimed the old gentleman, with heightened colour and flashing eyes. "He has gone his own way, his own headstrong, foolish way, and he has ruined himself."

"Did I understand you he is not forthcoming?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Just so. He's made off like a scamp—not that he is one, but what will people think? The dreadfully stupid boy, after writing me as he did, must go and downright bully our secretary at the bank, who gave him a hint that harm might come of it. Whereupon, it would appear, the idiot returned to his lodgings, paid his few debts (for he was a thrifty and honourable young blockhead), put his trifling possessions together, and disappeared with them in a cab."

"Truly deplorable. But now the thing is to find this crazed lad. We must take all necessary steps—the police—advertisements——"

"Not one so far as I am concerned, Turner. That youth might in time have been my son-in-law, rich, blessed with a dear and loving wife—every kind of happiness at his—but no, we are parted. He may be a fool, he may be a madman. To neither will I trust my Laura. My decision is irrevocable, pray say no more. Willie Stansfield must do something very praiseworthy indeed before he returns to my favour."

He thought of these words in many an after-year.

"What a hopeless couple of men to deal with!" soliloquised Mr. Turner, as he wended his way home. "One the impersonation of violent temper, and the other of obstinacy. And so this quarrel, which might so easily be arranged, is to cause ever so much suffering and injury, without any prospect of a termination. It is truly deplorable."

It was; but as to bringing Willie Stansfield back, that was out of the question. He had already started for America.

There is something doubly alarming and horrible in those instances of wickedness for which no motive can positively be assigned. As I, in my mind's eye, five years after the conversation just related, see a human being on whose face is stamped indelibly cruelty of the vilest order, crawling about a railway embankment in the United States, I have a shuddering conviction that some diabolical monstrosity is about to be perpetrated. And so it is. The wretched creature is carrying a huge bar of iron (stolen from some store at hand, I suppose), and with it he slips down the embankment, at the risk of his life, until he reaches the entrance to a tunnel. There across the rails he deposits his burden. He is careful so to place it that by no possibility shall the engine of the doomed train now fast approaching clear its path of the encumbrance. He chuckles as this assurance strikes him fully. Then he smites the bar a heavy blow with the palm of his hand, and dreadful madness glistens in his coal-black eyes as he mutters, "Fine, fine!" A minute

after, and he is over the embankment again; and half an hour subsequently, when all is confusion, and horror, and suffering, he quietly tells the story of his deed, and is borne away with loathing to await the time when it shall be pronounced whether he shall be put out of life as a malignant criminal, or be henceforth well housed and cared for as an interesting lunatic of peculiar propensities.

Into that train, now coming on to its fate,

there stepped at the terminal station an elderly gentleman and a beautiful girl. They had come to America from England for the benefit of the young lady's not over-strong health.

"What a lot of fog we do get here!" said the gentleman testily. "We started because it was a charming morning, and now we are in a damp mist, getting darker every moment. A blessed invention, those fog-signals, for I am sure the engine-driver cannot see his hand before him."

"Papa," said the young lady timidly, and with the dreamy air which we associate with the looking back on long-past events, "did you notice a gentleman who entered the train as we were just starting?"

"A young man, with brown hair and dark grey eyes? Yes, Laura; and I thought how wonderfully like he was to that headstrong lad, Willie Stansfield, who will turn up again, I suppose, one of these days."

"Do you think, papa, it could possibly have been he?"

"There is no saying. We always assumed he went abroad. He may be here—may be in this train. I well remember the last words I said to Turner about him, that he must do something very praiseworthy before he could return to my favour. I dare say, like the rest of the world, he is striving and struggling. Laura, this is indeed a wretched day for travelling."

But Laura's thoughts were upon the brown hair and the grey eyes.

"This is the station, Laura, before we come to the long tunnel. On we go again. How we all of us cry out for change! Restless creatures we human beings are! Bah! The idea of my moralising!" and the hard-headed business man laughed at the notion.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, papa. I feel a little dull, myself, at the moment. Do you know, I fancy I am in a more critical state than you think. I may not live, you know, papa. I *may not*. If I should die, you will not bury me here? You will take me home, and——"

"My Laura, my Laura!" exclaimed her father, drawing her to him and embracing her, "what has come over you? What sudden alarm is this?"

They were alone in the carriage, and the old man's tear dropped unchecked.

"It will pass away, I dare say, papa; but a curious presentiment came over me, and I felt weak. I will talk of other things. I wish this journey were ended, for I am rather frightened at such darkness."

"There is nothing to fear, my girl. This line is admirably worked, and all contingencies are provided for, and——"

No. Not that of a heavy bar lying on the rails, placed there after the last train has been signalled "All right."

CRASH!

The huge engine reared up as if in rage, and fell back on the foremost carriages. The hind part of the train was jerked off the line, the carriages falling around and upon one another in hideous confusion. Only a few of the centre carriages escaped injury. How many passengers were killed I cannot tell you now. In a sense, they were favoured above the cruelly wounded, for the summons was immediate, and was immediately obeyed.

Mr. Manley rose from the embankment on to which, by some eccentricity of movement of the falling carriages, he had been thrown. For a minute all was confusion in his mind. Then memory returned. Where was Laura? She remained in that shattered compartment upon which another carriage was partly resting. He could just hear her voice now, crying for her father.

The old man shouted for help, but there were far worse cases, and no help came. A cry then arose that the train on the other line was just due, and the way being blocked by the *débris*, another accident was imminent. A loud wail of despair issued from the poor father, as fruitlessly he strove to remove the great mass of fragments in which his daughter was entombed.

Who was this who, attracted by the doleful cry, approached to render aid?

Mr. Manley did not know at the moment. He simply saw a young and powerful man, and he clutched him by the shoulders, and then even sinking on his knees before him, the old man besought him by all he held dear, by all his hopes, of present and future, to save his child. "Save my Laura, my Laura, sir, and all I have shall be at your command!"

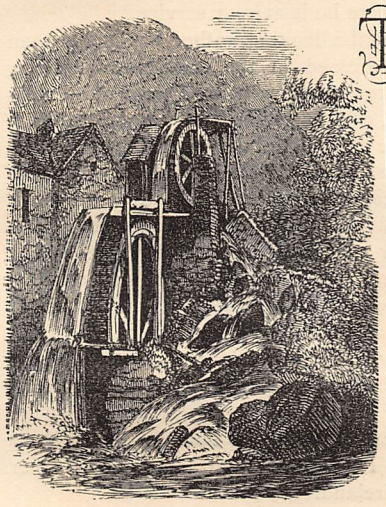
What a start the young man gave! One more close look into the suppliant's face, and then to work. What superhuman force was this which cast aside this huge bar and that great beam? See how the fragments fly, as though they were but pieces of a child's plaything!

To the right, to the left, the masses roll; the work is more than half done, when the cry arises that the whistle of the unstopped train on the other line is audible. Stand aside. No use working further. Death must have his additional victims. On comes the train.

Only at the last moment did Willie Stansfield succeed in clasping the frame of Laura Manley, and bearing it away.

Saved! Who could take her from him now?

FROM DERRY TO DUNGIVEN.



THE scenery of the County Derry, although not so grand as that of Donegal, has many attractions of its own for the artist. Having lately driven from Londonderry to Dungiven, a distance of fifteen miles, through a district well known to the fisherman and sportsman, and famous in the simple romance of the people, we propose to tell the tales of adventure related to us upon the way.

Leaving Derry on a bright morning in August, we descended the steep hill of Glendermott into the fertile valley of the Faughan, a trout-stream, with a dense thicket of natural wood on either bank. Larch, birch, and hazel formed the chief growth, and here and there a spot of vivid scarlet, where the mountain ash drooped over the water. We saw gentlemen's country houses all along the way, embosomed in trees, and rich cornfields which crept to the very summits of the gentle hills.

About half-way between Derry and Dungiven, a gaunt ruin close to the high-road attracted our attention; and a question or two elicited the following curious story from the driver:—

At the beginning of this century, when paper was heavily taxed, the ruin that interested us was a paper-mill, in the hands of a family called Callaghan, consisting of a mother, four grown-up sons, and two daughters. The few neighbours who lived near knew that the gauger had often called for the taxes due, and had been put off until a large sum of money was owed by the Callaghans. There had also been private transactions between them and this man, whose name was Joseph Latta. John, the eldest brother, had borrowed money from him; and he was about to take proceedings against the family, both for the private debt and the taxes due.

Such was the state of affairs when one day Joseph Latta was seen to enter the paper-mill, but nobody saw him leave it; and when in the course of a day or two he was missed, it crept out that several people could swear to having heard a shot fired within the building. The Callaghans were escorted to the nearest magistrate's house by a strong party of soldiers, and were strictly examined, but they swore that the gauger had left the mill alive and well; and as no trace of the missing man could be found there or in the neighbourhood, they were released. But dark suspicions hung about the place; and by degrees the family left the country, the last brother parting with the mill and emigrating to America.

John, Will, Patrick, Niel, Mary, and Jane were all gone—only the mother remained, and she removed to a cabin on the hill-side, in view of the paper-mill. Her circumstances were greatly altered, for she seemed to be forgotten by her children. For a few years remittances from America arrived for her, but as time went on these almost ceased, and her old age was spent in miserable poverty. The dwellers in all the cabins near believed that the old crone who crouched by their hearths, begging for a few potatoes or handful of oatmeal, and the privilege of warming herself at their fire, could tell a very dark story if she chose; but she was always on her guard—secret as the mysterious grave which had swallowed up Joseph Latta.

At length she lay on her death-bed, and her troubled conscience forced her to confession. She told how the gauger had come demanding the money, and how there were high words between him and John; how Patrick had shot him, and how Will had come into

the kitchen where Niel sat with her and the girls, and said, "Come, Niel, an' Jane an' Mary too; the boys wants you in the mill."

"John wanted them all—the girls and all," said the old woman, shuddering in her bed; "*he* was dying of the shot; an' they left naething to tell the story—they just ground him to bits in the paper-mill."

The river Faughan now ran to the left of the high-road, the same beautiful wood overhanging the stream, while to the left rose the hills, with the rich cornfields and snug farm-houses on their sides. We soon lost sight of the river, and the scenery became somewhat wilder. A bridge near the village of Feeny, surrounded by furze-clad knolls, is said to have been the scene of a strange adventure somewhere about the year 1730.

The whole country was held in terror by a robber named Shan Crossa, a very powerful and fearless man, who scoured the highways, "taking from the rich to give to the poor." The latter consequently always spoke well of him, and would have defended him at the risk of their lives. In Benedy, a region near Benbratten, the mountain we were approaching, Shan Crossa had a wild den or cave, to which he retreated when danger menaced him.

He had been lately guilty of several daring robberies, and his name was on every tongue, when General T——, on his way to Derry to pay the troops, stayed to rest with Colonel Kelly at Dungiven Castle. The general's escort were carousing in the kitchen, and he sat with his host over the wine. The conversation turned upon Shan Crossa's exploits, and the general said that he wished very much he could fall in with him.

"You'd find the rascal too many for you," said Colonel Kelly.

"Not I," replied the other; "I promise you the fellow should not escape *me*."

Shan happened to be in the cellar beneath the dining-room; he overheard the general's boast, and resolved to give him the privilege he wished for. He borrowed all the hats he could get for miles round, and stuck them upon the whin-bushes on the knolls surrounding the bridge at Feeny; and there he stationed himself at the hour when the general was expected to pass. Seeing the party approach Shan raised a wild shout, which was answered by three or four ragged adherents of his, whom he had hidden under the bridge. The soldiers, startled by the shouts, saw the hats on the furze-bushes, and thought they were surrounded by hordes of the savage Irish, and fled ignominiously, leaving the general in his carriage on the bridge. Shan Crossa held a pistol to his head, and threatened to fire if he did not give up the money. Thus he became possessed of the pay for the troops in Derry, and of a handsome silver-mounted fowling-piece, as well as of the general's uniform, of which he stripped him. Dressing himself in these brilliant garments, he bowed to his victim, saying, "It is apparel that makes the man," and signed to his friends to quit the horses' heads, release the postillion, and permit the crestfallen general to go on his way. Ever since the bridge where the adventure took place has been called "The General's Bridge."

Another of the stories told of this daring man is that, meeting one day a country gentleman, well known as a very skilful sportsman and accomplished athlete, Shan took a fancy to his coat, and coolly demanded it.

"All right, Shan," said Mr. S——, "I'll wrestle you for it, and the best man shall keep the coat."

They wrestled, and Mr. S——, after a long struggle, succeeded in putting Shan down.

"You're the best man of the two, sir," confessed Shan, with sincere respect.

As this gentleman's wife and a lady guest were walking near the river Owen Beg, they spoke of Shan Grossa and his exploits.

"How much I should like to see him!" said the lady.

"You might not like it as well as you think, my dear," replied her friend.

As she was speaking a man sprang over the ditch and stood before them. Taking off his hat with a low bow, he said most politely, "You wish to see Shan Crossa, ladies; here he is at your service."

They saw an active-looking, rather handsome man of middle size, dressed in the knee-breeches, long stockings, and brogues worn at that time universally by the peasantry, carrying the silver-mounted fowling-piece of which he had robbed the general.

He always wished to be on good terms with his neighbours the country gentlemen; and as he never broke into their houses or did worse than relieve them of their property on the high-road, he thought they ought to be friendly towards him. But one of them was the means of his being taken prisoner. Shan's presence of mind did not desert him even in this strait. While on his way to Derry gaol he asked the officer's permission to show the soldiers how far he could jump.

"May I tak' three leaps, your honour, just to show what I can do? It's allowed that I can leap further nor ony man in Ireland."

"You may leap between the men," was the reply.

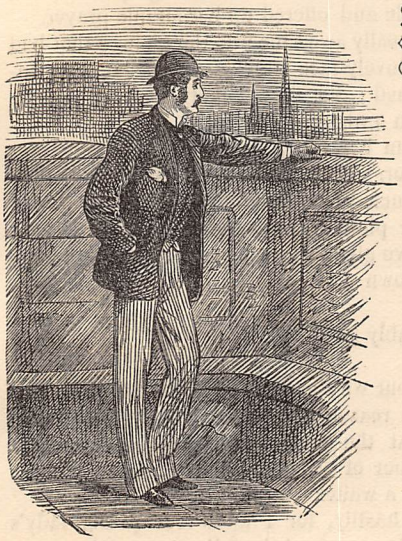
The soldiers were drawn up in two lines so extended that it was thought Shan could not possibly jump beyond them; but his first and second leaps took him far down the line, and his third carried him beyond it. He put forth his extraordinary agility and ran for his life. The broken nature of the ground and his knowledge of the country were in his favour, and he escaped. Shan Crossa's three leaps are still shown by the people. It is said that he died in bed in one of his many hiding-places.

The Glens near Dungiven excited our admiration. Each of the five wooded glens was so beautiful that we longed to explore it, but time failed. We ended by choosing the fourth, remarkable for a waterfall like that of Powerscourt in miniature, and for a gigantic perpendicular cliff, on whose summit the golden eagles used to build. Springing from rock to rock in the almost dried-up course of Owen Lair, twin-river to Owen Beg, we passed the entrances to the three first glens and turned towards the waterfall. Both Owen Beg and Owen Lair are excellent trout-streams.

LETITIA MCCLINTOCK.

WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.



EVEN to remember that day bewilders me, and to put down in black and white what was the effect on my mind of Miss Beaufort's communication would be purely impossible. For some time I could not be quite sure whether or no I had all my senses about me. It was early when the story had been told, and, since the knowledge that I would arrive that morning had been carefully kept from my mother, she was still asleep. At Miss Beaufort's orders, Juan put before me food and drink, of which I partook mechanically, like one in a dream. Afterwards I was shown to a room, where I rested and dressed.

An hour, two hours, passed away; I cannot tell how long; it seemed an age. At last Juan knocked at the door, and intimated that the ladies were expecting me to breakfast.

Slowly I followed him. What a medley of thoughts and feelings were in my mind! My hand was on the handle of the door. I turned it, lingeringly. There was the rustle of a silk dress. Miss Beaufort had left the room by another door. Juan, at the same moment, retired, with an encouraging gesture. I was left alone. How I plucked up heart to cross the threshold I scarcely know. I was so afraid she would reproach me for what I now looked upon as my cowardly desertion. But it was done at last, and no sooner done than I was ashamed of my hesitation.

My mother came forward with a little cry. Had she grown older? Had cruel treatment driven her to desperation? It may have been so, but to me she was the very little mother I recollected—the mother to whom I had clung in my babyhood, and over whom, later, I had tyrannised—the mother who had been always kind, always devoted, always patient.

But, oh! it was very pitiful. I was as unready as usual, emotion was choking me, and, before I could prevent her, she was on her knees before me, and covering my hands with kisses.

"Archie, darling," she cried out, "I have been a bad mother, but can my poor dear boy forgive me?"

I caught her up from the ground.

"I did it for the best," she said, tears running down her face. "I thought it was the best, indeed I did. He talked so beautifully about you; but I must have been selfish, I think, or God wouldn't have punished me so. When they told me you were dead, dear, I knew it was because you were unhappy, and then I hated him and tried to get to you, oh! so many ways, but I couldn't. The look of the poison made me sick, and it was such a long jump from the bridge into the river, and the string would never go tight enough round my neck. And then the doctors said I was weak-minded, and Mr. Palmer's sister came. Archie, darling, are you crying? What a tender heart you have! But you mustn't cry, dear. We are going to be happy now."

So she ran on in the first moments of our excitement.

I did all I could to soothe her. I was a man, I said. I was strong and experienced. I would let nobody and nothing hurt her. She must trust in me.

Strangely, as I thus spoke, did the memory break upon me of another creature, tender and helpless, who at that very moment, perhaps, was trusting in me, looking for my assistance, and looking in vain.

Meanwhile calmness returned to my dear mother, and, leaving me alone for a few moments, she went to fetch her to whose patient kindness and loving ingenuity this happy reunion was due.

I must pass over the details of that breakfast. After it was over, Miss Beaufort said—

"It is time we should talk a little business."

I answered at once, "Yes, it is time; and my first business ——"

"Is to take care of your mother, and recover your inheritance," interrupted Miss Beaufort; "afterwards —" she looked with a roguish smile towards my mother, who smiled responsively, and taking my hand stroked it gently.

"Archie looks serious," she said; "but it is all to be made up to him now. My poor dear boy will forget about the past. Do you know, darling, that you are a rich man? The property has increased ever so much, they say. Mr. Palmer was going to buy a place in the country."

"We must set about getting it back at once," Miss Beaufort said. "Archie, you will have to prove your identity. I fear, under the circumstances, your mother's evidence will not be considered conclusive. Have you any relic of the past?"

Here my dear mother clapped her hands like a child.

"The locket," she said, "I gave him the locket, and it has our likenesses in it."

I did not speak for a moment—I was thinking—and Miss Beaufort said—

"Surely you have not been so mad as to dispose of it?"

There was a strange lightness of exultation at my heart, which might, had I been calm enough to think seriously, have revealed to me a secret concerning myself, as I answered—

"Yes, I have disposed of it. Mother, do not look

so startled. Miss Beaufort, my best friend, pardon me. I shall recover the locket again, but only when my first and most urgent duty is performed. It is in Tiny's keeping. I entrusted it to her the last time I saw her." I turned to Miss Beaufort, whose face had changed singularly. "I am sure," I went on, "you do not know where she is, or you would have told me. I am convinced, as fully as of my identity, that neither ingratitude nor any other baseness made Tiny leave you. There has been a misunderstanding, and it is my duty to search it out."

The young Lady of the Manor rose from her seat. "If these are your convictions," she said haughtily, "follow them. I will not hinder you: go at once; but"— she fixed her eyes upon me steadily—"allow me to make a suggestion that possibly has not occurred to you: I *may* know where she is; in keeping it secret I *may* be trying to save you from pain that, under the circumstances, would be useless."

There was something base about this speech, and it stung me to the quick.

"That," I answered calmly, "I could not believe, even on the testimony of you, my benefactress."

"What I have done for you," she said, "pray leave out of this question. Would you believe the evidence of your own senses?"

"I shall never be put to the test."

"You are sure of that?"

"As sure as that I live."

"Go then. You are in the right frame for a discoverer of—truth."

"Miss Beaufort, I have made you angry."

"Angry! my dear boy!"

My mother was looking in bewilderment from one to the other. Miss Beaufort put her hand on her arm.

"We have told him too soon," she said, "he is not ready for us yet."

"Archie dear," my mother cried sorrowfully, "you are not hurting her, are you? She has been so good to us. And she knows best, dear, she knows the world, and she is courageous. You will do what she wishes?"

It was a distressing moment. My throat contracted; there was a dismal throbbing in my head; my heart swelled as if it would burst. It was so hard, so unspeakably hard, to meet my mother's pleading eyes; to know that by her, to whom I owed everything, I was considered ungrateful, suspicious, untrue; to set aside, for a season even, what under any other circumstances would have been my most imperative duty; but, spite of all, with a doggedness that amounted to obstinacy, I held firmly to my purpose.

"Mother, have patience!" I cried out. "I will do everything you both wish; I will indeed; but I must do this first."

"Why all this emphasis?" Miss Beaufort said, quietly. "Is any one preventing you from starting? For my part, I am quite ready to help you—yes—even by a direction."

Stooping, she whispered a word in my ear.

Though I had been half expecting it, my blood curdled in my veins. I did not believe it—no—a thousand times no. Before those whom I love best in the world I can say that my faith in my little playmate was as firm now as on that morning long ago, when, while a new life was dawning upon us, she knelt by my side and offered up her simple prayer.

That which really awed me was the change that had come over the lovely face I knew so well. It was convulsed, darkened; its very beauty seemed to be passing away in a night of passion.

I shrank from her touch. She laughed, and went towards the door. Gone was that sudden darkening. I could have fancied I had dreamed it.

"Make your plans irrespective of me," she said lightly. "I have given so much time to Archie's business that my own has suffered. Good-bye—good-bye."

It was veritably good-bye, though we little thought it at the time.

I spent an hour with my mother, trying to make her understand the reason why my first duty must be to find Tiny. At the end of that time there was a knock at the door of our room, followed immediately by the entry of a waiter with a note.

I opened it hastily, for I knew our young lady's handwriting. It contained the following words:—

"I was foolish enough to think you different from the multitude. I put you to the test, and you failed to stand it. So, farewell! You have given me pleasure, I have given you benefits. We are quits, and can part good friends. A piece of business to conclude with: you will soon come into your property, and may think of buying land; for the sake of old times, see if the Manor may not suit you. I intend to sell it. Good-bye, my baby. From—

"A WANDERING METEOR."

I rang the bell and asked for Juan. He had left with his mistress and the rest of her servants in a travelling carriage, I was told.

I asked where they had gone. No one knew. It was the opinion of the waiter that they did not know themselves. He understood English, and had heard the directions to the driver—so far as he could make out, these were simply that he should drive on. The hotel-bill for herself and us had been paid up to date, and the proprietor, to whom the lady was well known, had received orders to supply us with any money or necessaries we might require, sending the account to her bankers.

That was all. I had offended her, and she had thrown me on my own resources; for the future I should have to act and judge for myself.

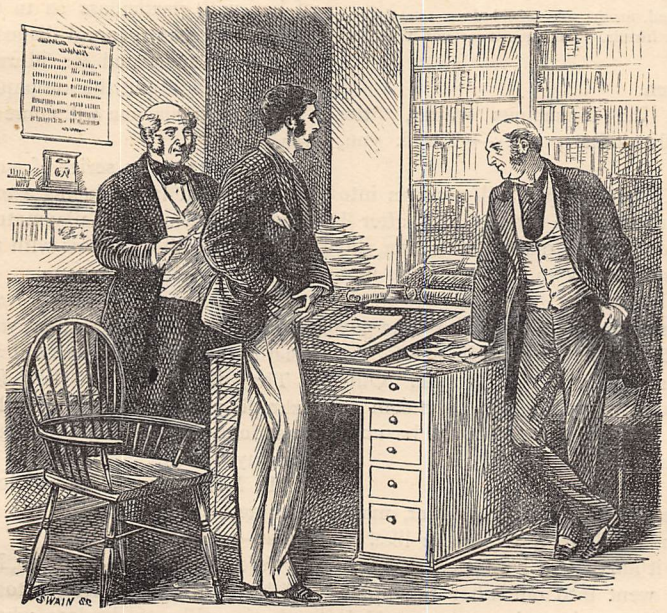
I recognised this, and presently recovered my spirits. The first emotion had been fierce regret; the second—disbelieve me who will; I speak the truth—was a sense of relief. A chain that had bound my limbs seemed to be broken; for the first time since, in her boudoir, I had poured out my raptures—for the first time since I had seen that strange smile on her face—even now I scarcely dare think of it: it maddens me—I was my own master.

Begging my mother to rest, I went to my room and sat down to think. I dared not, in her state of health and nerves, take her back to England; I dared not leave her alone in this strange place; and yet every

moment's delay might be vital to my poor little Tiny. What was I to do! It was in a happy moment that the memory came to me of one good friend. Martha! yes, of course, Martha; why had I not thought of her before? She would take my place with my mother. I would go back to London, find Tiny, and come to some understanding with Mr. Palmer.

It was no sooner thought about than acted upon. I sent off a telegram to Martha, who came by the next tidal boat, and promised not to leave my mother till my return.

How strangely the fulness or barrenness of incident modifies our conception of the flight of time! Not a week had passed since the evening when I was sent for to the Manor House, barely a fortnight since Tiny's disappearance. But when, in the grey of a still morning, I stood alone on one of the London bridges looking down the misty river, or away over the multitude of buildings, and thinking—wondering how I should begin my task—wondering what the end of it all would be—looking back, and endeavouring as well as I could to take the measure of things—that all this had passed in a fortnight staggered me.



"MR. MERRIDEW AND HIS SON LOOKED ONE AT THE OTHER, AND NODDED SIMULTANEOUSLY" (*p.* 738).

Before another fortnight—what? I could not answer. I felt sad and dreary. I had never seen London before, and its hugeness bewildered me. If I—a man, as I believed myself to be—were thus affected, what, under like circumstances, would be the feelings of a girl, little more than a child, who had lived in a village all her life? While as to finding her—I groaned within myself. I think at that moment I would have given all I possessed—my new hopes, my art, my very life—to meet one of her saucy smiles.

Alas! It was the sad look, the flowing tears that I remembered now. It was the echo of that mournful cry, "I thought the world would have been different," which rang continually in my ears.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

"ONLY go to a big hotel, Master Archie," had been Martha's last recommendation. Now, I knew that to present myself at a large hotel with nothing but what I stood up in would be to insure a curt denial of admittance.

I walked about, therefore, till the shops were open, then went into one and chose a portmanteau; in another I bought some linen, which I packed into it. Thus armed, I hailed a hansom and drove to a near hotel—I forget which: it was very central and very large.

There I ordered my breakfast, and began to meditate on what my next step should be.

A single waiter had been told off to attend upon me. His appearance inspired me with confidence. It struck me that if I put my difficulty to him, without giving names or particulars, he might suggest some course of action.

I rapped on the table, and he came at once.

"Sir?"

"Oh!" I said, "I don't want anything, thank you, only—" for his face took a surprised look—"you know London, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps," I said, breaking up a piece of toast to appear indifferent, "you could tell me what people do if any one is lost?"

"Sir?"

"I mean if they want to find them."

"They in general advertises, sir. Is it a lady or a gentleman as you're a-looking for?"

"Oh! it's not for myself," I explained hastily. "A friend of mine, you know; he asked me. He doesn't know London very well."

The gentleman coughed. I felt he was smothering a laugh.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but it don't matter much, do it?"

"Not at all," I said, "not at all. My friend, then, should, you think——"

"Depends on circumstance, sir. Advertising can't do no harm if you—beg pardon, sir—if your friend puts it so as other people won't make it out. There's a deal of art about adver*tise*ment, sir, believe me."

"How so?"

"Artfulness would perhaps be a more correcter word, sir. You want to catch one eye—right; you don't want to catch no other eyes—right! How's it to be done? Well, sir, there's two ways. Most has a nickname, and in general the nickname's used—Dolly or Ducky, as the case may be. But if a person have a nickname, a good few knows it more than the immediate family. The other way sir's far more

artful, believe me. We'll suppose you has a mutual ideer—don't matter what—you set that down, leastways you suggests it, and it meets the eye of the party at once. Now, sir, I can show you an adver*tise*ment that, as the saying is, combines the two."

He turned over a pile of papers on the side-board, chose out one, and placed it, properly folded, before me.

I looked down on the sheet and up into his face, rubbed my eyes, looked again. The words of that singular advertisement seemed to glare up at me out of a misty haze.

It was headed, "Studio Breakfasts." This was printed in large type. There followed the cabalistic letters "G. T.," and below, in much smaller type:—

"Tiny is earnestly entreated, for the sake of old days, to make her present address known to her friends. Let her write or send as soon as possible to ——"

A direction was given.

"Here," explained the loquacious waiter, the mutual ideer is the breakfasts, and——Thank you, sir, thank you!"

To stop his tongue I had slipped half-a-crown into his hand. I went out into the street; only after I had walked rapidly for about a quarter of a mile, did I recover my senses sufficiently to reflect on this new strangeness.

It could not be a coincidence. Her name—the gay breakfasts at which she had so often presided—G. T.: why that, of course, stood for Greek Temple. Only one other besides our two selves had partaken of those breakfasts. It was he, then, it could be none else, who had advertised.

My head swam.

That another was searching for her, however, made it none the less incumbent on me to do the like. I would advertise. As it happened, I was in a region of newspaper-offices. I went into one after the other, and the next morning it must have been pretty widely spread through the length and breadth of the land that Archie was searching for Tiny.

But this method could not, under any circumstance, be immediately productive of result. I was in a fever to do more. I stopped to think. I had heard of people referring in all their difficulties to a family solicitor. In the old days we had a family solicitor. I had been given his address, and to him I repaired.

In a few rapid and feverish words, I poured out my story.

"And what do you intend to do?" said Mr. Merridew.

His business-like manner both rebuked and calmed me.

I answered, "You know more of the world than I—I will be guided by you."

"I am obliged by your confidence, but——"

"You do not doubt me?" I cried, springing from my seat.

"Patience, my dear sir! let me beg you to sit down again and be calm."

"If we did not think—ahem—there was something in your story," put in Mr. Merridew the younger, fixing his eyes upon his father——

"We should have requested you to leave our office at once," this latter filled up.

"You remember me, then?"

"We did not say so," said the son.

"No, no; we made no statement of the kind," repeated the father.

"But—ahem——"

"Yes, in the interests of our old client, Mrs. Palmer, we will go into the matter."

"I am ready," I said, "to put that aside for the moment. About this other business?"

"The young girl—name, Clementina—called by her friends Tiny," the elder Mr. Merridew said, looking at his son.

"Perhaps Mr.—ahem—can give us some description of her, with particulars as to time of disappearance, where last seen, general disposition, state of mind at the time?" suggested Mr. Merridew the younger.

"If he would put this on paper?" said the father.

"Perhaps, sir, you will come to my desk?" said the son.

He put to me a series of suggestive questions, and we succeeded in producing a tolerably correct portrait of my little friend and playmate.

"If you will leave this with us, and exercise a little patience," said the son——

"We do not doubt that we shall succeed, if not in finding her," said the father, with a benign smile, "at least in satisfying you as to how she disappeared."

They both rose to their feet. I followed their example; meanwhile, since I had heard that nothing was done for nothing in London, I thrust my hand into my pocket.

Mr. Merridew and his son looked one at the other, and nodded simultaneously. Then the elder man spoke—

"We have our own opinions, Mr.—ahem—Archibald. Without further inquiring into this matter, it would be unbusinesslike to disclose what those are. In a day or two we shall be in a position to treat you more openly. In the meantime, as you may be inconvenienced——"

"As you may be inconvenienced for ready money, if you like to draw on us to a moderate amount——" put in the son.

"We are quite at your service," the father concluded.

I thanked them cordially; the offer was timely, since my finances were already at a low ebb; but the consciousness that, however cautiously he might express himself, Mr. Merridew had actually recognised me was pleasanter even than the assistance.

I left the office with a lighter heart. Moreover, the confidence of these shrewd men filled me with hope.

But, meanwhile, I should have wished to do something for myself. Sundry very wild and childish ideas presented themselves. I set them aside at once.

At last came one which was feasible at least. Betsy Carter lived in London. I knew her address; she was one of the last in the village who had seen Tiny. Possibly she knew something.

Without a moment's delay I made my way to

—— Square, and fortune favoured me. As I passed out of Kensington Gardens, *en route* for her employer's house, Betsy, with her young charge, was passing in to them.

When she saw me she stood still in her amazement, and that awful child set up a yell, which called round us a small crowd.

"Be quiet, Master Henry," said Betsy, and she came forward to meet me.

"I didn't know you were in London, Mr. Archie," she said.

"But I did," cried the little monster by her side, "and he's looking for her, and if he hadn't run away from me I'd tell him where she is."

I turned round upon the child. He made a hideous grimace, and set off tearing down the path.

"Does he mean anything?" I said to Betsy.

"He may and he may not," she answered. "He certainly does pick up the queerest stories, now and then; where he gets hold of them no one knows. I think sometimes that there's something uncanny about him. Master Henry, dear"— he had returned and was dancing round us in a circle—"tell us what you meant just now?"

"Oh! oh! Miss Betsy!" he answered, "you're very civil all at once. Come now; what will you give me if I tell you?"

"I don't believe you know," she said.

"Don't you? all right then, here goes."

But I caught him before he could run away.

"Tell *me*," I said, "and you shall have——"

"I'll have that blue thing at your watch-chain. 'Tisn't worth much."

"Master Henry!" said Betsy reprovingly.

"How often am I to tell you to hold your tongue?" said the small tyrant. "Here, Mr. What's-your-name, do you mean to let me have it?"

"I couldn't let you have that, Harry."

"Why not?"

"I promised only to give it to one person."

"That's funny."

"Why funny?"

"Why, because she said the very same about the locket, only"— looking up oddly into my face—"she was crying when she said it, and you're not."

My heart gave a great bound. It almost overpowered me. I sat down on a seat, and drew the child to my knee.

"Harry——" I said in a choked voice.

"Here's a go!" interrupted he, "if he's not going to cry too!"

I said, "You shall have my watch. See—it's worth far more than the blue thing."

He threw his ball into the air, and tried to catch it on his nose. It chose to fall on mine, at which he laughed until I thought he would have a fit. Meanwhile, to show I was in earnest, I began to detach my watch from its chain.

He put his hand on mine. "Much obliged," he said, "but I happen to have three watches at home."

"Then what will you have?"

"Nothing, thank you. I say, Betsy, isn't it about time for my dinner?"

"There's half an hour yet, Master Henry; but won't you——"

"Shut up, do you hear?" he interrupted.

I said, "You are in a great hurry to get away from me, Harry."

He put on the queerest face. "Mamma doesn't like us to walk with young men, particularly genteel ones."

"I will call upon your mamma, and tell her what I want with Betsy and you."

"She wouldn't see you. She's ill."

"Then I can see your father."

"He's at business all day, and the girls are at school—so now!"

"You tell me what you know, Harry, and I shall be grateful to you all my life."

"Will you buy me a commission?"

"Yes."

"And look after my business when I go out to fight?"

"Yes."

"And take care of my wife and children?"

"Yes."

"Promise."

"Yes, I promise."

"Then I'll tell you. She went up to the moon last Saturday."

"Master Henry!" cried Betsy.

And I said, "I took you for a man, Harry. I find you are only a little boy."

I turned away. I believed he really knew something. I believed he would follow me. I was right. Five seconds later, I felt a twitching at my coat-tails.

"So you are there," I said.

"I only meant to tease you, Mr. What's-your-name," said this strange boy; "besides, I didn't want Betsy to hear; and now I'll tell you all about it. I have a bad spine, you know, and won't ever grow any taller, so they pretend I'm a baby and send me out with a nursemaid; and I went to my doctor, the other day. I don't like him, he's so sleek, and he generally talks for ever so long with mamma, and I have to wait. While I was waiting that day, the door of the room opened, so softly, and she came in."

"Who?—not Tiny?"

"Yes—the pretty girl I saw at the farm. She looked all round. I think she was afraid of some one hearing. And then she came to me and kissed me, and began to cry, and she asked me a lot of questions—if I had seen you, and if you were married yet, and what you said when you found she was gone."

I stopped short in the road. I felt dizzy and faint. I could scarcely believe him.

"Harry," I said, "are you sure of this? Was it really Tiny you saw?" What was my astonishment when he drew my own locket from his breast!

"She gave me this," he answered. "She said she would never see you again, and that you would want it, and that I might see you; and I've been trying since to find out your address. See! there's the name of the house on the locket. But good-bye—here's Betsy."

"Good-bye, Harry." I took his small hand in mine and looked down into his face, half-pathetic, half-comical.

"I should like to do something for you," I said.

He answered, grinning, "You've made a lot of promises, you know."

"I shall not forget them," I said. And I did not.

Meanwhile I threw myself into a cab, and was driven to the address on the paper in my hand.

I was put down before a large, dismal house, which, to my dismay, seemed empty and deserted.

I rang and knocked, fruitlessly for some time. At last I heard steps, and a jingling of keys. A very old woman stood on the threshold.

I turned away sadly to the dismal sound of the old woman's chuckle. I was at sea again. As I drove back alone to the busy quarters of the City, I felt myself overpowered with sorrow and contrition; if, instead of allowing myself to be beguiled into the yacht; if, instead of steeping my senses in a fool's Paradise, and forgetting—forgetting the past, forgetting my duty—I had, on the very day when I knew for a certain fact that she was lost, started off to find her, I should probably have succeeded. I had allowed my "would" to change. "Abatements and delays" had cut the ground from under my feet. And now, when I "would," when my whole soul was pledged to the undertaking, I could not.

"SLOWLY I RAISE MYSELF TO A SITTING POSTURE" (*p.* 742).

"Your master in?" I asked.

"Who was you a askin' for?" she said with aggravating slowness.

"Your master."

"Arn't got no master, leastways there's the agent as put me in to care-take. Was you wanting to see the house, sir?"

"The tenants have gone?" I said, my heart sinking.

"Left last Saturday—were it Saturday?—no!—dear-a-me, how bad my memory's gettin'! It's all along o' that ——"

"Can you give me their address?" I broke in desperately.

She smiled. I really do believe the smile was a satirical one.

"There's a many more 'ud like to know that," she said. "No, sir; I ain't hurd their 'dress, and what's more, I don't want not to hear it. They don't owe me nothink, no more don't I them."

About the days that followed I must not attempt to say much, for I should most certainly lose myself. Eating and drinking, intervals of tedious doing nothing, when every sound made me start, miserable wandering under leaden skies, daily disappointments, and a day-by-day settling down into despair—these were their chief features.

But for my solicitors, who urged upon me the necessity, indeed the imperative duty, of instant action, I should have taken no step in my own affairs. As it was, I allowed them to settle everything.

For my mother's sake, and to avoid the publicity, which would have killed her, we entered into a compromise with Mr. Palmer.

Everything, I found, had been left to me by my father's will. By the advice of my solicitors I put a certain sum in the hands of trustees. So long as Mr. Palmer should continue to allow my mother to live

with me, and not molest us in any way, he should receive the interest of this sum. Should he prove troublesome, it would be withdrawn.

My step-father, on the whole, thought it wiser to yield. I was put formally in possession of my property, and during those miserable days in London I stepped from the position of a struggling artist and poor schoolmaster's assistant, into that of a man of wealth.

Yet was everything poisoned to me. The very magnitude of the good that had come to myself made me long the more deeply for the little playmate, tender and patient, who had laughed and cried with me, helped me to endure hardships, borne with my petulances, and, by her bright example, urged me to all things "pure, noble, and of good report." One pleasant reminiscence, and one only, I have of those dismal days. Through my solicitors I bought the cottage and cottage-garden which my old friend, Mr. Josephs, had rented for so many years. One of Mr. Merridew's clerks took to him the deed of gift by which these were made his property, together with a first instalment of the pension which was to be his for life; and his account of the way in which the old man took it, the difficulty to make him understand that he was actually a person of property, and his child-like pleasure and satisfaction when he realised the momentous fact were most touching.

Meanwhile the days stole into nights, the nights dreamed themselves away, and every day I went to Chancery Lane, and every day I was doomed to disappointment. I must mention in passing that I had been acknowledged and visited by numerous relatives. The Uncle Jack who, in the past, had been our principal adviser—he had an advising temperament—now once more took me in hand, and certainly he helped me in many ways.

I had been a fortnight in London when, one afternoon, he came into my private sitting-room at the hotel, with the air of one who has made up his mind to speak his mind. He sat down.

"My dear Archie, *are you a reasonable* man?" he began. From the emphasis I knew what was coming, and, with head on hand, I listened patiently to a long series of unanswerable arguments. I could not put them down. If I did it would not be interesting. "Duty, necessity, family claims," were words very frequently used. All ended with, "You must bestir yourself, you must, indeed!"

I felt the necessity keenly, and answered, "I will."

"Come," he said, "that's right. What do you say then——"

"Uncle Jack," I said, "you must give me one more day—no, two—to the end of this week."

"And when the end of this week has come, it will be to the end of next week."

"No." I offered him my hand. "If before this week is out I hear nothing, I will go to my mother."

He left me, satisfied. But I was not satisfied. I sat down and, covering my face with my hands, groaned aloud.

It was on the next day, I think, towards afternoon, that a note was put in my hand by a private messenger. It was in Mr. Clinton's handwriting, and I tore it open. These were the words it contained:—

"I have heard of your good fortune, Archie. I have also heard of your trouble. In both you have forgotten me, but I have not forgotten you. If you wish to prove the truth of what I say, come, as soon as you can on receipt of this, to the village where your second school was situated. I shall meet you there. Possibly I may be able to give you some information about the object of your search. "A. CLINTON."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

I HAVE described the morning when, by the echoing sea, I awoke to a new life. I have described the morning when the life within a life—that life of art, which has been ever since so dear a part of me—began first as a conscious possession. Yet another morning must I describe, and then I put down my pen, for my task is done.

Early, very early—I had arrived at the inn the night before, but too late to do anything—early, very early, for sleep had been impossible, I rose and threw up my window-sash. What a morning! What a world! But my heart throbbed so that I could not enjoy it.

I tried to calm myself. The note had meant something. Not without a cause had I been summoned to this far-away village. He never acted for nothing. That day, then, would see my long suspense at an end.

I was beginning to understand myself, beginning to recognise that there had never been—that there never could be—but the one love in my heart; that any other was a delusion, betraying me to ruin. But if—as was most likely—my chance for securing this dear love had gone by, I could still rejoice. To see her happy, to be sure that all cause for anxiety on her behalf was over, would satisfy me. Sadly, it might be, yet with peace of mind, I could go to my life-work.

But, meanwhile—lovely as were those pink-hued clouds, deep and soft as were the monster shadows that lay brooding in the valley, sweet as were this buoyant air and this stillness of the day-expecting earth—I wished them all away. I drank the air before me in my impatience for the promised revealing.

At such moments any kind of action has a soothing effect. I dressed with feverish haste, and went out. It was the very inn where my mother and I had stayed when she took me to Mr. Simpkins'. In the open air my mind went back, with rapid rebound, to those far-away days. There, not very distant, was the green where I had watched a small creature picking daisies with mysterious industry. Here was the sea—now not flooded with afternoon sunlight, but sombre and sad.

An impulse prompting me to prolong my walk, I determined to visit the little bay where my second life began. It was very early. Most likely I should be able to go and return before the world was stirring.

In the meantime, seeing that no furious tempest was raging in my soul, I was prudent enough to take my

bearings. The tide was up, but on the turn. It would be perfectly safe to prolong my walk.

Dreamily I pursued my way, the thoughts of the present strangely affected by the thoughts of the past.

The old questionings—"What am I? What is this world?—the meaning of it—oh! the meaning of it?"—began again. Thus till the walking became mechanical. I ceased even to mark my progress.

Then—but what is this? I am trembling; the pen drops from my fingers. Man as I am, my eyes fill with tears. I must be strong, however; I must control myself. One more picture—one more—and I have done.

I was dreaming, I said. I awake with a start, for I know the rugged face of this outlying headland, and the blood begins to stir about my heart, as I live through that scene of long ago. I round the point. As once before, I throw myself down on my face; I want to shut out all this world about me; I want to think.

The air is lulling; the sound of those distant wavelets, kissing the shore gently, has a sleep-compelling power; my eyelids drop.

Yes, it all comes back, I am a child again; there is another child beside me; we are seated on the sands, they change to a rock, then to a cloud, which begins slowly to rise over the sea. We hold one another's hands. I say, "We are going to heaven."

I am answered. Hark! Be silent! Is this music?

"He is dreaming, dear, and, oh! he looks as he did then, and then he dreamed about heaven too. But we must wake him.—Archie!" A touch on my arm; but I do not stir. I *must* see this dream to an end.

"Archie!" again, and a little alarm in the voice.

Slowly I raise myself to a sitting posture.

"I do believe he is half asleep still."

I should know this voice, for there is a ring of kindly mockery in it.

"I think I *am* asleep," I say, turning round, for the voice proceeds from behind me. "Tiny, Tiny, is it true?"

But before I can even touch her, there comes out from under the rocks a grand and stately form, and grave, kind eyes, that I know well are fixed on my face.

It seems to me in this bewildering moment that there is a revelation in them. Fool, idiot that I had been ever to distrust him! Tiny was wiser than I, and now—she has her heart's desire.

He draws her towards him. How happy she looks clinging to his arm!

"Archie," he says, "I have done what you wished. I have found her. Do you think my child looks well?"

I try to answer, "Yes."

"Where are your congratulations then? Have you lost all interest in your old playfellow?"

I struggle to speak, and am conscious that she is looking up at him the while, with the prettiest pleading in her face. She is sorry for me. I conquer my confusion as best I can.

"I do congratulate you," I say, "and with all my heart. Wait! I have more to say. Tiny, come here and give me your hand. You are my sister, you know, and now I am rich, my dear, I can play the part of a brother to you."

Her eyes fill with tears. I feel as if all the world had grown blank.

"You are as tender as ever, my little Tiny," I say.

She makes a movement towards me. He is advancing, and—what a strange look of happiness and pride on his grand face!

"Clementina!" he says. She drops my hand and turns to him. He presses her to his heart, then, reaching out his hand to me—

"Come, boy, come!" he goes on in the old tone of voice, masterful, kindly, withal a little cynical—"it is your turn now. Wipe away your tears, Clementina. Foolish children! if only you could have made up your minds to know your minds some six months ago! However, all's well that ends well. What, Archie! shy! Do you think I don't know all about it?"

"Sir! Mr. Clinton!"

"You have been watched, sir. If you had not come back when you did, and left no stone unturned to find her, you should never have had my little Clementina, my sister's child."

"Your sister's child!"

"Yes; you did not know. Well, I must tell you that story another time."

And meantime my Clementina is smiling in her roguish way.

"Your niece, sir," she says saucily, "might have had a word to say for herself."

"She!"—he laughs—"let me advise her now and for ever after to hold her tongue. Here, Archie, take her; I must be off. At dinner-time we shall meet at the inn, and talk about business. It will be well for you both to be punctual," he adds, shaking his fist in a terrible manner at Tiny.

He disappeared then. As for us, we found our way to the little winding-path which once our feet had trod, and on the downs above, "when the tide was high," began for us yet another life.

C. DESPARD.

THE END.

A GLIMPSE OF SOCOTRA,

THE LATEST BRITISH POSSESSION.

SOCOTRA, the island upon which the Indian Government has recently re-planted the British flag, is just outside the Gulf of Aden—about 148 miles east of Cape Gardafui, and consequently in the direct route of ships going from the Red Sea to India. The fact that it measures eighty miles or so in length, and from fifteen to twenty in width, gives but a vague idea of its size; but when we remember these figures represent it as being something like four times as long as the Isle of Wight, and from two to seven miles wider in different parts, we are led to form a more adequate notion of its area and importance. Its value as a coaling station in the earlier days of steam-vessels was seen to be immense, and with the view of making use of it for this purpose, it was thoroughly surveyed by Lieutenant Wellsted in 1834. The result of his investigations was that a negotiation was opened with the Sheikh of Keshin for the purchase of the island. But the Eastern ruler, small as were his domains, preferred the inheritance of his fathers to the acquisition of gold, and refused to listen for a moment to the representations of John Company, in spite of the length of his purse, or the crafty charming of his specious words. Spanning a little space with his fingers, the chieftain swore, "As surely as there is but one God and He is in heaven, I will not sell even so much; this island was a gift of the Almighty to the Mahras, and has descended from our forefathers to their children, over whom I am Sultan." But in this instance, as in most others, the old saying held good—

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

and accordingly a detachment of the Bombay Native Infantry took possession of Socotra, and held it for their masters as long as it seemed good to them, which proved to be a period of four years, until the capture of Aden, a spot thought to possess all the capabilities and none of the disadvantages of the little isle, which was immediately abandoned, and reverted to its Sheikh, who retained it till 1876. At that date longing eyes were cast on this coign of vantage-ground so conveniently near the Red Sea, and so much more important than it was before the construction of the Suez Canal, that lest it should be occupied by either of the Powers jealous of British supremacy in the East, the Political Resident at Aden was sent to the Sheikh to make arrangements for the frustration of all such inimical designs. After some little exercise of diplomacy a treaty was drawn up and signed, which secured the dignity of the Arab as well as the safety of his paternal acres, and the increase of his modest revenue. He accepted the annual payment of a thousand dollars from the Government of Great Britain, and agreed not to allow any alien residents to settle in Socotra, nor to cede any portion of it to any foreign Power without her consent. He thus became a feudatory of England, and it was but a step from the state of things then established to the supremacy now declared and manifested.

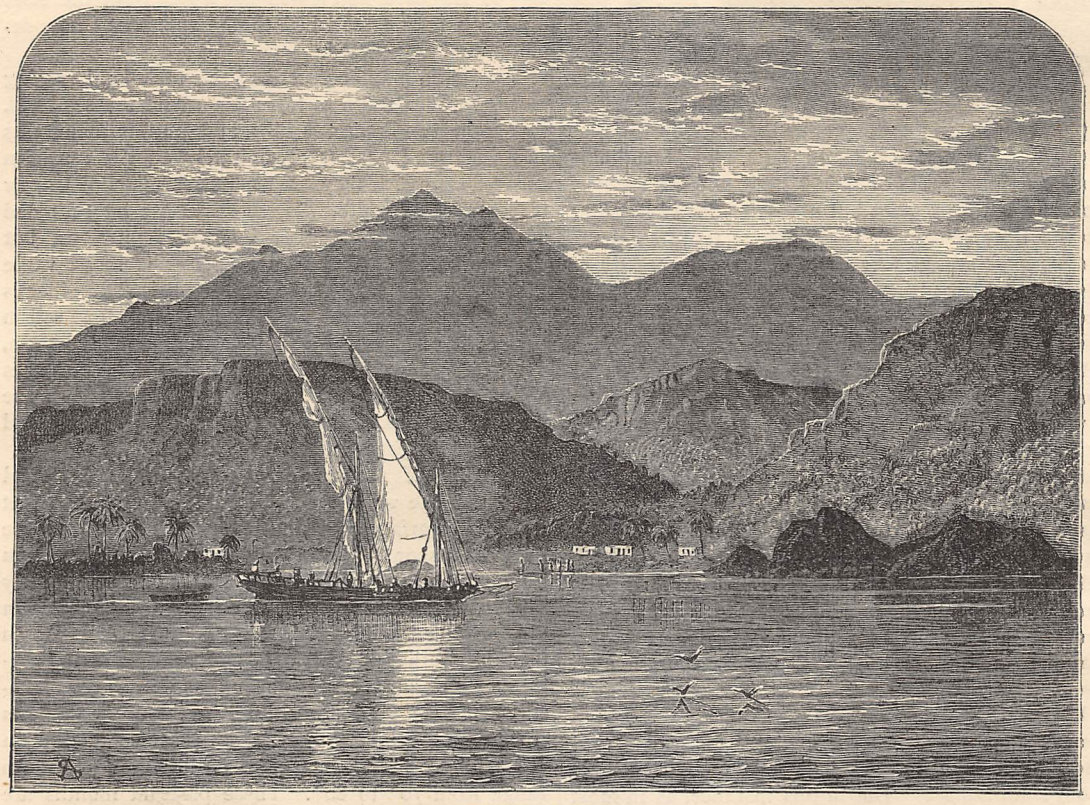
The island may be described as a table-land varying in height from seven to 1,900 feet above the sea-level, and resting on limestone hills, and granitic mountains abutting more or less precipitately on the northern coast, from which they are separated by plains two or three miles in width. These rocks are intermingled with porphyry and other igneous formations, but support no vegetation save a species of moss, while the plains are sandy, only diversified with hillocks covered with low scrub and coarse grass. The soil in the eastern districts is a reddish earth, wherein grain, vegetables, and fruit flourish, and which produces abundant grass crops. There are good pastures in the western part, and valleys of extraordinary beauty and fertility run right across the table-land.

In most of the northern plains, water is found in abundance at a depth of from eight to ten feet below the surface, and numerous streams fed by the heavy monsoon rains run with considerable velocity in different directions, but in hot weather become nearly dry. Some few, however, are perennial, especially in the neighbourhood of Tamarida. The climate is cooler than that of Arabia, in consequence of the sea-breezes blowing across the island, as well as the elevation of the central hills. The north-east monsoon blows from October to April, after which torrents of rain fall, causing the thermometer during that period to range from 70° to 80°. These pleasant months are terribly dangerous to navigation, because of the constant squalls that rise and blow, and unfortunately there is no good harbour, though there is tolerable anchorage near Tamarida, but it is not available at all seasons of the year.

The chief commercial product of Socotra is the aloe, the juice of which, when pure, is said to be the finest in the world. The plant grows all over the island, reaching a height of some ten feet where not stunted, and if judiciously managed and cultivated would become a profitable source of revenue. The Hebrew tradition is that the aloe grew in the garden of Eden, which is likely enough, as it is pre-eminently an Eastern plant, and commonly called the "tree of Paradise." Its broad, long leaves, sharp-pointed as lances, grow in a circle, from the centre of which rises the stem, covered with tassels of lily-shaped flowers, red or white, and occasionally orange-coloured, shaded with scarlet. More than a hundred blossoms have

been counted in one cluster. The gum into which the juice hardens is well known in medicine, and was accounted by the Jews in olden days to be worth its weight in gold. The natives of Socotra sell theirs for the most part to the merchants from Bombay.

The "dragon's blood," obtained in the island in sufficient quantities to be considered an article of commerce, is a reddish resin which exudes from *Pterocarpus Draco*, a species of Dalbergia. The amara yields an odoriferous gum, the tamarind flourishes, while tobacco, cotton, and indigo thrive sufficiently well to indicate the sources of prosperity which may be developed in the future. The hills might be terraced like those of Palestine, and the whole land become an oasis of plenty.



A GLIMPSE OF SOCOTRA.

The date-palm, the "prince of vegetables," of which the natives say that it plunges its foot into the water and its head into the fires of heaven, is their staple article of food, and raises its straight, column-like stem eighty or ninety feet high, crowned by an ample tuft of forty or fifty leaves, each of which floats from the summit like a feather. From the axils of the leaves issue spathes which open on one side, and permit the passage of long branching panicles which ultimately bear small flowers, male on one tree and female on another, so that to produce fruit it is usual to have recourse to artificial impregnation of the female blossoms, a practice which has been carried on from the earliest times in all countries where the date is cultivated. The tree begins to bloom in March or April, and the male spathes are opened when sufficiently advanced to crackle under the fingers. The workman gathers the cluster and divides it into fragments, which he places in the hood of his *burnous*, and climbs the female tree with great agility, supporting himself by a loop of cord passed round his loins, and at the same time round the trunk of the tree. Gliding between the leaf-stalks, and avoiding the thorns with some difficulty, he splits open the spathe with a knife, slips in a fragment consisting of two or three blossoms, interlacing them with the growing cluster, the fecundation of which is thus rendered certain. The dates hang in bunches under the leaves, the bunches often weighing as much as twenty pounds. The Arabs enumerate 360 uses to which the trunk, branches, leaves, juice, and fruit of this tree can be applied, and one who lived for years among them said he had slept on bedsteads made of its wood, under a roof formed of the leaves; it had served him for baskets, mats, brooms, poultry-cages, and walking-sticks; he had crossed rivers on bridges made from it, burnt it as fuel, and eaten a honey-like sweetmeat compounded from its sap. What wonder that the Oriental who was brought to England to see the wonders and glories of the Western world should have observed, "It is a very fine land, but it has no dates!"

The fruit of the *Lotus nebea*, of about the same size as the cherry, is also abundant and valuable; beans

and cucumbers are grown in little plots and highly prized. The only grain cultivated is millet, which with its long reed-like stalk and soft leaves clothes the fields with a delicious green for a few weeks after it springs up, and produces three crops in the year.

The domestic animals are sheep, goats, oxen, camels, and poultry. The camels are fine, strong, and

THE ALOE.

numerous, and the cattle small and without humps, their flesh being remarkably good. The sheep are of the kind common in the East, whose tails are so large, long, and fat as to be worthy of the name of a fifth limb. Goats of several species abound, and as some are considered wild, may be had for the catching, so that the native need never be in want of a joint of goat or kid to seethe or roast. The horse no longer exists, though it was once in common use; and donkeys, which were the ordinary beasts of burden before the introduction of camels, now wander wild in great troops. The civet-cat and chameleon are common all over the island; turtles are found on the southern coast, and the sea offers a rich harvest to the fisherman. Among birds, there are plenty of wild ducks, wood-pigeons, flamingoes, plovers, crows, swallows, owls, and vultures. There are but few poisonous snakes, but an abundance of scorpions and centipedes, as well as a species of spider which lives among loose stones, and is capable of inflicting an unpleasant if not a dangerous bite.

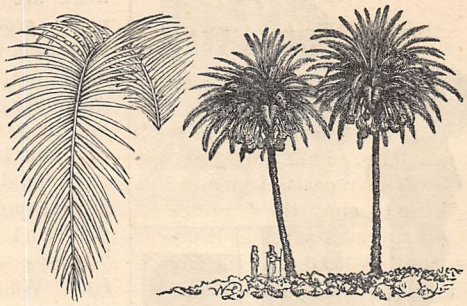
The capital of Socotra is a small town called Tamarida, built near the northern shore, and only containing about 100 inhabitants, though capable of accommodating a large number. Most of the houses are empty and deserted, and the tombs are exceedingly numerous. The dwellings are built of coral and soft stone, and consist of two storeys, the upper one of which is set apart for the female portion of the family. The roofs are flat, and surrounded by high parapets. Near Tamarida there is a pearl fishery said to be tolerably rich, and producing gems of good quality.

A short distance to the east of this town is Beni, the settlement of a large mixed population, as well as a tribe of Bedouins, who are probably the aborigines of Socotra. They are a handsome race, of Jewish appearance, tall and well proportioned, with black, crisp, curly hair, and finely developed features. They live in patriarchal style, each family occupying its own bounds, and the whole community presided over by a judge or elder. The women go unveiled, and are usually remarkably pretty, with clear soft skins, and complexions a shade lighter than olive. They are a purely pastoral people, wandering from place to place with their flocks, and seeking shelter in the caves with which Socotra abounds, during the greater part of the year, but returning to Beni as head-quarters.

They profess the Mohammedan religion, but observe neither its ritual nor its regulations, with the single exception of circumcision, which they probably derive from an ancestry who flourished long ages before the Prophet of the Faithful was born. The other inhabitants are the mixed offspring of the waifs and strays of many nations cast by various chances on the island—Hindoos, Arabs, Africans, and Portuguese; but they speak the same language, wear the same dress, and profess the same low form of Mohammedanism.

The only other places of any importance, if such a term may be applied to them, are Kathub and Galansie, both of them fishing villages on the northern shore, and the latter consisting of fifty families or so. Shaab and Galansie Bays, Ghubbet Ne, Bander Delishi, Bander Garrieh, and a few others afford some shelter for shipping in one or other of the monsoons. The ruins of a temple may be seen at a spot among the hills called Nebektrees, and there are a few hamlets or groups of huts scattered here and there

Between Socotra and the main-land of Africa there are many islets or points of land, which are the upper portions of a submarine plateau extending over the whole distance. One of them, a rocky strip of land twenty-five or twenty-six miles long, is inhabited by a small community of shepherds and fishermen, and is called Abdal Kuri, and the curve formed by its southern coast forms a welcome harbour, known to seamen as Leven Bay. The Kalfarans, a small group where vast numbers of sea-fowl congregate, is a rich depôt of guano, the value of which is not altogether unknown to Arab traders, and another little cluster has been named the "Brothers."



DATE-PALM AND LEAF.

The history of Socotra stretches back in a dim, shadowy, traditional fashion to the time of Alexander the Great, who is said to have colonised it with Greeks from Attica. In the ninth century of our era some Byzantine Christians were shipwrecked there, and not only converted the inhabitants but conquered them; whether this feat was accomplished by the force of arms or faith not being recorded. A hundred years

later Socotra had prospered so wonderfully as to be able to furnish 10,000 fighting men. Truly those shipwrecked mariners must have been wondrous folk!

Three hundred years later, the Venetian traveller Marco Polo gave the world an account of Socotra, though, as he had not visited it himself, his information partook very much of the character of hearsay. According to him, Christianity still prevailed, and Socotra had attained the dignity of an archbishopric, though both primate and people rejoiced in a reputation of being successful and skilful practisers of the black art.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, Nicolo Conti found the inhabitants to be Nestorian Christians, and in 1506 the Portuguese took possession of the island and rejoiced the hearts of the natives by delivering them from the yoke of the Moors. Portugal took them under her protection out of compliment to their faith, and, with a keen eye to her own projects and the commanding position of Socotra, fortified it strongly. After this the people embraced a different ritual, set up the cross as an object of worship in their churches, wore it on their clothes, reproduced the names of the twelve Apostles *ad infinitum* among the lords of creation, baptised all the weaker vessels as Marys, and opened the sanctuaries for service three times a day, the prayers being read in the tongue of the Chaldees.

The Portuguese abandoned Socotra after a few years, but the natives, though still nominally Christians, had adopted some very free-thinking notions and abolished all ecclesiastical dignities. St. Francis Xavier paid them a visit soon afterwards, but found the signs and tenets of the Crescent and the Cross commingled in strange juxtaposition, and the Chaldean language, in which services were still conducted, as much of an unknown tongue to the majority of the race, as Latin was to the British rustic in Reformation days.

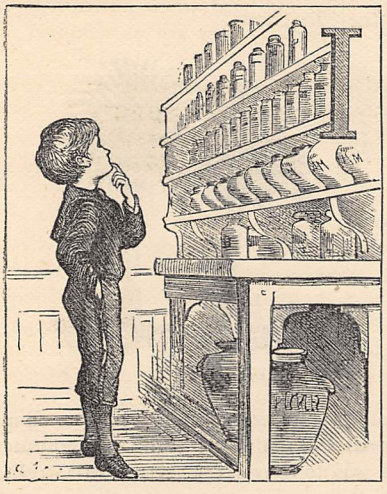
In 1656, Pope Alexander VII. sent a Carmelite missionary to the East, who, on his arrival in Socotra, found the so-called Christians offering sacrifices to the moon, practising the rite of circumcision, and following those good commandments of the Prophet of Islam which forbid men to drink wine or to eat pork—that unwholesomest of all meats in a hot climate. Thenceforth Christianity seems to have sunk out of sight, and when Lieutenant Wellsted explored the island in 1834 all traces of it were lost, and not even a relic or ruin remained to bear witness to its former existence.

Socotra wants only inhabitants, culture, and good government to become a fertile and prosperous little spot. Colonists will probably not be long in flocking to it, in the firm belief that British rule alone is safe and equitable in the East. Perhaps some of the unfortunates who have lost their all in the late disastrous war between Russia and Turkey might be drafted there to the advantage of every one concerned. Home can be no longer home to multitudes among them, the past can neither be re-called nor blotted out, but in a new land where a little industry is rewarded by plenty, the saddened Osmanlis might live peaceful, happy lives, and might learn to look back on their struggles, privations, and miseries as a bad dream or a troubled phase of some scarce-realised previous existence.

ELIZA CLARKE.

HOME-MADE SWEETMEATS.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPING."



I SUPPOSE that there are not many grown-up people who have not, at least once during the period of youthful days, indulged in the supreme delight of "boiling toffee." We can all remember doing it: first laying our plans, then persuading the cook to admit us into the kitchen, then obtaining possession of the requisite saucepan and ingredients, and after a time, when the house was filled with a scent suggestive of a sugar refinery in flames, producing a compound burnt and sticky and horrible, which yet was "sucked" with appreciative gusto, and presented in minute portions to intimate friends as a conclusive and valuable proof of esteem and regard.

We have grown wiser since those days, and have come to understand that confectionery is one of the fine arts, and is not to be taken up and practised at a moment's notice. Perhaps we have been favoured with a view of French sweetmeats, and have seen the chocolate creams and liqueur bon-bons, the flavoured tablets, the almond and pistachio soufflés, the Psyche's kisses, and the brochettes of dried fruits, the brilliant rosolios and imitation fruits, the bouchées and the prâlines of Parisian manufacture. These have affected us much as a picture by Millais would, or a sculptured figure by Woolner, or a brilliant pianoforte performance by Rubinstein. We acknowledge the beauty of the performance and the wonderful genius which it displays, but we feel that it is something quite beyond us, and that if we were to attempt to imitate it we should be sure to fail most ignominiously, and, more than that, our good materials would be wasted and destroyed.

It must be confessed that when a good confectioner is at hand, ordinary people, who only require his elegant fanciful trifles in small quantities and at uncertain intervals, will find it more economical and more satisfactory, as well as more convenient, to buy what is wanted ready-made, rather than to attempt to make the things at home. Still there are a few simple sweetmeats which do not present so many difficulties as the rest, and these may be attempted without fear of failure. They will be very useful for dessert and supper dishes, as well as for treats for the children; making them will afford a pleasant variety to the ordinary business of the kitchen; and they will be sure to be appreciated.

And first for our old friend the toffee. To make this 1 lb. of very finely powdered sugar should be procured; the kind which is called by confectioners castor sugar is the best for the purpose. This should be put into a perfectly clean saucepan with a teacupful of cold water, and placed on the fire till it is dissolved. Then 4 oz. of fresh butter, which has been beaten in a bowl with the hands or with a wooden spoon till it looks like cream, should be stirred into the syrup, and the mixture should be kept stirred until it will "set"—that is, until a little dropped into cold water becomes at once crisp and hard. It will be necessary to try the toffee frequently, as it quickly passes from the "done" to the burnt stage; just before it is ready five or six drops of the essence of lemon should be added to it. The preparation should be poured upon an oiled or buttered tin and left till cold, when it can be easily removed and broken up into convenient pieces. If liked, it can, when it begins to set, be marked in squares, into which it can afterwards be broken. Four oz. of blanched almonds, which have been split into strips, can be thrown into the toffee instead of the lemon flavouring, if preferred; thus almond toffee will be produced.

Barley sugar is another sweetmeat that may, with a little practice, be successfully made. It is a great favourite with children, and when quite pure is very wholesome; and, of course, there need be no anxiety about the purity of home-made barley sugar. For this, 1½ lbs. of fine loaf-sugar should be broken into small lumps, and boiled over the fire with a pint of water. It should be skimmed carefully till it looks like glue, and when dropped into cold water becomes brittle and will snap. The juice of a lemon and six drops of essence of lemon should now be added, the sugar boiled up just once, and then the bottom of the pan should be placed in cold water till the first heat has subsided. The preparation should then be poured upon a marble slab which has been slightly smeared with butter. It will, of course, spread out, but it should be drawn together with a knife, and kept as much as possible in a lump.

As soon as it is cool enough to handle, pieces about the size of an egg may be cut off, rolled to the form of round sticks, and twisted slightly, as barley sugar usually is bought. These should be put on an oiled sheet and left till they are cold and stiff, when sugar should be sifted lightly over them. They should be stored either in tin canisters or closely stoppered glass jars, and kept in a dry place.

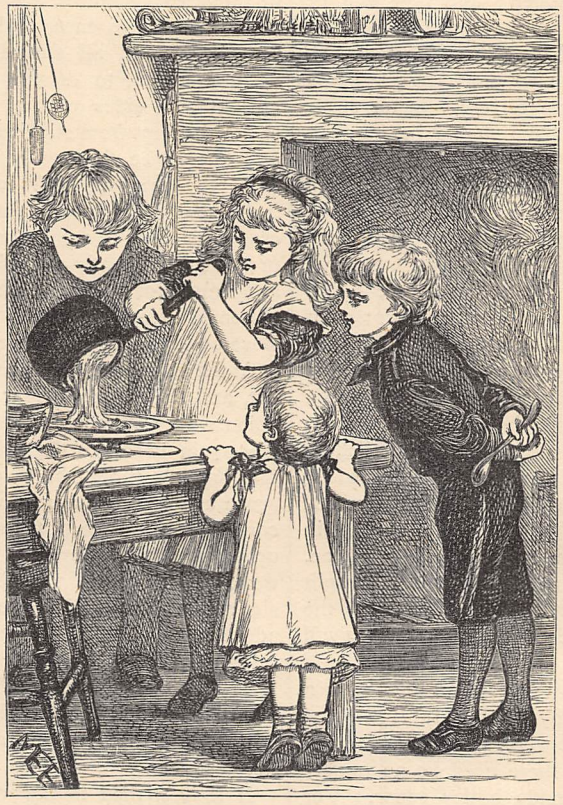
Burnt almonds, properly called prâlines, are delicious and favourite sweetmeats, and they are not particularly difficult to make. For these it will be necessary to have any quantity of good Jordan almonds, say half a pound. These should be rubbed in a clean cloth and shaken in a sieve, to free them from dust and broken fragments, then put before the fire to get slightly warmed; three-quarters of a pound of sugar should now be boiled with half a pint of water, till the surface looks like large pearls or globules, when a few drops of prepared cochineal, a few drops of vanilla, or any other suitable essence, and the almonds should be thrown in, and all stirred gently together with a wooden spoon, to detach the sugar both from the bottom and sides of the saucepan. The almonds should be kept from sticking to the bottom of the pan, and should be thoroughly turned over and over, so that they may be well coated, or, as it is called, "charged" with sugar. As soon as they give out a crackling noise the pan should be removed from the fire and still gently stirred, until the sugar has the appearance of being grained almost like sand, when almonds, sugar, and all should be turned upon a wire sieve and covered with paper for five minutes.

At the end of that time the almonds should be picked out, and the grained sugar put again into the sugar boiler with just enough water to dissolve it, and when it is again boiled to the point it had before reached, the almonds should be thrown in again, and stirred again until they have received another coating, being careful only to keep them entirely separate. The operation may be repeated a third, and even a fourth time, when they will probably be double their original size and are done. It is to be expected that a little additional sugar flavouring and colouring will have to be added before they are finished. They ought to have a rugged uneven surface, to be of a light pink colour, and to be crisp and hard when bitten in half. They may either be used as they are or wrapped in fancy papers.

If it is wished to impart a glazed appearance to burnt almonds, they should, when prepared, be dropped into a little thickly dissolved gum-arabic, boiling hot, and stirred lightly till they are covered with the gum, then turned on a sieve to dry.

Cocoa-nut rock, that favourite with the youngsters, may also be managed with comparative ease. For this it will be necessary to procure the ingredients in the proportion of 1 lb. of cocoa-nut to 1 lb. of loaf-sugar, a half-pint of milk, and the whites of two eggs. Grate the cocoa-nut and boil it in the milk with the sugar until the syrup seems to be about to become solid sugar, then add the well-whisked whites of the eggs and beat all thoroughly. Have a Yorkshire pudding tin already buttered, spread the mixture in this about three-quarters of an inch thick, and put it in the oven to dry. The oven must be of a gentle heat, and the door had better be left open while the rock is in it. Cut the preparation into squares and store in a dry place.

Preserved fruit is such an indispensable article when sweet dishes of various kinds are to be prepared, that the skilful housekeeper will be very certain to prepare a good store of jam and jelly when fruit is in season. Yet it must be confessed that the practice of preserving fruit is becoming more and more uncommon, especially in large towns. Our grandmothers would be horrified could they see how their degenerate daughters buy jam instead of making it. This is the more to be regretted because bought jam, however good it may really be, cannot for one moment be compared with good home-made jam, made from freshly gathered fruit, boiled with refined sugar, and stored in a dry well-ventilated closet.



MAKING TOFFEE (*p.* 746).

And if it is becoming more and more uncommon to boil jam at home, it is still more unusual for housekeepers to bottle fresh fruit. The process of jam-making is very generally understood. Very few people would think of boiling fruit that was broken, or that had been gathered in wet weather, and it is almost universally acknowledged that the best sugar is the most economical for making jam. The trouble and fatigue of the work is the real reason why fruit is not so extensively boiled at home as it was once upon a time; not because housekeepers do not know how to set about it. But this cannot be said about bottling fruit. The process is a very simple one, and it involves comparatively little trouble. It requires only that great attention should be paid to small details, for if these are neglected, failure will certainly be the consequence. Then bottled fruit is most delicious. In it the original flavour of the fruit is preserved better than it is either in jams, jellies, or fruit-paste. It furnishes a convenient and excellent delicacy for winter use. Pies and tarts made with it afford a pleasant variety to those made with jam; and last, but not least, the fruit prepared at home will cost about one-third less than that which is bought at the shops.

It is true that the bottles take up a good deal of room, and where space is limited this is a disadvantage; but if this difficulty can be got over, the thrifty and economical housekeeper will find it well worth her while to make the bottling of fresh fruit one of the methods by which she lays up stores for her household.

In order to do this it will be necessary that she should have the fruit, some tall wide-mouthed glass bottles, corks to fit them tightly, string or wire to fasten them down, bottle-wax or a little beeswax to cover the corks, and a stock-pot or some other large vessel of sufficient size and depth to hold the bottles.

The fruit must be fresh, sound, and not over-ripe; and it must have been gathered in the morning and in dry weather. The stalks must be picked without bruising the fruit, and any that are at all blemished must be rejected. The bottles must be perfectly sound, without crack or flaw of any kind, and they should be of equal thickness throughout. They must, of course, be thoroughly clean and perfectly dry inside and out. The corks should be soft and new, and entirely faultless. They must fit so tightly that they will have to be forced into the bottles, and should be soaked in tepid water which has a little sugar dissolved in it for an hour or two before they are wanted. The string should be thin, but strong, and there should be plenty of it, so that the corks may be well tied down. Wire is sometimes preferred, principally because it looks neater than string. When wire is used there is a danger that it will cut through the cork, and therefore it is necessary to lay a circular piece of tin between it and the cork. Gloves, too, should be worn when handling wire, otherwise there may be a good many wounds and bruises to deplore at the end of the day's work. Bottle-wax may be bought of any oil and colour shop. It should be melted in an earthenware pipkin, and beeswax stirred with it in the proportion of an ounce of beeswax to a pound of bottle-wax. When buying bottle-wax it must be remembered that green wax is poisonous, and should not be used for fear of accidents. The other colours are harmless.

When all is ready, put the fruit into the bottles and shake it down till it is closely packed, but not in any danger of being bruised. Fill up the bottles with a thin clear syrup, cork them tightly, and tie them down securely. Put a wisp of hay round each one to keep the bottles from knocking against each other, place them standing upright side by side in the vessel, and pour cold water round them nearly up to their necks. Lay a wet cloth upon them, put on the lid

"THE SHORT-LIVED GLORY OF THE GLITTERING RIME
ILLUMES THE WEEPING WILLOW AND WHITE BIRCH."

HOAR-FROST (p. 749).

over this, and put the pan on the fire. Let the water come to a boil, draw the saucepan back and let it boil gently for a few minutes, then lift the pan quite off the fire and leave the bottles untouched till they are cold.

When ready to be taken out they should be lifted up carefully and the corks examined. If, as is very probable, any of the corks have burst out or become loose, they must be re-corked and tied down again. The nozzle of each bottle must then be dipped into the melted wax, which should, however, have been allowed to cool a little, or it may crack the glass. The bottle should be turned about gently so that the wax may run all round the cork, and when all are finished the bottles may be placed in a cool cellar.

The time that the water should be allowed to boil must depend upon the nature and size of the fruit. Currants, raspberries, strawberries, and ripe gooseberries require about eight minutes' gentle ebullition; cherries and apricots must have twelve minutes; while for green gooseberries and the larger stone fruits, such as greengages and peaches, a quarter of an hour will not be too much. To make the syrup with which the bottles are to be filled, put a quart of water and a dessert-spoonful of the white of egg with every three pounds of loaf-sugar. Whisk all together in a sugar-boiler over the fire, and let the syrup boil gently for five minutes. Throw a table-spoonful of cold water into it once or twice while it is boiling. Strain it through a napkin, and when cold it is ready for use.

Very agreeable sweetmeats may be made by preparing compôtes of fresh fruit. Compôtes are simply fruit stewed in a thin syrup and intended for immediate use. The fruit should simmer gently in the syrup until it is tender but unbroken; the syrup should be perfectly transparent, and should be poured over the fruit when cold. These preparations are delicate in flavour and very wholesome. They are very refreshing too, and are much more economical than tarts and puddings. They will not keep very long, indeed the quantity of sugar which they contain is not sufficient to preserve them in good condition for many days; but they can be kept in a cool larder for a day or two, and even longer if they are gently boiled up a second time.

Compôtes may be made of all kinds of fruit—apples, pears, rhubarb, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, plums, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, green figs, pineapples, melons, cucumbers, chestnuts, green walnuts, oranges, lemons, barberries, crab-apples, cranberries, prunes, and grapes. They can be dished in various ways, but they should always be both neat and elegant. The ordinary way of serving them is to put the drained fruit into a compôtier, or glass dish, a few minutes before it is wanted, and to pour the syrup over it. Sometimes a thin circular sheet of clear colourless jelly is slipped over after they are dished and garnished, and this greatly increases their brilliancy. Round fruits are usually arranged with one piece in the centre and the rest round it in a circle.

The surface may be decorated with ornamental shapes cut out from angelica, coloured jellies, preserved cucumbers, the red peel of apples, orange and lemon rind, chopped pistachio kernels, &c.; or, if preferred, pastry stamped out into fanciful shapes; or plainly boiled rice or macaroni may be employed both as a garnish and an accompaniment.

The quantity of sugar used for the syrup must depend upon the nature of the fruit; it must be remembered that the sweetness should not overpower the flavour of the fruit or destroy its agreeable acidity. In a cold or wet season more sugar will be needed than in a warm dry one. For the majority of fruits a syrup made by simmering 5 oz. of sugar with half a pint of water for ten minutes will be sufficient for 1 lb. of fruit. The finest loaf-sugar should be used for the purpose, and it should be broken into small lumps, not crushed to powder. If powdered sugar were used the syrup would be less brilliant.

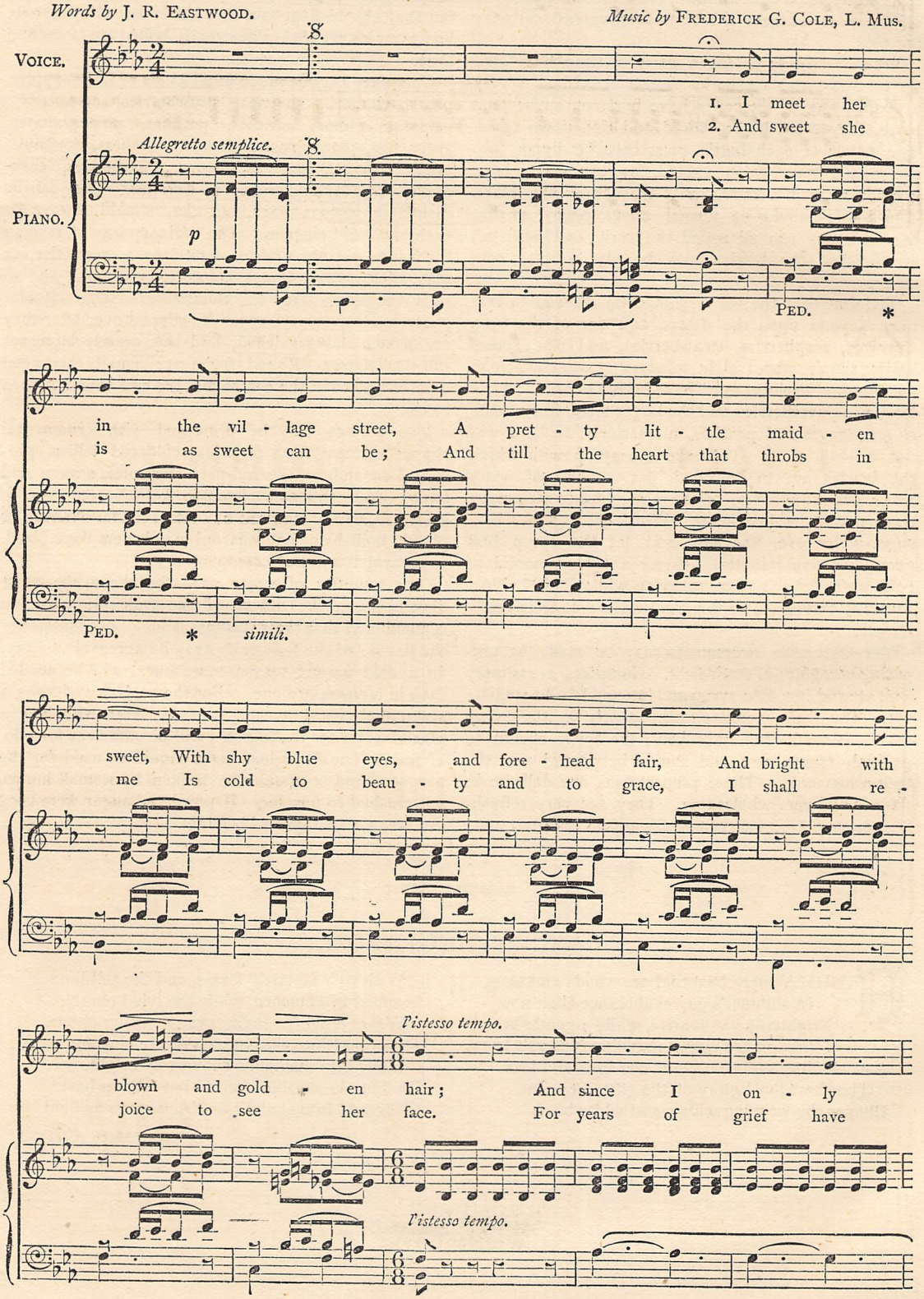
SONNET: HOAR-FROST.

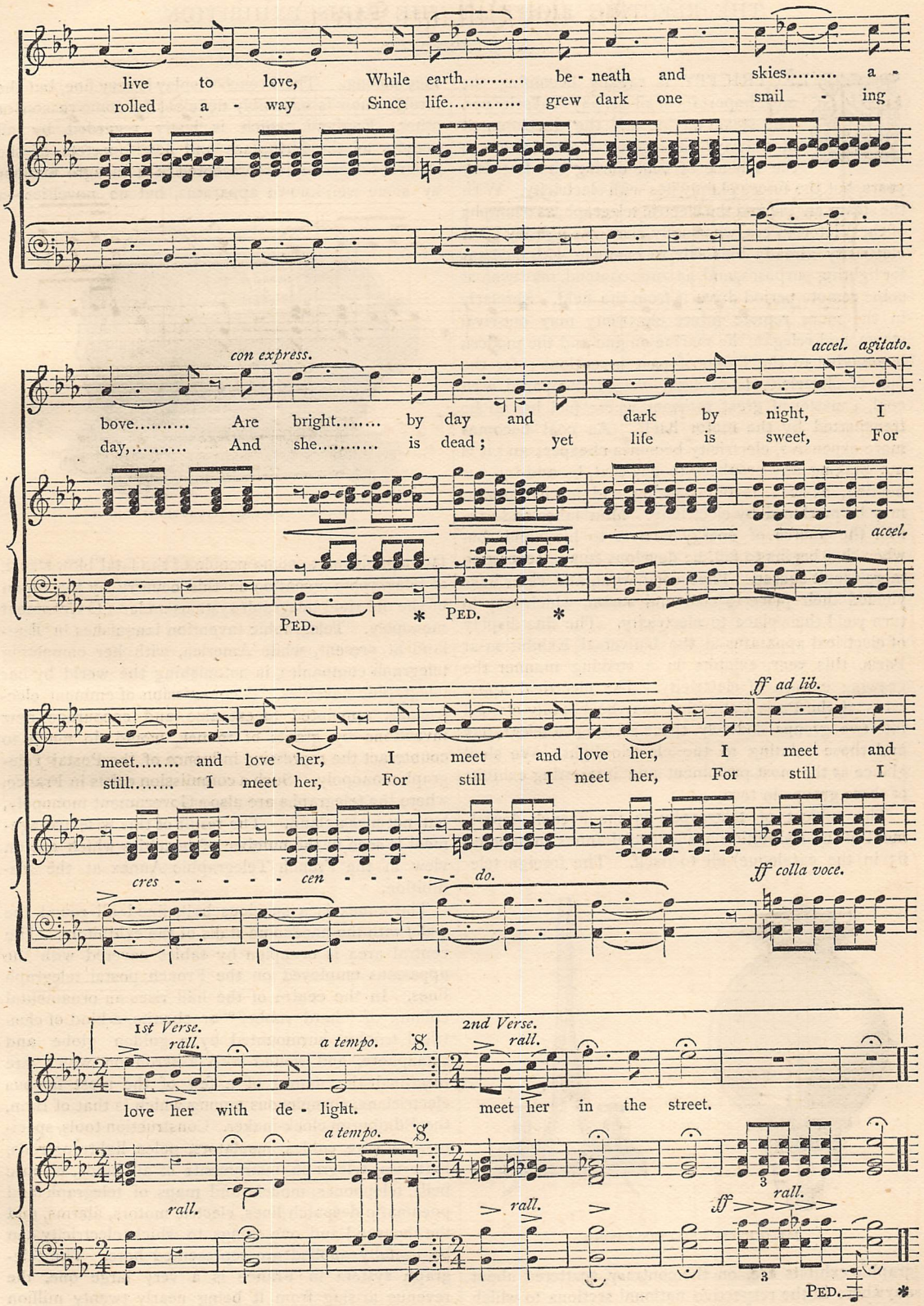
HARDLY more beautiful are woods and trees
In summer's gay exuberance than now,
Brightening at sunrise, while a gentle breeze
Plays through the ringlets gracing Nature's brow,
And kindling radiance glows o'er hills and leas.
The short-lived glory of the glittering rime
Illumes the weeping willow and white birch
With rich fantastic forms, and the tall lime
Is robed in affluence, while the ivied church
Wears jewels as it rings the morning chime.
The crisp white clothing, elegantly chaste,
Melts into diamonds exquisitely bright,
Flashing in sunshine brief—but falls in haste,
Thawed into genial rain-drops, pure as light.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

In the Village Street.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* FREDERICK G. COLE, L. Mus.



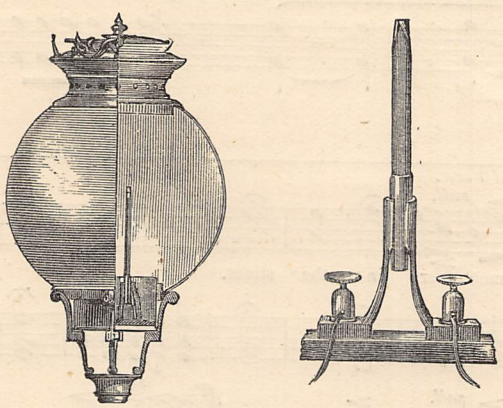

live to love, While earth..... be - neath and skies..... a -
rolled a - way Since life..... grew dark one smil - ing
con express.
accel. agitato.
bove..... Are bright..... by day and dark by night, I
day,..... And she..... is dead; yet life is sweet, For
accel.
PED. * PED. *
ff ad lib.
meet..... and love her, I meet and love her, I meet and
still..... I meet her, For still I meet her, For still I
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
ff colla voce.
1st Verse.
rall.
a tempo.
2nd Verse.
rall.
love her with de - light. meet her in the street.
a tempo.
rall.
rall.
rall.
ff
PED. *

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

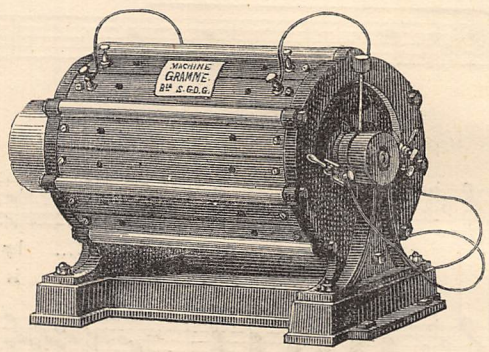
BY J. MUNRO, C.E.

ELECTRICITY is rapidly becoming the most important of all the physical sciences. The steam-engine and the development of railways have given a great value to the science of heat during the last fifty years, but the future plainly lies with electricity. With the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, as triumphs of the Victorian era, we usually class gas-lighting; but electricity already bids fair to compete with coal-gas for lighting purposes, and, as some contend, may even at some remote period drive it from the field. Similarly in the more remote future electricity may out-rival steam, and relegate the marine engine and the modern locomotive to the limbo of past inventions; for the fuel of electricity is of light weight compared with coal, a matter of great moment where fuel has to be transported by the motor itself. As coal becomes more expensive, electricity becomes cheaper; and it is not making any prophecy to say that, by-and-by, our heating, as well as our lighting and motive power, may be produced by electricity. Man takes and uses first the source of energy nearest to his hand, but when that begins to fail, he develops some deeper and more occult source. Thus wood, wind, and water have yielded their place to coal and steam, which may in turn yield their place to electricity. The fine display of electrical apparatus at the Universal Exhibition at Paris, this year, exhibits in a striking manner the growing empire of electricity. The electrical apparatus at the Paris Exhibition may be broadly classed into two groups—namely, those relating to telegraphy and those relating to the electric light. We shall glance at the most prominent and interesting exhibits of these groups in turn.

The subject of telegraphy in the French department of the Exhibition has a special annex (numbered 65 in the catalogue) all to itself. The foreign telegraphic exhibits are, on the contrary, scattered about anywhere in the respective national sections to which they belong. The French display is very fine, but the foreign show is miserably deficient for some reason or other. England, which is justly regarded by all peoples as the birthplace and head-quarters of the electric telegraph, is represented in a meagre manner by some well-known apparatus, but no novelties—a fact significant to some people of the fatal blow struck at telegraphic invention in this country by the union of the old rival telegraph systems under a Government monopoly. Telegraphic invention languishes in England at present, while America, with her competing telegraph companies, is astonishing the world by her telegraphic novelties. A commission of eminent electricians, appointed to examine and encourage new inventions by grants of money, would do much to counteract the repressive influence of the Postal Telegraph monopoly. Such a commission exists in France, where the telegraphs are also a Government monopoly, but not in England. The result of this wise arrangement is seen in the number of novelties which are on view in the French Telegraphic Annex at the Exhibition.



JABLOCHKOFF'S ELECTRIC CANDLE.

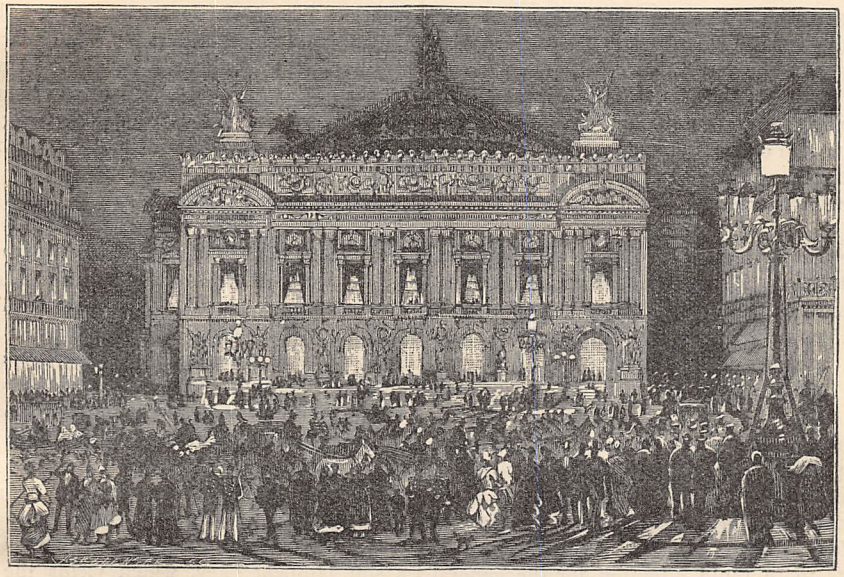


GRAMME'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINE.

The annex is a spacious hall, lined all round the walls with the handsome stalls of the exhibitors. The central area is occupied by tables covered with the apparatus employed on the French postal telegraph lines. In the centre of the hall rises an ornamental column of "hard rubber" or ebonite, a kind of electrical trophy, surmounted by a golden globe and semaphore, and wound with a scroll on which are inscribed the names of a few of the most famous electricians, conspicuous among which is that of Bain, the Edinburgh clock-maker. Construction tools, specimens of wire, cables, insulators, poles, lightning rods, batteries, telegraph instruments of all kinds, electric bells, telephones, models and maps of telegraph and pneumatic despatch lines, electric motors, alarms, and the thousand and one things to which electricity can be usefully applied are represented here. The telegraph system in France is a very large one, the revenue arising from it being nearly twenty million

francs a year. It is conducted on much the same footing as our own, but with this difference, that a private person may do his own telegraphing if he obtains the necessary permission from Government.

The telegraph instrument most used in France is the Hughes Type Printer, which prints off the message as it is received in Roman characters, so that a Frenchman receives his telegram printed in blue capitals on slips of paper by the electricity itself. We in England have long ago abandoned this method as too slow; but the continental peoples have retained it, and, of course, improved upon the original instrument, so as to bring up its speed of working. By the recent inventions of M. Meyer, M. Baudot, of the French telegraph service, and M. Olsen, of Christiania, the original



THE PLACE DE L'OPÉRA ILLUMINATED (*p.* 754).

Hughes instrument, forsaken by us, has attained a power of transmission which enables it to compare not unfavourably with our "Wheatstone Automatic Morse" and duplex instruments, which mark the message in "dot-and-dash" signals.

M. Meyer's invention consists in sending five or eight messages along the same wire concurrently. We use the word concurrently to distinguish it from the duplex, quadruplex, or, in a word, the multiplex systems of sending messages. In the multiplex systems, the signals of the five or eight messages would actually be flowing along the wire simultaneously; that is to say, eight dots or eight dashes would pass over the wire together at the same instant. But in Meyer's system, although the result is the same, the manner is different. The eight messages are really being passed over the wire in a group, but the separate signals do not traverse the wire at the same instant as in the multiplex method. The eight separate signals, one for each message, really follow one another in Meyer's mode, but in this way, that one signal of a message is sent at a time; and, before another signal of the same message is sent, a signal of each of the other messages in order has to be sent. For example, Meyer's instrument first sends a signal of the first message, then it sends a signal of the second, then a signal of the third, and so on, till a signal of all the eight has been sent. When this has been done it sends the second signal of the first message, followed by the second signal of the second, and so on as before. In this way the eight messages are being sent concurrently and yet in fragments, one by one. This is effected by an apparatus called a "distributor," which causes the end of the line or wire to sweep over the eight keys which send the message one by one and thus pick up the signal ready for it on each key. The keys are set round in a circle, and the end of the line continuously revolves, so as to come in contact with them one by one, and take up the signal currents which they present to it. These signal currents travel to the receiving station, and by a similar arrangement they are distributed to eight receiving instruments, each corresponding to its proper key. Thus the signals sent out by any particular key are recorded by the particular receiving instrument corresponding to it. In order to effect this it is necessary that the two ends of the line should revolve in time with each other; but this is managed by means of clock-work. The swiftness of the distributor enables a considerable speed to be attained on this instrument. By means of an improvement on Meyer's system, M. Baudot is enabled to send ten letters per second, or 100 words per minute—that is, 300 messages, of twenty words each, per hour, a speed rivalling the "Wheatstone Automatic Morse" when worked on the quadruplex system—*i.e.*, two messages going one way along the wire, and two going the opposite way, at the same time. The apparatus of M. Olsen is an automatic printing instrument on the model of Hughes', but with some important differences, which give it a

gain in speed of 33 per cent. over the ordinary Hughes instrument; and since the distributing system of M. Meyer can be applied to Olsen's apparatus so as to enable the latter to send five or eight messages together, it is likely to become a favourite instrument in the future.

The chief feature of the electrical show in the section for instruments of precision was, however, the apparatus for electric lighting. This comprised the dynamo-electric machines for generating the electric current required, the lamps for regulating the light, and the carbon "points" or "wicks" which are heated to a white-heat by the passage of the current, and yield the glowing "electric arc" or source of the light. The principal machines are those of Jablochkoff, Lontin of Paris, Siemens of London, and the Brush machine of America. The electric lighting of the present, in all parts of the world, is mostly done by these machines in the respective countries to which they belong. The splendid beams of the Lizard Lighthouse are born in the dark womb of a powerful Siemens machine. The rich clusters of moon-like lamps, now illuminating the handsome squares and buildings of Paris with enchanting effect, are fed by the unwieldy machines of Jablochkoff.

The best regulating burners are those of Foucault, Serrin, and Dubosq. The best carbon wicks are those of M. Carré and M. Gaugain. They are formed of fine willow and poplar charcoal, or baked carbonaceous compositions, such as willow-sawdust or sifted gas-carbon dust kneaded with molasses or sugar, then baked.

Dynamo-electric machines, regulators, and wicks are now so perfect that it is only the difficulty still experienced in "dividing" the electric light so as to make it feed a number of separate lamps, as gas can be made to feed numerous burners, which stands in the way of its more rapid adoption for the general lighting of streets. For the special illumination of large areas and great thoroughfares it is quite efficient at present, and is indeed being rapidly introduced; for its singular merits as an illuminator, its power and beauty, its freedom from destructive and hot emanations, as well as its cleanliness and economy, are becoming universally recognised. But, in addition to this, there are already several ingenious arrangements devised for dividing the light, and we may confidently expect that electric lighting will soon enter into a serious competition with gas for the lighting of the streets of cities. Every visitor to Paris this year can see for himself the attempt to solve the problem of street-lighting by electricity on a large if not a convincing scale. The fine Place de l'Opéra in front of the magnificent Opera House, and the noble Avenue de l'Opéra leading up to it, are nightly illuminated by large globes of opal glass glowing interiorly with the rich, soft effulgence of Jablochkoff's electric candles. As compared with the yellow and feebler gas-flames near them, they look like clear full-moons beside a host of minor stars. Yet the contrast of the golden and silvery light of the two illuminators is pretty in itself when seen in the pure air of a Parisian summer evening, and lends a richness to the architecture of the beautiful city. The whole area of the Place and Avenue is bathed in a uniform flood of brightest light resembling noon-day; the most delicate tints of the Parisian ladies' costumes (and even, alas! the spurious roses on their cheeks) can be distinguished as well as in daylight. There is no meretricious dazzle or startling black shadows, as some have prophesied; but on the contrary, the light is soft, diffused, and grateful to the eye, and the shadows shrink into nothingness under the feet. At many others of the most frequented resorts in Paris, the Place de la Concorde, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place du Châtelet, the façade of the Madeleine, the Magasins du Louvre, the Théâtre Français, the Belle Jardinière, the Théâtre de l'Orangerie in the gardens of the Tuileries—where the famous tragic actress, Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, plays—the Trocadéro Palace, and many other places are illuminated with Jablochkoff's candles. Amid the green foliage of the boulevards and summer gardens of Paris these moon-like globes of delicious light, seemingly hung in the air of the cool and leafy groves, create a scene which reminds the spectator of the happy earthly paradises told of in the "Arabian Nights."

The display of Jablochkoff in the city itself, and in the special annex which the company working his light have fitted up at the Exhibition, cannot fail to impress thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. Jablochkoff's machines are heavy, and his system is consequently expensive; but, as the pioneer system, it is a complete success. The candle consists, as is now well known, of two sticks of carbon placed side by side, with a stick of pure porcelain clay or kaolin intervening. The current is made to flow up one carbon stick and down the other; and, in order to do this, it has to pass across the top of the middle stick of kaolin, in doing which it heats the kaolin into a soft lambent glow, which yields the light. Both kaolin and carbon waste away and burn down; and as the carbon up which the current flows tends to waste away much faster than that down which it flows, Jablochkoff's machine is so constructed as to yield rapid alternations of positive and negative currents, which comes to the same thing as saying that the current alternately reverses its direction, flowing first *up* one stick and *down* the other, then *up* the other stick, *down* the first. In this way the candle burns down equably. Four candles are required to burn eight hours—that is, during each night. When one candle burns down, the next automatically lights itself in such a way that there is no momentary eclipse of the light; but only a slight reddish tinge is visible whilst the change is effected. No attendance on these candles is required. It is only necessary to daily insert the four candles provided for night; and when the hour of lighting-up comes, to start the machine, when the candles at once begin to glow brightly. Each machine feeds as many as sixteen candles.

The progress of the electric light is more rapid in France, the Continent, and America than in our own country, but it is now making its way even here. The Gaiety, and other theatres in London, private

factories, public seats, river-buoys, docks, men-of-war, and lighthouses are now being lit by it. Polo matches and garden *fêtes* have taken place by night under its happy auspices. Street and square illumination by its means is a subject seriously engaging the consideration of town magistrates; and we hear that in Dundee it is proposed to light the streets by electricity derived from a machine driven by the water-power of the "Reekie Linn," a neighbouring cascade. The field for the electric light, entirely outside the purposes of gas, is of the widest kind, since it is a kind of artificial day, and far exceeds ordinary lamps and gas in its extent of applicability. It will enable all kinds of employment to go on by night as well as by day, if such a course be advantageous; and it will even relieve the long darkness of semi-arctic winters by an artificial sunshine.

It is not to be assumed, however, that electric lighting will speedily sweep away gas-lighting; and we are not of those who, panic-stricken themselves or counting upon the fears of others, are writing as if all gas property was in danger of permanent deterioration. Electricity has first to become a wholesome and vigorous competitor. The electric light is quite ready at present to be adopted with splendid effect in wide areas and public squares, as Brussels, Madrid, St. Petersburg can testify; but as yet it has serious drawbacks for general street illumination. The chief of these is the practical difficulty which exists in distributing the light to a number of lamps, and conveying the electricity to a distance; for, unlike gas in pipes, electricity rapidly loses power in traversing the wires which lead it, because of the electric resistance of the conductor to its passage. To obviate this difficulty, it is necessary to have a considerable number of machines or electric sources, and this causes a considerable first outlay. According to the recent report of Mr. Stayton to the Chelsea Vestry, in order to light the Chelsea Embankment, which is 1,530 yards long, and has 109 gas-lamps, by Jablochkoff's system, three electric stations would be required, each having a 16 horse-power engine, and a "Gramme" dynamo-electric machine. The installation of these would cost £4,800, and to provide coal, oil, waste, and wages for the 48 lights produced, during 3,250 hours per annum, the hourly cost would be £1 4s. As against this, the present cost of the 109 gas-lamps employed is only 2s. 1½d. per hour, for 3,850 hours per annum. It should be taken into account, however, that the 109 gas-lamps only give a light equal to 1,500 wax candles, whereas the 48 electric lights would yield a light equal to 24,000 candles. So much for Jablochkoff's system, which is the most expensive of any. Mr. Hollingshead, to whom we are indebted for the fine Lontin lights burning nightly in front of the Gaiety Theatre, Strand, states that M. Lontin is prepared to light an area 1,540 yards long and 44 yards wide (a slightly larger area than the Chelsea Embankment) by 36 electric lamps, having an illuminating power equivalent to 2,000 gas-lamps, at an hourly cost of 10s. 6d. Thus, in place of 109 gas-lamps, the public would get a lighting power twenty times greater at a cost only five times greater.

These figures represent the question of cost for street-lighting; but for open areas, such as Trafalgar Square, the experience of Paris, even with Jablochkoff's system, is that the hourly cost of the electric light is less than gas, even although several times the amount of light is given.

The original cost, the difficulty of dividing the light, and inconvenience of installing machines, are therefore against the ready introduction of the electric light. These are, however, all difficulties which can be overcome, and the intrinsic superiority of the light over gas is unquestionable. The fact that it does not heat or consume air gives it an important hygienic virtue; the fact that it does not disguise colours gives it an industrial value; while its pure splendour requires only to be seen to be appreciated. Sir William Thomson, our highest electrical authority, has said that "he believed it would be possible to carry the electric energy to a distance of several hundred miles." Thus, towns by-and-by would be lighted by means of coal-dross, burned at the pit-mouth, and highland villages by power derived from the nearest waterfall.

This, however, is a view into the future. At present it can only be said that for street-lighting it is too costly to rapidly supersede gas, but for public squares and large works it is fully capable of supplanting the latter already. It is at least fairly equipped as a vigorous and promising competitor against gas, and if gas is to hold its own for any length of time, it will have to exert itself. We owe much to the old system of gas-lighting, and its cognate industries, such as the manufacture of ammonia and the bright aniline dyes, and it is very probable that the rivalry of the electric light will cause improvements in the manufacture of gas to be effected, which will enable it to maintain much of its old importance. Thus, whether the electric light be adopted, or gas-light improved in quality and reduced in price, the public at large cannot fail to be a gainer.

Before leaving this interesting subject we must not omit to notice an application of the electric light on a very diminutive scale, which is to be seen at the Exhibition—namely, Trouvé's "Polyscope," a medical appliance. It consists essentially of a small "secondary battery," or electric reservoir, stored with electricity from a voltaic battery, and a fine platinum wire with a little disc flattened on it. Wires connect up this platinum wire to the electric store, so that the electricity can be caused to flow through the wire at will. The current, as is well known, has the effect of heating the platinum wire and making the disc to glow with an intense brightness, emitting a small but powerful electric beam. By means of a minute silver reflector, and a suitable handle, this miniature electric light can be inserted into the mouth, so as to enable the dentist to examine a broken tooth, or into other cavities of the body. It is also very useful in lighting up the interior of cannon, rifles, and shells, so as to expose the slightest defects in their interiors.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

ENGLISH HAT.

EVERY month reveals a marked difference between English and French fashions. Englishwomen now affect the picturesque style, with its slashed sleeves and crossed fichus, whilst Frenchwomen still remain faithful to the frou-frou, with its plaitings, and frills, and draperies. The French hats are totally dissimilar from those worn this season on the other side of the Channel. The English hat is usually made of the same material as the costume with which it is worn, and the shapes are of the quaintest—the Beefeater, the Jockey, the Peg Woffington, the Corsair, &c. The French hat is more ambitious. At Nice, Pau, and other gay winter resorts, white beaver hats of such forms as the Cavalier and the Rubens are to be seen; while the Rembrandt, always in dark felt, with satin-lined brim, and the Henri toque, in plush, with a bird at the back, are the favourite Paris hats. The accompanying engravings will best illustrate the styles in both capitals.

In millinery there is much that is new, and *modistes* are provided with extreme styles—large bonnets with broad crowns, while for faces that would be overpowered by them there are close Quaker and Cottage bonnets. Red in many shades prevails in millinery. Thiers red, Bordeaux or claret red, garnet, Etruscan, and Niniche red—these are all distinct shades. In brown the newest shade is *acajou*, or mahogany; and in blue, *paon*, or peacock, which is a dull tone. The feathers in cashmere colours are new; they are made up of small bits taken from the breast, neck, and wings of various birds, and massed together in the colours of Indian shawls. Ribbons two inches wide are used for strings and trimmings generally. They are reversible, being plush or velvet on one side and satin on the other, but the colour of both is the same; the sides differ in fabric only. As for the variety of velvets and plushes for bonnets, even naming them is an undertaking. There are figured velvets, striped velvets, tinsel velvets, corduroy velvets, bourrette velvets, brocaded velvets, and the Medici velvet. In striped velvets, garnet lines on a gold satin ground are the most effective. The tinsel or *laminé* velvet is not tawdry, as might be expected from its name; the effect is that of dashes of colour amid the rich black pile.

FRENCH HAT.

RUSSIAN SUIT FOR BOY OF FIVE YEARS.

Some of the newest bonnets this winter have high spoon-shaped fronts, and strings which in some forms, such as the Cottage, are carried across the crowns. Bows and flowers are introduced beneath the brim, which is often still edged with gold cord. We cannot quite banish the *bizarre* element, and any amount of gold in the way of beads, leaves, braid, and cord is fashionable, together with repulsively-real caterpillars, beetles, and other insects. The old coal-scuttle is doubtless to be revived ere long; and the *Directoire*,

which finds favour in Paris, very nearly obscures the face. Felt, velvet, watered silk, black satin — this season's bonnets will be made in all these, and of such neutral, undecided tones, that in most cases they can be worn with any toilette. Jockey bonnets as well as jockey caps are fashionable, and all sorts of soft close-fitting toques. I have seen one or two velvet Gainsboroughs, but as a rule the form is closer and smaller. So are the caps, which are made of silk, fancy gauzes, and nainsook muslin, as well as of pocket-handerchiefs with coloured borders. To the eye they seem to be twisted anyhow, but their very careless unstudied effect is an art in itself. Still, home millinery should flourish just now, for never was there a time when there were easier models to be copied.

Woollen materials of tartan patterns make up into cheerful-looking costumes, and in England they have obtained a footing this season, although by no means such a sure one as in France. I give an illustration of a house-dress of fancy tartan, to show the most becoming style of make. The cording should be silk, to match the colour that predominates in the plaid. Dark grave colours in fancy plaids belonging to no special clan are patronised in England; but the Parisians have shown great preference for the Scotch clan tartans, in which every line, bar, and colour follows a design that has been in use for generations, and has never varied—the Forty-second (a combination of blue and green), the Argyll, the gay Mackenzie tartan, with lines of red and yellow amid blue and green, the Forbes, the Malcolm, and the Macleod. The Parisians show great skill in making up these clan tartans, disposing the plaids in most effective ways. Sometimes a certain bright portion of each plaid is arranged to fall at the top of each kilt-plait; at other times a single square forms the yoke, the cuffs, and the pocket. A simple style of making a tartan costume is by intermixing plain cashmere. The tartan skirt is kilted, and a scarf-tunic of either navy-blue or bronze-green cashmere is tied across it. The bodice is plain cashmere, the waistcoat is plaid. The buttons for fastening these dresses are flat gilt ones, the colour of Etruscan gold, and engraved like pure gold. The belts, which are wide, are fastened with square gilt buckles.

For boys from four to six years of age there is nothing prettier for winter wear than the Russian costume, especially as red is more fashionable than any other hue. The model here illustrated can be made up in black velvet over a red cotton-backed satin shirt, or in black serge over a red serge or a red silk shirt. The hat the little fellow holds in his hand is sealskin, but it would also look well in black velvet bordered with sable or skunk. There has been quite a mania for red during the autumn—red parasols, red bonnets, red sashes, red stockings, and red trimmings of all descriptions, children wearing it equally with their elders; and certainly red, soberly used in the many neutral-coloured costumes now in vogue, is very suitable in this dull clime.

Copeau fringe—viz., fringe formed of narrow braid—appears in many new varieties. In some, each strand is half an inch wide, tape-like, and hangs heavily; in others it is crimped or *perlé*.

Buckles and belts are very generally worn, the belts as much as four inches wide—this is supposed to make the waist slender. Broad leather belts of this description have the advantage that they are decidedly fashionable, and are calculated to last for years.

The bead mania is abating; in lieu of rainbow, moonlight, sunlight, and other garish finery, we are to be content with jet, and that only in moderation.

The new *lisse* and muslin plaitings for the neck are particularly pretty, many of them arranged in four layers, having double edges, and plaited in the minutest

HOUSE-DRESS.

kilt-plaitings, studded with gold and pearl beads; they are most becoming.

All the laces that can so far change their character are to have straight edges, and the newest introduction is the Bréton, which is really darned net, just such as our grandmothers were wont to make. I am sure that my readers have only to ransack some of their old

treasures to find many pieces which have lain by for years, and maybe they might be inclined to try and make some after the same order, for the work is easy. A few yards of ribbon-net, and some linen thread, with a pattern, is all that is required. This said pattern drawn in ink on thick paper, and tacked beneath the net, can be used over and over again. We are to wear a great many lappets of all kinds, so that the making of a few would be an economy. In the evening they are simply tied round the neck, the necklet coming below them; but in the day time black lace lappets and scarves often supersede collars altogether —they are swathed round the neck three or four times, and then fastened at the side with a brooch. It is a *bizarre* rather than a pretty fashion; those who adopt it are apt to look as if they were suffering from a sore throat—if not a *goître*.

Another economy I would suggest to industrious fingers—that of transferring both coloured and white embroidery. Almost every one with the slightest pretension to a wardrobe has stowed away embroideries of all sorts, regarding them as useless for the time. Now that there is a *furore* for embroidery, what so simple as to transfer these treasures to a new muslin or jaconet or silk foundation? First cut out in blue paper the fichu, or plastron, or small cardinal cape or waistcoat to be ornamented; then with small sharp scissors cut out carefully the flowers, leaves, &c., of the work to be transferred. Lay these on their wrong side on the blue paper, tacking them down lightly but firmly; then tack the muslin over them, and sew neatly with fine cotton. When completed, tear the paper gently away.

Five o'clock tea aprons are a novelty, and during the winter will be the means of rendering our dark toilettes less sombre. They are made in white nainsook, with a bib and braces, and one pocket at the side all trimmed with lace and coloured bows of ribbon, and many are embroidered with coloured crewels and silks.

Of course you will be wanting to hear what the winter mantles and jackets are to be. Well, there is not much change to chronicle. If you are young, choose the jacket form, long in the basque, close-fitting at the back, and loose in front. You may have a velvet waistcoat in front, if you like, with collar and cuffs to match; or the collars and cuffs may be of fur; or you may select any form of braiding, frogs and Brandenburgs, or any style of military braiding. Black cloth will be used, but it must be thick, with no sheen or brightness; bronze is the newest, but greys and biscuit-tones will also be worn. If you are no longer young, a much wider field is open to you. You must then patronise a large, ample, Dolman-like mantle, with pendent sleeves, made in cloth, velvet, armure, or satin, and Cashmere Indienne. It may be lined with fur and trimmed with fur, or with Marabout fringe, or revers of striped satin, which last is a marked novelty. The ornamentation was never more elaborate, and is introduced on to the back even more liberally than on the front; the seams at the back are invariably bedizened with trimmings.

Fur will be worn both on dresses and mantles during the winter, the narrow strips of fur forming headings to kilt-plaitings on many of the winter dresses. In Paris, otter and skunk are used largely on opera-cloaks, and seal, both golden and brown, and the rich silky kind known as Kamtchatka seal, together with beaver and Russian sable, on other things. We want long purses for most of these, but they are heir-looms. Large chinchilla and skunk collarettes or capes are the latest novelties in fur in London.

In arranging dresses, remember that the sleeves should be put in very high on the shoulders, and should be extremely narrow and close-fitting, coming to the wrist, or half-way between the wrist and elbow, the longer ones finished off with a cuff which takes several forms. Slashed puffs are still worn at the elbows and at the top of the arm. Bodices are made with yokes, or simply full, and banded or with basques; a fashionable and becoming style has a long all-round basque, with square pockets—a reproduction in front of the Louis XIV. hunting waistcoat.

Short dresses should be two yards and a half wide; kilted skirts, with scarf and laveuse tunics, are very much worn, so are tunics draped horizontally across the front, with revers and puffs at the back, which are quite indescribable and can only be copied from a good fashion-plate.

The new silks are veritable works of art and extremely costly. Claret is the prevailing tone, and the names of the several shades are most perplexing, for many of them carry no association with them. The clarets are known in France under the names of Etruscan, Légion d'Honneur, Grénadier, Czar, Congress, San Stefano, Bacchus, and Vendange recalling the vintage. Old gold holds its own; the blues, greens, and bronzes are very dark, except Vert-d'eau and Aimez-moi, a light blue. Ivory replaces cream, and is to be fashionable for evening, with straw, buttercup, and silver-grey. Violet reappears under the name of Evêque, and all the greys and smoke-tones will be worn. Silks, satins, and velvets are to be had in all this long gamut of colours, and a large selection of extremely costly materials show that dress is not yet very economical. Velours Cisèlé—viz., a velvet brocade on a satin ground—is a veritable thing of beauty, and must not be confounded with stamped velvet, which can be indented after weaving. The several striped velvets, with alternate Pompadour stripes, are specially suited to trains, and the style of dresses revived from old modes now so much affected. The choice is endless; there are brocaded velvets, brocaded satins, satin damask, brocatelles, and all the different rich brocades in which several hues are blended.

But, happily for those whose pockets are not so well furnished, there are many less expensive materials of which graceful and effective dresses can be made. This winter a special make of cotton-backed satin has been brought out, which has all the substance and appearance of Duchesse satin, at a third of the price. Soft draping silks will be much worn, such as silk serge, French and satin foulard, in which materials plaids are to form a notable feature.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT RHEUMATISM.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

AMONG the least enlightened portion of the population of Turkey the word *Kismet*, or fate, is one which you hear daily and almost hourly. Hardly, indeed, will a Turk stretch out a hand to attempt to save a drowning friend — "Kismet," he will murmur; "it is his fate." This strong belief in fate is born partly of superstition, and partly of religion and a dread of interference with the destinies of Providence; but it forms none the less a capital cloak for laziness. But this belief in Kismet is not altogether confined to Turkey. The uneducated of our own people possess it. I am happy to believe, however, that much of the superstitious belief in Kismet or fate is dying out, and that, as a rule, people begin to see that they, to a large extent, hold in their own hands the keys of their life and death. There is, too, a greater desire, or inquisitiveness I might call it, after that kind of knowledge which may be turned to good account. It is not so very many years ago since people were content when they called in a doctor to have him simply give the illness a name. The medical man was much more reverenced than he is nowadays. He bore wherever he went a scientific halo around his head, and if he could always manage to call troubles by their Latin names, he was doubly admired. *Urticaria*, for instance, is a far higher sounding term than nettle-rash; well, and if a lady had a chilblain, by calling it *erythema a gelu*, the medical man not only raised himself in his patient's esteem, but raised the afflicted big toe into an object of importance and interest, and the lady herself to all the dignity of an invalid and martyr, ready to receive visits of condolence from all her friends.

But *tempora mutantur*. The doctor of the present day, if he be a wise man, likes to explain the *rationale* of the disorder to his patient, and the latter is just as glad to learn it, and so the two jog along together as friends, both taking the same interest in the case. There is one great and lasting good derivable from this method of treating disease: the sufferer, knowing all the outs and ins of the complaint he has been a victim to, will be able to prevent by timely treatment any recurrence of the ailment. He will be able to say to himself at some future time, "Now, I mustn't do this, or I mustn't eat or drink this, for that is what brought on my illness before;" or, "I feel precisely as I did last time when I began to be ill. I'll try to take it in time now."

In no case is the truth of this prevention-better-than-cure argument better illustrated than in that most painful complaint called rheumatism. I assure you, reader, if you are a sufferer from the chronic form of this complaint I pity you—all the more so because other people will not, and because often, when racked with pain and somewhat peevish, they put you down as cross-grained and ill-tempered. But pity mends no bones, and so I shall go farther, and try to help you.

Acute rheumatism, or rheumatic fever, I shall say nothing about; it is far too deadly a disease to be treated by a patient or his friends, and the cure thereof should in all cases be entrusted to your own medical adviser.

The word rheumatism is a Greek one, and signifies an ailment caused by some evil elements afloat in the blood. So far, that does not help us much, as there are many other diseases to which the term might be equally well applied. However, pathologically speaking, rheumatism is caused by blood-poisoning. There is an over-abundance of acid in the blood, supposed to be that called *lactic*. And there is this characteristic about this particular acid: carried along in the veins it has a tendency to attack and cause inflammation in particular parts of the body—namely, those that are composed for the most part of fibrous tissue, such as tendons or ligaments, and the sheaths of muscles, as also the fibrous coverings of large important organs, and even the tendons of the heart itself.

Rheumatism has moreover a disagreeable tendency to shift its quarters, and take up its abode in new joints not before visited. In the present state of our knowledge we cannot quite explain this fact.

It seems to have a special affection for some of the smaller joints, notably those of the fingers, which in old rheumatic subjects are often swollen out of all proportion. Indeed, the chronic form of rheumatism, although often attacking the young, might with propriety be termed one of the diseases of declining years. One very usual form of the complaint is what is termed lumbago, or back-ache; another is stiff or wry neck; and a third, with which many are only too familiar, rheumatism of the jaw.

The stiffness and pain of rheumatism is often simulated by that caused by any prolonged and unusual exertion, such as climbing high mountains. There is also another complaint which may be mistaken for rheumatism, and concerning which more than one of my readers have written to me. It is in reality a symptom of debility, and consists of pain and weakness of certain muscles, often of the back. In the morning the sufferer feels well enough, but the least fatigue brings back the trouble. For cases like these rest is required, consonant with sufficient open-air exercise; also good nourishing food, for the system is below par. A change of air is often to be recommended, and a course of iron tonics in most cases does good. Chronic rheumatism is often the sequel to an acute attack, but more frequently it comes on quite independently of that terrible disorder; it is constitutional, and those who are inclined to the ailment will most likely find it will seat itself in that group of

muscles, or among those joints, that have been most exposed to cold or damp.

The symptoms are unfortunately too well known to need much describing. The martyr to rheumatism has a miserable life indeed; his days are days of weariness, and his nights, nights of sleepless pain and restlessness. There may not be much constitutional disturbance, or any fever at all, unless it be in what patients call a bad attack, when they may be unable to put a foot to the ground at all, or handle a pen even; but at all times there is enough torment to annoy and to make the victims irritable and peevish. To help them, too, they often fly to stimulants, which only tend to still further sour the blood and prolong an attack; but worse than this is the habit of making a practice of taking night-draughts, such as opium or chloral.

The treatment of chronic rheumatism is by no means simple, but the disease can in nearly every case be greatly mitigated, and in a great number of cases a present attack can be cured, the recurrence of which may be prevented by proper precautionary measures.

First, then, I would strongly advise those who are subject to rheumatism to be very careful in what they eat and drink; if there be any form of dyspepsia, that should at once be seen to. Often rheumatic people are weak in the stomach, subject to acidity and flatulence. The temptation to take antacids for the correction of the acidity is often great, and patients will dose themselves with the bicarbonate of soda and potash, forgetting that these alkalies are very weakening. In severe cases of heartburn the pain and distress must be relieved by a teaspoonful or two of bicarbonate of soda, in a large tumblerful of lukewarm water; soon after, the fauces had better be tickled with a feather, when the offending contents of the stomach will be expelled. But tone ought to be given to the stomach by some such medicine as the following:—Take of the tincture of chiretta four drachms, of the citrate of iron and quinine one drachm, and of water twelve ounces. The dose is one ounce, or two table-spoonfuls, three times a day. The quantity as well as the quality of the food should be studied. Never over-eat, rather adopt the old-fashioned plan of getting up from the table a little hungry; but let what you do eat be of the best, and nourishing. Avoid beer and most wines. Solid food is less apt, in my opinion, to produce acidity, but in winter soups may be used; these need not be too strong, and certainly not clarified. I shall merely mention one—it is made of the broth of boiled fowl (or good stock), thickened with artichokes; it is just the soup, in my opinion, for the rheumatic, and deserves a trial in cold weather; it is very nourishing, easy of digestion, not at all likely to produce flatulence, and it also possesses medicinal qualities of a diuretic nature. Good sleep at night is invaluable to the rheumatic, especially during painful attacks, when sedatives will in all probability be needed; but let the least dangerous be first tried—a mild night-cap. But I am unable to say of what it should be composed; that the reader himself ought to know best; for to people of active minds either wine or spirits would prove an excitative, and keep them thinking all night; and thinking in bed is most destructive to the nervous system. But may-hap some preparation of henbane, or hops, or even opium or morphia, may be required to ease the pain and induce sleep. Between the attacks the rheumatic subject has a duty to himself to perform: he must do everything in his power to strengthen his system, both nervous and muscular. Exercise is invaluable, because the more acid there is eliminated by the skin, the less will be left to poison and hamper the blood; for the same reason, a Turkish bath occasionally will do good, if there be no affection of the heart, and no tendency to apoplexy; but in no case should the tepid salt-water sponge-bath be omitted every morning before breakfast, following its use with well rubbing the whole body with a rough towel. The Turkish bath, I may add, is often of service in removing the pain of "bad attacks."

Need I remind the reader of the danger of sudden chills, of sitting or standing in draughts, of getting wet feet without soon changing the socks, of going long on an empty stomach; or of the benefits of regular living, wearing flannel, eating good and wholesome food, and last, but not least, of light-brown cod-liver oil?

Of special medicines for chronic rheumatism, the first that comes into my mind is colchicum. It is always worth trying both in gout and rheumatism. It is sedative and laxative, and seems to have a beneficial action on the liver. As pleasant a way as any of taking it is to mix the dose—say, fifteen drops of the tincture—with a tea-spoonful each of sal volatile and compound orange tincture; this to be used thrice daily in half a bottle of soda-water.

Guaiacum I am more chary in prescribing through these columns, as it is inadmissible where there is a tendency either to fulness of blood or irritability of the digestive canal, but for old or weak people such a mixture as the following may often be given with advantage, two table-spoonfuls to be taken twice a day:—Take of the ammoniated tincture of guaiacum one ounce, tincture of aconite one drachm, gum tragacanth-water and camphor-water, of each eight ounces. I am strangely tempted to give the recipe for the "Chelsea pensioner." I will. Here he goes, the old rascal, and much good he has done:—Take two drachms of rhubarb powder, two ounces of sulphur, an ounce of cream of tartar, and a drachm of guaiacum resin; mix thoroughly, then stir the whole into a pound of honey (it used to be treacle the pensioners got). Now, if a dessert-spoonful of this be taken night and morning till it is all used, it will purify both blood and skin, and most likely scare away the rheumatism.

The *Acetea racemosa* is much extolled in America, and especially for lumbago in women. The dose of the tincture is from thirty drops to a drachm, every three or four hours in a little water until nausea ensues.

The iodide of potassium is extremely useful in many cases; it should be given with a tonic and sedative, thus:—Take of iodide of potassium thirty grains, bicarbonate of potash three drachms, tincture of henbane four drachms, and infusion of yellow bark up to twelve ounces. The dose is two table-spoonfuls twice or thrice daily.

THE GATHERER.

Poisonous Toys.

The public mind has been very much exercised of late months on the question of the harmlessness or otherwise of various articles largely used in households. Arsenic has been, according to recent revelations, employed to an alarming extent, and it is highly right and proper that the whole subject of coloured goods should be thoroughly gone into. Meanwhile we note with satisfaction that the French Government have strictly forbidden the use of all poisonous or deleterious materials in the manufacture of toys. Arsenic, lead, and other mineral poisons are thus, at one swoop, prohibited the toy-maker, who will have to fall back upon innocuous preparations in turning out his "play-things." The price of these ornaments will doubtless be raised, but mothers will scarcely object to pay more for articles which, they will feel somewhat justified in assuming, must be tolerably harmless. It is hoped that toy-makers in other countries besides France will fall under the restrictive hand of Government.

The New Douro Bridge.

We give an illustration of the viaduct which has been designed to cross the river Douro for the Royal Company of Portuguese Railways. The roadway is nearly 1,130 feet in length from shore to shore, and is about 200 feet above the level of the water. A central arch crosses the stream, the depth of the river and the thickness of the clay-banks rendering the adoption of a single arch, with a span of 512 feet, and supported by rocks on either side, compulsory. The form of the arch is semi-lunar, and the solidity of the structure is secured by a system of frames consisting of pieces taking the shape of St. Andrew's crosses. In order to withstand the strain of tempestuous weather, the arch starts from a base having a width of 48 feet. The roadway rests on a metallic pillar, and is so attached to the arch that the latter is free to move without disturbing it. As will be seen from the engraving, the bridge is a structure of considerable elegance.

Two New Musical Instruments.

Musical people are indebted to the French for an invention that bids fair to largely modify existing pianoforte systems, and to make that instrument of more widely extended usefulness. We refer to the piano with double key-board patented by Messrs. Mangeot. The two key-boards are placed in close proximity, so that each of the player's hands can cover the complete compass without crossing. The right hand plays up to the middle of the lower board, and then proceeding to the upper board it plays backwards to the point whence it started, having the bass notes under perfect command. A like power belongs to the left hand, except of course that it starts from bass and goes on (on the upper board) to treble. The advantages of the double key-board are obvious at a glance, and the resources of all pianos which are supplied with them must be very materially increased. A little practice will soon enable any player to perform on the instrument with efficiency.

The other invention is of a less high-class character, but is notwithstanding very ingenious. It consists of a cabinet organ in which a piece of music is to be placed and to be played, *secundum artem*, by working

THE NEW DOURO BRIDGE.

the bellows with the feet, so that even a child who was strong enough to blow could entertain a company with some of the choicest effusions of genius. This instrument is not supplied with key-board or valves, but comprises the pedal-worked bellows, a set of reeds, and a simple piece of mechanism for carrying the music over them. The music is the essential feature of this parlour organ. The notes are holes punched in the paper, the length of the holes agreeing with that of the notes; and when notes of the requisite length are punched at proper distances, the paper, while passing over the reeds, shuts the wind off from some of the reeds and allows others to sound. The pedals do double work, for they blow the bellows and carry the music over the pipes. The sheets of music are 18 inches wide and from 40 to 100 feet long. During the performance the paper is unrolled from one cylinder and rolled on another, and there is a contrivance for re-rolling one piece while another is being played, so that the former will be quite ready for use when wanted. As instancing the immense number of notes in a musical composition, it is interesting to learn that the music of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, specially punched for this organ, contains no fewer than 6,000 notes or holes.

Ostrich-Farmers.

Ostrich-farming seems to be the coming industry of the Cape. Already it bids fair to rival wool, and last year nearly £400,000 worth of feathers was exported, while large tracts of land have been enclosed for the rearing of the birds. But the farmers have to contend with a serious grievance. There is considerable traffic of an illicit kind in the feathers, and a very large owner asserts that something like 25 per cent. are stolen, while it is on record that £60 worth of feathers has been theftuously abstracted from a small flock of ostriches in a single night. The Colonial Legislative Assembly have been requested to introduce a measure to prevent these nefarious practices, by requiring sellers and purchasers of feathers to be licensed, and to keep a registry of all their transactions. To poach the eggs would be bad enough, but the thieves, with their usual discrimination and audacity, prefer higher game —at least the feathers. The Cape Government, in the usual Parliamentary style, promises to give the matter its earliest possible attention.

A Submarine Boat.

But a short time ago, the world was startled by the discovery of the deadly effects of the torpedo; and as this fearful engine of naval warfare is every day arriving at a greater stage of perfection, it bids fair before long to completely drive out of the field our costly ironclads. We cease, however, to marvel at the torpedo, when we hear of the latest discovery of scientific warfare—namely, a submarine boat. This boat, named after the designer the "Garrett" torpedo boat, can be made to sink, rise, move forward and backward, above or below the surface, at the will of the manipulator. It is cigar-shaped, running to a point at each end, in length about fourteen feet and in width about five feet. It is constructed of iron plates nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the weight of the boat including ballast is about five tons. It is propelled by means of a four-bladed screw, worked from within by an ingenious combination of treadle and fly-wheel, and is steered by means of an ordinary rudder. The boat is balanced evenly by means of a leaden keel nearly two feet broad and weighing about two tons. Access is gained to the interior of the boat by means of a little square tower, rising from the centre of the cigar to a height of about two feet. Once within, and having carefully closed this manhole, the operator can descend when he pleases. At each end of the boat is placed a water-tank, and it is by means of these tanks that he descends and ascends at will. If he wishes to descend he turns a small tap, and this filling the above-mentioned tanks with water, the boat naturally sinks; when he desires to rise to the surface he makes use of an air-pump, and expelling the water, restores the buoyancy of the boat. In the sides of the above-mentioned tower are four little windows, and in addition two small brass caps. These are flanked internally by a long kind of stocking, of stout waterproof material. The caps being removed, these stockings fill with water; and by turning them inside out, and using each as a glove, the operator gets the free use of his arms outside the boat to work his torpedo. In addition to working the boat, the submarine traveller has to keep himself supplied with pure air. The breath which he exhales passes by means of a tube through a kind of knapsack containing a mixture of chemicals, and by this means is purified sufficiently to be fit to enter his lungs again. The boat is, of course, lighted by electricity, as gas would increase the impurity of the atmosphere. A series of experiments took place a short time ago with the boat in question, and were, we are given to understand, highly successful. The present speed of the boat is only four or five knots an hour, but Dr. Garrett contemplates building a boat of much larger size, capable of accommodating three or four men, and has a scheme in view for increasing the powers of propulsion of the boat.

Testing the Atmosphere..

Ammonia being found to adhere to everything which is exposed to the atmosphere, its presence may be regarded as an index to the quantity of decayed matter in the air, a state of things for which Dr. Angus Smith has recommended a simple and effective test. By suspending glass flasks in his laboratory, and washing their external surface with pure water and testing with the Nessler solution, he observed ammonia after an exposure of the flasks for one hour and a half. As ammonia may be either pure or connected with organic matter, the test may be considered of negative rather than of positive value; and when ammonia is absent we may conclude that the air is not polluted by decaying matter, while, on the other hand, when it is present we may at once infer that there is need of precautionary measures. This test might be made readily available for air, sewer gases, overcrowding and cleanliness of dwellings, as well as for smoke and other of the usual sources of ammonia.

A New Gum-Tree.

We are not aware that there is any likelihood of the supplies of gum being exhausted at some period, more or less remote, but all fears on the subject—if such exist—may be set at rest for ever. For, according to authentic American information, the boundless West produces a tree that yields an abundance of gum, and which, along with existing sources of that material, will be ample for the world's requirements until a date too distant for mention. This tree is known by its Mexican name, Mesquite, grows to a height of thirty or forty feet, bears a pod or bean from six to nine inches long, and possesses the important feature of furnishing a gum which is almost identical with the gum-arabic of commerce. This article would appear to have been in common use in Mexican stores for a considerable time, and last year it formed an item of export, about 30,000 lbs. having been collected in the districts where the tree is found. The range of the mesquite extends from Canada River in the north to part of Mexico in the south, and from Texas in the east to the Colorado and Gulf of California in the west. As fuel, the wood knows no superior. The pods ripen in June, and contain a sugary pulp in which sweet and acid are pleasantly blended. They are highly valued for horse's food where grass is deficient, and the Indians greatly esteem their nutritious qualities. The natives bruise the fresh ripe pods in a mortar, then mix them with water and empty them into an earthen dish, when, after standing a few hours, they become a sort of cold porridge. For winter use the pods are gathered as they ripen, thoroughly dried, and stowed away in twig baskets covered with mud and grass to keep out the wet. As the gum exudes from the bark it collects into yellow lumps of various sizes. Being very brittle it can be readily pulverised. A single tree yields, in the ordinary course of nature, from one ounce to three pounds of gum; but were incisions made in the bark, the amount of the exudation would probably be much increased. The branches are said to give off a purer quality than the trunk. The mesquite abounds on plains over regions thousands of miles in extent, and grows luxuriantly in elevated and dry situations; when therefore the means of collecting it become more available, the gum will doubtless form a valuable export commodity, and ought to figure to some purpose in the revenues of the various districts in which it is cultivated.

Scottish Pearls.

The west coast of Scotland, which is almost proverbial for its rainy weather, was exceptionally favoured in the summer of 1878 with a very hot and dry season. So severe, indeed, was the drought that the upper waters of the Clyde and other streams were reduced to a remarkably low condition, and this state of the rivers brought into easy access the pearl-bearing mussel. The number of shells found was large, and for the better sort (which are of a pinkish colour) there was a ready market. A few years ago the beauty and value of Scottish pearls created quite an excitement. Some of the gems obtained at that time fetched over £25, a few sold at from £3 to £10, but the generality of them were inferior, being worth about half-a-crown apiece. Queen Victoria and the then Empress of the French were among the purchasers of the pearls, Her Majesty having paid £40 for a very fine specimen. It is stated that one pearl is found, on an average, in every thirty shells, but that only one gem in twelve is worth anything. The "fishers" have learnt by experience that a young and smooth shell contains no pearls, and "molluscs" of that nature should be at once returned to the river, on the chance of their being more productive when they get older. Mussels gathered off the sandy bed hardly ever repay the trouble of their search, while those which are taken from stony places are the most likely to "have and to hold" pearls of some value. The fishery has been prosecuted with great diligence, but the results are of too uncertain a character to present any great inducement for enterprise on a large scale.

Answer to Double Acrostic on p. 703.

LONGFELLOW—"EVANGELINE."

L in E
O slashko V
N ikosi A
G ordia N
F ro G
E urydic E
L oya L
L azzaron I
O bero N
W if E

Grapes.

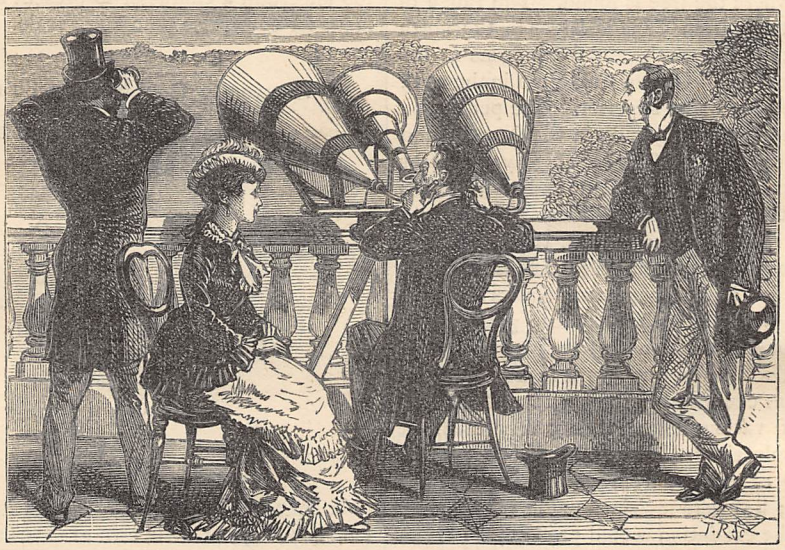
It may be useful to those who have the supreme felicity to "grow their own grapes," to have a word of caution and advice with regard to preserving them for autumn and winter use. The fruit should be picked as soon as ripe, and when perfectly dry packed in fine dry sawdust. Next, the bottom of a jar or box should be covered with sawdust, and then layers of grapes and sawdust placed alternately until full. They must be kept in the coolest place possible, free from frost. Above all things, don't pack them in bran, for if there be any heat, fermentation will ensue; or if any of the grapes should unfortunately burst, the bran will acquire a poulticy consistence round them, and the whole get musty. We once saw a large box full of splendid grapes which, with incredible thoughtlessness, had been most carefully packed in bran. The consignment was sent from the Cape; and *en route* heat had generated or some of the fruit had broken, and when the parcel reached its destination the grapes were found to be useless, and had to be thrown away. The contents of the box were perfectly warm throughout from top to bottom, and though the clusters had gone wrong, it was still possible to *see* how magnificent they had been.

Silk from Mussels.

It is generally known that the mussel attaches itself to rocks and other substances by means of its *byssus*, a bundle of silky filaments that spring from the "foot" of the mollusc, and that are capable of being reproduced if destroyed. Is it possible to turn these strong silky threads to account? A German naturalist answers the question in the affirmative, and suggests that they might be found to form a raw material to rival the somewhat similar threads of the silk-worm. The toughness of the *byssus* is considered to be strongly in favour of its adaptation to some such use, and it is a fact that the threads of the Pinna, a relation of the mussel, have been spun into fine cloth and gloves, and have been used in Italy for that very purpose. As illustrative of the strength of the *byssus*-threads, it may be mentioned that the French "planted" the breakwater at Cherbourg with tons of mussels, in order to render it more secure by binding the loose stones together.

Is there a Hole through Mercury?

In the course of his observations during the recent transit of Mercury, Mr. R. A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer, noted a very interesting circumstance. A bright spot was seen on the planet's disc, which appeared to him to be perfectly central and of sensible size. It looked, he says, just as if the disc were a round piece of black card, and the bright spot a hole pierced though with the compass-point in striking the circumference. One feature seemed decisive of the subjective nature of the bright spot: when a small cloud passed over part of the sun's face, nearly the whole of which was in the field of view, the spot perceptibly diminished in brightness, though not crossed by the cloud. Another feature was that, as the spot thus waxed and waned, it was triangular in shape, but when the lustre of the spot was steady Mr. Proctor could not distinctly recognise this peculiarity. The appearance of the spot was not modified when the planet was allowed to approach the edge of the rather wide "field." Commenting upon this remarkable observation, an American paper suggests that Mercury may have a hole through it, and that the bright spot may have been nothing more or less than the sun shining through; while the question is also asked whether, if Mercury be tubular, the earth may not be so also.



THE MEGAPHONE.

The Megaphone.

Mr. Edison's name must be familiar in a multitude of households where, only a few months ago, it was an unknown quantity. His inventive activity seems to continue as vigorous—though apparently less fine—as ever. He has now done for the ear what the telephone achieved for the voice, and the telescope for the eye; but it must be confessed that the megaphone, the instrument by which this is accomplished, is inferior as a piece of real scientific work to the other inventions which have rendered him famous; and it is not going too far to say that in itself it would not have secured for its author more than a local reputation.

In fact, the megaphone is simply an adaptation of the ear and speaking trumpets, by means of which conversation in the usual tone of voice may be carried on through a distance of from 1½ to 2 miles. Two large funnels (Edison's are 6 feet 8 inches long, and have a diameter of 27½ inches at the larger end) are erected on a stand, and between the two is fixed a speaking trumpet, somewhat longer than the ordinary kind, and with a wider bell-mouth. The talking is done through the speaking trumpet, and the hearing through the funnels, each of which is provided with a flexible tube, the end of which is placed in the ear. Conversation and singing, whispering, and so on can be readily conducted throughout the distance already mentioned, another instrument being stationed at the end of the "journey;" and it will be seen that while the megaphone may afford some amount of amusement, it serves no important scientific purpose, and is little else than a huge toy.